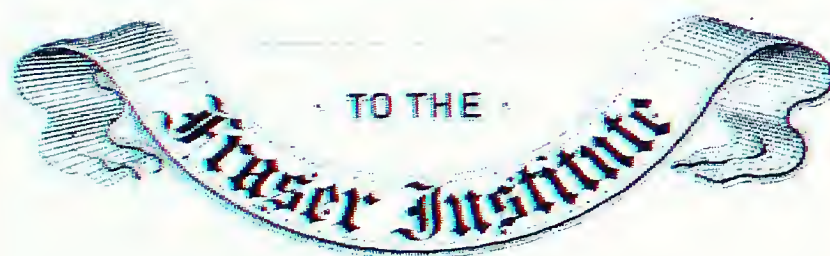


The
Dominion
Illustrated

50-11



Bequest of the late
John H. R. Molson



50-11

THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED.

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

VOL. V.

JULY—DECEMBER, 1890.

MONTREAL.

PUBLISHED BY THE SABISTON LITHOGRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING CO.



ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF PARLIAMENT OF CANADA, IN THE YEAR 1893, AT THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.

VOL. V. 1st. JULY TO 31st. DECEMBER, 1890.

INDEX TO ENGRAVINGS.

ART SUBJECTS.

After Work—From the painting by G. A. Holmes	416
Alone In The Desert—Hagar and Ishmael—From a painting by Liska	368
Canadian Elk, The—From a drawing by F. A. Verner, R.A.	312
Canadian Elk—The Alarm	313
"Instruction"—From the painting by E. Munier	428
Kitten, The—From the painting by F. Vinea	60
Maternal Happiness—From the painting by G. Van den Bos	25
Portrait, A—From the painting by J. Hom	33
Summer: The Butterfly Chase—From the painting by Heywood Hardy	5
Waiting For Their Prey	272

BRITISH COLUMBIA VIEWS.

Chinese Funeral, A	400
Douglas Pine Trees, Vancouver	395
Dry Dock, Esquimaux	406
Falls of St. George, Magaquadabie River, Indians at New Westminster	381
Morton House, Shawnigan Lake	332
Old Ferry Boat, K. de K.	77
Queen Charlotte Island Indians	77
Scenes in Victoria, B.C.— The Gorge, Victoria Arm; View in Hill Park	370
Scene on Nanaimo River	420
Squaw and Papoose, Yale	53
Steam Freight Scow on the Fraser River	77
View in Albert Canyon	241
Views in the Queen Charlotte Islands	353
View of Falls Three Miles From Field	209

BELOELI LAKE VIEWS.

Rustic Bridge at East End of Lake	264
Scene on Day of Regatta	265
Scene on Lake Beloeil	337
View of Lake, Looking East from Wharf	267
View of Lake Looking South	264
View of Lake Showing Summit of Beloeil Mountain	265

COMICS.

Sudden Metamorphosis, A	256
Impressive Episode in the Life of a Poet	336

HISTORIC CANADA.

Brock's Monument, Queenston Heights	319
Fort Mississauga	302
Fort Niagara	309
Fort Senneville	287
Fort St. Gabriel	335
Ile-Aux-Noix	367
Ile-Aux-Noix, P. Q., Entrance to Port Lennox	385
Main Gate and Bridge as They Now Are	398
View of Officers' Quarters, The Barracks, Front View and Back View	412
Main Gate of Old Fort at Chambly	113
Old Fort at Chambly	120

MISCELLANEOUS VIEWS.

Achouapmouchon, Lake St. John Railway Among the Icebergs on the Shore of Lake Huron	64
Calgary and Edmonton Railway Celebration Colla's J. & E., Fishing Establishment at Point St. Peter, Gaspé	116
Cowboy and his Horse, on an Alberta Ranch Detroit Exhibition, Successful Canadian Horses at	220, 221
Dog Train in the North-West Territories	381
Drill in the Royal Navy	340
Dundurn Castle, Hamilton, Seat of the Late Sir Allan Napier McNab	173
"Elsinore"	357
Emerald Lake, Canadian Rockies	52
Fatal Explosion Near St. John, N.B.	499
Fatal Accident at Lachine	388
Fashions in Furs	288
Field Sports in Manitoba	128
Flue Day on the Richelieu	420
Fishermen Splitting Codfish at Anse Aux Griffons, Gaspé	116
Funeral of the Late Fred. Young and Fred. Munroe, St. John, N.B.	333
Gaspé Fishing Scenes	321
Group of Canadian Beaver	404
Harvest Scene, Near St. Jerome	96
Hay-Making Near Saltocha, Assiniboia	437
Hebertville, Lake St. John, P.Q.	16
H. M. S. Bellorophon	181
H. M. S. Canada	181
H. M. S. Thrush	181
High Falls and Timber Slide on the Lièvre	4
Highfield, Canadian Residence of the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen	180

Indian Berry Pickers, Lake Superior	77
Interior of Parish Church, Three Rivers, P.Q.	24
Jam of Saw-Logs on the Lièvre	4
Lachine Boat House	92
Leary Raft, Being Towed Out of St. John's Harbour, N.B., On its Way to New York	45
"Manitoba River," A	45
Martello Tower, Halifax, N.S.	384
Muskoka Scenery	328
Mount Burgess, Emerald Lake, Rocky Mts	49
New Orchard Beach, Near Port Stanley	429
Off the Coast of Newfoundland	32
Old Burying Ground, St. John, N.B.	24
On Isle Dorval, Lake St. Louis, Ten Miles Above Montreal	36
Ottawa Foot-Ball Trophy	65
Peninsula Harbour, Lake Superior	28
Public Library Building, Hamilton	225
Queen's University, Kingston	373
Kobervall Lumber Mills	48
Round Up Camp, Alberta	28
Sand Banks Near Picton, Ont	289
Scenes After the Fatal Accident on the I. C. R. Near Lewis	427
Scenes at Camp of American Canoe Association, Isle Cadieux	101
Scenes in Lake St. John District— Hotel and Station at Lake Edward; Quatchowan River Below the Falls	421
Scene in the Don Valley Near Toronto	401
Scene Near Chambly	256
Scenes on the Jacques-Cartier	284
Shooting and Fishing on the Jacques-Cartier	224
Shooting Excursion to Cap Tourmente	495
Sicamous Lake in the Canadian Rockies	39
Steamship "Mackinaw" on Her Arrival at Montreal, View of Hull Showing the Join	314
Steamship "Vancouver" and Her Late Gallant Commander	351
Summer Residence of G. W. Eadie Esq., on Isle Dorval	37
Trinity College School, Port Hope	72
Interior of Chapel	73
Views of St. Anne's P. Q.	236
Views of Kincardine, Ont	184
Views of the Town of Berlin, Ont	360
Views on board H. M. S. Canada	204
A Tar and Marine	193
Crew on Deck	208
Gun Room—Middies at Dinner	196
Recreation on Board	205
Representative Trio, A	208
Ward Room	196
Veteran, A	417
Wheat at St. Felicien, Lake St. John Railway	80

MONTREAL VIEWS.

Fête at Sohmer Park in Favour of "Le Monument National"	44
Fire at High School	572
New Rink of the Montreal Curling Club	410
Ruins of Fire at the Pillow, Hersey Manufacturing Co.	268
Ruins of the Western Abattoir, St. Henry, After the Fire	300
Scenes at Ball Given to H. R. H. Prince George of Wales, by the Citizens of Montreal	300
Scenes from "The Canuck" at Academy of Music	277
Scenes from "The Little Tycoon" at Academy of Music	301
Sketches at St. Andrew's Ball	392
Sketches at the Encampment of The Royal Templars	121
Sketches at Victoria Rifles' Fair	408
Sohmer Park	54, 56, 57
Steamship "Lake Huron," Views of the Vessel on Arriving in Montreal Showing the Effects of Recent Gale	366
Unveiling of the Monument to the Late J. H. Samuel, Victoria Rifles, in Mount Royal Cemetery	361
Visit of the Comte De Paris	299

MILITARY VIEWS.

"A" Company, Royal School of Infantry, Fredericton, N.B.	376
Annual Matches of Ontario Rifle Association, Held at Toronto	168
Artillery Camp at Niagara—Officers of Hamilton and Toronto Batteries	8
"B" Company, Royal School of Infantry, St. Johns, P. Q.	293, 296
Canadian Military League Competition, Championship Trophy, Won by the Fifty-Fourth Battalion, Windsor Mills, P.Q.	101

"D" Company, XIII. Battalion, Hamilton, and the Regimental Bugle Corps in Camp at Bender's Grove	9
Horse Tent at Camp of Montreal Field Battery	112
Montreal Garrison Artillery Team at Dominion Artillery Competition, Island of Orleans	216
Niagara Camp: The Infantry Squad Drill	9
P. Q. R. A. Matches, Cote St. Luc: View at Firing Point	128
Scenes at the Inspection of the Montreal Field Battery	124
Scenes at the Inspection of the Royal Scots Fusiliers	240
Sham-Fight at Toronto, The. The Queen's Own Rifles and the XIII. Battalion 363	364
Sketches at Camp of Montreal Field Battery, St. Helen's Island	100
Sketches at the Dominion of Canada Rifle Matches	177, 192

NIAGARA VIEWS.

Artillery Camp at Niagara	8
Competitors at Bowling Tournament, Niagara-on-the-Lake	185
"D" Company, XIII. Battalion, Hamilton, and the Regimental Bugle Corps in Camp at Bender's Grove, Niagara	9
Falls of Niagara in Winter	426
Fort Niagara	399
Niagara Camp: Infantry Squad Drill	9
Niagara Harbour and Fort	69
Officers of Hamilton and Toronto Batteries at Niagara Camp	8
Scenes on the Niagara Frontier	281
Scenes on the Niagara Frontier—A Military Ball at Fort Niagara	269
Sketches at Fort George	280
Sketches on Lake Shore, Near Niagara	221

OTTAWA VIEWS.

Booth's J. R. Lumber Yard	64
Foot-Ball Trophy	65
Loading Barges from J. R. Booth's Lumber Yard	84
Lumber Yard, A	17
Shipping Lumber on Barges	29
View from the Harbour	12
View of Picton, Showing Harbour, Middle and West Rivers, St. Andrew's Church and Custom House	12
View of Picton, Showing West End of Town	13
View on Princes St.	13

PICTOU VIEWS.

Aberdeen, The Earl of	180
Aberdeen, The Countess of	180
Allen, Grant, M.A.	37
Bethune, Rev. C. J., D.C.L.	69
Birch, Joseph	397
Bryce, George, L. L. D.	363
Brynmor, Douglas	120
Cassils, William	389
Daly, His Hon. M. R.	48
Dawson, Very Rev. E. McD., L. L. D., F.R.S.C.	421
Denison, Lieut.-Col. George	128
D'Orleans, Duc	298
De Paris, Comte	298
De Salaberry, Lieut.-Col., Charles	274
Drum-Major of the Army and Navy Fair	343
Duncan, Miss Sara Jeanette	212
Duvar, J., Hunter	120
Gibson, Lieut.-Col	346
Grant, Rev. Principal	344
Gray, The Late Mr.	393
Hall, R. N.	139
Hannay, James	260
Hardwick, J. H.	249
Hart, Gerald W.	278
Hay, The Late Robert	69
Heuschel, Mr. and Mrs.	208
Herbert, Lieut.-Col.	363
H. M. Queen Victoria	1
Hopekirk, Madame Helen	298
Hubbard, A. I.	410
Huntington, Miss Agnes	311
Irwin, Lieut.-Col.	380
Jansen, H. J.	358
Kingsford, W., C.E. LL.D.	130
Latimer, R. J.	437
Lindall, The Late Captain	343
Lockhart, Rev. Arthur J.	386
Macpherson, Lieut. Col	421
Mackintosh, Wm.	173
Martin, George	306
Maunsell, Lieut.-Col	178
Montrealer in Japan, A	178

Murphy, F. K.	427
Murray, Capt.	366
O'Reilly, The Late Judge	185
Otter, Lieut.-Col., D.A.F.	345
Page, The Late John	36
Paquet, Madame	37
Peel, Paul	352
Powell, Col. Walker	360
Saint-Charles, J.	366
Salaberry, Lieut.-Col. Charles de	273
Simpson, Sir George	25
Sladen, Douglas	153
Small, H. B.	414
Stancliffe, F.	419
Stanley, Mr. and Mrs.	369
Stevenson, A. W.	229
Stevenson, Major D. W.	423
Stuart, Capt.	398
Thrower, Mrs. Page	275
Topete, Senior Baldassone Y	218
Young, The Late Fred	327
Waters, Edgar C.	125
White, Wm.	297
Wilson, The Late Dr	195
Zerrahn, Carl	352

PORTRAITS—GROUPS.

Aberdeen, The Earl and Family	290
Army and Navy Fair, Ottawa	343
Band of the XIII. Battalion Hamilton	89
Battleford (N.W.T.) Cricket Club	253
Canadian Rugby Football Teams— First Fifteen of Britannia Football Club (Montreal); First Fifteen of Hamilton Football Club, Champions of Ontario	407
First Fifteen of McGill University Football Club, Champions of Quebec	390
First Fifteen of Ottawa University Football Club, First Fifteen of Toronto Football Club	425
Clerical Leaders of Canadian Methodism	228
Choir Boys of Trinity College School, Port Hope	73
Competitors at Bowling Tournament, Niagara-on-the-Lake	185
Delegates from Manitoba to Duluth, St. Paul and Minneapolis	317
Directors and Officers of the Toronto Exhibition	164
Indians at New Westminster	76
Indian Berry Pickers—Lake Superior	77
Junior Four-Oar Crew of the Argonaut Rowing Club, Toronto	340
Ladies at Army and Navy Fair, Ottawa	344
Leaders of French Protestantism in Canada	213
McGill University Tag-of-War Team	350
Members and Friends of the Iron and Steel Institute of Great Britain at Hamilton, Ont.	324
Members and Friends of the Iron and Steel Institute of Great Britain on Steamboat at Lachine, P.Q.	360
Officers of "A" Company Royal School of Infantry, Fredericton, N.B.	345
Officers of H.M.S. Canada	190
Officers of the "B" Company Royal School of Infantry	293
Private Secretaries to the Ministers of the Dominion Government	189
Private Secretaries to the Ministers of the Province of Ontario	346
Queen Charlotte Island Indians	77
Representatives of the Salford Harriers, of Salford, Eng., and the Manhattan Athletic Club, N. Y.	229
Rifle Teams of the Fifty-Fourth Battalion, (Winners of Military League Trophy 1890)	169
Rifle Teams of the Victoria Rifles, (Winners of the Carlsberg Trophy	188
Sherbrooke Board of Trade Officers	143
Sherbrooke Civic Rulers	138
Sherbrooke Journalists, Representative	131
Sherbrooke, Civic Officers	145
Sherbrooke, Fifty-Third Battalion Officers	143
Sherbrooke, Officers of the Association	150
Union Lacrosse Club of St. John, N.B., Champions of the Maritime Provinces	420
Vancouver Cricket Club Eleven of 1890	352

QUEBEC VIEWS.

Bridge Over the Chaudiere, Near Quebec	188
Present Appearance of the Great Landslide of 1859	253
Scenes—Quebec	172
Scenes in Vicinity of Quebec	276

SHERBROOKE VIEWS.

Buggy and Implement Warehouse of G. A. Le Baron	188
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Yachting on the St. Lawrence, 43

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TRADE MARK

ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF PARLIAMENT OF CANADA, IN THE YEAR 1888, BY GEORGE E. DESBRATS, AT THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.

REGISTERED.

Vol. V.—No. 105.

MONTREAL AND TORONTO, 5th JULY, 1890.

54 CENTS PER ANNUM. IN GREAT BRITAIN,
10 CENTS PER COPY.



H. M. QUEEN VICTORIA.

The Dominion Illustrated.

\$4.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED PUBLISHING COMPANY (Limited), Publishers.
 GEORGE E. DESBARATS, MANAGING DIRECTOR,
 73 St. James Street, Montreal.
 GEORGE E. MACRAE, WESTERN AGENT,
 36 King Street East, Toronto.
 J. H. BROWNLEE, BRANDON,
 Agent for Manitoba and the North West Provinces.
 London (England) Agency:
 JOHN HADDON & CO.,
 3 & 4 Boulevard Street, Fleet Street, E.C.
 SOLE AGENTS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

5th JULY, 1890.



The seventh volume of the "Transactions of the Royal Society of Canada, just issued by Messrs. Dawson Brothers, contains a paper of more than ordinary value on "Expeditions to the Pacific," by Mr. Sanford Fleming, C.M.G. Two maps (those of De l'Isle, 1752, and of Jeffrey, 1768), reproduced from the works of H. H. Bancroft, illustrate the extraordinary misconceptions as to the configuration of the northern shores of this continent that prevailed until a comparatively late date. The most interesting portion of the paper to Canadian students is that which deals with the overland expeditions. Its great value lies in the fact that the author is thoroughly acquainted with the routes and scenes that he describes. The first period of land exploration westward extends from 1793 to 1846, and is mainly associated with the efforts of the fur companies to expand the limits of their domain. Sir Alexander Mackenzie takes the lead. Mr. Fleming gives a lucid sketch of his career, with a vivid pen portrait of the man, based on Lawrence's painting. He next treats of the travels and discoveries of Mr. Simon Fraser (1805-1808), whose descent of the river that bears his name is strikingly described in Senator Masson's work, "Les Bourgeois de la Compagnie du Nord-Ouest." The explorations of David Thompson (1790-1811), Alexander Henry (1811-14), Gabriel Fanchère (1814), Ross Cox (1812-17), D. W. Harman (1800-19), Alexander Ross (1811-25), John McLeod (1822-26), Sir G. Simpson (1828), David Douglas (1825-34), and Robert Campbell (1830-43) next come under notice. The period that follows closes with the old régime of the Union. It is led off by Mr. Paul Kane (1846-48), who is mentioned so frequently by Sir Daniel Wilson in his "Prehistoric Man"—Indian life and character being the chosen themes of that artist's pencil. The Earl of Southesk, who accompanied Sir George Simpson on his last trip to Red River, journeyed thence to the heart of the Rockies, reached the sources of the Bow River, and returned by the South Saskatchewan and Forts Carlton and Pelly. Captain Palliser, with Dr. Hector (whose unhappy experience is commemorated in the name of the Kicking Horse) and other associates undertook (1857-60) explorations, the results of which are contained in a report presented to the Imperial Parliament. Mr. M. Lawrin, a veteran miner (1861), made the journey from Quesnelle Mouth to Fort Garry. Dr. A. P. Reid and five others suffered much distress in reaching Fort Colville (June 13—November 26, 1861). This last adventure brings the record down to the migration of the immigrants of 1862, of which we gave an outline in our last issue. The travels of Lord Milton and Dr. Cheadle (1862-63) and the journey of Dr. John Rae (1864) bring the history of the North-West exploration to the era of Confederation.

This fruitful era, which is triumphantly closed by the completion of our transcontinental railway, virtually begins with Mr. Fleming's remarkable expedition, the story of which is instructively and charmingly told in Principal Grant's "Ocean to Ocean." His second journey in 1883 practically closes the list of overland journeys of exploration (if we except the valuable work of the Geological Sur-

vey, necessarily piecemeal, and the inspections from time to time of the railway corps), for trips by San Francisco hardly come under that category, and vice-regal progresses form a class by themselves. Of the whole series, however, as it stands in Mr. Sanford Fleming's paper, Sir Hector Langevin is at the head. His mission was a most important one, being undertaken in connection with his department in order to ascertain what public works were necessary in the new province. He visited Victoria, New Westminster, Yale, Lytton, Cariboo, Bute and Burrard Inlets, Nanaimo, Barclay Sound and other points on the coast and in the interior, the results of his inquiries being afterwards published in a volume. Last summer we had occasion to recall, by way of contrast with the present, some details in the account of Adjutant-General P. Robertson Ross's expedition, which is included in the Militia Report for 1872. It seems only the other day since we were reading "The Wild North Land," of Capt. (now General Sir) W. F. Butler (1872-73). Dr. G. M. Dawson's report of his share, as naturalist, in the Boundary Commission's operations (1872-74) is one of the most valuable volumes in the series of the Geological Survey. In 1871 Dr. Selwyn himself inaugurated the geological examination of the Western province, which, conducted from year to year, has brought to light the wealth, variety and economic importance of its natural resources. The long quest for the North-West passage ended on the 7th of November, 1885, and there was pertinence in the selection of Sir Donald Smith to strike the blow which indicated that the goal was reached. "By common consent," writes Mr. Fleming, "the duty of performing the task was assigned to one of the four directors present—the senior in years and influence, whose high character placed him in prominence—Sir Donald Alexander Smith. No one could on such an occasion more worthily represent the company or more appropriately give the finishing blows which, in a material sense, were to complete the gigantic undertaking. Sir Donald Smith braced himself to the task and he wielded the by no means light spike hammer with as good a will as the professional tracklayer. The work was carried on in silence. Nothing was heard but the reverberation of the blows struck by him. It was no ordinary occasion; the scene was in every way noteworthy from the groups that composed it and the circumstances which had brought together so many human beings in this spot in the heart of the mountains, until recently an untracked solitude. Most of the engineers, with hundreds of workmen of all nationalities, who had been engaged in the mountains, were present. Everyone appeared to be deeply impressed by what was taken place. The central figure in the group was something more than the representative of the railway company which had achieved the triumph he was consummating. His presence recalled memories of the Mackenzies and McTavishes, the Stuarts, Macgillivrays, the Frasers, Finlaysons, McLeods, McLoughlin's and their contemporaries who first penetrated the surrounding territory. From his youth he had been connected with the company which so long had carried on its operations successfully from Labrador to the Pacific and from California to Alaska. . . . Suddenly a cheer spontaneously burst forth, and it was no ordinary cheer. The subdued enthusiasm, the pent-up feelings of men familiar with hard work now found vent. Cheer upon cheer followed as if it was difficult to satisfy the spirit which had been aroused. Such a scene is conceivable on the field of a hard fought battle at the moment when victory is assured."

As a pendant to Mr. Fleming's vivid picture of this scene, so memorable in the history of the Dominion, it may be worth while to recall that a little more than sixteen years before the last spike was driven in the first trans-continental railroad north of the Gulf of Mexico. Connection between the Union and Central Pacific lines took place at Promontory Point, Utah Territory, on the 10th of May, 1869. "There were men," writes the historian, "from the pine-clad hills of Maine, the rock-bound coast of Massachusetts, the ever-glades

of Florida, the golden shores of the Pacific slope, from China, Europe and the wilds of the American continent. . . . The hour and minute designated arrived, and Leland Stanford, president, assisted by other officers of the Central Pacific came forward. T. C. Durant, vice-president of the Union Pacific, assisted by General Dodge and others of the same company met them at the end of the rail, where they reverently paused while the Rev. Dr. Todd, of Massachusetts, invoked the divine blessing. Then the last tie, a beautiful piece of workmanship, of California laurel, with silver plates, on which were suitable inscriptions, was put in place, and the last connecting rails were laid by parties from each company. The last spikes were then presented—one of gold from California, one of silver from Nevada, and one of gold, silver and iron from Arizona. President Stanford then took the hammer, made of solid silver—to the handle of which were attached the electric wires—and with the first tap on the head of the gold spike at 12 noon the news of the event was flashed all over the continent. Speeches were made as each spike was driven, and when all was completed cheer after cheer rent the air from the enthusiastic assemblage." Fourteen years earlier the first inter-oceanic railway, that of the Isthmus, from Aspinwall, on the Caribbean Sea, to Panama, on the Pacific Ocean, had become an accomplished fact. Though the shortest of such lines, the difficulties to be surmounted in its construction were enormous, and the cost in human life was deplorable. The first train carrying passengers from ocean to ocean, passed over it on the 28th of January, 1855.

Mr. Sanford Fleming, in closing his survey of "Expeditions to the Pacific," suggests two themes for the brush of the patriotic artist: "On the roll of famous travellers," he writes, "there is no grander figure than that of the intrepid Scotchman who was the first to cross the continent north of the Gulf of Mexico. Can there be a more fitting subject for an historical painting for the National Gallery of the Dominion than the incident of his mixing some vermilion with melted grease and inscribing on the face of the rock on which he had slept by the shore of the Pacific this brief memorial: "Alexander Mackenzie, from Canada by land, the twenty-second of July, one thousand seven hundred and ninety-three?" Equally appropriate for a painting to hang by its side is the scene by Craigellachie on the morning of November 7th, 1885, when Sir Donald Smith, spike hammer in hand, is giving the last blow to finish the work of the railway. It marked the close of a long series of events interwoven with the annals of the northern portion of the continent. Can we doubt that the future historian will regard the occurrence as a turning-point in the history of the Dominion as the beginning of a new page in the life and destiny of the British Colonial Empire?"

Whether or not the reproach which the often-repeated proverb has cast upon comparison be altogether justifiable, we can find respectable precedent for the historical parallel. It is by this classical method that Mr. J. M. LeMoine has thought well to write the panegyric of two of the worthiest of Canadian administrators—of whom one governed under the Old Régime, the other the new. The name of La Galissonière has to most students of English history been associated with one of those cold official murders which inspire more horror than criminal bloodshed. It was for declining to risk what he feared would be certain defeat at the hands of the French sea captain that Admiral John Byng, son of the valiant Viscount Torrington, was tried by court martial, condemned and shot in spite of the utmost efforts to save his life. Though not blameless, he deserved a far different fate. His family has for more than a century furnished England with many brave soldiers and sailors. The Comte de la Galissonière has been best portrayed by the Swedish naturalist, Kalin, who was his guest for nearly seven weeks at the Château St. Louis. Like the great Earl of Peterborough, he was slightly deformed, but still his appearance was prepossessing. The qualities of his mind were beyond praise. His knowledge was so amazing that

Kalm, in listening to his conversation, could imagine that it was Linnæus addressing him under another form. Lord Dufferin we know, and, therefore, can appreciate the happiness of Mr. LeMoine's parallel. Never, perhaps, did that great statesman, diplomatist and scholar display more judgment, tact and dignity or charm the ears of his hearers with more graceful, vigorous and pertinent eloquence than on the occasion to which, a few pages further on in this volume of *Transactions*, Mr Sandford Fleming makes seasonable reference. It was at the time of his visit to Victoria, during the agitation in British Columbia on the railway question. No better example of the service which a British Governor-General can render to the country, without in the least degree infringing on the jurisdiction of his responsible ministers, can be offered than Lord Dufferin's mission of conciliation to British Columbia. The only other instance of the employment of consummate statesmanship with rare gifts of oratory and perfect good taste which we can recall as a parallel to it is Lord Elgin's farewell address to the citizens of Montreal, including the barbarians who rewarded with reviling and violence his defence of the people's rights.

By way of contrast between the rigorous discipline that prevailed in the British army some generations ago and the more free-and-easy system to which we have grown accustomed, it may be worth while recalling a general order issued by Sir James Craig when he was commander of the forces (as well as Governor-General) in this country. A Halifax paper, containing an account of the presentation of a laudatory address to Captain Orr, of the 1st Battalion Royal Fusiliers, on his being promoted to the command of a company, had come under the eye of His Excellency. Without delay he issued a general order, in which he bore testimony against the proceeding as a great (though unconscious) act of insubordination on the part of the sergeants who had felicitated and complimented Captain Orr. Their intention, he had no doubt, was praiseworthy. They wished to show their appreciation of the kindness with which Captain Orr had behaved towards those under him. But, in the very fact of "presuming to deliberate on the conduct of their superior officer," they had committed a grave offence. It was true that they had only expressed their respect and esteem for Captain Orr, but that expression implied discussion, and if discussion were permitted they might meet the next time to express disapprobation. The principle was, therefore, to be promptly condemned. Indirectly Lieut.-Col. Pakenham, who commanded the Fusiliers, was rebuked by this order, but at the same time Sir James Craig took occasion to say that in pointing out his error in permitting the address, he had no thought of detracting from the esteem in which he held him. This order was afterwards adopted by the commander-in-chief in England. It was Adjutant-General (afterwards Major-General) Edward Baynes, father of the late esteemed bursar of McGill College, who signed the general order in the first instance.

There is a logical sequel to the impulse that has been given in recent years to the development of our mineral resources which ought not to be lost sight of. The Royal Commission appointed by the Government of Ontario to enquire into the mineral resources of that province (to which we made reference not long ago) has clearly indicated that sequel in the report on technical instruction with which the volume closes. Examples of such education, with special reference to mineralogy and practical mining, are furnished from several States of the Union, from various countries of Europe and from some of the other British colonies. The most interesting of these precedents for Canadian readers are the Australasian schools of mines. Of these there are several. In Victoria, for instance, there is one at Ballarat and one at Sandhurst, and in New Zealand there is one at Lawrence, Otago, which has been conducted with considerable success. The usage has been to establish these institutions in the neighbourhood of the various gold fields, the great advantage of this plan being that it brings the needed instruction to

the centre of the mining communities, thus enabling the miners to attend classes in the evening, while engaged at their ordinary work during the day. The course is both theoretical and practical, comprising geology, mineralogy, chemistry as applied to minerals, the testing of minerals by wet processes, assaying, metallurgy and the use of the blow-pipe. The professors at these schools are men of the highest qualifications, all of whom were selected for their rare knowledge and experience. The Victoria schools are independent establishments, having no connection with any seat of learning, though well equipped for the object in view. The Otago (N.Z.) school is affiliated with the University of Otago. Though some of the professors are honour men of British Universities, the most of them are New Zealanders who have acquired their practical knowledge on the spot. In Canada, though there are good science courses connected with our leading universities, we have as yet no school of mines. The Ontario Commission is in favour of a scheme similar to that of New Zealand for their own province. Doubtless, if Ontario led the way, the other provinces would find it to their interest to imitate its example; but the question arises, whether it is not to the Dominion Government that such an undertaking properly pertains.

OUR ENTERPRISE.

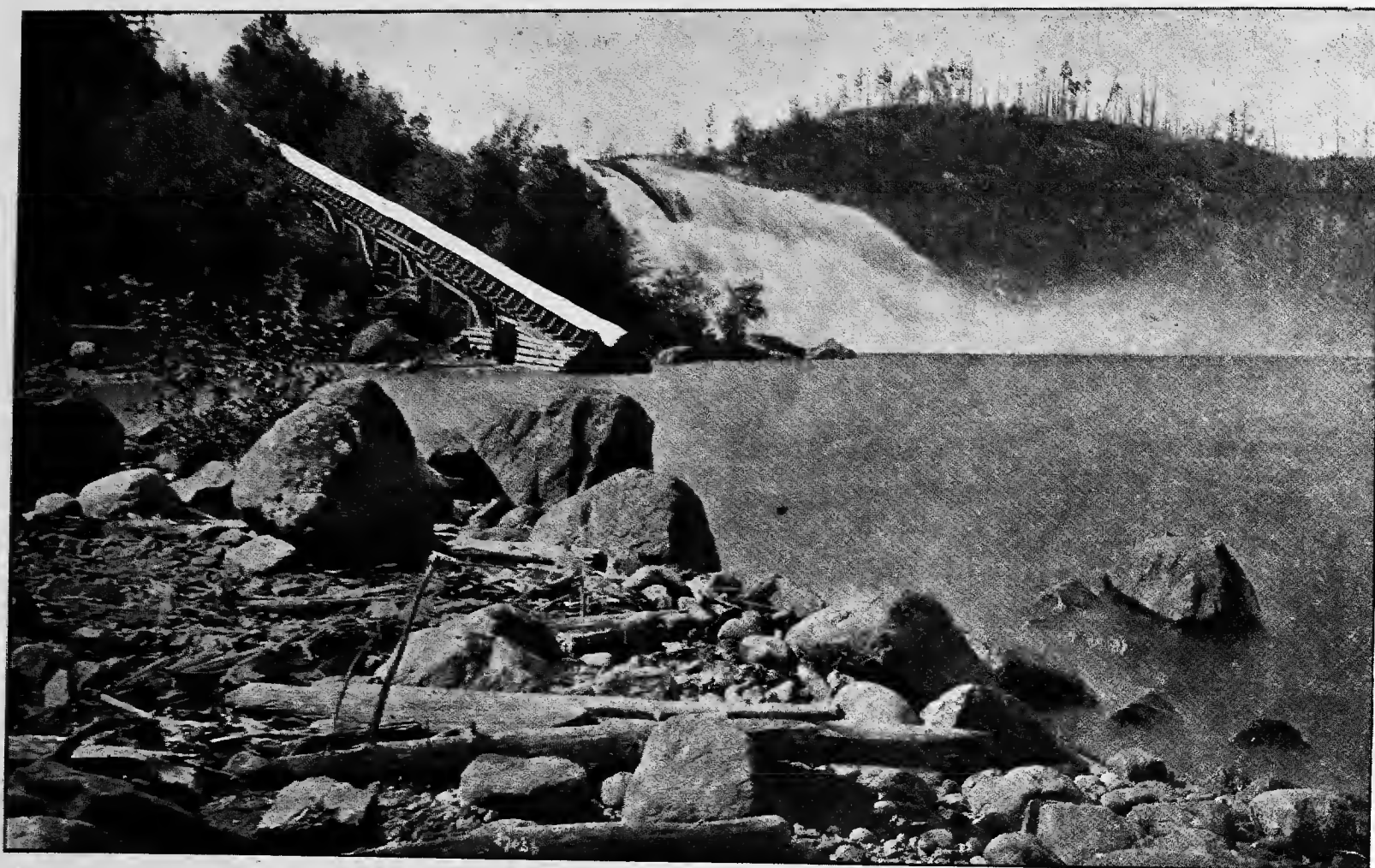
With this issue of the *DOMINION ILLUSTRATED* we enter upon the third year of the undertaking. It was begun hopefully, with the assurance that an enterprise whose very name implied its patriotic and fruitful purpose would commend itself to every Canadian who desired the advancement of his country's best interests and wished its reputation for all that gives it worth and prestige in the eyes of the world to be placed upon a proper footing. When our first number was issued, our Dominion had just come of age. Its development during the twenty-one years of its career as a federation had been in many ways remarkable. But the details of its progress, the wondrous variety of its resources, the distinctive features of its great natural divisions, and its wealth of beautiful and sublime scenery were but little known, even to its own inhabitants, much less to the world at large. The impulse had, however, been given to intelligent inquiry. Thousands of persons in our own land, and a large number beyond its limits were curious to learn whatever could be ascertained concerning this Northland of the New World. There is not a province or district in this vast area that has not its own peculiar claims to attention. The older portions have a history, within the domain of civilization, of more than a quarter millennium. Even the comparatively new territories have annals and traditions—not without romance some of them, while all of them are of historic moment—that take our thoughts very far from the present. Our eastern, western and northern shores have associations with some of the grandest movements of the last four centuries, while the interior has traces, even in its names, of the strivings and struggles of valiant men of many races. To illustrate by pen and picture a land so pregnant with manifold interest was a task in which we were proud to engage. Nor has the issue of our adventure been wholly disappointing. We have received from many sources, as well from our own people as from their kindred beyond sea and from kindly sympathizers of other allegiance, expressions of approval and encouragement that we highly prize. If, as yet, the financial support has not kept pace with these testimonies of good will, there is nothing in the fact to excite much surprise. Those who have had experience of such publications in Canada are well aware that to build up a successful periodical demands several years. In due time, patience would undoubtedly be rewarded and generous outlays would bring ample returns. As yet we are but at the threshold of that triumph—in every sense—which, we are convinced, the *DOMINION ILLUSTRATED* is destined to attain. But to that end we must ask for not merely sympathy, but co-operation. If the Canadian people are proud enough of their own country to assist in making it known to the world, the

DOMINION ILLUSTRATED gives them an opportunity of doing so. We appeal to them once more to avail themselves of that opportunity.

PAST AND FUTURE.

In the nature of things Dominion Day suggests both a retrospect and a forecast. Two years ago our federation celebrated its coming of age. In two years more it will be commemorating its quarter-centennial. Twenty-three years constitute but a small period in the life of one of the old-world nations, like France or England. But on this continent, where but one commonwealth can boast an independent existence of more than a century, the standard of duration is necessarily different. Institutions which to our kinsmen beyond sea may appear modern, have with us acquired the flavour of antiquity. And certainly, judged by what it has brought to pass, the period of the federal régime may claim some share of the honour that is deemed due to length of years. It has, indeed, been an important—in some respects, a very critical—period all the world over. There is not one of the great divisions of the earth's surface that it has not more or less materially reconstructed, while at the same time it has modified their intercourse with each other to an extent that even the most sagacious or sanguine could hardly have predicted. In these great changes Canada has been no merely passive spectator. Directly or indirectly the creation of the Dominion has affected the destiny of the entire British Empire, and of all the countries that have relations with it. In the motherland it has completed the revelation in colonial administration, of which Lord Durham's report was the signal. It has radically altered the principles and the tone of the Home Government in dealing with the colonies. The tenderness with which the claims of the Western Australians, to which we referred some time ago, were dealt with by the British Government and Parliament, shows how completely the old Downing Street system has become obsolete. For this disposition on the part of the metropolis to regard the colonies, not only as self-governing communities, but as virtually on a par with the people of the United Kingdom as members of the Empire, Canada can justly claim no small share of credit. The battle for colonial emancipation was first fought out in these provinces. Confederation crowned the victory of responsible government and gave birth to a power, to a practically independent nation, and set up for all the rest of larger Britain an example of fully developed colonial life which, with more or less success, our distant kinsmen are beginning to follow.

The experiment was the first of its kind in modern times, and to the student of politics it was of exceptional interest. At intervals, from the beginning of the century to the Quebec Conference, a union of the provinces, more or less comprehensive, had been proposed. At first the sentiment in its favour was strongest towards the Atlantic, but circumstances cast upon the interior the responsibility of making the trial. There was, in fact, no other way out of the deadlock of an arrangement that had become impracticable. But if the union of the Canadas was anomalous, the isolation from each other of the Maritime and the Eastern Provinces, was an outrage on common sense. Still, though all acknowledged the need of a change, the task which the "Fathers of Confederation" had undertaken was far from easy, owing to local rivalries, party jealousies and conflicts of interest. That they succeeded at all is more surprising than that there should have been some drawbacks to their success. Gradually the antagonism, in the chief centres of struggle, grew less and less fierce, and ultimately ceased altogether. In a few years all northern British America (except Newfoundland) had accepted the federal bond and then began the work of development, which great though, in many respects, its results have been, is still in its initial stage. Canadians are only awakening to the virtual boundlessness, the in-



HIGH FALLS AND TIMBER SLIDE ON THE LIEVRE. (Topley, photo.)



JAM OF SAW-LOGS ON THE LIEVRE, 150,000 LOGS; VALUE, \$225,000. (Topley, photo.)



SUMMER: THE BUTTERFLY CHASE; from the painting by Heywood Hardy.
(Photo. supplied by G. E. Maerke, Toronto, Director for Canada of the Soule Photograph Company.)

estimable value of their heritage. The land of promise has been surveyed from several stand-points; its vastness, its wealth and the variety of its resources have been recognized. We know that there is no finer country under the sun for all that makes life healthy and happy, and assures prosperity and influence to a people. The old dividing lines have been removed; even the intervening no-man's-lands that tended to keep east and west and centre eternally apart, are becoming assimilated to the regions on either side. The mountains are no longer impassable barriers, and dwellers on the Atlantic and Pacific have become as neighbours to those that occupy the heart of the continent. We have grown so accustomed to the new order of things that some of us find it hard to realize—which, however, the elders of us may do by a little effort of memory—that a few years ago it required as much time to travel from coast to midland as it does now to visit Japan or Palestine. Those, indeed, of the present generation can form no conception of what Canada was at a period still remembered by their older friends. The transformation in this respect is marvellous, and, but for confederation, it is more than likely that we should still remain in the state of estrangement that so long prevailed. Let any one read Prof. H. Y. Hinde's account of the emigrants' journey across the plains and over the mountains in 1862, or Dr. Duncan's story of the coming of our protectors from Halifax to Montreal in the same year and he will have some notion of what Canada was before the British North America Act gave the impulse to reconstruction.

Since 1867 Canada has received more attention from the outside world than she had been honoured with during all the previous portion of the century—exception being, of course, made to the years 1812-15 and 1837-38. The amazing wealth of her resources of soil, mine, forest, lake, river and sea is now the topic of discussion in hundreds of books, pamphlets and magazine articles, not to speak of blue-books and other official publications. A bibliography of the North-West alone comprises more than 3,000 volumes. Men of science, artists, literary men, sportsmen, lady tourists, missionaries, philologists, folklorists, immigration agents, economists, sanitarians, and special correspondents of all kinds have for years vied with each other in discovering fresh charms and advantages in the prairie steppes, the mountains, the Pacific slopes, Vancouver and the dividing waters. By this booming of the great West, Eastern Canada has both lost and gained, but the gains have far transcended the losses. Men are naturally impatient if in the wide sweep of a great movement some of their proper belongings are displaced or put out of gear. The federation of the Canadian provinces—by which we understand, not simply the British North America Act, but the whole sequel of changes, political, economic and social of which it was the starting-point—could hardly fail to disturb the balance of power in some of the thousands of little communities that make up our Dominion, to wound susceptibilities, to ruffle dignities, to impair the worth of personalities. Those who suffer in this way find it hard to forgive, and though they may be impotent to stop the wheels of progress, they may take their satisfaction by cries of discontent, alarm or reproach.

The grumbler is not, however, without his *raison d'être* in Canada, as elsewhere. Self-complacency and self-admiration are bad for both individuals and States, and it is well that we should be warned against giving heed only to what is rose-coloured and fair-seeming in ourselves, our works and our environment. Grand as have been the triumphs of the few short years of the present régime, it would be folly to pretend that we have made the most of our advantages. If Canada has given the world the benefit of a new experiment in federal government; if she has shown the Mother Country that complete freedom from Downing Street control is compatible with the utmost loyalty to the principle of a united Empire; if she has taught our neighbours that there is ample room on this continent for a northern common-

wealth, at once purely democratic and faithful to monarchical traditions; if she has set Australasia, South Africa and the West Indies a worthy example which, to attain the fullest development, they must eventually follow; if all these—and even greater—services to civilization can be set to her credit, we must not try to ignore the wilful blindness, the selfish narrowness, the petty parochialism, the lack of public spirit and enlightened patriotism and the miserable anachronisms and exotics of religious prejudice and feuds of race that dull our aspirations and are a drag upon our energies. If we boast of our country, it is an honest boast, for no grander gift was ever bestowed on a people. Nor is its history a record to be ashamed of. Standing here on the earth's first solid floor, we can look upon a wondrous past. We are allied with the most illustrious nations in Europe, while the former lords of the soil who cling to it with the despair of a doomed race, have traditions that pierce the mists which hide their origin in far-off ages. But the future is for us the urgent problem, and its solution depends on our own character and conduct, on our use of the talents entrusted to us, on the singleness of our devotion to great aims, and on our faith in our ability to accomplish them. If such faith is in us, we should show it by acts. If we believe in Canada, let us help Canadian, in preference to foreign, enterprises, instead of sneering at them and giving them the cold shoulder. We may be sure that the world will respect us none the less if we respect ourselves, and if we undervalue all the efforts of our own people, it will be likely to judge us by our estimate.

The Next Laureate.

Every month we hear fresh rumours of Tennyson ailing or failing,—fully three years ago he wrote to me that he had entirely lost the sight of one eye and could see but faintly with the other, and that he felt very infirm. And Browning is dead. Who next is to wear the laurel which is its own reward? For it has but a hundred sovereigns and a butt of Malmsey-Maderia to boot. The days of Pye are over. Court favour would never elevate a poetaster now, though it has weight in discriminating the claims of genuine poets. Even while Browning was alive, it seemed to me that the choice of a successor lay between Swinburne, the two Morrises, Alfred Austin and Edwin Arnold. Edmund Gosse and others whose names suggest themselves at once belong to a younger generation whose time has not yet come.

The question arises at the threshold, is the Laureateship to be given to the man most fit to write laureate odes, or to the greatest poet, or to a happy combination of the two? If the writing of odes to order has anything to do with the appointment, Browning would have been ridiculously inferior to Andrew Lang. I believe that Lang could write as good an ode to order as any Anglo-Saxon living. He is the Greek Deimos, terribly clever, steeped in culture for effective allusions, and the possessor of exquisite literary taste. But then Lang, like Gosse and Henley and William Sharp, belongs to the next-but-ones. If being a great poet were the test, Browning might have had to be considered first. But he could not have stood the combined test.

Swinburne has very high claims. He has been more read and famous longer than any of his rivals. For lyrical touch he is one of a triumvirate with Shelley and Poe. He has that rarest gift in poetry, melody. He has had more influence on English lyrical poetry than any man of his generation. He is the founder of a school in form and the founder of a school in subject. But his influence has not been as good as it might have been in either. He is responsible for miles of trochaic tinsel about passion, reeled out from the mouths of his disciples like the ribbons of red tissue paper from the mouth of a conjurer.

A year or two back, people would have pooh-poohed the idea of taking him into consideration for the Laureateship. But since then he has washed his hands of his revolutionary and atheistical vagaries and come forward as a passionate patriot. But the trouble is that if he were appointed Laureate, he would not write those little festal stanza lyrics, as gem-like as Byron's "When We Two Parted" or Shelley's "One Word is too often Profaned," but rhapsodies rivaling his Victor Hugo odes in extensiveness, and his Tristram in a banquet of epithet too rich for any stomach. At the same time he might endeavour to rise to the dignity of the subject by employing lines of fifty-three syllables each—one for every year of the reign, and when its blessings came to an end, flutter around the new one to begin with in fanciful little flights of one syllable lines. The Morrises are different. I couple them together simply because of their name; they are no relation, and are men of very different calibre, but equally unfit to expatiate on the advantages arising from additions to Prince

Henry of Battenberg's family, William as an ardent socialist, and Lewis as a prophet of radicalism, with no honour as such even in his native Wales.

William Morris is a great poet. In his poems it is not easy to pick out *purpurei panni* for quotation, but taken as a whole they are instinct with voluptuous poetry. To read the Earthly Paradise is to lie in the best house of Pompeii, eating luscious fruit and drinking generous wine, as you watch the sun sinking over Ischia, and listen to a beautiful woman talking for only you to hear, or playing a barcarolle on the mandolin. It is voluptuousness distilled into poetry.

Unfortunately, when not engaged in this distillation, his soul expresses itself in spouting unclassical sentiments from the top of a barrel, or other street socialist's rostrum.

Lewis Morris has one great qualification for succeeding Tennyson, that he has for years been practising Tennyson. He writes Tennysonian odes that are as strongly related to Tennyson as the apples baked in a pie to the apples before they were put into the pie. He really can write beautiful Laureate odes, but if Americans have no patience with Tennyson—a man of aristocratic birth and sympathies, and the friend of royalty for fifty years—for accepting an honour that was accepted as an honour by Wellington and Nelson and the elder Pitt, what have they to say to Laureate odes coming from the pen of Lewis Morris, an advanced radical at the hustings? As an ode-writer Lewis Morris is good enough. But even if he might be thought good enough as a poet, could he honestly be the writer of Laureate odes?

He has, however, one claim, that of having for some time past (it is said appointed by that eminent judge of poetry, the Prince of Wales) acted as Lord Tennyson's deputy, and his poems certainly have the claim of popularity. Andrew Lang accounts for the extensiveness of their sale by believing that they have taken the place of Eliza Cook's in the parlours of young ladies' boarding-schools. Their success is, in England generally regarded as ephemeral and due to hitting off the taste of the hour. This is exactly what one does not want in a Laureate. For, of themselves, Laureate odes have a hundred to one chances for the waste paper basket. Alfred Austin has much more formidable claims. Of the quality of his poetry there can be no more doubt than of the quality of Charles Tennyson-Turner, Hartley Coleridge or Arthur Hugh Clough.

He is thoroughly in sympathy with everything English, a conservative proud of his country and eager about her prestige, a country-gentleman devoted to English country life, which he can describe as no other English poet living except Tennyson himself.

He is strong in the favour of Royalty (a personal friend of the Queen) and of the Conservative Chiefs, but has the disqualification for a Laureate of a purely eclectic reputation. With students and critics few enjoy a higher estimation; to the general public he is only a name. Apropos of Her Most Gracious Majesty I heard last year, at St. Botolph, Saturday night, a good thing, when the quiet man reading out a telegram that Alfred Austin had been lunching at the Villa Palimeri with the Queen, said that she could not have known that he was one of those writing fellows. The taunt was unfortunately possible.

Perhaps the poet who concentrates most claims in himself is our guest in Japan, Sir Edwin Arnold. Like Alfred Austin, he can be a Laureate honestly; his enthusiasm for England is notorious. For while Austin is a Conservative, Arnold must be described as a Dynastic and Imperialist Liberal. He labels himself a Liberal, but, as editor of the *Daily Telegraph*, he has shown himself in all points which concern the writer of Laureate odes as one with the Conservatives. Whenever it is a question of what the Tory party call loyalty (to royalty), or of what the Radical party call jingo, the *Daily Telegraph* out-stands the *Standard*. Then again, Sir Edwin has, as poet, performed a national service by making the literature of our vast Indian Proconsulate an integral part of the literature of England. The *Light of Asia* is a poem of national significance, one of the monumental poems of the century. It has already taken its place as a classic. It has already fulfilled the other qualification for a Laureate, of making its author a poet of the general public as well as of the student and scholar.

Sir Edwin has thus the triple qualification for Laureate—of being a man whose opinions are in sympathy with the office, a man whose poetical renown, both with learned and simple, would warrant his appointment, and a man who would write admirable odes.

No appointment could meet with more general approbation.—*Douglas Sladen in Japan Gazette.*

Canada's Great Fair.

The receipt of a copy of the prize list for this year's Toronto Industrial Exhibition, which is to be held from the 8th to the 20th of September next, reminds us that the fair season is again fast approaching. The prize list shows the addition of many new classes and a large increase in the amount offered as premiums. Toronto offers many attractions to visitors during the season, but the greatest of all is its annual Exhibition, which this year promises to be greater and better than ever. A copy of the prize list can be obtained by any of our readers, who may desire one, by dropping a post card to Mr. H. J. Hill, the Secretary, at Toronto.



HER GRACIOUS MAJESTY, QUEEN VICTORIA.—Not long since we had the pleasure of presenting our readers with the portraits of Prince Arthur, Duke of Connaught, son of our Gracious Sovereign, and of his illustrious consort. We now adorn our pages with a likeness of the Queen herself. Her Majesty is one of the best known and most popular ladies of our time. She is also the best beloved of English sovereigns. No Queen of England has reigned so long—Elizabeth, who comes next to her on the list, having sat on the throne for only forty-five years. Only two kings have exceeded the fifty-three years that have elapsed since her accession—Henry III, who reigned 56, and her grandfather, George III., who reigned 60 years. If the wishes of her subjects are fulfilled, she will transcend them all. The circumstances under which Queen Victoria succeeded to the Crown are noteworthy. Before her birth there was not a surviving child in the families of all the fifteen sons and daughters of George III. The Princess Charlotte, long the hope of the nation, who had married Leopold of Saxe-Cobourg-Gotha (afterwards King of the Belgians) had by her early death shifted the succession to the Prince Regent's brothers, the Dukes of Clarence, York and Kent. The last was then unmarried. In the following year, however (May 1818), he married Victoria, of Saxe-Cobourg-Saalfeld, widow of the Duke of Leiningen, and on the 24th of May, 1818, the Princess Victoria was born. Between the infant Princess and the Crown there intervened, after her father's death in 1820, the Dukes of York and Clarence and their possible issue. The Duke of York died in 1827, and on the death of King George IV. in 1830 the Duke of Clarence became King William IV. By this time, notwithstanding the death of the King's children, there was ample provision for the succession in the family of George III., the Dukes of Cumberland and Cambridge both having issue. Happily, the daughter of the soldier prince, who had formed so many ties in Canada, was blessed with a vigorous constitution, and on the death of her royal uncle she duly succeeded to the throne of England. The throne of Hanover, however, she was precluded by the usage of that country from inheriting, that privilege being reserved for males, and the Duke of Cumberland, who was next in succession, became King of that doomed kingdom. He died in 1851, and his son reigned until 1866, when, Prince Bismarck having annexed Hanover to Prussia, King George V. found his occupation gone. His son, who retains his English title of Duke of Cumberland, is still a claimant for the throne. The accession of the young Queen was greeted with universal enthusiasm. All that was known concerning her as Princess Victoria gave high promise of rare virtue—promise which has been amply fulfilled. When, as a child, she first learned her place in the succession, she was overcome with a sense of the responsibility. She was carefully, even strictly, educated. The Duchess, her mother, was blamed by some for not allowing her more opportunity of mingling in the ceremonies and festivities of the court. The world knows a great deal of the private life of the Queen from her own "Journal" and the biography of the Prince Consort. In Canada the Royal Family has at intervals during the last thirty years been represented by the Prince of Wales and his brothers and by the Princess Louise. Their presence amongst us from time to time, and especially the residence of the Princess Louise in the home of our Governors has undoubtedly had considerable influence in deepening the loyal attachment of the Canadian people to the throne and person of our Queen. Against her, to cite, with some modification, the words of one of her biographers, no sedition has ever risen, nor evil whisper ever breathed. Her severest critics would stand for her as stoutly as her dearest friends. At any time during her long reign, even when crowns were falling around her and the demons of revolution were raging, she could have passed from end to end of her country, secure of universal homage, honour, loyalty and devotion. Of what other monarch could so much be said?

HIGH FALLS AND TIMBER SLIDE ON THE LIÈVRE.—The river of which our engraving shows one of the most remarkable falls, rises in the group of lakes near the head waters of the Gatineau. After running parallel for a considerable distance with that fine stream, and traversing the County of Ottawa, it falls into the Ottawa river a short distance below the Capital. Its entire length is about 200 miles, and, with its numerous tributaries, it drains an area of more than 4,000 square miles. The navigation of the river is in many places interrupted by rapids and cataracts. High Falls, which is seen in our engraving, is some 350 feet in descent. The scenes unfolded by the windings of the Lièvre are extremely picturesque. Sometimes, as in the engraving, the necessities of industrial life lend new interest to Nature's handiwork. In the present instance, our readers are asked to look on a common feature of lumbering operations. As we tried to explain in a previous issue, before showing the slides, by which the difficulties of cascades and rapids are overcome, the timber is made up into cribs, each containing twenty-five pieces. These, again, are fastened together in bands or drums, which in turn are bound into rafts. The crib form is, however,

usually adopted for descending the slides. Our engraving is an effective illustration of this proceeding.

LOG JAM ON THE LIÈVRE RIVER.—This is a scene of which our city readers have doubtless often heard and read, and, perhaps, only a select few of them have witnessed it. It is acknowledged to be one of the grandest sights which our backwoods life affords, a sight which is difficult to describe and must be seen to be appreciated. It is full of perilous excitement, of complicated and unexpected movements, requiring the utmost watchfulness on the part of the shantymen to evade the hazard of its sudden breaking up. There is wild leaping from log to log, orders and warning and shouts of triumph, according to the evolution of the massed timber, each constituent of it gliding, rolling, seeking escape from captivity. On the Lièvre, jams are not infrequent. On all our lumbering rivers there are, indeed, spots that have gained an evil reputation for this kind of embargo. Notwithstanding a certain amount of pleasurable excitement, such as all strong, healthy men find in scenes of struggle and danger, disasters sometimes happen which leaves homes desolate. But, in general, the problem in mechanics is solved without grave accident, and the degree of skill and courage that is displayed in getting the timber down the chutes—as the narrow, steep, often ruinous and not infrequently at the lower parts, vortex-like places are called—is a source of surprise and admiration to the uninitiated. The animated scene in our engraving represents 150,000 saw logs, valued at \$225,000.

THE BUTTERFLY CHASE.—Clearly a summer scene, and a scene that savours of that *deuxième nature* which the hot weather so powerfully suggests. Perhaps the artist also wished to teach by parables. There is a lesson to be drawn from the picture, but each disciple must interpret it according to his own needs.

NIAGARA CAMP SCENES.—The organization of camps for the assembling of the militia forces of the various districts dates back to even before Confederation. The Niagara camp is noteworthy, both as one of the earliest selected, as being associated with some of the most wonderful scenery and some of the proudest historic landmarks in the country, and also for having again and again received the recommendation for efficiency of the officer commanding. "The ground," says a recent report, "is excellently adapted for a camp. The duties and discipline were admirably carried out." No part of the Dominion is better adapted to inspire patriotism and military ardour, for within easy distance of the camping ground are some battle fields and monuments that attest how Canadians have prized their heritage and fought and died for it in the past. The annual camp this year was opened on Tuesday, the 17th ult. The weather was splendid during the earlier days, but a change then took place which caused a good deal of that discomfort with which our soldiers, during practice of this kind, have to combat as best they can. The corps in camp were the Hamilton Field Battery, commanded by Major Van Wagner; the Toronto Field Battery, by Major Mead; the Welland Canal Field Battery, by Major King; the 12th Battalion, by Lieut.-Col. Wayling; the 34th Battalion, by Lieut.-Col. O'Donovan; the 35th Battalion, by Lieut.-Col. O'Brien; the 36th Battalion, by Lieut.-Col. Tyrwhitt; the 37th Battalion, by Lieut.-Col. Davis; the 77th Battalion, by Lieut.-Col. Gwyn. Lieut.-Col. Irwin (inspector of artillery) commanded the artillery brigade: brigade Major, Capt. Hudon. The 1st brigade division was composed of the Hamilton, Welland and Toronto batteries; the 20th brigade division was the Guelph Batteries. Brigade sergt.-major—Sergt. Major Woodman, of Toronto battery. Brigade quartermaster-sergt.—Staff-Sergt. Cheloux of Welland battery. Lieut.-Col. Otter, D.A.G., was the camp commandant, and his staff was composed as follows:—Lieut.-Col. Gray, brigade major; Major McLaren, 13th Battalion, supply officer; Capt. Mutton, Q.O.R., camp quartermaster and provost-officer; Surgeon-Major Baxter, 37th Battalion, principal medical officer; Major Campbell, 39th Battalion, brigade musketry instructor; Capt. Stuart, 13th Battalion, orderly officer. Sergt.-Major Cummings, of "C" Co., Infantry School Corps, acted as brigade sergt.-major, and Staff-Sergt. Davis was brigade orderly room clerk. Col.-Sergt. Fowler, 10th R.G., was brigade sergeant instructor of musketry, and Sergt. Sanson, Q.O.R., assistant. Lieut.-Col. Otter is in command of the district (No. 2). The camp staff last year was composed of Lieut.-Col. Gray, brigade major; Major McLaren, 13th Battalion, supply officer; Lieut.-Col. Alger, district paymaster; Surgeon-Major Maclean, 31st Battalion, principal medical officer; Captain Mutton, Q.O.R., camp quartermaster and provost officer; Capt. McLean, R.G., musketry instructor, Capt. Stuart, 13th Battalion, orderly officer, and Capt. Geale, acting barrack master at Niagara. Our engravings, which show the artillery camp, the infantry at squad drill, mounted officers of the Toronto and Hamilton Battalions, and the visit to the camp of Company "D" of the 13th Battalion, accompanied by the regimental bugle band, will be readily understood from the titles.

PICTON SCENES.—These four engravings show some prominent features in one of the most interesting localities in Canada. As our readers are, doubtless, aware the County of Pictou, which is rich in coal and iron ore, has a remarkably fertile soil and is watered by numerous streams flowing into Pictou, Merigonish and Caribou Harbours, is situated on the Straits of Northumberland, which divides Prince Edward Island from Nova Scotia. Its history, as known to Europeans, has been traced back to the 16th century, and its shores had probably been visited by Basque and Breton fishermen even before the advent of Jacques Cartier. In his "History of the County of Pictou," the

Rev. Dr. Patterson, of New Glasgow, has collected a mass of valuable information bearing on its settlement, both by the French, by the Scotch colonists after the conquest and by C. E. Loyalists after the American revolution. We learn therefrom that at one time slavery was practised there, a negro boy having been sold for fifty pounds in 1779. The memory of Dr. McGregor, whose life Mr. Patterson has also written, is held in veneration by the descendants of the Scottish settlers among whom he laboured. The town of Pictou at the time of his arrival consisted of a few hamlet and barns. In one of the latter he preached his first sermon. The town was begun on its present site in 1788. Early in the present century it had become the centre of a thriving lumber trade. The coal mining industry began in earnest about 1820. The population of Pictou in 1871 was 3,200; it exceeds that figure now by about 1,000 souls, and is constantly increasing. The situation is delightful. Climbing a gently rising hill, it commands a view of the fair basin which is one of its glories. For salubrity it is unsurpassed. It has good schools, no lack of churches, a fine town hall, banks, hotels, factories, etc., and its streets are lighted with gas. The Academy was originally modelled on the plan of a Scottish university, but never received degree-conferring powers. It is now governed by a mixed board, in which the Town Council is represented. The vicinity of Pictou abounds in drives, which give opportunities of enjoying some lovely scenery. The sea coast, at no great distance, is adapted for sea-bathing, and there are many points of interest both on the shore and in the interior.

HEBERTVILLE, CHICOUTIMI, ON THE LAKE ST. JOHN RAILWAY.—This thriving town, though it has been in existence for a number of years, owes its present prosperity and business animation to the construction of the railway on which it is one of the most important stations. It was formerly called Labarre. It is situated on the south bank of the Saguenay and about 45 miles from the town of Chicoutimi. The township of Labarre, of which Hébertville is the chief town, was settled by the Rev. Mr. Hébert, curé of Saint-Paschal. The colonists came chiefly from the counties of Fiesle and Kamouraska. The growth of Hébertville in its early years was purely due to the enthusiasm and patriotism of those who undertook to open up the Saguenay country. For years the lack of railway communication was deplored, and it was only after frequent appeals had proved at last successful and the line really began to be built that the towns and villages of the region assumed an importance in conformity with the enterprise and hopefulness of their founders. Hébertville promises in time to be one of the most flourishing places in this province. Mr. Siméon Lessage, the Hon. Boucher de la Bruère, Mr. Bates, Mr. W. W. H. Murray and Mr. J. M. LeMoine have with their pens illustrated various features of this wonderful Saguenay country.

The Wimbledon Team.

Canada's representatives at Wimbledon, or rather Wimbledon's successor, Bisley Common, Surrey, sailed on the 25th inst. on the Parisian, bound for England and glory. They will probably reach England easily—the second is a matter for conjecture. As a rule Canada's representatives at this, the great rifle competition of England's volunteer forces, have always done well, never less than fairly, and never badly. Last year they won the Nalopore Cup, and Lieut.-Col. Prior, M.P., is taking it back to England with strong hopes of bringing it back. The team is composed as follows:—Lieut.-Colonel Prior, A.D.C., Commandant; Major Todd, G.G.F., Guards, Adjutant; Corp. H. Morris, 13th Batt., Hamilton; Sergt. C. M. Hall, 70th Batt., Sheffield; Pte. J. E. Hurbison, 43rd, Ottawa; Capt. E. G. Zealand, 15th, Hamilton; Capt. F. R. Ross, 15th; Lieut. E. Desharats, 3rd Vic. R. C., Montreal; Capt. H. S. Silver, 63rd Halifax; Capt. J. A. Longworth, P.E.I. Garrison Artillery; Major J. A. Garrison, Halifax Garrison Artillery; Lieut. E. A. Smith, St. John Rifles; Capt. W. Bishop, 63rd, Halifax; Lieut. J. Manning, 63rd, St. John, N.B.; Staff-Sergt. J. Ogg, 1st Battery Field Artillery; Capt. E. B. Busted, 2nd V.R.C.; Capt. Gray, G.G.F.G., Ottawa; Lieut. D. Hooper, 2nd Batt., Fredericton; Color-Sergt. M. B. Henderson, 63rd, St. John; Pte. C. A. Windan, 45th, Bowmanville; Lieut. W. Horn, 14th, Kingston; Sergeant Horsey, 45th, Bowmanville. They mustered at the Drill Shed and became acquainted with each other. On the evening of the 24th Col. Prior entertained the team and a few of his Montreal friends at dinner at the Windsor. They will have a week in which to practice at Bisley before the matches open on the 14th. The Minister of Militia, who happened to be in the city, and a large number of members of the city corps, especially of the Victoria Rifles, went down to the wharf and bid the team *bon voyage*.

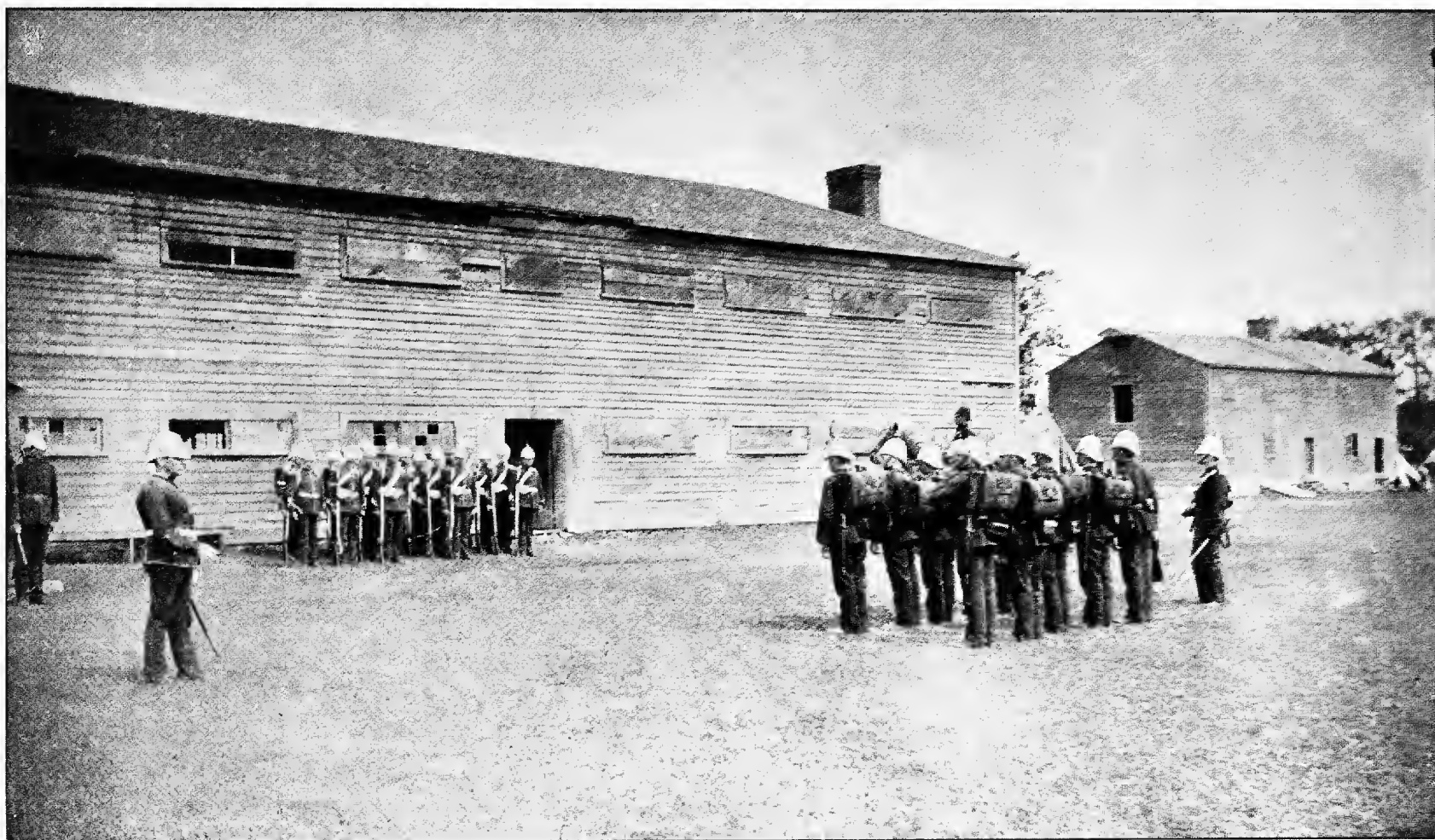
It will be gratifying to the many personal friends and former class mates of Capt. H. E. Wise, late A.D.C. to General Middleton, to learn that shortly after his arrival in India he was offered and accepted the appointment of extra A.D.C. on the personal staff of His Excellency the Viceroy. Captain Wise has been granted leave from his regiment, which is stationed at historic Lucknow, to assume the duties of the position, and is now at Simla, the summer residence of the Viceroy. This may be taken as a compliment to Canada and to the Royal Military College by our late Governor-General, to say nothing of His Excellency's appreciation of Captain Wise's personal and military qualities.



ARTILLERY CAMP AT NIAGARA. (R. C. Matheson, photo.)



OFFICERS OF HAMILTON AND TORONTO BATTERIES AT NIAGARA CAMP. (R. C. Matheson, photo.)



THE NIAGARA CAMP: INFANTRY SQUAD DRILL. (R. C. Matheson, photo.)



"D" COMPANY, 13th BATTALION, HAMILTON, AND THE REGIMENTAL BUGLE CORPS IN CAMP AT BENDER'S GROVE, NIAGARA, ON 20th MAY.

THE LAST OF THE HOSTELRIES.

Once upon a time, on my way through the world, I had occasion to stop over night at a little Canadian village called Krahwinkel. It owes its odd name, I may say in passing, to the first settlers, who were Germans, and whose heirs possess the land to this day. The journey was made by stage, and, unluckily for me, it was just about the turn of the year when our winter weather is at its wildest. The country through which I passed looked inexpressibly dreary. There had been a January thaw, which had taken off all the snow. As a matter of course, this was succeeded by a severe frost, which left the roads full of deep ruts. The sky was covered with clouds, and a little snow had fallen, but not enough to make sleighing possible or to cover the nakedness of the desolate fields. The cold wind blew the loose, dry wreaths of it about the brown stubble, now sowing it evenly and now driving it into little heaps. At such a time, the most uncomfortable way of travelling that can be imagined is by Canadian stage. I know of nothing worse; dromedary-back must be a joke to it. In the first place, the make of the vehicle renders keeping warm in it an impossibility. The cover, instead of shielding you, merely serves to keep in and concentrate the cold which leaks up from the floors and blows in from the front. The frost penetrates the most voluminous wraps, ulster, fur cap and gauntlets; overshoes are feeble defences against it. The discomfort is aggravated by the snail's pace at which the carriage crawls along. If it went fast you could hear it—for let not the word "stage" mislead the inexpert. The Canadian stage bears only the faintest family likeness to the stage coach of English fiction. It resembles the "flying mails" of Dickens and De Quincy only in having four wheels. The horses are always poor and old. The stage itself is never new; it rattles, it jolts, it pitches, it throws the passengers from side to side; in a word, it is only to be resorted to when all other methods of travelling fail. This particular stage was like all the rest. There was a sharp wind blowing in our faces, and the last ten miles of rough road left me numb with cold and utterly miserable.

The short winter afternoon was merging into night when the stage lumbered into the long main street of Krahwinkel. It drew up before the single hotel of the place, and out of the buffalo robes I crawled, perfectly stiff with cold. The driver's beard bristled with icicles, icy spikes hung from the horses' noses, and their flanks were white with their congealed breath. The hostelry was a plain stone house, two storeys high, and not very promising in its appearance, for in America you cannot expect cleanliness or good food except in city hotels, a country tavern is never comfortable. A lean to shed, open to the street, had been built at one side for waiting teams, and a pump with its ice-crusts watering-trough stood in front. The driver carried my portmanteau into the house and I followed him. The door opened directly into the bar-room, a low, dark-ceilinged room, the walls of which were ornamented with a few gaudy hand-bills. At one side three homespun farmers were gathered round the stove, talking politics. I caught the words "John A.," "Mail," "Blake" and "Globe" as I entered. Opposite the door was the bar. The dingy counter and shelves were graced with a few black bottles, decanters and cigar boxes. Here Jacob Schmidt, mine host, met us, and to him the driver handed over my portmanteau. The landlord was a short, thick set, brown-bearded German, arrayed in a brown cardigan jacket. He was a slow, deliberate man of few words; saying little because speech required him to take his pipe out of his mouth. The driver told me next day that he had the reputation of being the best hotel-keeper for three counties round, and the richest; a reputation, I am bound to say, he well deserved. Out of one of those black bottles Jacob poured some particular old schnapps which revived and partially thawed me. Then he picked up my portmanteau, led me out into a cold, dark passage and threw open a door, out of which there came a blaze of light. Half blinded, I stumbled in and Jacob withdrew.

It took me some time to realize where I was. The transition was too abrupt and unexpected. The first thing that I really saw was a huge coal-stove right in front of me, every one of its mica panes blazing red. Then I was aware, as the old ballads say, of one—two—three young women who were by no means bad looking. Then a piano, a sofa, arm chairs, tables, pictures gradually arranged themselves before my sight, and I perceived that I was standing in a snug, well-appointed parlour. The change from the bleak winter road, the jolting stage, the cheerless bar-room, to this torrid zone of comfort was almost too much. I began to think that I was the victim of some new Arabian Night, and recalled vaguely the one-eyed calender in the castle of the forty obliging beauties. Jacob had apparently thought introductions unnecessary; so I was quite at a loss to explain my presence there. The situation would have been awkward if one of the young ladies had not been equal to the occasion. This throwing a total stranger upon their hospitality seemed nothing unusual. She came forward with a smile and asked me if I wouldn't take off my coat and come up to the fire. This was enough to break the ice, and a conversation sprang up; but I did not care to come any nearer to the fiery furnace that glowed in the middle of the room. On the sofa at one side I was quite near enough to make the process of thawing out a pleasant one. At this safe distance I had a good opportunity to observe my fair entertainers and distinguish between them. They were all about a size, and

bore an unmistakable family likeness to one another. They were dressed very much alike in plain, neat frocks of good material. Two had black eyes and hair, but one had rosy cheeks and the other was noticeably pale. These seemed to be the eldest and the youngest of the trio. The third girl was unlike her sisters in having brown hair and eyes. I never heard their names, so I christened them for convenience Black Eyes, Brown Hair and Pale Face. Their ages would probably range from sixteen to one or two and twenty. Evidently they were mine host's daughters. This was their living room, and Jacob, in the simplicity of his heart and contempt of modern notions, had made his transient guest a member of his family for the time.

I was just pleasantly warmed through again, feeling conscious once more of hands and feet, and we were deep in a four-cornered discussion of the weather when a bell rang, and the girls told me it was for supper. I plunged once more into the cold, dark passage, and found my way to another room on the same flat, well lighted and quite as comfortable as the one I had just quitted. It was not like a room in a tavern but in a well-to-do farm house, and conspicuous for neatness and order peculiarly German. Here I found about half-a-dozen men sociably seated around one large, well-set table, and chatting like old acquaintances. What a welcome sight that generous board presented to the gaze of the famished traveller. Besides preserves and hot cakes, cold meat and fried sausages, home made bread and country butter, there was a large earthenware dish containing some sort of pie. I cannot say what it was made of, beyond that it was brown and rich and savoury, and there was very little of it left when we rose from the table. It was like nothing I ever saw or tasted anywhere else. Probably the recipe was a family secret, and the patty a dish as peculiar to this tavern as the "pudding" is to the "Cheshire Cheese." Brown Hair and Pale Face waited on us and handed us our steaming cups of tea and coffee without any abatement of their quiet self-possession. Black Eyes was invisible; in command at the base of supplies, the kitchen, by right of seniority, I imagined.

When the meal was over the other men went off—most of them were in business in the village—while a few adjourned to the bar-room to smoke a quiet pipe with the landlord. For my part, I returned to the parlour, which was empty, and amused myself turning over the books strewn on the piano, looking at the pictures and so on. I felt like myself again, and began to despise the powers of cold and winter. The parlour seemed to be in the heart of the house. There were windows on one side only, and they were deep and heavily curtained. Behind the stove were two doors, which seemed to open on bed-rooms. In one corner stood a sewing-machine, which I had not observed before, and a work-basket, well filled, beside it. The pictures were those to be seen everywhere in the country,—a large wood-cut of "Faith, Hope and Charity" in a gilt frame, which had been given as a premium with some newspaper or other; the "Meeting of Wellington and Blücher at Waterloo," two bright companion chromos—"Wide Awake" and "Fast Asleep." The other decorations were some mottoes in Berlin wool, and a wreath of wax flowers in a deep square frame. The piano was a good one, of native manufacture, and must have cost a pretty penny. Some sheet music was lying about—"Silvery Waves," "The Maiden's Prayer," "Home, Sweet Home," with variations; a couple of "Song Folios," and a number of "Liederschatz." The carpet was new and everything as tidy as it could be. It was the snuggest cosy corner I had found in my wanderings for many a long day. Presently the girls came back into the room, and made no secret of the fact that they had been washing the dishes and "clearing up" generally. They immediately proceeded "to entertain the company" in the orthodox way. Miss Black Eyes showed me the family photograph album: "poppa" and "me when I was little," and a long array of uncles, aunts and cousins. This custom of showing the visitor the album is a good one. It serves as an introduction to the family history, appeals to and gratifies your love of anecdote, humanity and the picturesque. In this way I learned a great deal about the generations of the Schmidts. Their mother was dead, and although they did not need to do so, they kept house for their father and did nearly all the work. They did not like living in a tavern, and had long been coaxing him to give the business up. "Poppa" did not need to keep a hotel for a living, they told me with a touch of pride. It came out that they understood German, but did not speak it among themselves. They had attended the country high school and had been taught music, as the presence of the piano testified. Once or twice their father had taken them, in fair time, to that centre of civilization, Toronto. They were fond of dancing, like all German girls, and chatted eagerly about the "balls" and "parties" that were always going on in the winter. They were so bright and lively and thoroughly unaffected, it was hard to think of them as daughters of taciturn, smoky old Jacob and his Cardigan jacket.

They had brought in with them another member of the family, namely, a shaggy brown dog, who forthwith curled himself up on the mat behind the stove. He was not allowed to enjoy himself very long, for Miss Pale Face, who was evidently much petted by her elder sisters, and accustomed to have her own way in the house, roused him from his lair and proceeded to put him through his tricks. He was old, stiff in the joints, and in no pleasant humour at having his nap disturbed; but his mistress bullied him into showing off his various accomplishments. He "begged"

and "spoke" and "said his prayers" with his nose between his paws on the back of a chair. He would not touch a bone that was "bought on trust," but worried it when told that it was "paid for." He really was a very accomplished dog, and his disgust at it all and air of performing under protest kept us laughing. At last he was released and went back to his mat, growling over the unreasonableness of human beings.

Then it was Miss Pale Face's turn to be put through her facings. After much persuasion, her sisters got her to play and sing. She played well enough, not in concert style to be sure, but none of us were critical or hard to please. I asked for something from the "Liederschatz," and she gave us "Der Tyroler und sein Kind" in fair style.

"She's been taking lessons two years and that's the only tune she knows," said Miss Brown Hair teasingly.

But this was a libel on the fair pianiste, and she showed it to be without foundation by singing several others, which was probably what that artful minx, Brown-Hair, intended. At last, she declared that it was somebody else's turn, and I tried to induce Brown Hair to take her place. No, she couldn't and wouldn't sing.

"Then you play, don't you?"

"I play in the kitchen," said the pert thing.

And so the evening went. It was half-past ten before I knew where I was. I got up and apologized for keeping them up so late, for they were not city girls who can afford to turn day into night; they must be astir long before daylight next morning. After many protests that it was early, and so on, Pale Face brought Jacob. We said good-night and I followed my guide to my chamber in the second storey. It was tidy and clean like the rest of the inn, but cold as Greenland. There was no fire, and the lamp showed the window panes all furry with frost. But after toasting by that coal stove all evening, I was almost impervious to the cold. In a few moments I was between the blankets and sound asleep.

Next morning I resumed my journey. Early as it was, I was the only one at breakfast; the other boarders had finished their meal and dispersed. Miss Pale Face waited on me, but I did not see the others. When I came to settle with Jacob, I was surprised at the smallness of my bill. I am ashamed to say how little I paid for my entertainment, but he would not take more. Then the stage lumbered up to the door and I embarked again. All that day in the cold I kept pondering, by very force of contrasts, the incidents of my pleasant evening, and wished in vain that such another hostelry would greet me at the day's end. Since that day I have never seen Krahwinkel, though it is much easier of access now. The stage no longer runs and a spur of railway connects the little village with the rest of the great iron network of the province. Sometimes I have wished to go back and find out how Jacob and his pretty daughters flourished; discover if they ever succeeded in coaxing him to give up the tavern; and, if so, what has become of it and them? Is it kept as of yore? Or has some one taken it off Schmidt's hands and allowed him to retire? At any rate, I have never found harbourage like it anywhere, and I note it as a curious survival of old-fashioned comfort and hospitality. Again, I was afraid to return, lest what I saw might spoil my recollections of that pleasant winter's evening long ago. Sometimes I have doubts as to whether Krahwinkel or its hostelry ever really existed. It is my "Schloss Boncourt." Every detail of the room and every feature of my entertainers' fresh faces is plain before me at this moment, and yet I have a desolate sort of conviction that there is not a stone of it remaining, and that the plough scores long furrows over the site of that old time, wayside inn.

ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN.

Waiting.

Drifts my boat so softly,
Floating down the stream,
Lulled to visioned slumber
Here might poets dream.

Yet my sky is hazy,
Chill the water touch,
And the landscape's pictures
Please not overmuch.

Can the air be sweet, love,
Can the sky be blue
While we may not meet, love,
While I wait for you?

Deeper grows the twilight,
Creeping silently;
O'er the glistening waters
Strong the shadows lie.

All the air is lovely,
Even the water-spray
Dashing o'er the boulders
Seemeth sad to-day.

Even the tall white birches,
Yesterday so fair,
Seem like spectres standing
In the empty air.

Come, my own, and gladden
All my spirit's day;
Drear would e'en be heaven
If you were away.

SOPHIE M. ALMON.

A Lay of Canada.

DOMINION DAY IDYLL.

Time was when man to man we stood in strife;
Sword clashed on sword, crimsoned with ghastly gore,—
And orphans mourned, and widows wailed their dead,
While weeping earth strewed leaves her slaughtered
children o'er.

And old men joyed to tell where foe met foe;
Where death or glory claimed the dauntless brave;
And boyhood loved to list the stirring tale,
Or seek the grassy mound that marked the soldier's
grave.

Long years have passed, and smoothed those furrows down
That rugged hands once raised to hide the slain;
But now we battle on a bloodless field,
And strive to build one mighty land from main to main.

Our fathers built those monuments of stone,
To tell what France had lost and England won;
Their children we—let us a nobler raise,
Founded on land and sea,—the fairest 'neath the sun.

From Labrador to fair Vancouver's Isle,
From Erie's shore, far as the Arctic seas,
One banner's folds wave o'er Canadian homes,
One arm defends our rights and guards our liberties.

No broader streams than ours—no purer skies,—
No richer soil, to yield the yellow grain,—
No statelier trees, to crown the mountain's brow,—
No richer golden robes, to clothe the furrowed plain.

The snarling wolf that prowls around the door,
Where squalid hunger dwells, we know not here;
Our ready fields await but willing hands,
And he that toils in spring shall reap rich autumn's
cheer.

Our seas—our boundless lakes—our crystal streams,
Each yields the ransom of a mighty king;
And countless argosies bear wealth away,
The luxuries of distant lands to homeward bring.

Strong hands have we to sow our fertile plains,—
Strong arms to reap the grain, or delve the mine,—
To draw forth treasures from the yielding deep,
Or midst the forest shades to fell the costly pine.

Who till and reap the glebe can also fight;
The hand that guides the plough may train the gun;
And arms that swing the axe shall wield the sword,
To guard and keep our sacred gifts from sire to son.

'Tis sweet, in springtide hours, to sow the seed
That hope assures shall yield a hundred fold;
'Tis sweet to drive your loving herds afield,
Or glean the valued treasures of your bleating fold.

'Tis sweet, on summer morn, e'er dews have fled,
To pluck the luscious fruit from bush or tree;
To breathe the fragrance of the opening flowers,
And list the "wood-notes-wild" of bird-life melody.

When Autumn paints the land with living gold;
When gorgeous hues adorn the maple leaves,
Our harvest songs resound from hill to dale,
Our ample barns groan with the weight of teeming
sheaves.

Has sport its charms? A thousand streams invite
To ply the rod and line with "Walton" skill;
The soft winds sigh—fast leap the speckled Trout,
With glittering gems, the Angler's heart and creel to fill.

Hid in the slimy depths of sedgy pool,
Watching his prey, the Maskilongé lies;
While Lake St. John's broad waters woo us there,
With lure of far-famed Ouinanche, a lordly prize.

Would'st thou meet foe more worthy of thy steel?
Go where the Cascapedia frets and boils;
Some "Salmo Salar," fresh from briny waves,
That missed a Princess' barb, may swell thy princely
spoils.

'Tis Spring! Sweet Spring! and weary hearts are glad,
Once more the fragrance of the woods to greet;
Age, joyous at the change, the sunbeam seeks,
And by the hawthorn tree the youthful lovers meet.

Hark! the masked waterfall now bursts its chains,
As lower sink the fields of melting snow;
All nature wakes from winter's icy sleep,
And where swept biting hail, the south winds gently
blow.

And land and sea, alive with new-born life,
Their absent welcome back with open arms;
The fields are clothed anew with glorious green,
And budding flower and tree display their rival charms.

And if swift-whirring wings your fancy please,
A Sportsman's Paradise awaits you here;
Who gleams our game, regrets not Scottish hills,
Nor longs his skill, once more, to try on English mere.

Ah! list the music of the whistling wings,
As westward sweeps the long-extended corps;
Our own Outarde revisits well-known haunts,
And the loud quack rings out anew from sea to shore.

The canvas-back a double zest affords,
And yields a dish to "set before a king;"
And where the north-shore streams rush to the sea,
Here the rare Harlequin shoots past on rapid wing.

To Grondine's flats the Ibis yet returns;
The snowy Goose loves well the sedgy shore;
Loud booms the Bittern 'midst the clust'ring reeds,
And the famed Heron nests on pine top as of yore.

If shapely form and splendour charm the eye,
The graceful Wood Duck claims fair beauty's prize;
No gorgeous plumes like his adorn the crest;
No lovelier shades could feathers yield or sparkling eyes.

The shady copse the wary Woodcock haunts;
From Château Richer's swamps the Snipe upstrings;
Ontario's fields know well the scurrying Quail,
And o'er the glassy lake the Loon's weird laughter rings.

Afar 'midst forest glades, where Red Men lie,
On mossy log the Ruffed Grouse strut and drum;
The plump Tetrao courts the spruce tree's shade;
And spotless Ptarmigan with boreal tempests come.

Resplendent thro' the grove the Turkey roams,
And lends a deeper grace to Christmas cheer;
Our silvery lakes still claim the graceful Swan;
And o'er the uplands shrill the Plover's pipe we hear.

Or come, where far on rolling Western plains
Beneath the brushwood Sagefowl snugly lie;
And Prairie Hens rush boldly at the foe,
Their cow'ring brood to shield, as swoops the Falcon by.

A hunter thou! The grim Bear courts thy skill,
And fearless roams ere yet he seeks his den;
His glossy robes might grace triumphal car,—
His pearly spoils proclaim the rank of dusky men.

The Wolf, still tireless tracks his victim's trail;
The prowling Lynx, like sleuth-hound wends his way;
And by the well-worn path the Carcajou
Drops, from his hidden perch, upon th' unwary prey.

Sly Reynard follows where the startled Hare
Darts thro' the matted elders like a gleam;
And the sleek Otter on his titbits dines,
Nor dreads the Hound's loud bark upon his lonely
stream.

Far from men's haunts the Beaver builds his dam
And pond'rous mound, to keep him safe from harm;
His larder filled with choicest winter stores,—
Cold winds may bite and blow, his lair is soft and warm.

Thro' rushing chute and pool the Fisher swims;
And Mink and Martin sport right merrily;
While overhead the angry Squirrel chides,
And warns the rude intruder from his nut-stored tree.

And when the maple trees are stripped and bare,—
When land and stream with snow are mantled o'er,—
When light toboggans down the mountains sweep,
And the bold skater skims the lake from shore to shore.

Then don thy snowshoes, grasp thy rifle true;
The timid Red Deer thro' the forest bounds,—
The wary Caribou rests on the frozen lake,
And browse the mighty Moose upon their endless rounds.

These all and more await the hunter's skill;
Such trophies well our antlered halls adorn;
Their shining coats may win a golden prize,
Or keep us snug and warm amid the winter storm.

But yet, possessed of aught that hands could win,
Or all that pleasure puts within our ken,
We joy to know a nobler gift is ours,—
We own the heaven-sent heritage of freeborn men.

No tyrant will shall fling one right away,
Or break one tie that makes our land "Sweet Home;"
No nobler flag than ours floats o'er the free;
No happier spot we greet, where'er our footsteps roam.

Prepared to guard those rights, we fear no foe;
True patriot arms are freedom's strongest shields;
No rebel hordes we brook within our bounds,
No hostile foot shall touch unscathed our peaceful fields.

Curs'd be the hand would sow rude discord here!
Curs'd be the heart would kindle hostile fires!
One Queen—one home—one kindred tie we own,
And we will guard these well, as did our noble sires.

Joy ever be to him who lives to pour
On troubled, angry waves, the peaceable oil!
Joy to that man who loves to foster peace,
And deep the hatchet buries in the kindly soil!

Then, on this day, as brothers brethren meet,—
As mothers wish God-speed to gallant boy,—
Our fair Dominion we with gladness greet,
Till Halifax's cheer awakes Vancouver's joy!
Chaudière Basin, Que. DUNCAN ANDERSON, M.A.

Arab Horses as Hunters.

The Hon. Etheldred Dillon has addressed a letter to the editor of the *Field*, in which she insists strongly on the value of Arab blood in hunters. By quoting the size of various Arab horses used as hunters, Miss Dillon disposes of the contention that such horses might fairly be classed as ponies. She continues:—"As regards their suitability as hunters, I must first ask, what is a hunter? If the answer is, 'A horse that will carry you anywhere and over everything, through deep plough, over rough ground, and at the end of the day come in bright and cheerful, and eat up his corn and look fit to do as much again next day,' then I answer that the Arab is essentially a hunter. I

have, for the last three years, been hunting in a back country (the Portman and Blackmoor Vale), and never passed a place any other horse could jump too stiff for my Arabs. This year I find them equally clever in the Heythrop country over walls and flying fences. The little horse El Emir on one occasion was required to give a jumping lesson to a mare who was about to compete for a jumping prize. A jump had been constructed measuring 18 feet from take-off to landing, and this little horse cleared it in cold blood three times running without the slightest hesitation. Two years ago, on February 14, there was a long and a very severe run from Moiccombe with the Portman hounds, over a very deep country with big fencing. Only eight horses were up at last, one of them being *Maidan*, a well-known Arab, carrying nearly 13 stone, and being then nineteen years old. The other day he carried the same weight in a long run in Suffolk, and I hear that he had the legs of everything in the plough. He is now twenty-one years old. Surely such horses are hunters if there is any meaning in the word. Then of the English-bred Arabs my mare *Raschida* is a bright example. She is 15.2 in height, and has a long shoulder, great bone, and powerful quarters; she is up to a good weight, and she can simply jump anything, and is a very fast galloper. She is at present the only pure-bred Arab mare in the Hunters' Stud Book. To try her jumping powers two hurdles were tied together, and she and two other Arabs were jumped over them. The others cleared all right; but when *Raschida's* turn came she went over with a foot to spare. Then look at the endurance and constitution of the Arab. Barring accidents you can hunt on them day after day. My three-year old colt has carried my groom for several long days this year, and has come in as cheerful as possible. On one occasion he was out for ten hours, and showed no signs of fatigue; and they are nearly always docile, affectionate, and, above all, most intelligent, never losing their heads if anything goes wrong. Twice I should have been crushed to death but for my horse minding my voice and remaining motionless till I could disengage myself. On another occasion a friend got hung by her habit. Her horse stood like a statue till she was righted."

The Wrongs of Savage Races.

It has taken a good many generations for the European races to discover that men of a different colour have an equal right to be treated with justice. We have improved off the face of the earth the aboriginal inhabitants of Australia and New Zealand. The red man is disappearing from the forest and the prairie like the bison, the Hottentots and Caffres of the Cape have been decimated by imported small pox and cheap alcohol. If the Otahéians have gained in civilization, they have paid heavily for it at the expense of their vitality, which "a new band of fevers" brought from Europe has steadily lowered. Wherever civilized man has come into contact with savage races the latter have gone to the wall. There are forces working behind progress that must be understood and obeyed, or else woe to those who ignore and disregard them, for ignorance is death. Even some diseases that civilized man treats as trifling become dangerous and often deadly when conveyed amongst a barbarous and primitive people. We have, therefore, if we are candid, to confess to the infliction of innumerable wrongs on the savage nations and tribes whom we have met in our colonising efforts. The expansion of England has meant the destruction of the weak races unable to bear inoculation with the blessings of civilization. Missionaries may have often acted as an anodyne, but it is at least questionable whether their teachings have always compensated for the evils of poisonous spirits and cheap firearms that everywhere have followed the pioneers of new colonies. But we are at last beginning to recognize the truth, and a dormant conscience is awakening. African acres in the heart of the Dark Continent—in number, many millions—will soon be brought into close contact with the evils civilization has already spread all round the coast, and we are debating what sort of protection we must offer them against ourselves. Now the negro is not, like the red man of America or the fragile Polynesian, easily destroyed. But he can be degraded and brutalized with drink, for it will, we think, be admitted that a drunken savage—even if he be on occasion a devourer of his enemies—is more repulsive than a sober one. A taste for alcohol is acquired with lightning speed, and the dull brain of the African is unable to see any evil in the widest divergence from the paths of sobriety. The English South African Company has undertaken to regulate the traffic in intoxicating liquors within the territories under their influence, and to prevent their sale to the natives. We are sure the obligation required by the charter licensing them will be strictly adhered to, though we fear that slowly but surely, in spite of strenuous efforts, a taste for the excitement produced by alcohol will follow our footsteps. The Mohammedan slave-hunters, whatever their cruelties may be, eschew spirits themselves, and never import them amongst the few bales of goods in which they traffic with those negro tribes too powerful to be exploited for the slave marts. The Soudanese are devout followers of Islam, and in fermented liquors they see perdition. Wherever the Arab blood is found, the Mussulman is sober, at all events. But it is different with the negro. For many years the African native has been "between the devil and the deep sea." On one side the Christian trader has offered cheap and poisonous spirits, on the other he has been kidnapped by well-armed African man-hunters.—*Notts Daily Express*.



PICTOU, NOVA-SCOTIA: VIEW FROM THE HARBOUR. (Munro, photo.)



VIEW OF PICTOU, SHEWING HARBOUR, MIDDLE AND WEST RIVERS, ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH AND CUSTOM HOUSE. (McLennan, photo.)



VIEW OF PICTOU, SHEWING WEST END OF TOWN. (McLennan, photo.)



VIEW ON PRINCES STREET, PICTOU. (McLennan, photo.)



Don't seek relief for burns by the use of cold water; if nothing else is obtainable use warm water; better still, keep the part wet with sweet oil.

TO MAKE ROSE-WATER.—When the roses are in full bloom pick the leaves carefully off, and to every quart of water put a peck of rose leaves. Put these in a still over a slow fire, and distil gradually. Bottle the distilled water; let it stand in the bottle three days, and then cork it close.

ASPARAGUS SAUCE.—Stew one pound of tender asparagus, in barely enough water to cover them. When tender drain off the water and cover them with sweet, rich cream, mashing them up thoroughly. Add a large tablespoonful of fresh butter, salt and pepper to taste. Simmer gently for a few moments.

In dressing baby see that the whole of his garments are moderately loose. Allow plenty of room for the blood to circulate, so that every part of the body may be nourished—plenty of room for all the organs to perform their work—plenty of room for the little fellow to stretch himself to kick and to sprawl, and thus to strengthen himself and develop muscle.

POTATO SCALLOP WITH CHEESE.—Six cold potatoes sliced or diced and covered, in layers, with a sauce made of two tablespoonfuls of melted butter and two of flour, one cupful of milk and one of stock. Season with salt, pepper and four large spoonfuls of grated cheese. When the dish is nearly full sprinkle the top with sifted crumbs and bits of butter, and brown.

A novel and pleasant mode of cooking a steak is to choose it rather thin, and cut it in pieces weighing 3oz. or 4 oz. each. Make a seasoning of bread crumbs, minced onions, herbs, pepper and salt, moistening it with stock or a beaten egg. Spread this on each piece of meat, roll up, and secure with twine. Now put a few slices of bacon at the bottom of a stew-pan, lay in the steak, then more slices of bacon; pour over all a cup of stock; cover closely, and simmer slowly till tender.

THE OLD-TIME POPPETS.—Poppets, as they were called from their tendency to burst open at top, were an exceeding popular breakfast bread. Put into your sifter one teacupful of cornmeal, one teacupful of wheat flour; two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, two teaspoonfuls of fine white sugar, one teaspoonful of salt; sift all in a deep dish and rub in a tablespoonful of butter. Beat one egg quite light in a basin and add to it one pint of sweet rich milk. Turn the meal, etc., into the milk and beat rapidly three minutes. It may need a little more milk as all flour does not mix alike; it should make a batter easily poured. Put in well greased gem pans and bake in a quick oven half an hour.

WOMAN'S DOMAIN.

The extremes of fashion seem at last to have met—the ancient and modern. If Romeo chanced to return to this prosaic nineteenth century he would find many a fair damsel clad in the soft, clinging costume of his Juliet. And now that the warm weather has commenced, the many light dainty dresses that are seen are wondrously pretty. Although some elaborate costumes are shown for the street, yet for the most refined, the dresses are as usual rather simple; but great care is taken with the cut, making and draping of them.

For house dresses, however, the taste may rove at will—talking about house dresses, reminds us of those hideous wrappers in which so many women indulge and which give them that slovenly appearance that is always associated with leads and curl papers, but they have had their day, and the French idea is now beginning to take their place—a plain, straight, untrimmed skirt, made of tennis flannel or any other pretty goods, with a shirt or yoke waist, and a blouse that closes with one or three pearl buttons. There is not a woman, no matter how small her income may be, who cannot look as sweet and pretty at her breakfast table as later on in the day. And she certainly owes it to her husband and children to do so. Of course for semi-invalids, wrappers will always be a boon, and at the same time it must be confessed that there are some exceedingly dainty wrappers which always look well.

If you want to get an expensive and perfectly charming dress, for the summer, nothing is such good value for money spent as an embroidered Swiss muslin. A good one with hem stitched border and the skirt covered almost to the waist with the fine close embroidery which is always the test of the genuine hand worked. Swiss white, of course, is the first choice, but there are some really beautiful dresses in colours. One is of heliotrope lawn embroidered in white, another in old rose, and yet another style in green. The embroidery on the united fabrics is always white, but a novelty this year is black embroidery on white, and what is still prettier, old rose and pink on sheer white lawn. All these dresses are charming, and the edging and "all over" embroidery comes with them to match. In having them made up, by all means avoid the yoke, which has been relegated by common consent to the nursery and the morning dress. A

surplice waist is by far the prettiest style for dressy summer gowns, and such a bodice is always appropriate for the evening. One very pretty dress which was seen lately was of cream-coloured Swiss, with perfectly plain four yard wide skirt, which showed to advantage the fine embroidery; surplice bodice with rest of "all over" embroidery let in, and folds of the same embroidery as the skirt crossing over the bust and hidden under the belt which was of cream-coloured India silk, with long sash ends. The sleeves had cuffs almost elbow deep, of "all over," and the upper part was of the Swiss, and made very full, with one shirr between the shoulder and the elbow which confined the fullness into a puff.

To cut the skirt of a dress is becoming as much of an art as bodice management, for draperies, simple as they look, produce their effects in more and more complicated ways. Some beautiful dresses, embodying the latest artistic features, were worn at a recent reception. One of these was a gray crepe Greek gown, whose long, graceful draperies fell from the shoulders in a way that made its wearer look as one might imagine Helen to have appeared when she stole Paris's heart away from him. Another gray gown was a beautiful silver brocade worn with antique silver ornaments by a tall, gray-haired lady, whose complexion was as perfect in its pink and white fairness as that of a child. Gray silk and gauze blending as clouds melt into one another combined to form a third exquisite costume. Pale yellow *mousseline de soie* was worn by a dark-haired girl with sash of *crêpe de Chine* and garniture of orchids.

For young ladies' wear the printed *crêpe de Chine* are shown in great variety. These crepes are certainly to be much worn this summer. They appear in every guise and may be had at every price. Floral designs predominate among them, alternating with stripes. Laces and many lovely thin materials, such as these crepes and *mousselines de soie*, etc., will be used for draperies this summer in moderation; so that we need not be all straight lines.

A very new skirt, which is both quaint and pretty, is the girdle skirt. The basque is put on first, and then the skirt drawn over it and fastened by hooks and loops—the joining is hidden by a girdle of black silk cord fastened at the left side and hanging nearly to the foot of the dress. The skirt should be plain, except for tucks or stitching around the bottom, and the basque is trimmed in any style becoming to the wearer. This is an especially pretty fashion for slight girlish figures.

The old-fashioned "leg-o'-mutton" sleeve is worn again, while the bishop sleeve (which may be as showy as one pleases) will doubtless be very popular with many. It should be remembered that all the sleeves are high and full over the shoulder.

The novelty of the season for bride's dresses is a *tablier* of *mousseline chiffon*, embroidered in festoons of pearls and white silver-lined beads about clusters of Rhine-stones that glitter as diamonds. This rich drapery is made up with a Sicilienne train and panels of orange blossoms down the side. The low bodice has bosom drapery and soft short sleeves of the *chiffon* with a Swiss girdle of pearls and Rhine-stones. This elegant dress was worn at an evening wedding at home, and the pretty gown worn by the maid of honour was of plain white *chiffon mousseline*, made very full over silk, with a belt of the new open patterned silver braid, and a garniture of small pink blossoms. The low full bodice, entirely without seams, was made of a breadth of the very wide *mousseline*, the selvages meeting in the back, the fullness gathered in a puff and a standing double ruffle about the neck, then drawn to the middle of the front and back at the waist line, and covered there by the silver belt. The sleeves fell in soft puffs nearly to the elbow. A vine of blossoms was set in the puffs around the neck, and a thicker vine formed a panel down one side of the full skirt. The silver belt, two inches wide, passed plainly around the front of the waist and crossed behind with two short ends held by a strap.

Blue is more fashionable than it has been for twenty years. Peacock tints are not popular, but turquoise, navy, sky and the old blue shades are very popular just now. The navy is selected for yachting, field sports and travelling dresses, and the little blazer is frequently lined with facings of white. Another fancy is the blue cashmere or serge walking dress girdled with a gold belt.

Of all the torturing fads which women are continually inventing in the fond hope of beautifying themselves, probably the most ingeniously harrowing has lately come into vogue. The initiative was taken by a girl, who, although otherwise fairly pretty, had eyes which by reason of their smallness somewhat marred her face. She had plenty of pluck and an inordinate desire for good looks, so she paid a visit to a well-known oculist and paralyzed him by calmly stating that she wished to have her eyelids cut. He at first demurred, but she overcame all his arguments, and the operation was performed. The lids were washed with cocaine to remove their sensitiveness, and a slit about an eighth of an inch in length was made on the outer edge, thus elongating its natural size. Lotions were applied, and the girl went her way rejoicing, with directions to pull apart the wounds a number of times a day, so as to prevent them from closing as before. The operation was remarkably successful, and a number of the young woman's friends have tried it, so that the operation now forms quite an important branch of the practice of the oculist who first performed it.

London's latest lion is Miss Philippa Garrett Fawcett, daughter of the late Prof. Fawcett, who won the highest honours at the June examinations at Cambridge University. Her victory in the mathematical tripos at Cambridge, in which she came out 300 marks above the senior wrangler,

has been more discussed than any other single topic. Men of science find in it a new proof of the doctrine of heredity, both the father and mother of this young lady possessing exceptional mental qualities. Even society interests itself in such a phenomenon, and at Lord Hartington's garden party, at Devonshire House, Miss Fawcett, who was present with her mother, was pointed out frequently and admiringly.

Florence Nightingale is almost heart-broken by the death of her young sister, Lady Verney, which occurred a short time ago in London. The philanthropy and goodness of Lady Verney made her better known among the working women, the shop girls and the hospitals for incurables and cripples than her famous sister. She had a most beautiful house in Claydon, where Sir Harry Verney indulged every taste and wish of his devoted wife. During the season it was the resort of fashion and beauty, and in the summer hundreds of poor working women, shop girls and housemaids came self-invited, with sickness and distress for an apology, to spend their vacation. At times the demands of these heart-sick and badly worn women tried the resources of her house, but in fine weather porticoes were canopied and the lawn tented for the accommodation of the strongest visitors. No matter how great the imposition of charity Lady Verney never permitted herself to be annoyed and no one was ever heard to speak of her but in terms of the most beautiful praise. Her best work took the form of credentials, letters of introduction and notes to influential people who, on her recommendation, provided temporary if not permanent occupation.

A great deal of curiosity has been expressed by critics on Sir Edwin Arnold's new epic poem on Christianity upon which he has spent all his leisure. He conceived it before he wrote "The Light of Asia," and subsequently he travelled through the Holy Land, visiting all the places memorable in sacred story. He has seen all the places which he describes in his poem. His study of Mary Magdalene is said to be as masterly as it is exquisite. The poem, which reached 6,000 lines, will first be published in America, but what publisher will capture the prize is uncertain. Sir Edwin has received an offer of \$100,000 from a leading syndicate, but it is probable he will publish it in book form. He has worked almost continuously on it for six months, living in the native quarter of Tokio and learning the Japanese language from two pretty girls whom he taught in return English.

Bibles Before Printing.

Undoubtedly Bibles were scarce in those days; but we are not hastily to conclude that wherever there existed no single book called a Bible, the contents of the Bible were unknown. The canon of Scripture was settled, indeed, as it is now, but the several parts of which the Bible consists were considered more in the light of separate and independent books than they are by us. So copying all these books was a great undertaking, and even when there was no affectation of calligraphy or costly ornament, and when we reduce the exaggerated statements about the price of materials to something reasonable, it was not only a laborious but a very expensive matter. Of course, writing and printing are very different things. I do not pretend to speak with accuracy (for it would require more trouble than the thing is worth), but I am inclined to suppose that at this day a copy of our English Bible, paid for at the rate at which law stationers pay their writers for common fair copy on paper would cost between sixty and seventy pounds for the writing only; and, further, that the scribe must be both expert and industrious to perform the task in much less than ten months. It must be remembered, however, that the monasteries contained (most of them some, and many a considerable number of) men who were not to be paid by their work or their time, but who were officially devoted to the business. Of this, however, I hope to say more hereafter, and to show that there was a considerable power of multiplication at work. In the meantime I mention these circumstances merely as reasons why we should not expect to meet with frequent mention of whole Bibles in the Dark Ages. Indeed, a scribe must have had some confidence in his own powers and perseverance who should have undertaken to make a transcript of the whole Bible, and that (except under particular circumstances), without any adequate motive, supposing him to have practised his art as a means of subsistence. For those who were likely to need and to reward his labours either already possessed some part of the Scriptures, and therefore did not require a transcript of the whole, or, if it was their first attempt to possess any portion, there were but few whose means or patience would render it likely that they should think of acquiring the whole at once. It is obvious, too, that when copies of parts had been multiplied, that very circumstance would lead to the transcription of other parts which would comparatively seldom be formed into one volume. We may well imagine that a scribe would prefer undertaking to write a Pentateuch, or, adding the two next books, a Heptateuch, or, with one more, an Octateuch, or a Psalter, or a Textus containing one or more of the Gospels, or a Book of Proverbs, or a set of the Canonical Epistles, or some one or other of the portions into which the Bible was at that time very commonly divided. Of these I hope to speak hereafter, and only mention their existence now as one reason why we are not to take it for granted that all persons who did not possess what we call 'a Bible' must have been entirely destitute and ignorant of the Holy Scriptures.—Rev. Dr. Matland, F.R.S.

RECOLLECTIONS.

BEING PART OF A PAPER READ BEFORE L'INSTITUT CANADIEN, QUEBEC, 1877, BY THE LATE HON. P. J. O. CHAUVEAU.

[Translated by Mrs. S. A. CURZON.]

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—A dozen years ago our good city of Quebec possessed two literary publications—the *Soirées Canadiennes* and the *Foyer Canadien*. Between these two existed a mortal rivalry, so mortal, indeed, that both died of it.

My intimate friend, Mr. Charles Taché, was the head of one of the two phalanxes of collaborators which, before the establishment of the *Foyer*, had been but one. To tell the truth, he was himself the general, the advance guard, the army and reserve of the *Soirées Canadiennes*. Good reason had he, therefore, to call for help. Thus it happened that he made to me, then a Montrealer, a most touching appeal. I had been but a lukewarm friend if I had not done my best to go to his assistance at a time he was showing a courage so heroic.

Only he took it into his head to require that I should write in the language of the gods.

Now, however good one's intentions may be, one cannot even write bad verse very readily when one has charge of a Public Department with an income of a thousand pounds. I think it must be the income that is the gravest obstacle.

To please my friend, I sacrificed a few coins that I had kept in my pocket book a long time, and which ought perhaps to have stayed there; but that did not suffice at all. He wanted much more, and, as he is one of those men who stick at nothing, he sent me the outlines of some Legends of the Land, with orders that I should fill them in and put them all into rhyme within the space of a few weeks.

I got to work, and remembering D'Alembert, of whom Voltaire says:

"He judged himself a fine fellow and wrote a preface,"

for better or worse, I first prepared my prologue.

I was foolish enough to inform my friend that I had done so. One is always in a hurry to boast of that sort of thing. Each week he wrote me to let him have, if not the legends, at least the prologue. Now, inspiration did not come, and I knew very well that if once I let go the prologue, I should have to continue to the end. So I delayed, and during my long and well-advised delay, the *Soirées* died. I addressed my most sincere condolences to my friend, and my yet more hearty congratulations to myself.

At a later period I found myself in circumstances more favourable to literary recreation, if not to poetic inspiration, to the pursuit of rhyme and measure and the making of verse—an amusement which serves one on a pinch as well as another. I had mislaid, it is true, the outlines of the legends, but I had still the famous prologue, which, it seemed to me, lamented its loneliness and forlorn condition. Then there recurred to me the stories I had listened to in my childhood, and, I know not why nor wherefore, those good old recollections clothed themselves in Alexandrines, a noble garb, though, perhaps, worn a little awkwardly—overrunning and mingling rhymes at haphazard as it were, and lending itself to a host of licenses more or less tolerated in modern prosody.

I diverted myself with more than the mere stories also. I saw arise again a world long departed. I imagined I saw and heard the good old little great aunt who had recited for me numberless tales, and who died, at a moment when she least expected, at the age of eighty-seven. She was so lively, so gay, so good, so pious, so charitable; she rose so readily and so briskly every morning, good weather or bad, to go to five o'clock Mass. She believed so positively all those terrible tales she had learned from her husband, or the other hunters who had held the king's posts, as she said, in the Isle of Anticosti in the midst of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, or even at Saint Amand, on the north shore, where she had passed a portion of her life. I thought also that I listened once more to my grandfather's good old serving-man, an old *voyageur* of the Far West, a man of a colossal stature, who carried me in his arms to school, and regarded me as a perfect little wonder because I could spell for him the shop-signs.

Of an evening, after my mother had read to the servants out of the "Lives of the Saints," he would tell me a story or sing me a song. In his travels he had contracted a singular habit—that of passing whole hours in the most profound silence, seated upon the step of a stair, his head bowed on his hands and his elbows on his knees. He called this *juggling*. Undoubtedly he thus recalled before his mind his journeys in the far-off regions, the dangers he had run, the privations he had endured, also the wild pleasures to which he had abandoned himself, together with his comrades. Having become a farmer and the father of a family, he nevertheless regretted the old adventurous life, for after his *jugglings* he was always morose and less good-natured than usual. Beyond this he was an excellent fellow, straightforward and religious. Every afternoon he might be seen at church on his knees close to the holy water font, a red handkerchief thrown over his head, a wide sash of a hundred tints round his waist, and telling his beads most assiduously. Only—every autumn when the hunters and raftsmen filled the city, it was impossible to hold him. He was sure to be off treating and being treated by some old acquaintance, and making a regular holiday of it.

In summer it would be upon the steps of the Petite Rue du Tresor that the fine fellow gave his audiences, and he always had plenty of listeners besides me. When I had

been very good I was allowed to stay with him and listen until eight o'clock, and I was careful to be pretty nearly always good, for they threatened that if I was not I should be sent to bed under the *Big Tree*.

This *big tree* was the elm, more than two centuries old, under which it was said Champlain had pitched his tent. Born a pagan and converted to Catholicism, it long formed a part of the garden of the good Recollet Fathers; but it is already several years since it died a good Protestant. Its contemporary, Madame de la Pellerie's ash, which still remained near to the cloister of the Ursulines in 1867, was the last survivor of the virgin forest that once covered the promontory of Stadacona.

What a splendid tree was Champlain's elm! Its roots spreading underneath the neighbouring houses, its magnificent dome of verdure rose majestically between the towers of the two cathedrals. The maples, the oaks and the lindens, with which they have endeavoured to replace it in the English churchyard, can never approach to its magnificence. One morning it was lighter than usual in our house. It was because during the night a storm had torn away half of the old tree; and thus it is sometimes that light comes in upon us at the cost of that which was our happiness! Later on neighbours over-timid or over-careful, secured the completion of the destruction the storm had begun.

With Champlain's elms have departed myriads of birds, birds that it seems to me we have seen none such since. They were of every plumage and every note, and, I used to think, of every land. I should be sorry to appear unjust towards Colonel Rhodes' little sparrows; but to me they can never replace the lovely birds of long ago.

They say that Quebec is not changed! It is an odious compliment they would pay the good old city. It is like the polite remark that two old folks pay each other who have not met for years. "Why, you are not changed at all!" And then each says to himself: "Good heavens! How he has aged! God be praised, I do not look as bad as that!"

Quebec not changed! That is well enough to say to one born yesterday, to the newly arrived, and to those who have not known Quebec these forty or fifty years. I say nothing with regard to our streets. They are there yet, God be thanked. Narrow enough to give one a little shade on a burning hot day, and to afford a shelter when the north wind of our unmistakable winter blows.

I will not remind you of the beautiful old time signs—of Neptune of the Lower Town and Jupiter of St. John's Place. Alas! where are the gods? The gods are vanished. But there still remains to us one who was a demi-god, a hero, General Wolfe. I do hope that if modern progress, which respects little, forces him down from his niche, the Institut Canadien will hasten to offer its hospitality to this excellent neighbour, and lay aside, in so doing, all national prejudice!

I give you joy of the town-gates demolished, of fortifications falling to ruin.

There still remain to us seven or eight fine old houses of the French period, some convents, monasteries, churches—venerable from their antiquity. But how many other edifices are gone! Above all, what institutions, what usages, what customs, what social traditions do we find no more!

Where are the brilliant regiments which, at four o'clock of a Sunday—we were not such Puritans then as now—paraded at the foot of the Esplanade in sight of all the population of city and suburbs? How well conducted the crowd was, how gayly dressed in the white and lively colours found too loud for the present taste?

The little lads and lasses in their prettiest dresses marshalling themselves along the platform slope, making it look from a distance like a lovely hanging garden.

The fine bands of music, the handsome officers of the staff on their prancing steeds—their plumes waving and their fine gold epaulettes—there are no longer epaulettes save in the marine—the sappers, with grand beards, who marched in front, and, above all, the imperturbable drum-majors, who knew so cleverly how to flit their sticks in the air and catch them so adroitly, whose uniforms and whose port were the delight of the crowd. Where shall we find all this now? And the grand mounting-guard at noon, when the band of one of the regiments—then we always had two, without counting the Artillery and the Royal Engineers—could be heard under the windows of the Chateau St. Louis while the other guards were being relieved.

This was the favourite rendezvous of the wealth and fashion of the city on a fine morning. There one first heard all the new airs—"Di Tanti Palpit!" for instance—to be repeated afterwards on every piano in the city. A god-send, too, was it for the day scholars of the Seminary, who were always to be seen there—slates and books under their arms, in thin mottlers, blue coats and sashes of many coloured rays—sashes such as one rarely sees nowadays. Merry groups they were, and got as close as possible to the magic circle formed by Her Majesty's musicians. And Oh! the penances they suffered for listening to the disciples of Euterpe, and, perhaps, for peeping a little at the pretty nymphs and fairies that chattered with the sons of Mars! And, speaking of these scholars, how different things are with them to-day! To say nothing of the reaction, as they call it now—nor of the brilliant examinations under Mr. Holmes, how much there is to say of the seminaristes of the old time. But these ought to have an essay all to themselves.

There was almost always a students' corps, in memory, no doubt, of the students of Cap Tourmente, or of the famous *corps des docteurs*, so noted in our history. They

paraded in the great yard with wooden guns, tin sabres, flags flying and drums beating. One of their great recreations in the winter was to attend funerals in their cloaks. There used to be numerous processions that are no longer kept up. They carried the Host to the sick in very solemn state. Now we have no procession but the grand Fête Dieu. Let us hope that this at least will not be relinquished.

The black cloak was a kind of domino, not very graceful, I admit, and that gave to the clergy a false air, as of a community of penitents, such as take part in funeral processions in Italy and the South of France. This cloak gave a mournful aspect to our churches during the winter; but when the beautiful Easter days came—when the priests, the students, the choir boys in surplices, with white-powdered heads, made their entry, the general joy was the greater for the contrast with the sombre robes of the winter.

Despite this comfortable garment, we often enough caught cold on our funeral excursions, which was aggravated by a strong paternal remonstrance and a penance for some neglected duty. The compensation consisted in certain coppers paid us by the Board at the year's end. If one was a glutton, these straightway went to the pastry cook; if, on the contrary, a bookworm, the bookseller got his profit out of it. I know some persons who are very proud of their fine libraries, who do not dream, perhaps, that to this modest source they owe the fact that they have become bibliophiles.

There was also among the day-scholars a company of firemen. The showy costume it allowed them to put on, the racket that it permitted them to make, went much further than patriotism in the civic ardour they displayed. I remember that this company arrived second on the ground at the fire at the Castle St. Louis on the 23rd of January, 1834, and that the captain, Joseph de Blois, was rewarded in consequence. This organization had but a short existence. Masters and parents found that it involved dangers of more kinds than one: the fire was not always where it was supposed.

While we are upon the subject of fires, what a difference there is between the condition of things then and now! To-day one hears sandy strokes of the bell to tell one where the fire is, and allow one to go to sleep again, seeing it is nowhere near us. Then—first came the rattle and shrill cries of the watchmen, then the drum that beat the call to arms, or the trumpet which sounded a summons as to war, and at length the alarm bell, whose lugubrious volleys continued long after everything was over. Then—daylight or no, fair weather or foul, one had to go, and as it is only the first step that costs, one was sure to find one's-self in the thick of the fuss. A chain formed, the leather buckets were passed from hand to hand and reached the engine, as frequently empty as full; but what matter, there was lots of water to be had, just because there was no waterworks. And O! the delightful little supper after it was all over! But I will not detain you with regrets over the thousand things that might appear contemptible in the eyes of such as are blinded by the prejudices of our present civilization. I will say nothing about the splendid stone door-steps that used to encroach upon the street, sometimes reaching right across the sidewalk. Upon these it was that successive generations had gossiped and had arranged their little affairs; that neighbour had smoked with neighbour, and the good wife had exchanged remedies with her acquaintance. Small wonder, then, at the indignation when the city fathers determined to remove these monuments, the pride of the town! What heroic resistance and what a lot of lawsuits! There still remain those whose cry is: "Our customs, our language, our doorsteps and our jolts." The steps are gone, but it is easily maintained that the jolts remain.

One of the subjects for raillery against our good town used to be the number of dogs drawing little carts that were to be seen in the streets. Even before the advent of the Society for the Protection of Animals, the canine race had obtained its freedom. Is it the happier for it? At any rate it has not reclaimed the right to work, and all the individual members of it are to-day equal before the law. They rejoice in an unparalleled laziness and live entirely at the expense of their masters. How many good folks would like to do the same?

The graceful *cavalade* of the good old times is fast disappearing, driven out by vehicles more showy, but which will never have its power of rebound. One ought also to have seen the *paragons* and raftsmen, crowded one upon another, with their gay ribbons and their coloured shirts, driving through the city upon one of these rapid cars. It was exactly like what one sees at Naples, and Quebec then resembled the city of the tomb of Virgil. When the last *cavalade* shall have wound for the last time up the side of the Lower Town, we may say good-bye to local colour. The Quebec of old will have disappeared. But where are the gay fellows of whom we have spoken, who sang so merrily through our streets, marking the time with an imaginary oar? Had they not the air of such as would say to us in the words of one of our old songs:

"Goodman, Goodman,
Thou art not the master
In thine own house
When we are by."

And where also are the jolly sailors who played at leap frog in the middle of our streets, upset the market women's stalls, gave the wonder-stricken youngsters sticks of barley-sugar and doughnuts, and paid like lords for the damage done?

(To be continued.)



HEBERTVILLE, LAKE ST. JOHN, P.Q. (Livernois, photo.)

A Welcome Gift.

The family of the late Hon. Alex. Morris have presented to the library of the Royal Military College some books written by their father, viz., "Treaties of Canada with the Indians of the North-West" and "Nova Britannia." Besides they have given from their father's library "Southey's Peninsular War" and a large and valuable atlas, showing the movements, battles and sieges in which the British army was engaged, during the war 1808-1814, in the Peninsula and south of France." These latter works have the autograph of Lord Metcalfe on the title page, and were, we believe, presented by him to Mr. Morris's father. It is to be hoped that the College library will be enriched by many more such generous gifts.

Sister Rose Gertrude at Hawaii.

England and the Union published the following letter from Sister Rose Gertrude to the Rev. Hugh Chapman:—"Kalihii Oahu, Hawaiian Islands, March 11.—Reverend and Dear Sir,—I am not going to Molokai, at any rate at present. There is a new leper station here, and the President of the Board of Health says I shall be more useful here. There is no one, and there are 20 poor lepers under the care of Dr. Lutz. Besides this, there are a great many 'suspects,' and here there are children. The doctor says it would be a better work to teach these children and to comfort them in the newness of their grief. I do not think for the present we need anything. Later on we might have some more books, pictures, toys and sweets. I should like some picture-books and any sort of games. I am going to keep some of the presents for Kalihii, and send or take the rest to Molokai. I think this will meet with your approval. The Americans gave a lot of things, too. I should like some lovely English story books for prizes for my little class, and I should like 'Ethel's Book of the Angel' (Burns and Oates), and some tales of martyrs that might help them to bear their martyrdom. Dr. Kimball says I may have some of my children for 20 years. I have a great deal to do and my office to say, so I must end. Aloha.—Ever your grateful and loving friend, SISTER ROSE GERTRUDE." In another letter Sister Rose Gertrude says:—"I have one patient dying, unless Our Lady saves him, of pleuro-broncho-pneumonia, another with an internal complaint, some very bad surgical cases, and 50 ordinary dressings and dispensings three times a day. I make up my own medicines and solves for the most part, and have to wait on the doctor with the patients, so you will understand how busy I am. The patients are very well behaved. We have eight acres of ground, and they live in separate cottages all around. The president took me to Molokai. I kept some of my presents and sent the rest on. I was very glad to

have them the day the examiners came. Some of the 'suspects' were moved on the leper side, and they cried so, because they knew all hope was over. Some are very distressing to look at, and they get into a state of general ill-health, poor things. They feel the parting dreadfully but they say they soon get used to it, once at Molokai."—*London Times*.

Major Mendax Kidnapped.

In the May number of *Temple Bar* there is a sensational story of a man's rescue from the bowels of the earth by the spouting of a geyser. It is entitled "The Puia," and contains the following paragraph:—"Every one has seen a ball or a cork figure kept dancing on the summit of a garden fountain. Now, let there be imagined a stupendous jet, five feet in thickness and fifty feet in height, tossing aloft, in place of the cork ball, a living man! Such was now my situation. There was now the Brobdingagian fountain dancing in the sunlight, and there was I, the veriest pigmy, tossed like a puppet on its colossal crest. What mortal ever found himself in a position so grotesque and yet so terrible?" We are in a position to answer this question. A similar adventure occurred to Major Mendax, and is narrated in the first chapter of his "Hairbreadth Escapes." The chapter is headed "In Suspense." As the same exploit of the Major was printed some years ago in *The Union Jack*, a London periodical, and reproduced in the *Magazine of Short Stories*, in January last, under the title "Saved by a Geyser," it is just possible that the *Temple Bar* story-teller may be more indebted to his memory than his imagination for the idea.—*Halifax Evening Mail*.

Brothers After All.

During the anti-Chinese agitation in the Australian Colonies, not long ago, there were few places in which the child-like and bland immigrant from the Celestial Empire was treated with so much discourtesy, not to say rudeness, as in Bendigo. The Bendigonians are proverbially, however, forgiving folk—so, indeed, must be the Bendigo Chinaman too, when we come to think of it—for at the Easter Fair held in the great mining centre, the other day, the Chinese were permitted to mingle, which they did in sweet profusion, with the white-faced European earth-eaters. The monster procession which passed through the streets of the town included some six hundred Chinese, who were dressed for the occasion in national costume, and carried peculiar musical instruments and quaint weapons. Are they not men and brothers after all?—*Ex.*

Garth Grafton's Triumph.

Under this title, which suggests a welcome fact, Mr. G. Mercer Adam publishes in the *Saturday Globe*, (June 28) a long and most interesting review of Miss Sara Jeanette Duncan's book, "A Social Departure: How Orthodocia and I Went Round the World by Ourselves," just published by Messrs. Chatto and Windus, of London, and to be issued on this continent by the enterprising firm of the Appletons. The book has been a grand success, a success in which all Canada, and not least Montreal, where Miss Duncan and "Orthodocia" are so well known, should be proud to share.

HUMOROUS.

MARRIED FLIRT to society belle: I'm so sorry I ever married. Society belle (behind her fan): So am I. Married flirt (eagerly): Is that so my dar—. Society belle (sarcastically): Yes, sir; very sorry—for your poor wife.

TOO MANY SISTERS.—"That's all right," he said, as he took up his hat, "but I have got seventeen sisters already. You are now down on the list as the eighteenth. Speaking with a full knowledge of all the facts, some girl has got to stop this one-sided streak of relationship pretty soon or I will disown the whole family."

SOCIAL.—"How sweetly that simple costume becomes your style of beauty dear!" i. e., "Cheap dress suits a silly dowdy." "Yes, capital story I know—but pardon me just a minute, old chap. I think I see Mrs. Mountcashel beckoning me;" i. e., "What an escape! Doesn't button-hole me again to night if I know it."

HOOLEY'S DILEMMA.—Lapse of memory. Lawyer Stanley: You'll have to sign your maiden name to the document, madam. Mrs. Hooley: Be gorry, we've hov been married thot long Oi forget it. Pfwat was it, Pat? Mr. Hooley: Sure, Oi used t' be that attintive to yure cousin Katie Oi'm forgettin' meself pfwhich one o' yez Oi married.

A PHLEGMATIC old quarrier, whom nothing could put out, was one day working away when the hat of one of his fellow-workmen blew off and struck the old man on the side of the head, making him jump. "Ha! ha!" laughed the others at seeing this; "that made ye jump, Geordie, at any rate." "Deil a bit," was the calm reply; "I was intecudin' to jump onyway."

TEACHER: Benjamin, how many times must I tell you not to snap your fingers. Now put down your hand and keep still. I shall hear what you have to say presently. [five minutes later] Now, then, Benjamin, what is it that you wanted to say? Benjamin: There was a tramp in the hall a while ago, and I saw him go off with your gold-headed parasol.

THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

TRADE MARK

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF PARLIAMENT OF CANADA, IN THE YEAR 1888, BY GEORGE E. DESBARATS, AT THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.

REGISTERED.

Vol. V.—No. 106.

MONTREAL AND TORONTO, 12th JULY, 1890.

\$4.00 PER ANNUM. IN GREAT BRITAIN, 20s.
10 CENTS PER COPY.



A LUMBER YARD, OTTAWA. (Topley, photo.)

The Dominion Illustrated.

\$4.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED PUBLISHING COMPANY (Limited), Publishers,
 GEORGE E. DESBARATS, MANAGING DIRECTOR,
 73 St. James Street, Montreal.
 GEORGE E. MACRAE, WESTERN AGENT,
 36 King Street East, Toronto.
 J. H. BROWNLEE, BRANDON,
 Agent for Manitoba and the North West Provinces.
 London (England) Agency:
 JOHN HADDON & CO.,
 3 & 4 Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, E.C.
 SOLE AGENTS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

12th JULY, 1890.



Archangel, the Russian port at the mouth of the Dwina—or rather at the head of the delta of that river—is some six degrees of latitude farther north than Fort Churchill, the destined oceanic outlet for the North-Western trade. The story of its settlement is not without historic interest, especially for Canadian students. It is not without significance, as tending to confirm the Sagas of the visits of the Northernmen to Labrador and Nova Scotia, that in the tenth century Norse adventurers had formed a colony in the neighbourhood of that sub-arctic seaport. The modern town, however, dates from the advent at the Dwina of the English sailor, Chancellor. Even then (1553) religious zeal had proved the habitability of those bleak shores, for it was in the Monastery of St. Nicholas that Chancellor, driven by stress of weather, was glad to find shelter. On his return the explorer informed his fellow-countrymen of the advantages that the mouth of the Dwina offered for trade, and soon after, with the sanction of Ivan II., an English factory was established there. In 1584 a fort was built, and in course of time a cluster of dwellings girdled it round. The hamlet thus evolved took the name of the Archangel Michael, a monastery in whose honour had arisen on the spot. The necessities of the Czars as to maritime communication with the rest of the world gave the main impulse to its development, for then and for years after Archangel was Russia's only seaport. When Peter the Great visited the place in 1693, its exports to England alone approached \$600,000. To Peter, however, it owed its decline, for early in the last century, when he founded the city that bears his name, he did all in his power to divert trade, population and all kinds of enterprise to the new metropolis. Towards the close of the century it began to recover some of its lost prosperity, and has since made fair progress. It is the chief town of an important province, the seat of two governors and of an archbishop, has a Protestant and ten Orthodox churches, with colleges, hospitals, banks, manufactures, and a population of nearly 25,000. The harbour is open from June till October. Vessels of larger draught have to load and unload by means of lighters. There is a dockyard, with slips for ship-building. Connection with the interior is maintained by rivers and canals, but ere long, doubtless, it will profit by the railway movement, which for some years has been so marked a feature of Russia's policy. Some of our readers may live to see a Western and much greater Archangel at the mouth of the Nelson.

That famous traveller and writer who has left so many vivid pictures of what, during his journeys westward, were out-of-the-way and little known scenes of American life, was equally devious in his tours through Europe. The day may be approaching, now that the Hudson's Bay railway enterprise has reached a fresh stage in its progress towards accomplishment, when it will not be deemed eccentric for a traveller to enter Canada from the north, as Mr. Hepworth Dixon entered Russia. He received his welcome to the land

of the Czars at Archangel, from which he started on his tour to and through the interior. The approach to Archangel by the Arctic Ocean—a route which offers a certain parallel to our own north-west passage to the future city of Churchill—he has described with a graphic pen: "Round- ing the North Cape, a weird and hoary mass of rock projecting far into the Arctic foam, we drive in a south-east course, lashed by the wind and beaten by hail and rain, for two long days, during which the sun never sets and never rises, and in which, if there is dawn at the hour of midnight, there is also dusk at the time of noon. Leaving the picturesque lines of fiord and alp behind, we run along a dim, unbroken coast, not often to be seen through the pall of mist until, at the end of some fifty hours, we feel, as it were, the land in our front; a stretch of low-lying shore in the vague and far-off distance, tending away towards the south, like the trail of an evening cloud. We bend in a southern course between the Holy Point (Sviatoi Noss, called in our charts, in rough salt slang, Sweet Nose), and Kanin Cape, towards the Corridor—a strait of some thirty miles wide, leading from the Polar Ocean into that vast irregular dent in the northern shore of Great Russia, known as the Frozen Sea. The land now lying on our right, as we run through the Corridor, is that of the Lapps * * * * The land on our left is the Kanin peninsula, part of that region of heath and sand over which the Samoyed roams, a desert of ice and snow still wilder than the country hunted by the Lapps—a land without a village, without a road, without a field, without a name; for the Russians who own it have no name for it save that of the Samoyed's land. This province of the great empire wends away north and east from the walls of Archangel, and the waters of the Kanin Cape to the summit of the Ural chain and the iron gates of the Kara Sea." After entering the Gulf of Archangel, Mr. Dixon found the scenery picturesque, and the weather being good, he enjoyed the trip to Archangel. "'Good-bye! Look out for wolves! Take care of brigands! Good-bye, good-bye!' shout a dozen voices, and then that friendly and frozen city is left behind. All night under murky stars we tear along a dreary path; pines on our right, pines on our left and pines on our front * * * all night, all day." And so, in tarantass, over stones and sand, through slush and bog, Mr. Dixon was driven post-haste to Witegra on Lake Onega—about as far as from Churchill to Winnipeg—through one vast forest of birch and pine.

It is just eight years since in this city was held the Forestry Convention, from which those who were concerned about the rapid disappearance of our timber wealth looked for fruitful and far-reaching results. That well attended gathering of men of business and science was largely due to the exertions of the late Mr. James Little and Mr. William Little, his son. It comprised representatives of nearly all the provinces and of many States of the Union and the papers that were read, the addresses that were delivered and the discussions that arose out of them dealt with every branch of the comprehensive subject of forestry. So earnest were the essayists, so ripe was their knowledge, so indisputable was their array of statistics, and so convincing were their arguments, that the occasion seemed with justice to be greeted by the press as the starting-point of a new era of forest administration which would remove the danger of timber dearth then apparently so imminent. The convention was not certainly without some beneficial results. Governments, societies and individuals began to recognize that at the rate of consumption then prevalent, the timber supply in existence could not last beyond a limited period; and various schemes of economy were proposed and to some extent adopted. Attempts were made to interest the people generally in this reform by the institution of a tree festival or Arbor Day. The work of renovation thus exemplified was also carried out on a considerable scale in various places by systematic tree-planting, associated occasionally with experiments in the

growth of exotics of like climates in the Old World. The movement which in Canada was inaugurated by the Montreal convention, was by no means confined to this continent. A fair-sized library has been created by the history of its outcome in various countries—one author, Dr. J. C. Brown, having written more than a dozen volumes on forests, forest lands, forest management, and scientific and commercial forestry. An international forestry exhibition was held in Edinburgh in 1884, at which delegates from both hemispheres were present, and an opportunity was afforded for comparing the forest economy of different parts of the world.

It might be thought that so far-reaching an agitation would have produced a decided and perceptible improvement in the treatment of our forest wealth. Yet, Mr. William Little, who, with his father, took a leading share in the Congress of 1882, has just sounded a fresh note of alarm as to the rapid decrease and virtual destruction of the most valuable timber areas of this continent. "'To get rid of the timber,' he writes, in the opening remarks of a pamphlet, of which the words above quoted form the title, was the answer sent from the State of Arkansas, two years ago, to the Michigan State Forest Commission when inquiring about that State's policy respecting its timber." And then he goes on to maintain that if the Governments of both the United States and Canada were to speak the real truth, they would make virtually the same reply. In both countries, he insists, there is the same apathy, the same negligence, the same wilful waste and disregard of the needs of the future. It is not alone those that are in power who are to blame. It is the people on whom the culpability, in the last resort, must lie. The disappearance, with such disastrous speed, of one of the most precious portions of the public domain is viewed with apparent unconcern by those to whom it is a subject of vital, of momentous, importance. Attention has been called again and again to the actual state of the case, to the urgent necessity of checking the present rate of ruinous consumption, but, except in a few rare instances here and there, no heed has been paid to the often uttered warnings. "New lines of railway are being built or extended into districts dependent almost entirely on the timber trade for business; the carrying capacity of the lake marine has been increased at an enormous rate; cities, towns and villages, depending largely on the lumber industry, are enlarging their borders, as if the supply were inexhaustible. But timber cannot be grown like a crop of corn; its growth is a matter not of years but of ages, and when once gone, cannot be restored during the life-time of those now living, while the really good timber of the North Atlantic and Lake region is not only not inexhaustible, but actually about exhausted." In proof of the folly of the practice that he deprecates, Mr. Little then shows how, after exhausting the forests of the New England States and pushing their operations through Northern New York, Pennsylvania and Canada, the lumbermen, still in search of that precious timber, the incomparable white pine, finally reached the States of Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota. And with what relentless energy they have there waged their war of extermination is shown by the fact that, during the last season, the timber converted into lumber in these last three States reached the enormous total of 8,305,833,277 superficial feet—an amount equal to two-thirds of the entire cut of all descriptions of timber in all the States of the Union twenty years ago. The cut of shingles last year in the same region amounted to 4,698,975,800 pieces, made almost exclusively from white pine, which, if added to the previous figures, would give a total consumption of 9,000,000,000 feet. "But," adds Mr. Little, "this frightful slaughter of the forests has about reached its end. The 29,000,000,000 feet reported as standing in Lower Michigan ten years ago, by the census of 1880, has dwindled to but 3,000,000,000, or one-tenth that amount last year." Mr. Little quotes the Hon. Carl Schurz, the Hon. Mr. Joly de Lothiniere, the New York

Sun, the Cincinnati *Commercial Gazette*, the London *Times* and the Glasgow *Herald* in confirmation of his views. "In point of fact," says this last journal, in pointing to the possibility of a dearth of timber, "Canada and the United States are busy sawing from under them that far-reaching fortune-making branch, on which, like conquerors, they are now sitting and over-looking the world." If but a tithe of what Mr. Little urges on our attention be true, it is certainly full time that the tree-destroying axe were blunted or the arm that wields it were arrested in its work of blind or wilful destruction.

The retirement of Lieut.-General Sir Frederick Middleton, C.B., K.C.M.G., must have caused wide-spread regret among the officers and men of our militia, and especially among those who had served under him in the North-West. Into the circumstances which preceded his resignation we have no occasion to enter. Enough to say that, with all right-thinking persons, we deplore the unhappy train of events which has prematurely deprived Canada of the services of an officer to whom she owes so much. On the 12th of July, 1884, Sir Frederick (then Col. F. D. Middleton, C.B.) assumed the command of the Canadian Militia, taking the local rank of Major-General. For his services in the North-West in 1885 (in recognition of which the Canadian Parliament awarded him a vote of thanks and \$20,000), he was promoted by the Imperial authorities to the rank of Major-General and made a Knight Commander of the Order of St. Michael and St. George. When later he had about reached the limit of age for employment as a Major-General, he retired from the army with the honorary rank of Lieut.-General, and about the same time the Dominion Government extended until 1892 the term of his command here, which in the ordinary course of events would have expired on the 12th of July, 1889. It has been said that General Middleton purposes devoting the remaining years of his life to the preparation of works on military history. There is an ample field for such studies in Canada, and it is a field of which a considerable portion is virgin soil. The War of 1812-15, for instance, has never been adequately dealt with from a purely Canadian and military standpoint, and a history of that struggle by a veteran soldier of recognized ability and thoroughly acquainted with the ground on which it was mainly waged, would be a welcome addition to our Canadian bibliography.

We hear so much of politics, not as the science of government or a comprehensive branch of ethics, or even as the art of general or special administration, but in the looser sense of the *modus operandi* for the conduct of party contests, that parents would probably deprecate any premature initiation of their children into what they may deem at best but a necessary evil. This very deterioration of a word which, in its essence, is allied with civilization and the highest duties of man to man is (as the late Dr. Trench illustrates by other examples) a revelation of great significance. It discloses that declension from a high ideal which the rough and ready expediences of our work-a-day life are almost sure to bring to pass in society as in the individual. It is something, nevertheless, to keep the ideal at least in sight, and we should deem life but little worth living if we did not believe that, in spite of weaknesses and back-slidings, many—perhaps, most—of our public men cherished an ideal of political, as well as of private morality, greatly in advance of that standard which their practice might imply or of which circumstances might permit the realization. A common working ideal they all necessarily hold in the existing law and practice of the constitution under which they live. And the study of this constitution both in theory and operation and also in comparison with other systems, ancient and modern, ought to form a branch of study in every liberal education. In this view we are entirely in accord with Dr. Bourinot, to whose paper on the subject reference has already been made in this journal. "Canada, though a young country," writes Dr. Bourinot,

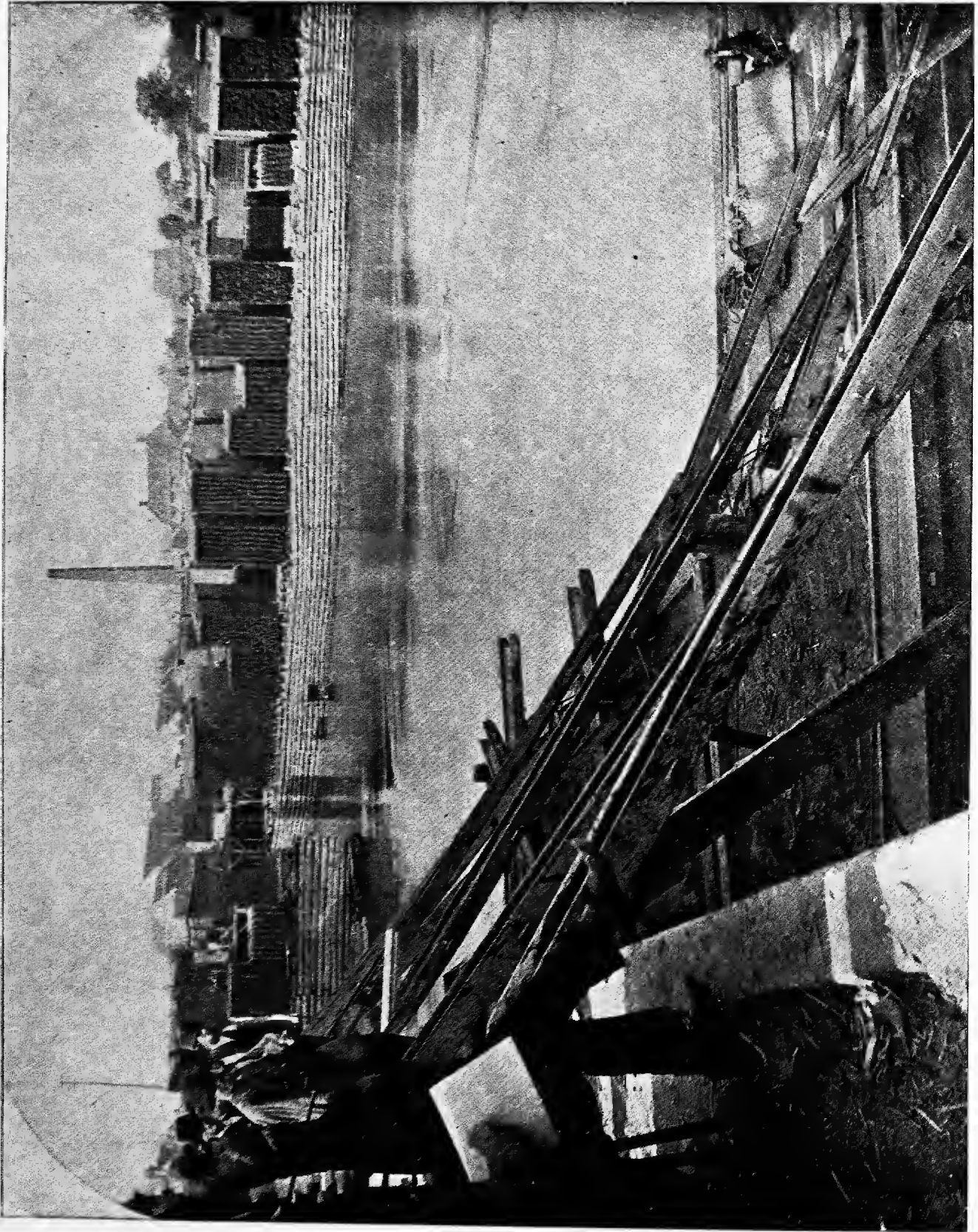
"compared with the old civilizations of Europe, presents a very interesting field for the student in this department of study. Though not a national sovereignty like the United States, and, therefore, probably inferior to it in that respect as an object of contemplation and reflection for European statesmen, its political history, its fundamental law and constitution, its economic system, its social institutions and the racial characteristics of its people are worthy of the close study, not only of Canadians, but of all persons who wish to follow the gradual development of communities from a state of cramped colonial pupillage to a larger condition of political freedom which gives it many of the attributes of an independent nation, never before enjoyed by a colonial dependency." Dr. Bourinot's whole paper—"The Study of Political Science in Canadian Universities"—which may be found in Volume VII. of the Transactions of the Royal Society of Canada, just issued by Messrs. Dawson Brothers, is worthy of careful attention. What he says of the probable effects of such training in modifying for the better the tone of the political press, is not only true but seasonable.

THE HUDSON'S BAY ROUTE.

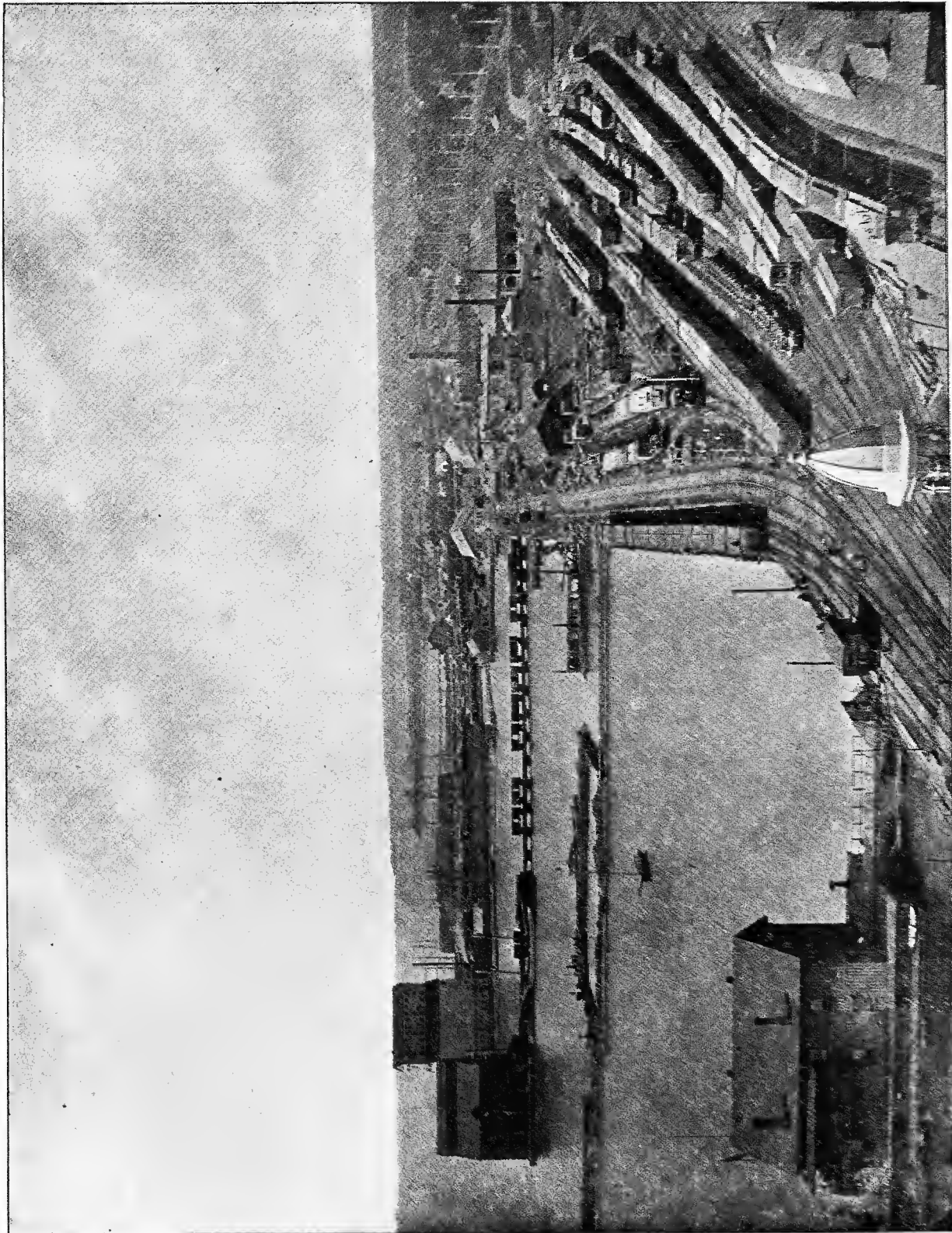
Faith, energy and perseverance are sure to be ultimately crowned with success, whatever be the obstacles to be surmounted—unless, indeed, the project to which these high qualities are devoted be physically impossible. The conception of a line of railroad from Winnipeg to Hudson's Bay, which would bring our vast and fertile West, with its teeming harvests, into immediate oceanic connection with the Old World, is, as our readers know, no novelty to the present generation. Such a scheme, indeed, is in logical sequence to the course of events under the Hudson's Bay Company's régime for two hundred years before the transfer of the North-West to Canada. It was sure to suggest itself to men of enterprise directly or indirectly associated with the development of Western Canada. As far as the maritime portion of the route was concerned, it would be simply a continuation of the practice that had hitherto prevailed, and would thus be in the natural course of things. It would be simply applying to the new conditions of the country, after being opened up to unlimited colonization a method of transport and travel that had been operated without interruption since the days of the Stuarts. In the Old World—even when allowance was made for difference of climate in like latitudes—there was ample precedent for it in the sub-arctic and even arctic ports and waterways of the eastern North Atlantic and the eastern and western North Pacific. From the first organization of Manitoba it became a fixed idea with a few persons of foresight and speculative boldness that sooner or later Canada should have its Archangel in our northern waters. No time was lost in collecting data to show the feasibility of the route during at least as much of the summer as would make it profitable. The Winnipeg Board of Trade had a special report prepared on the subject, which is of historic interest as well as commercial value. It was so highly thought of in England that the author, Mr. Charles N. Bell, was made a member of the Royal Geographical Society. Mr. Bell discharged a task for which historical students are indebted to him, for, with a zeal and industry worthy of all praise, he placed within reach of the general reader facts that had long—in some cases, for centuries—been hid away in books not easily accessible to the public. But his treatise—which bears the appropriate title of "Our Northern Waters"—is much more than a series of gleanings in history. It treats not only of the discovery of the great bay, of the early controversies as to its possession, of the foundation and undertakings of the Hudson's Bay Company, and of the long record of voyages to and fro, but also of the resources of the shores, ocean waters and estuaries—minerals, fisheries, timber, game, including fur-bearing animals and birds of price—and gives a full and intelligible account of the meteorology of the region, with seasons of open-

ing and closing navigation. Meanwhile several other persons had been conducting investigations over the same ground; and the Dominion Parliament, in order to be in a position to give an authoritative reply to so many eager inquiries, appointed a Select Committee to take the whole subject into consideration, and in February, 1884, it began its labours. It was composed of the Hon. Mr. Royal, then member for St. Boniface, now Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West Territories, who moved the resolution, the Hon. J. J. C. (now Senator) Abbott, the late Hon. Thomas White, with Messrs. Dawson, Macmaster, Desjardins, and other influential members of the Commons. Dr. Bell, of the Geological Survey, Staff-Commander Boulton, R.N., Mr. Malcolm Macleod, barrister, whose father had resided for years on the Bay as one of the Company's officers, Dr. Walter Hayden, the Hon. Wm. Smith, Deputy Minister of Marine, C. J. Pusey, Esq., of New York, and a number of other gentlemen of official and practical experience as to the subject of inquiry, gave a mass of valuable evidence. The Deputy Minister of Marine presented a voluminous statement obtained from the log-books of the Hudson's Bay Company's vessels from 1870 to 1883 inclusive, and Mr. M. P. McElhinney, of the same department, furnished a careful commentary on the preceding data. The issue of these inquiries at Ottawa and Winnipeg was that Parliament voted \$100,000 for the purpose of fitting out an expedition to Hudson's Bay, which should be in part for exploration, in part for observation—a series of stations being established on the shores of the waters traversed. Lieut. A. R. Gordon, R.N., Assistant Superintendent of our Meteorological Service, was placed in command of the *SS. Neptune*, of the Newfoundland sealing fleet, a strong, barque-rigged vessel, built in 1873 at Dundee, of 684 tons gross (466 net), and pronounced in every way suitable for the work. She left Halifax on her mission, on the 22nd of July, 1884. On the 11th of October she was back in St. Johns, and soon after brief summaries of the voyage appeared in the leading papers. At a later date full and careful reports by Lieut. Gordon, the commander, and Dr. Bell, the geologist, of the expedition, were published, and Mr. Chas. R. Turtle wrote and brought out an unofficial history—"Our North Land"—which covered 600 small quarto pages. All three agreed, in the main, that the terrors of the ice pack had been exaggerated, but the record of fresh experience did not materially change men's opinions as to the commercial value of the route. Those who had favoured it all along found confirmation in the report; those who had less faith in it remained unconvinced. In 1885 Lieut. Gordon made a second trip to the Bay to relieve the observers at the stations, and his report was published in an abstract in that of the Minister of Marine. The detailed account of the station observations was given to the world some months afterwards. They went to show that the ice set fast in the western end of the straits during the last week of October, 1884, and that for all practical purposes the straits remained closed at that point till the beginning of June, 1885. He concluded from the observations that the season of navigation would be rather less than four months. Sometimes, but rarely, the straits were clear in June, and there (as in more southern latitudes) was considerable variability in the dates of opening navigation. The weather at the stations during the winter was not nearly so severe as it had been expected that it would prove. The thermometer, in fact, had never gone so low as it does in the inhabited parts of the North-West.

During the last five years those who have had a practical interest in the question have gathered a good deal of additional information, and it is believed by the more enthusiastic that once the route is in operation, improvements in the construction of vessels for moving through floating ice masses, may be effected which will give a greater mastery over glacial impediments, and ultimately solve the problem of northern navigation. Never venture never have. It is by experiments that have at the time been deemed madness that the greatest victories of science have been won,



SHIPPING LUMBER ON BARGES, AT OTTAWA. (Topley, photo.)



THE ESPLANADE, TORONTO, LOOKING WEST FROM UNION STATION. (Herbert E. Simpson, photo.)

and it is deemed worthy of some effort and outlay to establish for even a third of the year a route that will shorten the distance from Liverpool to Yokohama by nearly two thousand miles. By New York and San Francisco the distance between those points is 10,900; by Montreal and the C.P.R., 10,259; by the Hudson's Bay route, 8,275. Of its advantages to our own great interior—embracing the valleys of the Saskatchewan, the Athabasca and the Peace River, and the whole broad expanse stretching away to the mountains, the most distant points of which will soon be joined by lines of railway—our Western fellow-citizens have no doubt whatever.

A couple of weeks ago, in our Calgary number, we announced the completion of the contracts for the construction of the railway north to Edmonton, south to Fort McLeod. The patient promoters of the Hudson's Bay line have received a like piece of good news. Years ago Parliament recognized its just claim to assistance and a land grant was made (of 6,400 acres per mile in Manitoba, and 12,800 acres in the Territories) for the estimated distance of 650 miles. The Provincial Government voted a cash subsidy, a contract was let and work began. But, after the completion of 40 miles, it was discontinued. Those who had given their names, influence and energies to the undertaking—especially Mr. Hugh Sutherland—had no intention, however, of allowing the scheme to end there, and their unceasing efforts in its behalf have at last gained the good will of the powers that be. The Dominion Government has promised to pay for twenty years annually the sum of \$80,000 for 300 miles of the line from Winnipeg to the North Saskatchewan, while the company agrees to carry Government supplies, mails, etc., at a fair rate, to be charged against the grant—a portion of the land grant being retained as security, should the Government business be less than \$80,000. Everything now depends on the financial success of the promoters in Great Britain. If everything turns out well, it is expected that construction will be begun next summer, and that the 300 miles will be completed in 1893. The country to be opened up is rich in timber, and much of it is well adapted for colonization. Of course, the advocates of the Hudson's Bay route look upon the inception of this part of the line as the virtual inauguration of the road to Fort Churchill.

A French-Canadian Village.

One pleasant day in the summer of 1887 fate led my wandering steps to a village within a hundred miles of Montreal. The houses are clustered around a hill, near the summit of which stands a little stone church, which recalled thoughts of the chapels built by the first Canadian missionaries long ago. Small, low, old-fashioned structure, it has been intimately associated with every important event in the lives of the inhabitants of this village for nearly one hundred years,—baptisms, weddings, funerals—all have been celebrated here. It was indeed a place in which one could pray—far away from the city's din and glare and bustle. God seemed to be very near. A pretty French girl was arranging the decorations on the principal altar. The sun, as it came in through a window, threw a beam of light across the chapel directly in the path of the girl as she passed before the altar, and, as she made her genuflection, she was bathed in golden light, so that for an instant we could believe she was an angel ministering before the throne of the Most High.

The "Stations" on the walls were works of art, which had, a short time before our visit, been presented to the church (as we afterwards learned) by a gentleman who had been brought up in the village, but had gone to Montreal in early life and prospered there. He had evidently not forgotten the associations of his boyhood's home. Passing from the church to the graveyard behind, we walked around among the venerable mounds. The graves were nearly all marked with large black crosses, on which was invariably inscribed "R.I.P." On one old cross I deciphered the words, "Jean Baptiste Larocque, décédé 21 Janvier, 1809, âgé 79 ans. R.I.P." How many of our new thriving Ontario towns had yet seen the light of day when this old man was gathered to his fathers? Yet at that time this little village had even reached the stature which it has ever since maintained. An enterprising Telegraph Company opened out an office here some time ago, but it died a natural death for lack of sustenance.

The houses in the village are principally log, white-washed on the outside, and everything about them scrupulously clean. At one door an old dame was sitting, knitting and rocking, and we ventured to ask, in such French

as we could command, for a drink of water, whereupon she invited us into her cottage. The interior of the mansion consisted of three rooms—the principal, or sitting-room, into which we entered; what appeared to be a bed room off it, and the kitchen at the back. The floor was beautifully white, or rather yellow, the effect of scrubbing with a fine sand, which is found in great quantities in the neighbourhood. Three strips of rag carpet ran across the floor, and a half dozen chairs, scrubbed as clean as the floor, were ranged at regular intervals around the wall, as in a convent parlour. A large print of the Blessed Virgin occupied the post of honour, and around it were grouped photographs of dark-eyed "Maries" and lusty "Jean Baptistes." The old lady was quite talkative, and told us much of the village and of the Rebellion of '37. One day they heard the soldiers were coming, and the women and children and old men (all the young ones having gone off to fight) took refuge in the church, but, after all, only one house in the village was burned. They passed many anxious days and nights then, hoping and praying that the trouble would soon end, and that their fathers, brothers, sons and sweethearts would return once more. The memory of those days of '37 has passed away in the great centres of the land, but not so in those out-of-the-world places, where news is news for a quarter of a century. The old lady produced a faded miniature of a handsome young Frenchman, and told us he was her brother who was killed during the rebellion. He was wounded in the side during a skirmish, and came home to die. His death killed his father and mother, and the sister (our historian) being left alone, went to Montreal to service, but after a while "François" came after her and took her home, and they were married in the little church on the hill. François' father had left him a fine farm just outside the village, and there they lived in peace for many years, until their family grew up and scattered. Three daughters were living in the village—the wives respectively of the village blacksmith, shoemaker and grocer. One son was a clerk in a store in Montreal, and the other was married and living on the farm—the old people having moved into the village to end their days in quiet.

A couple of hours passed away, and then we departed, after thanking our old friend for her hospitality, and promising "that if ever we came that way again," we would call and see her.

Before we left the village we wandered down to the river and entered into conversation with an old man fishing on the bank. He told us that long ago a Huron village stood on the site of this French-Canadian village, and one night the fierce Iroquois came down upon them and killed all the inhabitants, save one maiden, the daughter of the chief. She was shortly to have become the wife of a young brave in her own tribe, but the son of the Iroquois chief had coveted the prize, and, in order to win her, had destroyed all her kinsfolk. They took her away to the Iroquois settlement, but she faded away day by day, until at last one day she was missing, and they traced her back to her old home, to the hill where the church now stands, and there she was lying dead. The legend is that every year, on the night of the 12th of June, she walks through the graveyard crying for vengeance on the destroyers of her people.

When the evening was falling we bade farewell to the village, and started on our homeward drive to Montreal. Many a time since, when walking through the crowded streets of the metropolis, I have thought of that quiet spot where "life seemed all afternoon," and wished that "sometime" when I was wearied with the busy world, I might spend some quiet days in such a spot, and he finally carried out and laid in the graveyard on the hill, under the green grass, with no inscription over my head save "R.I.P."

Ottawa.

ROWENA CAMERON.

Action.

Let me crowd my days with action, let me breathe the breath of strife,
Let me feel my bosom heaving with the glorious lust of life.

Not to-night your couch must fold you deep in sleep's Lethan wave,
Long and still will be your resting in the silence of the grave.

"Foolish thus to wreck your manhood!" I can hear the sluggard sigh.
Manhood! 'Tis not such when squandered idly as the moments fly.

Better be the panting war-steed, in his own exultant neigh,
Than the lifeless raven, croaking through the centuries' decay.

Who would sleep with fruits of Wisdom dropping ripe upon the ground?
Who can sleep while storms are raging? while his brother lieth bound?

Who would sleep when 'tis such pleasure to be arming for the strife,
And to feel the bosom heaving with the glorious lust of life!

W. M. MACKERACHER.

The Manitoba Farmer's Amusements.

The average Manitoba farmer has so few opportunities of enjoying himself that when he does relax he goes into the pleasure that shows itself with all his heart, and the remembrance of the good time keeps green in his memory through many a hard days work following the plough, the harrows or the binder.

During the long winter, when there is little of importance to do around his farm, the dance held at his own or some neighbour's house finds him on hand and ready for his share of the fun that usually follows, and it certainly is to the stranger who may be present a sight to be remembered. And he, if from the East, where the saltatory motion is carried on in a somewhat easier method instead of the 'stamp and go' he sees before him, carries away with him not only the impression that the dancer enjoys himself but that physically he has not by any means degenerated by the change of climate and probably recuperated. The music is supplied by a musical neighbour, whose only tune is, perhaps, "The Girl I Left Behind Me," which serves for all figures of the dance, and is rendered in a manner worthy of the most enthusiastic artist.

Last winter the writer had an invitation to one of these 'dances,' as they are here called, and with a farmer friend was on hand just before the dancing commenced.

The house in which this party was held was about 16x30 in size, and invitations (verbal, of course) were issued for the whole neighbourhood to come along; but, as the night was intensely cold, only about 50 or 60 put in an appearance, and every one a dancer. Coats, hats and wraps were at once thrown aside and business was begun without the least delay.

The gentlemen present exceeded the ladies in number about 75 per cent., and the efforts made by the gentlemen to secure lady partners were great, so you may imagine that the ladies had considerably more than their share of the dancing to sustain.

Evening dress was unknown to the party, and the gentleman who could sport collar, necktie and well-greased top-boots felt that degree of complaisance which your Eastern dude has in himself when on the "mash."

The dance was kept up almost without cessation until 8 next morning, when the guests made their departure to their respective abodes.

After spring work has been completed and the warm weather sets in, the picnic is as much a feature as the dance was in winter.

The farmer turns out to the picnic with as much enthusiasm as he did to the dance, and goes in with as much pleasure for baseball, horse-racing, jumping, etc., as he did for the giddy waltz or his muscle-stretching polka.

His constant hard work makes him slow and ponderous in his movements, but he "gets there," so far as taking as much enjoyment as possible out of the different means that show themselves for that purpose.

The dance and the picnic are good things, as they bring together people who, on account of the long distances which separate their houses, cannot meet often, and develop that good feeling which should be prominent in any country, and particularly in a new one like this.

The crops (upon which all are dependent) are now in better shape than they ever were before in the history of the Province, and the farmers hope to reap an exceptionally large harvest.

It is estimated that there are 1,500,000 acres under cultivation this year, which is about 25 per cent. more than there were last year.

T. S.

Anti-Semitic Agitation in France.

The anti-Semitic agitation has been revived in France. The *Figaro* and the *Gaulois* devote their leading columns to the attacks made at Neuilly recently on the Jews in general, and in particular on the house of Rothschild. The writer in the *Figaro* professes to have interviewed, not Baron Alphonse de Rothschild, but "Un intime de la Rue Lafite," who described to him the movement as German in its origin. The *Figaro* attributes the birth of French anti-Semitism to the belief that the ruin of the Union Générale and its clients was the work of the great Jewish financiers, and especially the Rothschilds; but it explains that this belief is unfounded. The Rothschilds, it says, tried to save, not indeed the Union Générale, for that was past salvation, but the funds deposited there, and it says they would have succeeded had M. Bontoux not been arrested. The French people, it is said, have no feeling against the Rothschilds, and anti-Semitism is not in any way dangerous. In the *Gaulois*, M. Andrieux, ex-Prefect of Police, deals with the question in an article headed "If I were Rothschild." He thinks that the agitation against the Jews has a character of gravity which commands the consideration of all statesmen. He traces that agitation to the favour shown the Jews by the Republican Government. He fears that the reaction which has set in against the preponderating influence of the Jewish element in French society will, like all reactions, be excessive and unreasonable, and he thinks that it is possible for the head of the house of Rothschilds to check that mischievous reaction by "promoting syndicates and associations of workmen, placing credit within the reach of industrial and agricultural labour, making the lot of the labourer less hard and the capitalist less selfish." "In a word," adds M. Andrieux, "if I were Rothschild, I would wish to be the first Socialist of my times in the highest sense of the word."



LUMBER YARD, OTTAWA.—This spectacle, familiar, doubtless, to some of our readers, seems like a refutation or a defiance of those alarming rumours which during the last ten years have grown more and more frequent and emphatic, touching the gradual but certain extermination of our once seemingly boundless forests. The scene in our engraving prompts no fear of timber dearth; rather it suggests an inexhaustible store away to the north of us, as dense and seemingly limitless as those woodland ranges of northern Europe which thousands of years of civilized industry have left practically unimpaired. It is well for us at any rate to take heed to the monition of "those who know," monitions that have been sounding almost continuously in our ears for nearly a decade, but which do not seem to have made any difference in the movement of our timber or the efforts to get rid of it, though a little has been done in Western Canada for the creation or renewal of forests in the treeless prairie. Whatever be the issue of the agitation, such pictures as this must always be of scientific and historical as well as industrial interest, as illustrating resources and activities which have been associated with the most remarkable period of Canada's progress.

SLIDE FOR SHOOTING TIMBER ON THE DECKS OF BARGES.—This scene of activity is in continuation of our previous illustrations of the lumbering industry. The old and ordinary proceeding is more tedious and laborious than that depicted in our engraving. The ocean-going ships have to be loaded by another method. After the men have selected the cargo each stick of timber is lifted by means of a chain slung from a spar on deck and brought to a level with the receiving port on the vessel's bow. Resting on a roller there, it is easily shoved in and stowed away. If the cargo is of deal planks, the latter are brought alongside the timber ship in large barges, moored fore and aft of the ship and the deals are thrown in through the ports. After the load has sunk the vessel to the lower ports, these are closed and the loading is resumed through those higher up. Like all the phases of lumbering, the scene is a striking one.

ESPLANADE, FROM THE UNION STATION, TORONTO.—The view here presented embraces almost the entire system of improvements with which the Esplanade has been associated. In general features it is not unlike the scheme of comprehensive suburban railway accommodation that has been devised in connection with the proposed enlargement of Montreal so as to make it continuous with the island. What is here depicted is less comprehensive, though, as we have already shown, it takes in a large circuit, and is a reconstruction of no slight significance from every point of view. Whatever may be said of Canada's progress as a whole, no person can doubt that our cities have found the secret of manifold development and of a growth in beauty and convenience in accordance with their expansion. The progress of Toronto during the last ten years has been continuous and remarkable.

OLD BURYING GROUND, ST. JOHN, N.B.—Every city of life has its city of death not far away. In the midst of life we are in death, as the Scripture warns us. The old necropolis of St. John is one of the most interesting of such God's acres in the Dominion. As we mentioned in a previous issue, the history of the place, as distinguished from the town, has associations with the romance and the tragedy of nearly three centuries. In fourteen years, indeed, St. John will be commemorating the arrival of the first vessel in its harbour. On St. John the Baptist's Day, in 1604, a small craft, comparable, perhaps, to some of our little modern coasting schooners, made its way into those sheltered waters. It was no common craft; for, as a historian says, it bore with it the germs of an empire. Imperial men, too, stood on its deck—men who have left their names on the most remarkable pages of our early annals—Champlain, De Monts, Poutrincourt. With its advent began a series of events of the utmost importance, for it led to the foundation of Port Royal and Quebec, of Acadia and Canada. Even at that remote date the races that were for a century and a half to divide North America between them were jealously watching each other's movements in the New World. Foray and raid and Indian massacre darkened the path of colonization and crimsoned with innocent blood the cross of the missionary. Intestine feuds gave tragic variety to these contests. The deeds of Latour and Charnisay are recorded in sober history and lend dramatic action to the inventions of fiction-writers. Then the days of French rule passed away and a middle period succeeded, which lasted from the Treaty of Utrecht to the American Revolution. It was this last aftermath of the great international quarrel that brought the St. John with which we are familiar into existence. It dates from 1783-84. The first shipload of the Loyalists arrived on the 10th of May, 1783. St. John is proud of its Loyalist origin. The monuments of the founders are preserved with jealous care, and the student of the past finds delight in pursuing, like "Old Mortality," his researches among the tombs that bear historic names. The scene in our engraving might have been conceived by the artist to represent human life. "In the garden there was a sepulchre"—so has it been since death began its work among the sons of Adam. Side by side with the activity, the movement, the gaiety,

the hopefulness of life, there is the silence, the ceaseless silence, of the grave. Taste and skill and affection make the homes of the dead fair to contemplate, and in summer the hallowed ground is beautiful with flowers, so that the mossy carpet, with its many memorials, becomes a resort of pleasure-seekers as well as a shrine for piety and unforgetting love. Our engraving represents a good view of the actual scene.

INTERIOR OF PARISH CHURCH, THREE RIVERS.—The scene here depicted is one of a class with which our Roman Catholic readers are familiar. Notwithstanding a general resemblance, there is, however, room for great variety in architectural and decorative detail. Three Rivers was one of the first spots in Canada to have a settled congregation. Not to speak of possibly earlier visitors—and the nature of the locality could hardly fail to attract the attention of any one ascending or descending the river—Pontgrève and Chauvin are known to have stopped at the mouth of the St. Maurice in 1599. In 1603 Champlain, accompanied by Pontgrève examined its suitability for a military and trading post. The first plot of ground occupied was the Plateau, now the centre of the city. In 1615 regular religious services began to be held at Trois Rivières, so that, ecclesiastically, the parish church has an antiquarian interest on a par almost with Quebec and surpassing Montreal, whose first services date from 1642. The city's religious wants were supplied by the Jesuit Fathers from 1634 to 1671; by the Recollet Fathers from this latter date to 1776, and since then by eleven cures. It has been an Episcopal See since 1852, Monseigneur Lafleche being the present bishop. The Church of the Assumption serves as a cathedral as well as a parish church. The actual incumbent is M. le Curé P. X. Cloutier, and his assistants are the Rev. Messrs. Houde and Lamothe. The church is a fine edifice, and much taste has been shown in making the interior worthy of its sacred purpose. In the foreground of our engraving is shown the row of stalls set apart for the marguilliers (matricularii) or churchwardens—a position which was the source of much rivalry in the early days of the Province. Opposite to it (though not represented in our picture) is the pulpit. The altar is elaborately decorated, and the baldachin that surmounts it is of a sumptuous character. The carved columns, cornices, coronal, etc., may also be discerned as features of the ornamentation. Altogether, this church interior, though surpassed in richness by other churches in the Province, has an effective and imposing *coup d'œil* and fairly illustrates the devotion, generosity and taste of the French Canadian people in connection with their faith and worship.

MATERNAL HAPPINESS.—This picture is surely its own interpreter. The mother is happy because her little boy is happy, as he takes his ease in his hammock, and the sympathetic friend rejoices in the joy of them both. It does one good to have glimpses of such scenes which remind us that there are some memories of paradise still in the world, and, with the memories, some hope of "Paradise Regained."

"ROUND-UP," COWBOYS' CAMP.—As we pointed out some time ago, the cowboys of the North-West have a comprehensive association duly organized for the protection and promotion of their interests as a class. It is the council of this association which has charge of the annual "round-up," to which all the stockmen in the country send delegates—the number being in proportion to the extent of their herds. Each cowboy delegate brings with him several horses, so that, when the whole force is assembled in camp, it might pass for a troop of guerilla cavalry. Sometimes 300 men and 600 horses are on the ground, and the scene presents no small animation and some interesting features. Minor "round-ups" are held at intervals during the year, generally in the fall. On the latter occasion the branding of the spring calves takes place. If this were not done, the young steers and heifers would stray about ownerless after leaving their mothers. Our engraving gives a vivid picture of one side of the cowboy's life.

PENINSULA HARBOUR, LAKE SUPERIOR.—In this engraving our readers have an example of the way in which, not seldom in our Canadian West, marked beauty or sublimity of scenery is combined with health-giving qualities, with facilities for sport and recreation, and with physical resources that invite the attention of the far-sighted capitalist. Already Peninsula Harbour has attracted persons belonging to all these classes. The situation is greatly in its favour. It is the first point touched by the Canadian Pacific Railway, going west, on Lake Superior. Generations ago, Admiral Bayfield pronounced it the finest harbour on the lake shore, having no reefs inside or out, and having a depth of 25 feet of water almost to the water's edge. Owners and captains of vessels consider it the safest on the lake, being perfectly protected by Refuge Island, and having an inside and outside channel, equally free from dangerous shoals. The scenery is bold and picturesque, having the characteristic features that have made the northern shores of Lake Superior so dear to the artist and nature-loving tourist. The air is pure and bracing and well calculated to give tone and nerve to those who have become enfeebled by two close applications to business in the crowded and dusty city. A sail on the lake or a fishing tour will invigorate any frame that is not hopelessly emaciated. The nights are delightfully cool. To the disciple of Isaac Walton the vicinity is a veritable paradise. The streams that empty into the Bay yield the speckled trout, in the quality and quantity of which they rival the famous Nipigon. Mr. Langevin, of the C.P.R. Company, was able to whip out 78 lbs. of real beauties in 35 minutes—the average being 2 lbs. Mr. Simpson, of

Winnipeg, caught three fish that weighed an aggregate of 12 lbs. Two other gentlemen (Dr. P. and Mr. H. W.) were fishing off the Slippery Rocks, when the former hooked a three-pounder. He called to his companion for the landing net (as it was a poor place to play a fish) and they observed another fellow closely following the captive. Quick as thought, the net was passed under and the "loose fish" was made fast, without receiving a scratch. These are not mere local fish stories (says our informant) but are authenticated by men who "dare not lie." The convenience of its site, the depth of its waters and other harbour facilities, the purity and freshness of its atmosphere, constantly renewed by the lake breezes, and the fine sport afforded by its adjacent streams, are not, however, the only recommendations of this promising locality. Several well defined quartz veins, containing a good show of gold and silver, have been discovered in the neighbourhood during the last few years; and, although for lack of capital, they have not yet been developed, mineralogists claim that the indications point to large and valuable deposits of the precious metals throughout the entire district. Thousands of furs are brought down the Big Pic river from the interior every spring. Peninsula Harbour has only to be made known to become a rendezvous for tourists, sportsmen, invalids, and those who require rest and recreation. There are thousands who would prefer the wild and rugged highlands of the coast and immediate interior to the beat, dust and fashionable rout of Saratoga and Coney Island. Once its varied advantages are known, the future of Peninsula Harbour is assured.

SICAMOUS LAKE, BRITISH COLUMBIA.—Sixteen miles west of Craigellachie, where the last spike of the Pacific Railway was driven in by Sir Donald Smith on the 7th of November, 1885, Sicamous, the station for the spallium-sheen mining district is reached, at an altitude of 1,900 feet in the Gold Range. It takes its name from the Lake and Narrows—the latter of which are crossed by a draw-bridge. The district around Shuswap, Sicamous and Okanagan lakes is one of the most remarkable in our Pacific province. The approach to it from the east is through a dense growth of immense trees—spruce, Douglas fir, cedar, balsam, and other varieties—all of gigantic size. Caribou and deer abound in this region, and the streams afford ample supplies of capital trout. "The Eagle River," wrote an English tourist, who had visited the district, "leads us down to the great Shuswap Lake, so named from the Indian tribe that lived on its banks and who still have a reserve there. This is a most remarkable body of water. It lies among the mountain ridges, and extends its long narrow arms along the intervening valleys like a huge octopus in half a dozen directions. These arms are many miles long and vary from a few hundred yards to two or three miles in breadth, and their high bold shores, fringed by the little narrow beach of sand and pebbles, with alternating bays and capes, give beautiful views. The railway crosses one of these arms by a draw-bridge at Sicamous Narrows, and then goes for a long distance along the southern shores of the lake, around the end of the Salmon Arm."

OFF THE COAST OF NEWFOUNDLAND.—This is a characteristic view of the much-discussed shores of Britain's oldest colony. The schooner's captain doubtless knows where the break in the inhospitable-looking barrier is to be found, and beyond which lies secure haven. Suddenly to the voyager the rocky wall will open, and through a narrow passage, made apparently by some great rending convulsion of nature, he will steer his course through great precipices, once crowned by formidable batteries, till, when about half way through, the city is seen safely embosomed in its recess away from the swell and dangers of the ocean. The inner scene has already been depicted in previous numbers.

King's College, Windsor.

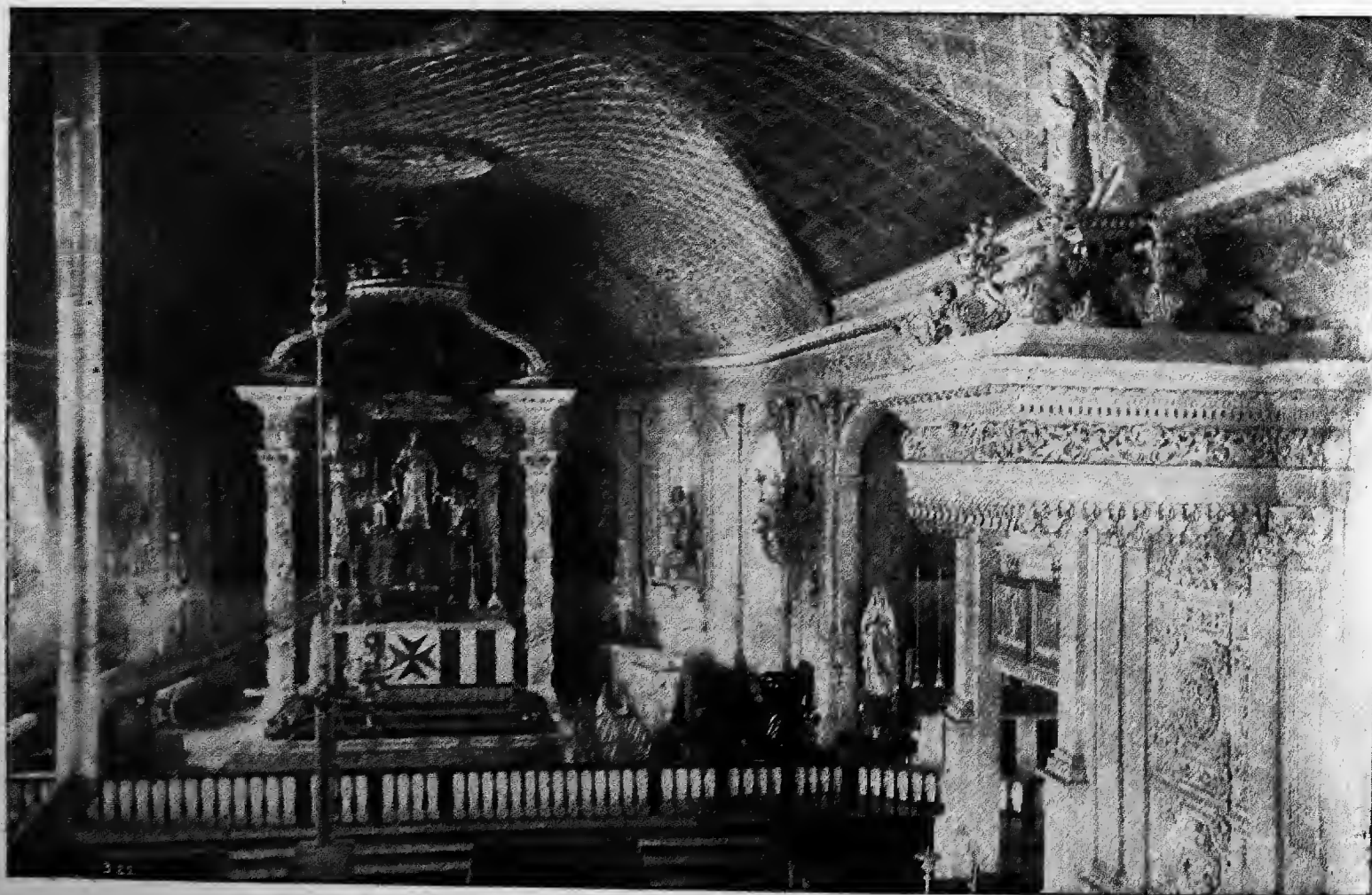
The *King's College Record* for June is worthy to be preserved by all students of our history—of our educational history especially. It is the centennial number. Sonnets—"April in the King's Meadow" and "The Three Elms," by W. R. K.; "Windsor as a University Town," by H. P. Scott; "Historical Notes," all of interest, by F. W. V.; "The Faculty"—the Rev. Charles Edward Willets, M.A., D.C.L.; George Thomas Kennedy, M.A., B.A.Sc., F.G.S.; Charles George Douglas Roberts, M.A., F.R.S.C.; Howard Parker Jones, M.A., Ph.D.; the Rev. Fenwick Williams Vroom, M.A.—by C.G.A.; "Our College Clubs and Societies," by S. E. W. Symonds, Kings College, with editorial matter and correspondence, make up its letterpress. The illustrations add to its value as a memorial number. The *Record* is a fine type of college paper. Always marked by literary enthusiasm and proud patriotism, by judgment and good taste, it worthily represents the oldest of Canadian universities.

A Triumph of Surgery.

Professor Tillman, of Leipzig, has presented to the Berlin Surgical Congress the case of a patient who was regarded by the medical authorities as hopelessly consumptive. He removed the anterior chest wall and the entire lower wing of the left lung which was affected, and thus accomplished a perfect cure. Professor Tillman now considers consumption curable, and the Congress views this operation as a triumph of surgical science.



OLD BURYING GROUND, ST. JOHN, N.B.



INTERIOR OF PARISH CHURCH, THREE-RIVERS, P.Q. (Henderson, photo.)



MATERNAL HAPPINESS; from the painting by G. Van den Bos.
(Photo. supplied by G. E. Macrae, Toronto, Director for Canada of the Soule Photograph Company.)

SHAM COUNTRY.

[FROM PAUL IN WORDLAND.]

A CHILDREN'S STORY.

"Come in here!" said Interjection, stopping before a wide arched entrance, over which some words were written. "It is a funny place—I go in sometimes." Paul looked up. "Sham Country," he read; "I don't think I ever read of it before." But no sooner had he stepped across the threshold than he found himself in a great city full of sound and bustle, of people coming and going, and vehicles of all kinds. On either hand were splendid shops, filled with finer things than he had ever seen in his life before; fruit stores with great piles of golden oranges, pineapples, bananas, pears and other fruit; furniture warehouses with curiously carved chairs and tables in front; eating houses that looked like fairyland with their marble tables, velvet carpets and silken hangings. But they had not gone far when a choking sensation came over Paul. "Stop!" he gasped, "there is something the matter, I can't breathe."

"It's only the atmosphere of the place," answered Interjection, coolly. "Stand still a moment or two, and you will grow used to it."

And in a little while he found he could go on quite well again. Presently they found themselves in front of the largest store they had seen yet. It had two wide entrances, through which the people were passing in a continual stream, and above was written in big gilt letters "Cant Shop." Paul took this to be an abbreviation of candy shop, for the windows were filled with sweetmeats of every conceivable size, colour and form, some built into great red and white pyramids, or turreted castles, others packed in quaint little boxes, or cut in fantastic shapes that were continually suggesting something, he didn't now what. Behind the counter stood a fat, smiling man who, Interjection said, was Cant himself, and very busy the people kept him; he could scarcely serve them fast enough. The women went principally to a counter at one side, heaped up with twists of different coloured paper, that Paul took to be motto candies but which Interjection said were called conventionalities, and had nothing inside. Then there were lawyers with their bags over their shoulders; queer men all twisted awry, whom Paul knew, without asking, to be politicians, for his father had told him they were always one-sided men; religionists of various kinds, some of them dressed in very funny ways. But the ministers surprised Paul most, there were so many of them, and they nearly all bought little images that looked like dolls. However, Interjection told him they were called platitudes, and kept principally for clergymen, who used a great many of them in the pulpit.

As he was watching a man that was eating something that looked very nice and soft and round, and that Interjection said was called bombast and helped people to speak easily, somebody touched him on the arm, and a sweet voice said, "Buy one of my glasses, little gentleman, one of my little glasses."

He turned round, and there was standing by him the prettiest girl he had ever seen in his life. Her eyes were blue as the sky and her hair bright golden, and over one arm she carried a basket full of little mirrors with quaintly cut mother-of-pearl handles, one of which she held up before Paul with a smile. He glanced in it, and was so delighted with his own reflection that he stretched out his hands involuntarily to take it from her, when Interjection caught him suddenly by the arm and dragged him back a few paces.

"Why did you do that?" said Paul, angrily, while the girl turned away to another customer.

"That's Self-Deception," whispered Interjection. "If you buy from her she will entice you into her labyrinth, and you will wander about until your eyes drop out and you will never see any more."

Paul looked with horror at the girl, who had just sold out of her glasses and was coaxing the poor fellow to follow her, smiling over her shoulder at him in the prettiest way.

"Come!" he said, "let us go away. I am afraid of her."

So they turned down a side street. Here there were no shops, and the crowd was less, so that Paul could observe the crowd more closely, and he saw to his surprise that they all, men and women alike, wore veils thrown over the head and falling down on the shoulders. And these veils were very different in colour and texture; for, while some, those worn by the young people, were gauzy and of delicate tints, so that the face looked beautiful underneath, others were ugly, dark and coarse, and so thick as to make the features of the wearer invisible.

"Why do they wear them?" asked Paul. "I should think they would be always stumbling."

"Oh, no," said Interjection. "They are called illusions, and the people like them very much. It makes them very unhappy when they fall off."

The street they were walking on had broadened into an avenue, and on either side were magnificent houses of white marble or different coloured stone, surrounded by handsome grounds.

"I suppose the great people live here," said Paul, and Interjection began to tell him who the different places belonged to. Deceit, who, he said, was very wealthy and of great influence in Sham Country, lived in one of the finest, and right across the road from him Fraud, beside whom, in two houses adjoining one another, dwelt the two sisters, Equivocation and Dissimulation. Far back from the road,

almost hidden in a clump of trees, was Slander's cottage. He was very seldom seen, Interjection said, but had his say in everything all the same. A little further on there was a crowd of people standing before a gate.

"What are they waiting for?" asked Paul.

"I suppose Hypocrisy is coming out," answered Interjection. "He lives here and there is always a crowd to see him pass."

"Let us wait, too," said Paul; for peeping through the gate he had caught sight of a gold chariot before the door, drawn by two white horses, and of a man with a beautiful face standing on the step. Just then a voice said with a sigh behind them, "Ah, it is ever so, Truth wanders unheeded while Hypocrisy rides in honour," and turning round he saw a woman standing near him, whose dress was threadbare and shabby, and who had a pale, careworn face. In her hand she carried a pair of spectacles, which she continually offered to the people around her, but none were willing to take them; indeed, they pushed away from her as far as they could with looks of anger and dislike.

"Who is it?" whispered Paul, "and why do the people treat her so rudely?"

"Truth," said Interjection. They don't like her spectacles, they say everything looks strange and different through them. The woman came up to Paul and held out the glasses with a sad smile, and he was so sorry for her that he took them and put them on. Instantly everything was changed around him. The great city with its splendid palaces had shrank to a miserable village, with here and there a few scattered hovels, the light was gray and dim, and Hypocrisy's castle stood out against the sky like an immense black prison, with iron doors and barred windows. The people's gay clothing hung on them in rags, and almost all of them blind, or crippled, or suffering-looking, with dim eyes and hollow cheeks. And now the gates were opened, and Hypocrisy drove out; but his glittering carriage had become a heavy iron car, and his face was so cold and cruel that Paul hated to look at it. And the wretched people, with shouts, flung themselves before him, and the iron wheels went over them, crushing them, which terrified Paul so much that he pulled off the spectacles hastily, and there was the city again, full of light and cheerful sound and gaily dressed people. And the latter were still shouting and flinging up their caps, for Hypocrisy had just driven away. Paul could see his gold chariot glistening in the sun, and the prancing white horses. Then he turned to Truth, who was still standing beside him, and, handing her back the spectacles, said politely, "Thank you, but I don't think I care for them," and taking Interjection by the arm he whispered, hurriedly, "Come away. Let us go back to Wordland. I don't like Sham Country at all, it frightens me."

And in such a hurry was he to be out of the place that he would scarcely stay to look at the strange things Interjection showed him by the way—Quack's wonderful bazaar, with its hundreds of little stalls, whereon were set out nostrums for everything under the sun, from sham medicines and complexions to recipes for happiness and other-world revelations; or the funny lady, Affectation, who was selling false smiles at a corner; or False Sentiment's handsome booth, with its wares so lovely outside, so hollow within. But all at once he stopped with a cry of wonder. In front of him, at the corner of a street, was a quaint, pretty little house of light wood, curiously carved and shaped. There were tiny spiral staircases clinging to it here and there like great yellow caterpillars, corner balconies with heavy wooden hoods, quaint dormer windows that peeped over the roof in comical fashion. Everything about it, even to the chimney, was twisted into some odd fantastic shape, and everywhere, over the doors and round the windows up to the very roof, were flower and vine carvings, sometimes caught up in festoons, sometimes hanging in long wreaths. But the most wonderful thing to Paul was that all over the front, peeping out from the leaves, craning from under the eaves, lurking in the corners of windows and doors, were carved heads, and these heads never kept the same expression for two minutes together. When he first caught sight of them they were all frowning and shaking themselves at him as hard as they could, then they burst out laughing and nodded in the friendliest way possible. Paul laughed, too, and there were the heads looking down at him with a sad, sober expression, as if he had done something wrong, and in a minute they were all lolling on one side and winking dröly. The windows of the house were wide open, and he could see into a room where there were many little tables, and at these people were seated who seemed to be eating something out of glass dishes.

"That is Fancy Shop," said Interjection; "isn't it a pretty place?"

"And what are the people taking?" asked Paul.

"Those in the small dishes are dreams, and in the larger, reveries."

"I would like very much to try one," said Paul. "Are they nice?"

"They say they are not very good for one," said Interjection; "that if you take many you will never be able for any hard work."

"I wonder if anything is good for one in this place," said Paul, as they went on again to the arched entrance now plainly visible in the distance before them.

All at once a voice called out: "Facts enlarged, facts enlarged. Here are your nice facts made double the size for next to nothing."

And turning round Paul saw a man coming towards them, a large man, with a broad, good-natured face. On his back he carried a peddler's pack, and when he caught

the boy's eye he continued in a wheedling tone, "Any facts to improve, young sir. There's no one can do up a fact like myself. You won't know it again in about a minute. I'll make you a pretty scandal out of a cheese-paring, or a romance out of two hand-shakes and a smile."

"Thank you," said Paul, "but I haven't any of those things at present. Will you tell me your name?" he added, as the man was moving away.

"Exaggeration, at your service," was the answer, and presently they could hear him calling his 'facts enlarged' down a side street.

They were not far from the entrance now, and Paul quickened his steps, for he was anxious to be out of Sham Country as soon as possible, when Interjection said "Come in here," and pulled his arm, stopping him before an immense warehouse with large swinging doors that stood wide open, and through which he could see furniture of all kinds piled to the very ceiling.

"What is it?" he asked, for he had grown very suspicious of everything now.

"It is kept by Outward Appearance," said Interjection. "He sells forms and ceremonies and all sorts of social observances. He gets a good deal from Truth, and some of his things are hundreds of years old. Come in and see!"

But, while Paul was hesitating at the door there crawled round a corner of the building a terrible looking old man. He was bent nearly double over a great stick, and his eyes glared savagely through the tangled hair that fell in foul masses over his wrinkled face. His clothing was ragged and filthy, and when he snarled and shook his stick at them his lips curled back from red, toothless gums. Paul and Interjection were so terrified at the sight of him that they turned and ran as hard as they could, never stopping until they were in the great corridor of Wordland again. Then Paul looked back, but beyond the arch all was mist and darkness, he could see or hear nothing.

"Who was it?" he whispered, still breathless with having run so fast.

"Old Corruption," said Interjection, who was terrified, too, though he wouldn't acknowledge it. "He's always creeping about the lanes and byways of Sham Country, and appearing suddenly and frightening people."

J. E. SMITH.

Fraser River Gold.

Mr. Andrew C. Lawson's scientific report upon the claims of the Lillooet Hydraulic Mining company, which are situated on the west bank of the Fraser River, about one mile above the town of Lillooet, well known as the old Dickey Rancho, and consisting of about 320 acres of bench land at an altitude of 250 feet above river level, will be found very interesting in mining circles. The eastern boundary of the old rancho fronts on the Fraser. Steps are being taken by the company to control a water frontage one mile in extent on the Fraser, and of an average width of over half a mile. It is this block of land which it is proposed to subject to hydraulic mining to recover the gold contained in the gravel of which both the lower and upper benches are composed. Mr. Lawson has carefully examined the location with the object of proving first, to what extent gold is contained in the gravel composing the benches, and second, to what extent it is adapted to hydraulic methods of mining. In the early days of placer mining in British Columbia, the ground was occupied by numbers of miners who, by the crude methods at their disposal, were taking out gold from the surface layers of gravel at the rate of \$16 per man per day, according to information furnished by Mr. Smith, M.P.P., who resided there at the time, and who has lived there ever since. At the time of the Cariboo excitement, in 1862, this ground was suddenly abandoned by the miners, who went north, and white men never returned to the district in any force, but the ground has been mined in a desultory way by Chinese, who, not having complied with the regulations of the Mining Act, lost their claims. The difficulty of obtaining a supply of water has been a hindrance to more vigorous work. The past history of this location has gone to show that it contains gold in sufficient quantities to repay work of the crudest sort. Mr. Lawson received the assurance of an experienced placer miner, who had carefully prospected the locality, that there was "colour" in every pan of gravel he had washed. The present company have made two trial pits on the lower bench, one of which represents the gravel of about 3,500 cubic yards of gravel, yielding \$700—equal to an average of twenty cents per cubic yard. There seems to be no doubt as to the auriferous properties of the gravel in paying quantities. It is estimated that this bench contains 60,000 yards of gold-bearing gravel. This quantity, at only ten cents per yard, represents \$6,000,000. All the conditions of the ground appear, from the experts' report, to be well adapted for hydraulic mining, the gravel composing the benches being stream-bedded and easily washed down and quite free from cemented conglomerate. And the mine being situated on a powerful stream like the Fraser, assists development. The company control 600 inches of water and any pressure can be obtained up to 600 feet. The above records of the mining expert bear out the testimony of Mr. A. McNaughton, of Quesnelle, Cariboo, who has been for 36 years in the mines, as to the richness of the undeveloped gold creeks in the Lillooet District, which, he predicts, will yet eclipse the past record of the great Cariboo country. The public will await with interest the result of the operations of the Hydraulic Mining Company on the Fraser.—*Victoria Colonist*, June 7, 1890.

What the Salvationists are Doing in India.

On Wednesday evening, the 2nd inst., the Barracks of the Salvation Army, which is supposed to seat three thousand, was the scene of a large gathering, assembled to welcome the returning missionaries from Ceylon and India, as well as to greet a converted Mahomedan Sheikh and an ex-Buddhist priest from India. The meeting was delayed somewhat by the non-arrival of the boat from the West, by which the party of missionaries was expected. In the meantime several very pretty young lasses dressed in the Hindostanee costume, out of compliment to their expected friends, marched on to the platform, and, led by their captain, sang several hymns, keeping time with a sort of rhythmical clapping of the hands. Presently a loud commotion was heard outside, and, amidst deafening c'ers and the beating of the drum, the delayed travellers appeared and took their places on the platform.

The first speaker was Staff-Captain Jai Lingli, one of the returning missionaries, who with his wife were both dressed in the native costume. His delivery was remarkably fine, and showed at once that he was a man of intellectual power. In words of burning eloquence he portrayed the depths of darkness in which the millions of India were groaning, and how, when first their little band of four had landed in Bombay, a great posse of police was drawn up on the wharf awaiting their arrival and determined to take possession of them if they disturbed the peace; how, in spite of it all, they marched singing through the streets and were thrown into prison, only to repeat the same on their release. How again and again they were brought before the magistracy, but were finally allowed to march through the streets; and now in one of their temples, in the midst of their grotesque idols, the word of salvation is preached to these people. Marching through the streets by moonlight the people would cry "Here come our Saviours." This was taken up and re-echoed by the little children, and they would crowd round and listen to the story of Christ's undying love for their souls. I saw a man one day seated on a stone and praying to a bit of rag. "What are you doing," I asked. "I am praying to the rag, and then I shall tie it to that piece of string and they will rock my prayers to God." As a result of our three and a half years' labour, we have one hundred and thirty European missionaries, two hundred native assistants and a great many converts.

Captain Jai Singli now introduced Lord Ratna Pula, the ex-Buddhist priest. Slight and of medium height, with bright black eyes, and a face which was one continual smile, he was very attractive looking. He was dressed as a Buddhist priest, the sacred robes he had adopted eight years before. These were made of yellow silk. The sleeves and part of the under-garment were of red silk. Lord Ratna Pula gave a brief account in Hindostanee of how he had been converted, Capt. Jai Singli translating. Like all Orientals he dealt in figurative language to illustrate the change in his life. "In my Ceylon," he said, "we have a bird called —, nightingale, and this bird loves not the dark, her sweet voice is never heard save when the moon rises and then she bursts forth into song, filling the jungle with melody. Like the bird, when silent, was my soul, dark and sad; no beautiful thoughts could burst from my lips for the soul within was dead. But, oh! when the Saviours came, behold! the moon rose on my vision, and I burst into glad song, and oh! I am so happy." Lord Ratna Pula afterwards gave a brief address in English, which was remarkably good, considering the short time he had been learning the language. "I love Canada; I love all Canadians. You know we have two Canadians with us in India." "Three," called a voice from the rear. "Ah, then, it makes no difference. We will say 'three,'" which speech caused a general laugh. "But I not only know the Canadian language, but two others, for, when I was in England, I spoke English, and in America I spoke American." Then he suddenly called out in the most comical way, "How do you like it?" "Very good," cried a voice from the crowd. He then sang several songs in Hindostanee, after which an earnest appeal was made for money towards missionary work in India. One gentleman gave twenty-five dollars, which will support a missionary for a year.

Undying Love.

And can it last—the blissful past?

Will the future the tale of the past re-tell?

For the Fates are cruel, and love is the fuel—

With which they keep burning the fire of hell,
If mortals the evergreen fell.

They will tempt you with cold, the affection withhold,

Yea, the love which gives warmth to the life;

And in spite of our care, in the blank of despair,

They will prompt us to handle the knife,
With eternal calamity rife.

But the spirit of Love will our trouble remove

If we wait for his star in the gloom;

And we'll kill not the tree that was given to be

Our shelter on down to the tomb,

But preserve it in vigour and bloom.

W. M. MACKERACHER.

A Jolly Canoe Cruise.

Having often heard of the beauties of the Rideau route, between Kingston and Ottawa, and feeling well disposed, after a hard year at college, towards anything which promised a possibility of fun, the writer, with three friends, determined to make the trip by canoe.

An excellent stock of provisions, etc., was laid in, particular attention being paid to the "etc." sufficient to last a week, and, on a magnificent day in the latter part of June, we started from the Limestone City, determined to get the maximum of pleasure out of the trip, with a minimum of work. We had two canoes, and, in order to keep one from outstripping the other, we arranged that the quicker should carry the provisions and the other the tent, thus giving the latter every inducement to keep up, while the former would be compelled to wait for its more tardy comrade when camping time drew near.

Lazily paddling up the Catarqui, the first point which attracted our attention was Kingston Mills, a beautiful spot some six miles from the city. The river, which here forms quite a rapid, is spanned by a handsome bridge, and here it was that we got our first experience of locking, an operation which we were to become very familiar with before we reached our destination. Leaving this delightful locality, so well known to Kingston picnickers, we soon passed the garrison, where the famous petrified trees are to be seen, and shortly afterwards reaching a part of the river which gave promise of good fishing, we pitched our tent for the night. Early the following morning we were out trolling, and although not very successful, the few members of the finny tribe which allowed themselves to become our property being anything but remarkable for size, we nevertheless, enjoyed excellent sport, "just missing" some very fine ones.

About eight o'clock we struck camp and once more started on our way. It was a beautiful morning—not a cloud in the sky, not a ripple on the water, so that what with the heat and the lulling sound of the waves, made by the canoe as they gently kissed her sides, we could with difficulty keep from falling off asleep. However, we had to progress some way, and, as a friendly steam barge with its tow made its appearance in our wake, we determined to wait for it and hitch on behind. It soon reached us, and our rope having been made fast to the barge, we were soon merrily speeding along, the bow man in each canoe lazily lying in the bottom half asleep, perfectly happy and contented, and pitying regarding his comrade, who still had to steer the canoe. In this rather ignominious manner we soon reached Jones's Falls, where the view is so pretty that it might almost be taken for a glimpse of Paradise. Just below the locks there is a little bay, and it is necessary to go into it to properly view the Falls, where the water, like a stream of whitest silver, tears madly over the rocks and plunging down, loses itself in the placid bay below. Leaving Jones's Falls we passed through a very pretty country with the trees lining the banks on either side, and the channel hardly any wider than the steamer. We soon reached Mud Lake, which, as far as could be seen from the barge, utterly belies its name, being one of the prettiest of the Rideau Lakes. The channel here is very difficult to follow, as again and again, no matter where you look, you seem to be bounded in on every side by trees, and if you are fortunate or unfortunate enough, if it should happen to be a wrong one, to strike a channel, it is an even chance that you may paddle for a mile or two up a bay and then have to retrace your way. Passing through another lake or two we soon reached Newboro, a thriving little village on Clear Lake. Here we landed, and, after a pleasant dip in the lake, had supper, creating quite a sensation amongst the natives, who saw us on the road to the hotel dressed in white flannels and crimson felt hats. Justice having been done to a very fair supper, considering the circumstances, we again took to our canoes, and a short time afterwards having reached a very fair camping ground, pitched our tents for the night.

The next day was Sunday, so we observed it by not starting till half-past nine o'clock. We had now reached the Upper Rideau Lake, where we had hoped to have some sailing; but the hot weather continued, and there was hardly a breath of wind all day, so we were disappointed. Passing through the Upper and Lower Rideau Lakes we ran our trolls out and were successful in landing, or rather canoeing, several fine pike. About seven o'clock in the evening Smith's Falls, a lively little town on the C.P.R., was reached. There were several locks here, but as it was Sunday we were unable to lock and were consequently compelled to portage an operation, which, by the way, we would much rather have dispensed with. We paddled on till a late hour, on the lookout for a suitable place to camp, but not till about eleven o'clock did we find one, and it would have taken a very easily satisfied person to consider it an apology for a good camping place. However, it was a case of take what you can get and be thankful, so we soon had the tent up, and, tired out, we gave ourselves up to Morpheus. But it was no use. Thousands, I was going to say millions, of mosquitos charged us in mighty wave. They charged us in front, in flank, in fact everywhere.

"Mosquitos to right of us, 'squitos to left of us,
Hit us and thundered."

They must have expected us and passed the good word on from one to another that we were coming and that there was a banquet in store for them, for there they were, and their number was legion. We killed hundreds of them, but it made no difference, there were thousands left. Not a wink of sleep did any of us get that night, not a single eye was closed. Words deep and full of meaning, and which certainly were not hymns of praise, filled the air,

and if they were not proper, under the circumstances they were pardonable. Till three o'clock we lay there victims of a pleasure trip, until at last, unable to stand it any longer, we unanimously agreed to push on. Camp was rapidly struck, and without waiting for breakfast we started off at half past three in the morning, all protesting that this cruise was the last we would ever take. However, beautiful weather, a good breakfast, further down the river, and the feeling of delight at escaping from our tormentors soon cheered us up, and when lunch-time arrived we were as merry as ever and fully prepared for the spread which old Tom Payne served up to us at Merrickville. That night it seemed as if we were in for a repetition of our experience of the night before, but luck smiled on us in the shape of a jolly old farmer, who not only allowed us to camp on his ground, but helped us in every way he could, and what with the stories he told us round our camp fire of many deeds of valour in the old hunting days, when Canada was not so thickly populated as now, and large game was something besides a memory of the past, contributed much towards making it the pleasantest night of the trip. Leaving our kind hosts, for such they really were, early the next morning we started on our last day's paddle of the cruise. Rapidly passing down the Rideau, we soon passed the little village which bears the name of England's greatest soldier, the hero of Waterloo, on past Manotick and Burritts Rapids, the famous fishing grounds, past neat looking, well kept farm houses to Black Rapids. Through all this part of the river there is excellent fishing, and, as it happened to be Dominion Day, we met a great many parties engaged in pic-natorial and picnic pursuits, all of whom seemed to be enjoying themselves and doing honour to our Canadian holiday.

Leaving Black Rapids, we soon reached Hog's Back, though why it should have such an uninviting appellation none of us could understand. The magnificent towers of the Parliament Buildings at Ottawa now loomed into view, and in another hour, after passing St. Louis Dam and Lansdowne Park, we arrived, tanned, burnt and mosquito-bitten, but otherwise safe and sound, at Andy Jones's well known boat-house, four days and six hours from the day we left Kingston, each and all agreeing that it was one of the pleasantest trips we had ever taken and with a full intention of trying it again, though at some time when our friends, the mosquitos, would not be in such an inimical frame of mind.

J. F. E. J.

Advertise Your Town.

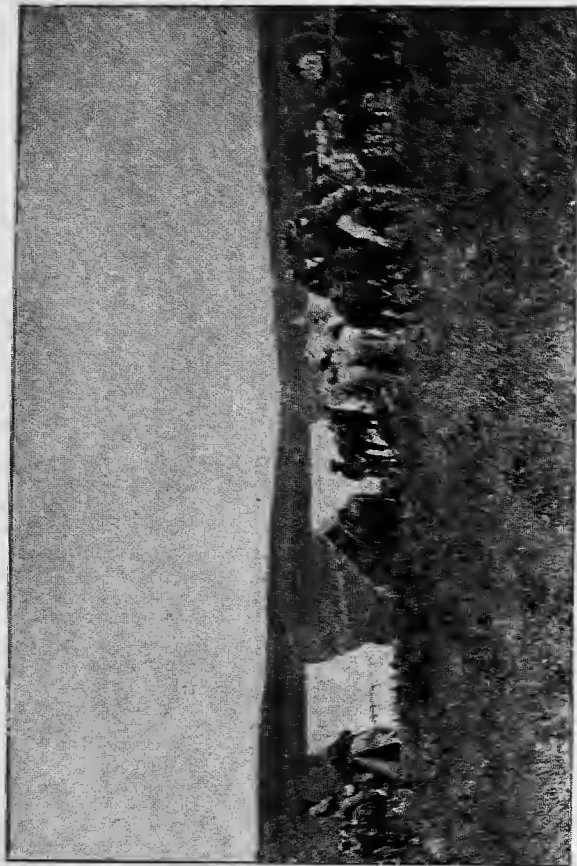
Under this heading, which conveys advice which is as seasonable to certain parts of Canada as it is to the neighbouring States, a New England paper presents the following facts and suggestions:

The fashion of advertising towns, or "booming" them, to use a general and expressive term, is on the increase, especially in the South, which is just now attracting millions of New England capital. The plan is certainly a good one, for if there is any virtue in advertising at all, as applied to individual business, there must be when greater sums are expended in the line of public development. The West and South have demonstrated beyond a doubt that it does pay. In no instance has it been reported that a town has wasted money where it systematically set about attracting new industries and people.

One of the latest converts to the doctrine is Salt Lake City, which, with the fall of Mormonism, is making rapid strides to the front in the march of industrial progress and social development. That city has just raised \$40,000 for advertising purposes, all of which will be expended in Eastern papers, a New York issue receiving \$2,000 for a single page write-up. A Colorado town of the size of Ware has done even better than this, its business men having raised \$50,000 and hired an expert agent to expend it. These are only two out of a score or more illustrations of town energy and business sagacity combined for the furtherance of home interest.

As indicated, nearly all the money and new blood flowing into these enterprising places comes from New England, which is more than conservative when aid is asked for the promotion of some plan, the course of which can be watched from day to day, and its success immediately felt by the whole community in many ways. No wonder the young men and young women leave the farm and workshops of the East, and follow the lead of their fathers' investment. The way to keep your children at home is to keep your money at home, and employ it in giving them profitable work.

We are glad to see so able a paper as the Providence Telegram interested in this movement. It truly says that the reason New England does not boom is because New England does not advertise. There is the whole problem in a nutshell. There are hundreds of opportunities in New England which might be made to yield as good returns as these Southern and Western lands and mines, if the same energy and methods were employed to bring them to the attention of investors and develop them. What town, city, State or Company in New England employs the push and energy manifested in hundreds of southern and western enterprises? How does New England expect to get on in these pushing times unless she push as hard and as intelligently as other sections? The only thing needful for New England is that it be advertised, pushed, boomed. When New England gets to the point where it is willing to enter the race and train for competition upon even terms it will get its money for its own enterprises. Not before.—*Monson (Mass.) Mirror.*



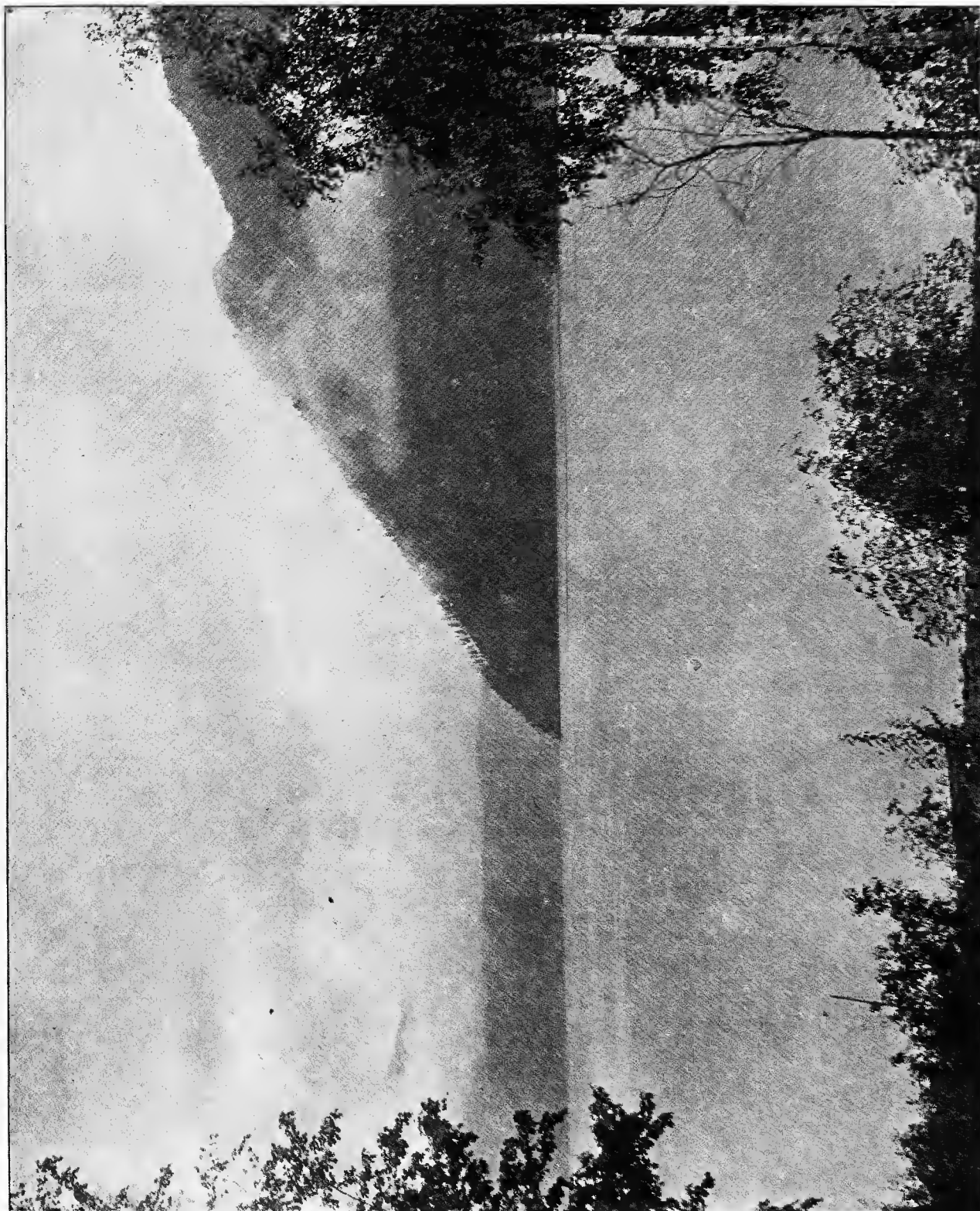
ROUND UP CAMP, ALBERTA. (Boorne & May, photo.)



COWBOY AND HIS HORSE, ON AN ALBERTA RANCH. (Boorne & May, photo.)



PENINSULA HARBOUR, LAKE SUPERIOR. (J. Forde, photo.)



PIGEON LAKE IN THE CANADIAN ROCKIES: EARLY MORNING. (Wm. Notman & Son, photo.)



SHEET-IRON HOUSE.—A system of building houses entirely of sheet-iron has been communicated to the Society of Architecture in Paris. The walls, partitions, roofs and wainscoting are composed of double metallic sheets, separated by an air mattress, which is surrounded by different non-conductors of heat.

THE SPEED OF FISHES.—As a general rule, it is said to be a very difficult matter to gauge the speed of fishes. The fast fishes are trim and pointed in shape, with their fins close to their bodies. The dolphin and bonito are thought to be the fastest; and, although their speed is not known, they are fully capable of twenty miles an hour.

TANNING BY ELECTRICITY.—It is reported that in France a process has been invented by which leather is tanned by electricity in from 24 to 95 hours. The hides are placed in large cylinders with a decoction of tannin, and an electrical current passed through the drum, which revolves slowly. The leather is more pliable and of greater strength.

AN EXPLOSIVE PLANT.—In Mexico there is a small Euphorbiaceous tree, named *Hura crepitans*, which ejects its seeds from the capsules with a very loud and disagreeable noise. Dr. Schrenk, of Mount Carmel, Ill., has discovered that the *Euphorbia marginata* of the Western plains—the "Snow on the Mountain" of our gardens—does the same on a small scale. The seeds on expulsion are thrown six feet.

DURABILITY OF ROMAN MASONRY.—"In old Roman masonry work," says *Engineering News*, "the several blocks of stone were united by strong iron clamps, which effectually prevented the formation of cracks. To avoid corrosion of these clamps, they were thickly coated with lead, which seems to have proved an excellent protection. Recent excavations near Moirans, France, which laid bare the remains of some Roman water conduits, are said to show this in a striking manner. Several large square blocks of dressed stone, weighing in the neighbourhood of a hundred-weight each, which were there found, were united by such lead-covered clamps, which had become so firmly imbedded that the blocks could be separated only by blasting. The iron, even after the lapse of eighteen centuries, is said to have been in a good state of preservation."

THE WOOD SUPPLY OF GREAT BRITAIN.—From a paper recently read by Dr. W. Schlich we learn that about twelve million pounds sterling are paid every year for timber by the British Empire, and the author pointed out that the United Kingdom had waste land amounting to over 26,000,000 acres, one-fourth of which would be sufficient to produce all the ordinary timber now imported into the country. Part of this was, of course, wanted for other purposes; but still, if systematic forest management were introduced, a great deal of timber might be produced. The author urged that, in spite of the constitutional aversion of Englishmen to State interference in anything like an industry, it was most essential that energetic steps should be taken to prevent the serious consequences that would arise from a failure of the wood supply of the Empire. Nominal interference only would be disastrous. The forests must be treated in a systematic manner and the State should either set aside certain areas for forest purposes or by legislation take upon itself the management of communal and even private woodland. He pointed out the great improvement which had recently taken place in India since the Forests Departments had been reorganized, and a competent staff of officers provided, to be reinforced by those educated at Cooper's Hill College. Dr. Schlich also placed before his hearers an exhaustive account of the action of the Australian colonies with regard to the regulation of wooded lands by the State, contending that in no case had sufficient steps been taken to ensure a lasting and continuous supply of timber.—*Industries.*

GAS-RESISTING PLANTS.—Those who reside in urban and suburban districts, and make use of gas for lighting their rooms and apartments, know to their cost that comparatively few plants will thrive for any length of time under such conditions. Ferns of the hardier kinds will retain their freshness for a week or two; but even these will gradually assume a yellowish or sickly hue, and eventually die. The same with the numerous other subjects that town lovers of flowers are persuaded to buy of itinerant hawkers. There are, however, a few good plants that we can safely recommend for the embellishment of rooms, even though they are lighted and heated by gas. The best of them, perhaps, is the variegated parlour palm (*Aspidistra lurida variegata*). There is also a green-leaved variety of the same subject suitable for a like purpose. Then the cabbage palm (*Corypha australis*), date palm (*Phoenix dactylifera*), bungalow palm (*Seafartha elegans*), fan palm (*Chamærops excelsa*) and the dwarf fan palm (*Chamærops humilis*) are all well adapted for growing in rooms. The same may be said of the india rubber plant (*Ficus elastica*), providing the temperature does not fall below 40 deg. in winter, Australian silky oak (*Grevillea robusta*), and the hardy dragon trees (*Dracæna indivisa*, *Dracæna congesta*). Care, of course, must be taken in regard to the watering, or even these will succumb; but, providing this is judiciously performed, no one need hesitate to attempt the culture of any of the above in their rooms.—*Amateur Gardening.*

THE ARCTIC CITY.

A.D. 2190.

To divulge the means would be to betray a discovery communicated to me by a scientist who thought he was famous for his inventions, but was yet afraid to publish his method of looking into the future, in case his fellow mortals should set him down as mad, like Brown-Séquard.

I was transported three hundred years into the future and saw around me the altered city of Montreal.

Its unearthly magnificence appalled me, knowing the world only as it had been so many centuries before. Its edifices towered, apparently, into the very clouds, along avenues of vast beauty. One had a front of polished black porphyry, while its entrance was an arch a hundred feet broad. Its neighbour was built of great, bold, greenish blocks of glass. Next that, a third rose dreamlike in traceries of different coloured marbles, far eclipsing the elegance of our great white Cathedral of St. Ambrose of Milan. Glorious sweeps of recessed balconies with gardens upon them, added to the palatial grandeur of these edifices. Nor did they darken the streets, for a soft light, independent of the sun, was diffused imperceptibly from under all their cornices and projections, adding an appearance to them suggestive of Arabian Nights. Gardens and parks were introduced everywhere at short distances, as well as on the roofs and terraces of the buildings. The entire island, twenty-one miles long by eight wide, was included in this great city, which revealed tall vista after vista. It contained sixteen million souls. Of the many further details—products of a mighty science—which met my eyes, I may but mention, as the season was Christmas, that the avenues and squares were spanned with an unbroken covering of crystal arches, within which the town manufactured a summer climate in spite of December.

The Canadians of that day as I saw the—

"Let us introduce ourselves," said a voice at my side, "a man of the twenty-second century to the representative of the nineteenth. I see you are the first to use the method of the study of history by transference. As a specialist of that method among ourselves, I have been observing you make the transition, and come here to meet you."

The smiling eyes which met mine belonged to a straight, graceful man, clothed in a light Elizabethan costume and a short silk mantle thrown across his shoulders.

I answered him, bewildered.

"Our age must seem to you like a dream," said he. "It was so with me the first time I went into the past. Come to my home in the Arctic and be my guest."

"Good heavens, it is an opium vision!" thought I. But he had turned, and I followed.

"What's this?" I asked, in trepidation, hesitating to enter the kind of *salon* into which he led, where many, costumed like himself, were placing themselves.

"Fear nothing in our life," he said. "We have overcome all chances of accidents. Your 'wrecks' and 'catastrophes' are but painful incidents of history to us. This is the projectile for Toronto—which takes the place of your railway trains. By means of an explosive, as was romanced of by Verne, this car, externally oval, will be shot to a height of seventy miles above the cloud-line and fall at Toronto into a receptacle which receives it on a cushion of air controlled by water. The principle produced in your day, the marvellous water-balance elevator."

A tremour passed through the *salon*.

"In three minutes," said he, looking at a time-piece in the ceiling, "we shall be in Toronto."

I rushed to the strong window which I saw in the floor and gazed down transfixed, as we rose above the mists and lands across which we were darting with frightful swiftness. At our highest elevator it was possible to make out for a short time the outlines of the St. Lawrence River on the snowy expanse, by its dark water. Things blurred again, there was a slight shock, the door slipped back, and we walked out into a city such as we had left—Toronto.

By a second projectile, we were "shot through" to Winnipeg, then across crowded plains to Prince Albert, and so forth, and finally into the great City of Logan, on the Arctic coast, at the mouth of the Mackenzie River, then bound in ice. I knew by the darkness of the window on the last stage of the journey that we had entered the range of the long Polar night of winter. The unearthly tales of desolation, starvation and cold, which I used to read with a shuddering fascination in the narrative of Kane, crowded into my memory, and though I am stoical—even brave—by constitution, my heart fell. I wished myself back in my own lifetime. A sensation as if I were falling sheer down the well of a prodigious elevator came over me, and I involuntarily cried out.

The passengers, whom I had hitherto scarcely noticed, except as part of the scene, rose and came around me. The noble kindness of their glances created a glow of peace about. It was happiness to have such beautiful people look in my face, and I forgot all fear. "Who is he?" they whispered among themselves, but refrained from asking aloud. My friend bade me take heart a few moments. Shortly the projectile stopped, opened its portal, and revealed a Paradise of architecture and foliage. Human ingenuity had conquered the Polar conditions! This was the Arctic City of Logan!

My protector, Brander, for such was his name, descendant of an ancient Icelandic family of Manitoba—led the way through the avenues and talked to me with interest equal almost to mine.

"The modern world holds your generation deservedly in

honour. It was by standing firm to your nation, and the Empire, that progress and fraternity have advanced so swiftly in the world. The fruit of strong living by early men has always been reaped by later time."

"How is that? What has taken place us?"

"Your having held to the Empire, as your traditions taught you, kept it together at a critical period. The completion of the civilization of India was made possible. The Dominion of Australia grew into stability and wonderful greatness. Likewise the Dominion of Africa. We of Canada, well, you see us. Friendship and reason brought the United States once more into Anglo-Saxon alliance."

The twentieth century saw the dissemination of civilization to the whole of man. By its close, the Tribunal of Nations had made universal peace a fact, Comity of Courts established universal justice; one scientific education, one scientific theology, were freely accepted everywhere; the high development of machinery abolished the disadvantages known as poverty and thus achieved Socialism. To-day, you see us living where and how your fathers would never have dreamt of."

A marvellous city was this Logan. Touch the walls wherever you were—in the streets, in the chambers, in your private study—telephonic and "electro-visual" connections with any other place or person responded. All earth, Brander explained, was covered with a vein-work of electrical devices.

He touched an ornamental stone flower on the side of a building. Right on the street wall, a mirror-like picture sprang to view, of the stupendous machinery of giant fly-wheels and Titanesque swift-running coils, by which the public works of Logan were kept in operation. "Machinery does all our work except that of the brain," he remarked.

"Then," exclaimed I, "I understand the swiftness of your progress and the brightness of your powers, for leisure is the air and water of high thinkers. Would that your forefathers understood that better!"

"General leisure alone would be ruinous. The human sapling needs to be pruned and digged about to its very maturity. We have kindergartens and gymnasia. After those, this."

Wise though he was, he bowed with the deference due by a younger to an elder, and touched the stone flower again, while a view sprang to sight of a garden that might have been the Academia of Plato in ancient Athens. There men robed in Greek costume walked discoursing with one another, along paths beautiful with statues and cypress trees, and one, standing on the steps of a temple, spoke to a number of what the new sages had learnt about immortality. I heard his words.

The Modern shut off the scene quietly, and we sped—I know not how, except that it was by some consequence—to the edge of the town towards the north, into a hall in which were many of his people. It was the Town Hall. Space prohibits telling of its wonders; of daily life in the city, as I saw it; of the industries and resources of that Arctic region; of its innumerable quarries of rare stones, its gems, peat, metals, summer cattle-grasses, seal farms and ice supplies, its tourist and summer travel, its relations with the teeming Provinces of the Saskatchewan.

We mounted in an elevator moved without guidance to the top of the tower, which rose twelve hundred feet above the covering of the town, and looked out on the one side on a thousand luminous colonies of the city, sunk in the thick plains of snow, and on the other upon the tremendous, silent icebergs of the Polar Sea. The brilliant gleam of part of a full moon, shining over the shoulder of a jet-black cloud, illuminated two of these silver mountains and glimmered upon the black water over which they sailed as moving promontories through packs of drift ice. A white bear was swirling on a cake of ice past the nearest. Several wolves reclined upon the other. We heard them crash against one another slowly but more terrible than a battery of thunderbursts. Along the water beyond them drifted others, and beyond these reaches of dim white representing more. In the background was the mysterious darkness of the unknown North.

Solemnity fell upon me. "Had you time," he whispered, "we would loose the crystal air-yacht of the Tower, fly with it into that wild darkness and you should look down upon that spot to discover which your people so eagerly and frequently spent heroic blood—the Pole! But quick! I ask me what question you may, for I see that you return."

"Tell me then," I cried, "what is the greatest of your secrets, you people of such might and wealth?"

"Here it is," said he. "We were swept forth in the crystal air-yacht to the portals of a distant berg which had been carved and sculptured into a cathedral—the playwork of a magic race. Never has anything been seen like the celestial gleaming of that church of light in the Polar blackness, and the internal coruscations of its high shafts and vaults. Many were bending there in prayer, and a great choir of children were singing lustily the old, ever new chant:

"Glorv to God in the Highest,
On earth peace;
Good will to men."

Verily, the clearness of that singing pierced the centuries back two thousand years.

"The greatest of our secrets," Brander loudly cried (but his voice and the music were dying faintly together), "is that material things are nothing, but spiritual things are all!"

RECOLLECTIONS.

BEING PART OF A PAPER READ BEFORE L'INSTITUT CANADIEN, QUEBEC, 1877, BY THE LATE HON. P. J. O. CHAUVEAU.

[Translated by Mrs. S. A. CURZON.]

Then there were no police to hunt up the quarrellers, but at night we had for protection the men of the watch—"Watchmen"—who sang out in a mournful, yet reassuring, tone: "HALF-PAST TEN O'CLOCK. FINE WEATHER!" or any of the hours indeed, together with its weather-sign. If Felicien David had heard them he would have substituted their chant for that of the Muzin of the Desert.

What has become of the poor old fellows—at once so inoffensive and so obliging, ready at any moment politely to conduct to his home any good citizen who, having taken a drop too much, had mistaken a stone staircase for a sofa, or the dark intervals between them for a flight of steps to the Lower Town. I never could comprehend how they managed to carry all the luggage with which they were encumbered. The species is lost. Perhaps they had three hands. They carried a rattle, a dark lantern, and a club, and sometimes a long gaff with which to take thieves—that is, if the thieves did not take them. But thieves were by no means the worst enemies the watchmen had to fear. It was the roughs of the time, who did not fail to belabour them terribly on every possible occasion. And where are all the wags of scapegraces who played so many pranks, more or less deserving of the gallows, upon our good citizens? Who at night wrenched knockers off doors—there were no door-bells then—put out the street-lamps, and changed with intentional roguery the signs on a street? Some folks now want to make out that there are similar goings-on at present on Champlain street, and several of our papers have taken our young men severely to task about it. I cannot believe it of them, however; they are too sober, too studious, too much taken up with politics. If anything of the kind occurs now it must be those scamps of by-gone times who return occasionally to their old haunts—and, between ourselves, that is no doubt the reason why the police never catch any of them.

These harem-scarems had also a mania for disguising themselves as demons and intruding upon balls held at country inns, where, in spite of themselves, they became the auxiliaries of the *curé* by the terror they inspired. One night four or five of these gentlemen so disguised made the tour of the city in a sleigh drawn by two black horses. They came upon a fellow who was sleeping off his rum in a snowbank. They seized him and put him to bed yet asleep in the midst of them. Soon roused by the jolting and ready to die with fear, the man made a great Sign of the Cross. Instantly four strong arms lifted him up and he was pitched into another snowbank, very sensible of the claws at the ends of the demons' fingers.

The story is vouched for by one perfectly convinced of its correctness. O! the good old times and the admirable folks! Nevertheless, there are those who deserve our sympathy much more than these. They are the relations of the merry youths—the honest shopkeepers who had amassed, pistole by pistole, the fortunes that these gentlemen scattered to the winds in so intellectual a fashion. And where are those excellent citizens who held by so much that remains dear to us to-day? Men who filled gratuitously a crowd of civic holidays, who lent their money without interest, at least that which was not invested, or, as they used to say, out at annuity; who were church wardens, members of the board of education, of the society of agriculture, of the fire company—that is to say, of the company against fires—justices of the peace, and likewise inspectors of public works; who gave, one way or another, nearly all their time to the public service, and over and above everything else, subscribed large contributions for every purpose—religious, charitable or otherwise, while their sons or their rogues of nephews, quite unknown to them, were off upon some prank or other. They never thought of going out of their houses after the sunset gun was fired, or if they did, it was only to go down to the House to hear Papineau or Bourdage thunder against the governor and the bureaucrats.

Every week they anxiously awaited the appearance of the *Official Gazette* in order to see if by chance they had been cashiered as justices of the peace or officers of militia in punishment for their latest political freak, that is to say, for having, at some public meeting, proposed or seconded some resolution or other approving of the House and censuring the Government. It is worthy of remark that at this epoch French-Canadians formed but a single party. We had not yet responsible government, and all the public offices were filled by Englishmen, with an exception here and there in favour of a small class who made common cause with them.

Where also are the bureaucrats of whom I spoke just now?—so hated, and somewhat more arrogant, perhaps, than need be, but in their social life polished, sociable, hospitable, who merrily threw out at the window the money they earned, or did not earn—so merrily, indeed, that little or none remained for those who knocked at the door—the tailor, the butcher, the baker, for instance.

There are still a few of them among us, but instead of the rule they are the exception. And where are the "Garrison belles," so disdainful of the civilian youth and so attracted by a red coat and epaulettes; always ready to go, no matter how heavy the snow storm, for a picnic to Karska Hanel's or the Cape Rouge, to Loretto, or to the Falls of Montmorency? Where are the great ladies—so

formal, so richly attired, so devout and so worldly, who observed Lent so severely,—and what a Lent it used to be then!—but who, when carnival week came, arrived at church in the middle of the sermon—trippingly, almost dancing indeed, to hear the mass of the *Credo*, a Mass now relinquished, among many other customary usages. But where—as an old French poet writes—"Are the snows of others years?" Upon our hair, doubtless.

Let us get back to our Legends, from which we have not wandered so far as we might think. Many things among those we have so rapidly sketched which appear to us as but of yesterday, are quite strange to numbers of my hearers—soon they will have become legendary. Some may re-appear, perhaps, for it is frequently of the old that we make the new.

Thus it has happened with the Midnight Mass at Christmas, which had ceased to be celebrated, in the towns at least, for forty years. At Montreal they have begun again to sing the *Guignolle* on New Year's Eve, an old usage that had long fallen into desuetude. These are two good points to the credit of our times.

THE END.

From the Valley of the St. Francis.

First of all, a feeling pulsed into the air, just enough for us to know it was there, the promise of spring! And then the birds came, and the branches began to appear bushier against the bright blue sky, and the brooks burst from their bondage of ice and snow and tumbled merrily down the hills, as though this were their first taste of freedom, and all Nature took up her glad, exultant cry—"The spring has come; the summer will soon be here!"

Just so has she sung the same sweet song since, and before, that strange man Columbus left the comfortable security of civilization to find a prettier home for humanity. We have many monuments, are true in our tribute to the memory of many hearts of heroism—even Nelson stands, with martial air, overlooking the lovely St. Lawrence, whose waters whispered such wonderful melodies of "The Old, Old Story" to the little French maiden who found favour in the heart which had before loved "not wisely, but too well"—but to Isabella of Castile, who parted with her jewels for this, our country's good, no such evidence of lasting gratitude has been graven.

If we could read the mysteries
Which jealous nature holds so fast.
We then could hear the hundred cries
She hourly utters for the past.

But these eyes and ears we have not, and so it seems only humanity suffers for "the days that are no more."

But, still, living is a lovely thing. We feel this fully when the first May flowers lift their many-coloured faces from amongst the grasses on the highest hills. Such weeny, winsome things—pink! violet! and white! While below, in the valley, slender-stalked lilies and yellow bells begin to blossom.

The river, too, runs clearer, merrier, for its months of restraint, and its banks are made beautiful by the trees just turning to glory. Maples, red with the glow of their unfolding leaves; pale poplars, too tender still to tremble, as they will by-and-bye, when they have left, like children, the unconscious fearlessness of youth behind them? Slim birches, with their smooth white bark, bearing a striking contrast to the brown, rough trunk of each tall elm. Here and there, along the edges of the picturesque St. Francis river, grow bunches of bright crimson branches, leafless, flowerless; yet, adding much to the charm of the scene—a splash of vivid colour from the lavish hand of Nature.

And then, how many robins there are, dearest to us for the legend which still clings to them and causes their safety. Seldom will a hand, even of a careless child, be raised against one of these sacred birds, whose breast, it is said, received its bright blood hue from the bleeding side of "Him who was wounded for our transgressions" so many hundred years ago on that grey morning at Golgotha.

Days follow without a shower; days which are saved from monotony by the ever varying beauties of the sky. Perhaps its blue is unbroken in the morning, but then suddenly, from somewhere, creeps a cloud, a soft, white, fleecy thing, which calls another, and yet another, until they appear like a flock of white sheep at play in a blue pasture. Then, suddenly, the rain comes, and we watch through the windows of our warm homes and say:

"This is just what we wanted to take the frost out of the ground—everything will be greener, fresher, fairer for this long shower; just as a heart is happier after tears."

But, ah! these showers come in the autumn, too, and dull the shades of fields and forests, leaving them brown and bare. But hush! this is May!—there is a promise in every blade of grass, a hope in every human heart—"The spring has come; the summer will soon be here!"

Sherbrooke.

MAY AUSTIN.

W. D. Howells as a Word Artist.

In reading certain contemporary authors, we are very often struck by a skill and delicacy in handling language which is quite apart from the latter's use as a more or less unconscious medium of powerful thought, feeling or imagination. The writers we refer to may or may not possess these gifts, but what seems distinctively theirs is a power of making us feel in some fresh, new way the words they are using and combining. We are not suffered to slip over them on the thought or the imagination, but we are forced to stop, to admire, to recognize in them that beauty and fitness which have made language what it is—the great

staying and transmitting place of the human mind. Whether or no this power is an outcome of modern realism I will not pretend to say, but it is certainly found in a good many writers of the school, and amongst others in W. D. Howells. We may not always care for the subjects he chooses, or admire his method of treating them, but it is impossible to deny that he uses his words well, firing them to his ideas and descriptions with an aptness and clearness rising to the highest felicitousness at times and making us linger over them as we would over a glimpse of pretty scenery or an exquisite tone of colour. And yet we would hesitate a little to call him a writer of genius. Compare him for a moment with some of the older novelists, with the humorous and dramatic abundance of Dickens, with Thackeray, keen and sarcastic, yet capable of so much simplicity and tenderness; with Scott's wealth of romantic incident, glittering like the peaks and coasts of a delightful forgotten country in our young memory; with Hugo, or George Eliot's deep thought music. For all his cleverness of shrewd observation, he will hardly bear the test. We are sometimes conscious of a certain meagreness in his writings, of a failure to grasp life and character deeply and sympathetically enough, of a disposition to make too much of their more trivial and superficial aspects; in fact, we recognize in him often rather the man of talent than of sensibility. Whence then comes this felicitousness of language of his, which is a living flexible thing, and never to be confounded with mere fluency? Is it a genius, a sensibility in itself, a new recognition of the beauty and uses of the individual words, that get so knocked about, so blurred and conventionalized in the battlefield (for them) of daily talk? Why may it not be, since genius after all, wherever it shows itself, is simply a making us see things over again, a putting aside of the veil of dullness woven about us by habit and conventionality, that we may feel newly the accustomed and familiar. And we owe the word artist a debt of gratitude for doing us this kindly office with respect to language, for there are few things that conventionalism so enters into and spoils the force of, both in its grosser forms and those subtler ones that escape our notice. Words contract easy relations to one another, and get into the habit of slipping out in each other's company, whether they exactly fit our meaning or not. We all know how much easier it is to talk round a thing than into it, part of which difficulty certainly springs from our loose grasp of the meanings and relations of words. But the word artist will have none of this. His words, above all things, must fit exactly, and he has an abnormally keen scent for conventionality of every kind. There is an insect, probably known to most persons, endowed with exceedingly long feelers, which it waves about in front of itself as it advances, warding off danger at long range as it were. The word artist resembles such an insect as he moves delicately about language, avoiding conventional combinations or pulling them apart and combining anew until his words start up freshly before us, making us feel inclined sometimes to rub our eyes over them, as if the difference lay rather in our altered sight than in them.

J. E. SMITH.

On the Grand Pré.

Evening, late June, all day the unsated sun
Has drawn fresh sweets from the full-flowered earth.
And drooping, faint, the lily bells, abashed,
Bend low their heads 'neath fringe of tender green
And blooming uplands glow to rosier flush.
Now, sweeping o'er the sea, a sudden breeze
Flings landward its salt breath invigorating.
Lingering, I watch the incoming, restless, tide
Dashing to shore in foaming spume and spray.
And narrowing in its swell the swarded flats
To threads of emerald. Broad acres green,
In billowy waves, for miles encompass me,
Flanked east by scarped and ruddy cliffs, pine-crowned—
And yonder hills and velvet-verdured dale
Stretch to th' horizon, until wearied eyes
Turn restfully to seek the distant blue
Of Parsboro's shore, now dim and misty grown:
With veil of sunset haze. Old Blomidon,
Stern sentinel of Fandy's tide-lashed bay
Throughout the centuries, holds ceaseless watch.
Firm, 'neath the hurrying clouds of coming eve—
Shadows lie everywhere, but depth of shade
Hangs o'er the unquiet sea, and memory's tide
Brings from my soul a little spray of tears
In answering shadow, as the sea chants on
Its deep unwritten music to the night.
And each spent wave echoes the sad refrain.

O! Voice of God! mysterious evermore—
O! heart of man, insistent as the tide
To break its lawful bounds, powerless alike—
No fret nor questioning can overleap
The bar that Mighty Will has set for thee.

Still chants the sea in shadow as in sun,
Drifting to shore some treasure with its sand.
May not these soul-rides cast upon the land,
From out their restless depths, some grains of gold
Through life's rude storms before *this* morrow dawns
When all is still, and the tide's ebb'd for aye?

Gone the sweet day, and scattered, too, my dreams;
Lily, still seaward turned, I linger on
To catch the fading gleam, one more salt breath.
St. Fulvie, Grand Pré.

M. J. WEATHERS.



OFF THE COAST OF NEWFOUNDLAND; A "BANK" FISHING BOAT IN THE FOREWATER.

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Lucknow.

Mr. Archibald Forbes, in his recently published book, "Havelock," in connection with relief of Lucknow, thus describes the dash of the column headed by the 78th Highlanders: "The word was given, the advance began, and presently the foremost soldiers entered the narrow street which led with several sinuosities, up to the Bailey Guard Gate of the Residency. Then, from side streets, from the front, from every window and balcony, from the top of every house, there poured a constant stream of bullets upon the men doggedly pushing forward, savage at their inability to return evil for evil. For, except where now and then a section, facing momentarily outward, got a chance to send a volley into the teeth of the mass holding the head of a cross alley, there was little opportunity of retaliation. The natives, Sepoys, and townspeople, ensconced on the flat roofs, fired down into the street and then drew back to load hurriedly that they might fire again. The very women, in the passion of their hostility, plied muskets, some of them; others hurled down on the passing soldiery stones and pieces of furniture. One woman stood on a parapet with a child in her arms, disdaining in the madness of her hate to take cover, and yelled and hissed Hindoo maledictions, till, having lashed herself into ungovernable fury, she hurled her babe down upon the bristling bayonet points. The Highlanders spared her, but the Sikhs behind them had no compunction, and the wretched woman, riddled with bayonets fell on the roadway with a wild shriek."

Colophons.

At the International Conference of Librarians in 1889 one of the most interesting papers was that of Dr. Garnett, of the British Museum, on Printers' Colophons, or private symbols affixed to the books printed by them. Colophons, or attestations of the execution of a book occurring at the end of a volume, were, he said, much older than title-pages, and for a time supplied the place of the title-page, which was unknown until about 1476 and not generally used until 1490. The delay in the application of so obvious an idea as the title-page

was very singular, but might be regarded as fortunate, inasmuch as the colophon, though less practical than the title-page, was often more communicative. Early colophons frequently gave interesting information respecting the book and the printer which could not well have found a place upon the title-page, and thus helped to elucidate an interesting but obscure department of literary history.

An Historical Goblet.

On January 15, 1815, Her Majesty's ship Endymion captured the American frigate President, and shortly after went to Bermuda, where the inhabitants presented the captain with a piece of plate, and the officers with a goblet, which latter gift was "to be considered as attached to that or any other ship which might bear the gallant name of Endymion." now, at this very time, a new Endymion is being built for our navy, and in the interest of the officers who will probably be ere long appointed to her, the pertinent question is being asked, "Where is that goblet now?" and in the interest of naval *esprit de corps* the question is one which should most certainly be answered.—*Truth*.

Effect of Music.

That which I have found, says Bishop Beveridge, to be the best recreation both to my mind and body, whensoever either of them stands in need of it, is music, which exercises at once both my body and soul; especially when I play myself; for then, methinks, the same motion that my hand makes upon the instrument the instrument makes upon my heart. It calls in my spirits, composes my thoughts, delights my ear, recreates my mind, and so not only fits me for after business, but fills my heart, at the present, with pure and useful thoughts; so that when the music sounds the sweetest in my ears, truth commonly flows the clearest into my mind.

The Essential.

Live not without a friend! The Alpine rock must own its mossy grace, or else be nothing but a stone. Live not without a God! However low or high, In every house should be a window to the sky.

W. W. STORY.

Seismoscopes.

The new seismoscopes, made by Brassart Brothers, of Rome, and adopted at the Italian meteorological stations, are described in the *Rivista Scientifico-Industriale*. They are of a very simple nature, the one consisting merely of an iron rod, about 5 inches long, leaning slightly against an adjustable screw support near its middle, and with its lower pointed end in a cup. When a shock or tremor occurs, the rod falls away from its support, and is caught by a fixed metallic ring, making electric contact and ringing a bell. In the other instrument the ring is connected with a hinged lever arrangement, which stops the mechanism of a timepiece, showing when the shock occurred.

HUMOROUS.

SHE DIDN'T OBJECT.—W. Childers Kydd (looking for board): Oh, I forgot to mention that two of my party of four are small children. I hope that will make no difference. Mrs. Hashton (sweetly): Oh, not at all! I shall charge just the same as if they were grown up.

MAMMA (to Tommy): I'm sorry you and your sister quarrelled over that orange and that James had to interfere. Whose part did he take? Tommy: Whose part? He took the whole orange.

MISTRESS (to new Highland servant): Did you tell those ladies who called just now that I was not at home? Servant: Yes, mem. Mistress: What did they say? Servant: They said, mem, "hoo fortinit."

AN Irishman, in addition to his duties as gardener, had the care of the furnace which heated the house. To the irritation of the household, there came a morning, bitterly cold, when the furnace gave forth no heat, for the very good reason that, an investigation showed, there remained not one spark or ember in the grate. "Mike," cried the angry paterfamilias, "the furnace fire went out last night!" "So did I, sorr," returned the culprit, serenely.

THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

TRADE MARK

ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF PARLIAMENT OF CANADA, IN THE YEAR 1889, BY GEORGE E. DESBARATS, AT THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.

REGISTERED.

Vol. V.—No. 107.

MONTREAL AND TORONTO, 19th JULY, 1890.

\$4.00 PER ANNUM. IN GREAT BRITAIN, 21s. 6d.
10 CENTS PER COPY. " " 6s. 6d.



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(Photo. supplied by G. E. Macrae, Toronto, Director for Canada of the Soule Photograph Company.)

The Dominion Illustrated.

\$4.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED PUBLISHING COMPANY (Limited), Publishers.

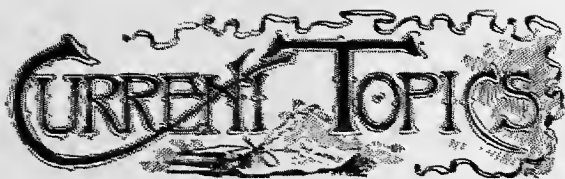
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19th JULY, 1890.



Of the five cities of the Province of Quebec, three date from the 17th, one from the 18th, and one from the early years of the 19th century. We know more about the beginnings of Quebec, Montreal and Three Rivers than we do about those of St. Hyacinthe or Sherbrooke. The dates respectively assigned to the foundation of Quebec, Three Rivers and Montreal are 1608, 1634 and 1642. The history of St. Hyacinthe goes back to the year 1748, when (November 23) the concession of the seigneurie of that name was made to Pierre François Rigaud, Seigneur of Vaudreuil and Governor of Three Rivers. The document was signed by the Comte de la Galissonnière, Governor, and François Bigot, Intendant, of New France. In October, 1753, the seigneurie was sold to Sieur Jacques Hyacinthe Simon Delorme, an officer in the King's service, for 4,000 francs, the deed of sale being registered by Maitres Du Laurent and Sanguinet, notaries. The land was 36 leagues square. Sieur Delorme took possession in 1755, and in 1757 the first dwelling, in what is now the city of St. Hyacinthe, was erected. The place was at first called La Cascade. In 1780 there was a considerable population, a grist mill having been built in 1772, which was enlarged in 1800. In 1817 there were 600 persons in the village. In 1832 a market was laid out. In 1850 it was incorporated as a village. In 1852 it became the seat of a bishop. The opening of the Grand Trunk gave a marked impulse to its progress. It has at present a population of about 8,000, and is thriving apace. Its situation on the Yamaska river is favourable to trade, while adding greatly to the beauty of the scenery. Sherbrooke, which is also on the line of the Grand Trunk, is situated at the junction of the St. Francis and Magog rivers. The first opening in the forest primeval at this point took place about the year 1800, and before the first quarter of the present century had ended, the settlement at "Lower Forks" (as it was then called) had "assumed the proportions and characteristics of an active thriving village." The establishment of an office of the British American Land Company in 1833 added greatly to the importance of Sherbrooke, which grew rapidly from that year until 1852, when it was incorporated. It is now one of the most prosperous centres of industry and commerce in the Dominion and is assured of a great future. We hope in an early issue to place before our readers some interesting evidences of its progress.

Mr. Albert Shaw, editor of the *Minneapolis Tribune*, undertook some time ago a mission of inquiry, the aim and results of which are greatly to the credit of that public-spirited journalist. He wished to learn, by personal investigation, whatever was of most exemplary value in the municipal institutions of the Old World, and, after devoting some twelve months to the task, he returned to his own home with a rich store of gathered facts for the enlightenment of his fellow-citizens. He was much struck with the system that he found in vogue in Glasgow, of which he made an

elaborate study, which he has communicated to the pages of the *Century*. Mr. Shaw begins by a few words of comment on the ordinary application of the word city. To his mind it means not merely an aggregation of houses and people, but a municipal organization as complete in theory and as satisfactory in its working as it is possible to attain. From the standpoint of this definition, he considers Glasgow the first city in Great Britain. It is, of all the places that he has visited in his tour of inspection, the type of what the modern city ought to be—"one of the most characteristic of the great urban communities of the English-speaking world of the nineteenth century. To study Glasgow is to study the progress of municipal institutions in every stage." He was much pleased with the model lodging-houses—clean, comfortable, decent and cheap. Yet so well managed are they that they have proved a good investment. The public baths and wash-houses are another merit of the Glasgow municipal system—the swimming-baths being kept open during the entire year. The gas works have been so well administered that for twenty years they have given entire satisfaction to the public. The corporation has by care been able to make reductions until last year, when the price was fixed at 66 cents. The city cars (tramways), while offering the public ample and excellent accommodation, are under the control of the corporation. The consequence is that the city's interests, which are those of the public, are well looked after. After 1894 they will yield the municipal treasury a large income, without requiring a penny of public expenditure. In the matter of illumination, Glasgow has set the world an example which other cities are beginning to follow. Some years ago the authorities undertook to light private courts and passages, as well as the public streets, and subsequently included common stairs in tenement houses. Though apparently expensive, this plan is really a saving, not to speak of its effects in diminishing crime. Every light is deemed equal to a constable. In other respects Glasgow has provided for the moral improvement of the people—the parks, libraries, picture galleries, technical schools, and other means of intellectual and æsthetic culture, placing it in the front rank of modern cities. And, to crown all, the financial position of the municipality is all that could be desired.

Mr. Blaine's rejection of Lord Salisbury's offer to refer the Behring Sea question to an international convention seems to indicate that the American Government was not quite sure of its position. The note from Sir Julian Pauncefote to the American Secretary shows that both Governments had agreed to postpone the consideration of legal questions pending the attempt to reach a full and final settlement. To this end the British ambassador had proposed an international convention, which Parliament would be asked to ratify. British sailing vessels would be at once prohibited from entering Behring Sea during the migratory movements of the fur seal both into and out of that body of water, while at all other times they were not to approach within ten miles of the rookeries. A mixed commission of American, British and Russian experts would be constituted to consider such provisions of the convention as would take effect at once, and report what modifications or additions were necessary for its permanent shape. In advance of its final report, the commission should suggest *ad interim* such regulations as might be requisite to prevent injury to the fur seal interests of the United States and Russia in Behring Sea; and these regulations would be put in force immediately, though provisionally, by the three powers. If the latter failed to accept the final conclusions of the commission, the report should be referred to some disinterested government, the decision of which should be accepted as final, and the other maritime powers should be asked to give their adhesion to it. After considerable delay the Secretary of State informed the British Minister that his proposal had been found inadmissible. Lord Salisbury then sent a long despatch to Washington, in which he severely criticized Mr. Blaine's arguments, charging him

with inconsistency in reversing the policy of his distinguished predecessor, John Quincy Adams. Mr. Blaine, evidently put out of temper by being proved in the wrong, reiterates the claim that Behring Sea is a *mare clausum*, and urges that the pretension on the part of Russia, to which Mr. Adams objected, covered not simply a portion of the Pacific Ocean, but the whole of it, from the Frozen Ocean to the 51st degree of north latitude, and from the Asiatic to the American side. In any case the United States, having no share in the Asiatic side of the ocean, is in a wholly different position from that which Russia held in 1822.

The whole course of the United States in these fisheries disputes has been marked by one-sidedness and self-contradiction. While seeking privileges in our Atlantic fishing-grounds, to which they are entitled neither by usage nor by treaty, they do not hesitate to set up a monopoly in the North Pacific, which is clearly preposterous, and which a former Washington government declined to admit when another power was the claimant, though that power had the additional plea of ownership on both continents. While disputing England's right to look upon the Bay of Fundy as a closed sea, they insisted on the much more open bays of Delaware and Chesapeake being so regarded. Prof. Heinrich Geffcken, whose testimony may be accepted as disinterested, scouts the Behring Sea claim as wholly unsupported by international law. Of the treaty of 1825 between Russia and England, and the treaty of 1824 between Russia and the United States, the terms of which were virtually identical, he writes that it "accorded the right of unmolested fishing on the high sea, free navigation of all rivers disemboguing into the Pacific and free commerce." And, in summing up, he adds: "These treaties leave no doubt that the two governments acquired free shipping (navigation) and fishing for every part of the great ocean, commonly called the Pacific Ocean or South Sea." That the Russian authorities understood its provisions in the same sense is proved by the fact that, when in 1841 the Russian-American Company applied for permission to send armed cruisers to Behring Sea to prevent the Americans from whaling there, on the ground that it was a land-locked sea, Count Nesselrode replied that, according to the treaty of 1824, the Americans had the right of fishing through the whole extent of the Pacific.

The conduct of those papers that persist in fomenting the agitation of race questions in Canada cannot be too strongly condemned. There is absolutely no advantage whatever to be gained by this kind of controversy. The French and British races have been placed in this country to help each other to develop its vast resources for their common benefit. In discharging that great task there is ample scope for all the energies of mind and body that they can both bring to bear on it. The only rivalry between the two great sections of our people that is at all justifiable is a rivalry in turning to account the blessings with which Providence has favoured us, rivalries of industry and skill, of enterprise and perseverance, of intellectual culture and moral advancement. Whatever victories have been gained hitherto over obstacles that retarded our progress—our gains in constitutional liberty, in the unification of the Dominion, in the extension of means of communication, in the opening up of our waste places for settlement, in the construction of our great public works, in the spread of public instruction and provision for higher education, in the establishment of new industries and in procuring new outlets for trade, and all the other boons which have added to the prosperity of our people and given them the assurance of greater triumphs hereafter—have been won by the happy co-operation of all the elements that compose our Canadian nationality, and by these same elements must the greater Canada of the future be expanded and built up. In unity and good will lies our strength, while strife and enmity can only enfeeble and depress. A house divided against itself cannot stand.

"The Anglo-German agreement has elicited a vast stock of evidence as to the variety of opinions that may exist on any single question. That in the United Kingdom there should be divergence between the two parties was only to be expected. There was like divergence on every development of foreign policy under Lord Beaconsfield and Mr. Gladstone, and in the ministries that preceded them. But seldom has there been such a marked discrepancy between the two extremes of most favourable and most adverse judgments. In the interval between these, again, there is every possible diversity of view, from simple acquiescence to wild exultation, on the one hand, and from mild dissent to violent denunciation, on the other, and the prophecy of disaster on disaster as the consequence. In Germany there has been the same diversity, and so, through the whole European press the controversy has taken every imaginable shape. In France, the mass of public opinion is against the agreement, as in some vague way, a menace to the interests of the Republic. Any aggrandizement of Germany in Europe could hardly produce any feeling but hostility in France. The possession of Heligoland is made out to be a great gain from a naval point of view—a conviction which is, no doubt, deepened by the exultant tone of the German official organs. One paper, for instance, looks upon the acquisition of the island as the fulfilment of the long cherished aspiration of the German people, and cheaply purchased by the surrender of a few advantages in Africa. This has been the refrain of a large portion of the press, and, although it is the utterance of patriotic pride at the removal of a foreign garrison from Germany's door rather than a well-weighed recognition of any real advantage, the French press naturally accepts it as proof of a great renunciation on Lord Salisbury's part, and sees in it a real danger to France. *Le Temps* has, however, given equal, if not more, attention to the African part of the bargain, and declares that there, too, England has been overreached by German wiles, or overpersuaded by some powerful inducement. Here again the German press confirms French suspicion by pronouncing the agreement a guarantee of long enduring peace between Germany and England. And, in fact, this is just the view on which Lord Salisbury himself has laid stress. Does he mean thereby that Germany is so formidable that it is worth England's while to part with territory and influence in order to conciliate her? That is unhappily the impression that has been given to the world.

In discussing the prospects of success and possibilities of failure that lie before the Beet Sugar Company, now being organized in Ontario, the *Canadian Manufacturer* is of opinion that all the objections made to the project can be overruled; that the experience of Quebec was due to causes that have been satisfactorily accounted for; that there is no climatic obstacle, and that there is no reason why Ontario should not succeed in such an undertaking as fully as California or Nebraska. This last point was urged several years ago, when the enterprise was first started in this Province; nor, indeed, is there any reason, either in the soil or in the climate, why the cultivation of the sugar beet should not thrive as well here as in the Western States, or even in Europe. The difficulty experienced did not spring from physical so much as from moral sources. The farmers could not be induced to plant beets—although they were assured that whatever crops they raised would be purchased by the company—instead of the ordinary quota of grains and vegetables to which they had been accustomed. The consequence was that the factory fell short of the expected supply, and much time and energy were wasted. And, as success engenders success, failure engenders failure, and at this moment there is in Quebec a far-reaching prejudice against beet culture. In Ontario they have had no such damaging experience, and, therefore, they will enter on the undertaking with an unclouded forecast. It is to be hoped that our contemporary's sanguine forecast will be fulfilled. Where there's a will there's a way—they have both will and way.

OUR CITIES--OLD AND NEW.

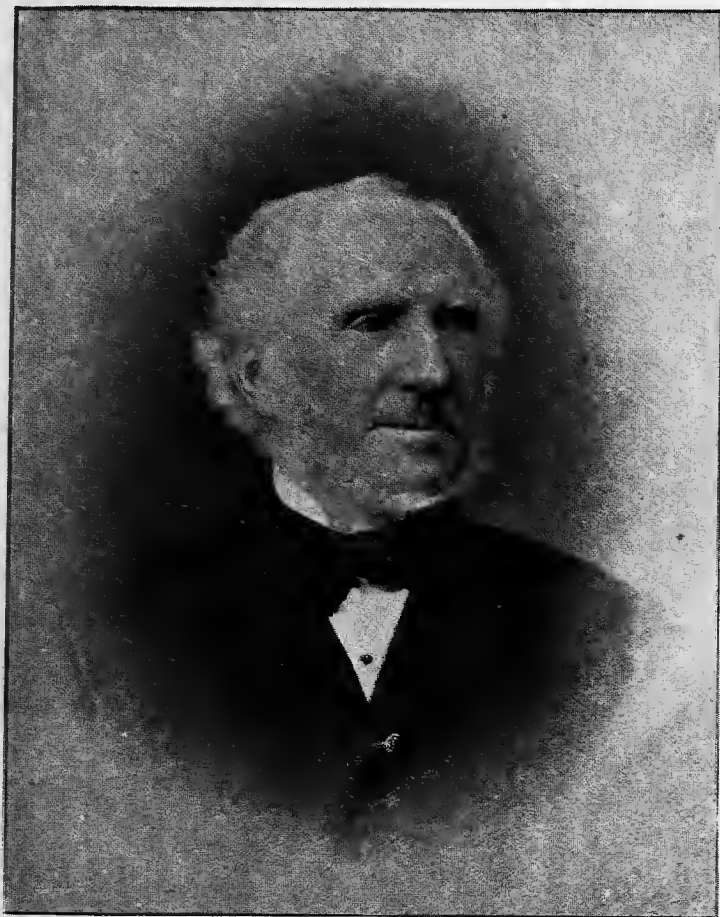
Sir Daniel Wilson, in his "Prehistoric Man," contrasts and compares the early growth of communities in the Old World with those in the New. Whereas the old-world cities have their mystic founders and quaint legends still commemorated in heraldic blazonry, there is little, if any, mystery about the beginnings of our cis-Atlantic towns. And then, taking one of our provincial capitals as an example of the latter, he points out with what minuteness the local historian has chronicled the successive changes in its early development. All our cities are not, indeed, so young as the one thus selected for illustration, and several of those of even later growth have traditions that carry the mind back to dates more remote. In the Maritime Provinces the English, Scotch, German and Loyalist settlements were mostly established on sites which the French had already occupied temporarily or permanently. The same thing may be said of some of the Upper Canadian towns and cities, while in the North-West the localities chosen had, in many instances, been already designated by the French explorers or the Hudson's Bay or North-West Company. Montreal bears a name which has associations with the reign of Francis the First. If we accept the time of Cartier's visit in 1535 as the commencement of its colonial history, it will take precedence of even St. Augustine or Santa Fé. Even if we limit ourselves to the years of actual occupation and settlement by Europeans, our Eastern cities are not all of yesterday, and some of them have a history of respectable length. In most cases devoted students have placed on record at least the most salient events in their annals, while some of them have been the themes of bulky volumes or even series of volumes. Treatises of this kind, which demand considerable research are of no slight value to the general historian.

Another source of information regarding the condition of our cities and towns at various periods, is found in the works of travellers and tourists who record the impressions made on them by the places that they visit, their inhabitants, their dwellings, the amount and nature of their business, their social life, and the intellectual status of their people. In books of this class it is possible to trace the progress of most of our important towns and cities for periods varying from half a century to two centuries. Quebec has attracted most notice from these birds of passage. In his excellent history of the Ancient Capital, Mr. LeMoine makes frequent quotations from, or references to, the distinguished personages, from royalty down to the literary or professional man, who have pronounced judgment on the city of Champlain. Similar illustrative gleanings could be gathered touching all our other chief centres; and, indeed, from the observations, suggestions and reflections of travellers a fairly consecutive account of our growth as a people might be compiled.

If we start at the Atlantic Coast and take a devious trip across the Continent—on such a plan, for instance, as Dr. Withrow has outlined in "Our Own Country"—we shall find as we proceed from town to town that every locality on our route has some special claims to consideration which are either peculiar to itself or which it enjoys in a way or to an extent that gives it an advantage, in some one respect, over the rest of the Dominion. It may be something in the site and surroundings; some exceptional charm of scenery; some natural advantage, improved by art, for the prosecution of some special industry; it may be the centre of a mining, a lumbering, an agricultural district of rare importance; it may have official pre-eminence as a provincial metropolis; it may be the seat of a university; it may be a fishing town, a railway terminus, or a health resort, or it may combine a number of attractions, every one of which is of interest to a class of tourists or to people generally. Possibly, it may possess advantages of one kind or another that have never been developed through lack of capital, of local enterprise, or of that enduring energy that is essential to success. But, as a rule, wherever families have congregated and a town has grown up to a certain stage in population and prosperity, the original settlers have been drawn thither by some feature or features in the situation that

gave promise of more than a mere livelihood. In ancient times security was the main object, and, if with security could be combined convenience for traffic, so much the better. The slope of a mountain, the summit of some almost inaccessible rock, the bank of a river, or a bay of the sea, with possibilities of defence in the land adjacent, were the sites most commonly chosen. Till a comparatively recent period, indeed, the question of protection against aggressive foes, always presented itself for solution, and unless the other advantages were allied with this requisite, art and toil had to supply what Nature denied. Our own earlier towns and cities were founded with deliberate or instinctive reference to both these essentials. The situation of some of our cities could not be surpassed. Quebec, for instance, was long and is still called the Gibraltar of America. Since the railway movement began, however, the rule of past centuries has undergone material modification. The walled city has virtually become obsolete, the methods both of attack and defence having shared in the revolution that has overtaken the art of war. Cities and towns, which in feudal times were fortresses as well as marts of trade, have during the present century multiplied amazingly. In the New World and in our own generation the pace of development has had no precedent in the history of mankind. Wherever the iron steed has penetrated cities have started to life in his resistless track. The western outposts of civilization, which, in the beginning of the century, were on the hither side of the Mississippi, were year by year pushed farther towards the setting sun, till at last the whole vast region between the two oceans had been opened up to settlement. After the first great central transcontinental line had been followed by like routes to the north and south of it, the same results ensued, and now Canada, which had conceived such an undertaking years before it had met with favour in the United States is undergoing just the same experience.

In this rapid development of city life it is difficult to keep trace of these new claimants on our attention. We hear of a city with an unfamiliar name and we seek in vain for any information concerning it in ordinary works of reference, or we find a few lines devoted to it, as it was in the initial stage of its career. Live business men, however, both in the new centres and in the larger older centres of trade have learned how to meet this want. The latter send out their agents and learn at first hand what the needs of the pioneers may be, and lose no time in supplying the demand. As for the pioneers themselves, they do not await the arrival of the tourist or depend on his book for an introduction to the world. They set to work in a different way. They issue special editions of some good illustrated paper with views of their town, its public buildings, its points of scenic interest, its blocks of business houses, and they fill page after page of letter-press with the history of their city's origin and growth, biographies of its leading merchants and manufacturers, an account of its municipal administration, its water works, its schools, its churches, its parks, its railways, and whatever else is worthy of mention in, around and in connection with it. This plan has been found to work so well in the States that it is now coming into vogue in Canada, and those who have tried it have no hesitation in saying that it pays. It is simply a legitimate application, on a large scale, of the ordinary advertisement. The firms that advertise most largely are, as a rule, the firms that have the most remarkable success. Nor are there any firms, however old, however stable, that may not be benefited by comprehensive and judicious advertising. It has been found the same with cities and towns. To the new communities it is—in some form or other—an absolute necessity, and the old, if they would not be beaten in the race, must keep themselves before the world. Of course, much depends on the manner in which the task is discharged. If a city or town allows itself to be caricatured by unworthy cuts, it must pay the penalty. Whatever is worth doing is worth doing well, and pictorial advertising, to have its due effect on the public mind, should be of the highest attainable excellence.



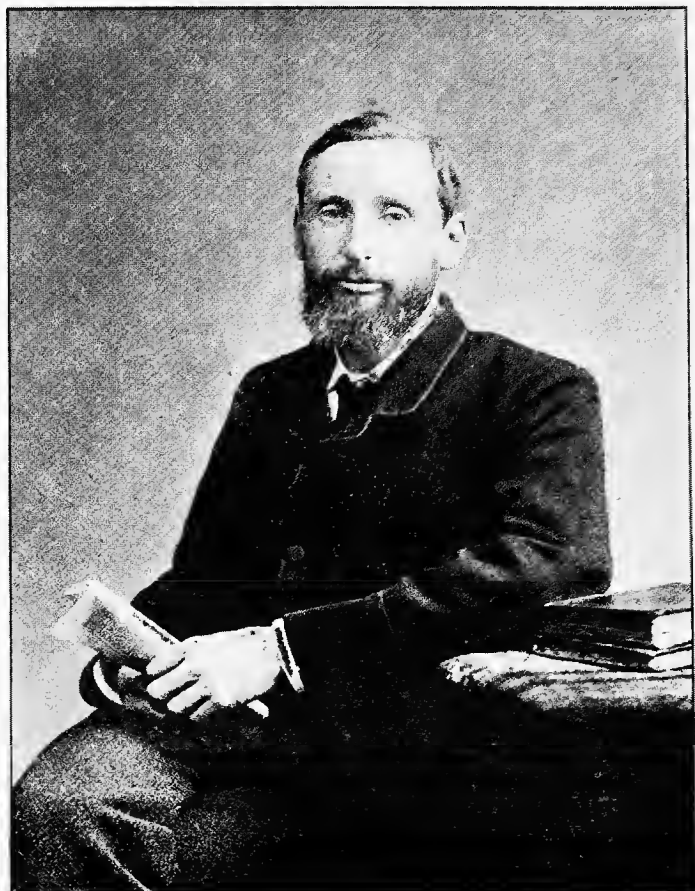
THE LATE JOHN PAGE, Engineer in Chief of the Canadian Canals.
(W. J. Topley, photo.)



SIR GEORGE SIMPSON,
Formerly Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company.



ON ISLE DORVAL, LAKE ST. LOUIS, TEN MILES ABOVE MONTREAL; property of the late Sir George Simpson.



GRANT ALLEN, M.A.



MADAME PAQUET, Soprano, of Quebec.



SUMMER RESIDENCE OF G. W. EADIE, Esq., ON ISLE DORVAL.



A PORTRAIT, FROM THE PAINTING BY J. HOM.—This is a characteristic piece of work by an artist, some of whose pictures have already been reproduced in our columns. There is about it the same clearness of colouring, the same saliency of outline, the same emphasis where emphasis is required to bring out expression and character that we find in nearly all Hom's productions. If not a *chef d'œuvre*, it is a fine striking portrait, pleasant to contemplate and worthy of study as a work of art.

JOHN PAGE, ESQ., C.E.—To several of our readers this portrait will recall a familiar face—that of the late Mr. John Page, whose sudden death on the 2nd of the present month was a source of surprise and deep regret to hundreds of friends throughout the Dominion. By his disappearance Canada has lost one of the most faithful of her sons, a man who has forever stamped the impress of his ability and energy upon the Dominion, and one who leaves behind him in the new Welland Canal, the new Lachine Canal, the system of the enlarged St. Lawrence Canals, and the Sault Canal, now in course of construction, an enduring monument which the rolling years will never be able to efface. Although well advanced in years, Mr. Page's mental faculties were to the last unimpaired. His family has for several years resided at Brockville in a beautiful home embowered in trees, and it was the habit of the deceased every Saturday to proceed there to spend the Sabbath with his family and return to the capital on Monday morning. As, however, Dominion Day happened this year on a Tuesday, he remained at home from Saturday till Wednesday morning, when he returned to Ottawa. He breakfasted as usual at the Russell House and then repaired to his office in the West Block. Passing the office of Mr. Bradley, secretary of the Department, he dropped in for a few minutes for a chat, and incidentally remarked that he had spent the whole of Dominion Day in his study revising the proof of the specifications for the enlargement of the Rapide Plat Canal, tenders for which work are now being asked. He also observed that he never felt in better health in his life. Mr. Page then proceeded to his office. Having hung up his hat, he walked to the desk, and started to lift up the cover as Mr. G. A. Mothersill, his chief clerk, entered the room through the connecting door. As Mr. Page attempted to lift the cover, being in a standing position, he stumbled and fell. Mr. Mothersill ran forward, picked him up and placed him in his chair and then sent a messenger for a doctor. Supposing Mr. Page to be in a fainting fit from the heat, Mr. Mothersill threw water in his face. Under the effect of this Mr. Page revived slightly. In the meantime Dr. Consens arrived, and shortly afterwards Dr. H. P. Wright. Both gentlemen did all in their power, but it was evident from the moment they saw him that they considered his case hopeless. He spoke to them weakly several times in answer to questions. He lived only about half an hour, passing away in unconsciousness. The cause of death was failure of the heart's action. As an engineer Mr. Page had a grand record. Born in Scotland on the 9th of August, 1815, he served first under the late Robert Stephenson as engineer of the Northern Lighthouse Board. He came to the United States in 1838 and was engaged on the Erie Canal until 1842, when he entered the service of the Canadian Government as resident engineer on the Welland Canal. In September of the same year he was appointed resident engineer of the Junction and Williamsburg Canals, which position he retained during 1850-52. He then filled the position of Superintending Engineer of Canals below Kingston from 1852 to 1853. In 1863 he declined the Deputy Ministership of Public Works. On the 8th of March, 1864, he was appointed Chief Engineer of Public Works of the Provinces of Quebec and Ontario, and on the 15th of March Chief Engineer of Public Works of Canada. The survey for the Welland Canal enlargement was commenced in 1870, and from 1872 to 1873 the late Mr. Page was engaged in making reports on the enlargement of the canals from Lake Erie to Montreal. On the 10th of December, 1873, he made a report on the proposed Bay Verte Canal. On the 16th of February, 1880, he presented a special and general report on the canals of the River St. Lawrence. He was Chief Engineer of Canals from 1879 up to the time of his death, and altogether had been 47 years in the service of the Government. Mr. Page was married on June 12, 1852, to Miss Elizabeth Grant Wylie, daughter of Dr. Alexander Wylie, of the County of Dundas, by whom he had seven children, four sons and three daughters. Mrs. Page, two sons and the daughters survive him.

SIR GEORGE SIMPSON.—The portrait which we here present to our readers is that of a man who for fifty years wielded a power which, as to the area over which it extended and the interests which it affected, might be compared to that of some of the sovereigns of the earth. It is now thirty years since Sir George Simpson passed away, but his name will long be associated with the closing years of the old régime in the North-West, where his influence was extraordinary. He was born in Ross-shire, Scotland, and there he passed his youth. In 1809 he moved to London and entered into business. After devoting himself to commercial pursuits for about eleven years, through the Earl of Selkirk, with whom he had come in contact, he

was selected to take a leading part in the operations of the Hudson's Bay Company. There was at that time a sharp rivalry between that body and the North-West Company, and it fell to the lot of Mr. Simpson to conciliate the latter and to effect a union of the two. He reached Montreal in May, 1820, and his ability was quickly recognized by the officers of the company here. He was appointed Governor after the coalition, and general superintendent of the company's affairs in North America. His peculiar talents as an administrator found ample scope in reconciling conflicting interests, abating personal jealousies and organizing expeditions. The journeys of Messrs. Dease and Simpson, of Dr. Rae, and of Messrs. Anderson and Stewart owed their success very largely to his arrangements and knowledge of character. The Queen, in acknowledgment of his merits and services, conferred on him the honour of knighthood. Nearly fifty years ago he undertook his famous journey round the world, of which he wrote an account, which is still consulted with advantage both for what relates to the North-West and for the description of old-world scenes. In his later years Sir George Simpson resided at Lachine. In 1860, on the occasion of the Prince of Wales's visit to Canada, he superintended the novel entertainment given in honour of His Royal Highness. His reception as a guest of the son of his Queen was his last public act. He was soon after seized with apoplexy, and on the 7th of September, 1860, he closed his long and remarkable career. In addition to his position as Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, Sir George Simpson was associated with some of the most important of Canada's monetary institutions, having been successively a director of the Bank of British North America and of the Bank of Montreal. In 1830 Sir George Simpson married the daughter of Geddes M. Simpson, Esq., who died in 1853, leaving a son and three daughters.

GRANT ALLEN.—It is much to be able to add new truths to the stock of human knowledge; it is scarcely less to be able to bestow these truths upon the multitude. Among the writers who have received inspiration from the loftiest thinkers of our time, and brought their thoughts in an attractive and helpful way before the people, Grant Allen holds an honoured place. He was born at Kingston, Ont., February 24th, 1848. His father, Rev. J. A. Allen, still resides in the Limestone City. When twelve years of age Grant Allen was taken to England and entered King Edward's School in Birmingham. Thence he went to Oxford, where he graduated in 1871 with high honours. Two years afterwards he was appointed professor of logic and philosophy in Queen's College, Spanish Town, Jamaica, and from 1874 to 1877 he was that institution's principal. Since 1877 Mr. Allen has lived in England, of late years making his home in Dorking. As a boy he early evinced the talents which have won him fame. His delight in collecting flowers and insects and in observing the habits of birds and animals was keen. He soon passed from the pleasure of collecting curious and beautiful specimens to the higher pleasure of classifying them, and trying to understand how they had come to be what they were. It was natural, therefore, that he should enthusiastically espouse the philosophy of evolution, the philosophy which reads in the structure of a flower or the anatomy of an insect, not only its genealogical record, but the story of the interplay of a thousand moulding forces—competitive and friendly. In deciphering the evidence which the strawberry presents in its pulpy fruit, or the butterfly in its painted wings, he has shown how intricate the alliances and the wars of which placid groves and fields have been the theatre from the day when life first dawned on our planet. Mr. Allen is not only happy in his gifts of observation and insight, he is equally fortunate in possessing rare powers of exposition. In this doubtless his experience as a teacher has been of service to him. He never forgets how difficulties loom in the minds of those who have as yet but entered the vestibule of the temple of science; that if they are to proceed farther into its heights and depths they must have plenty of light, a sympathetic guide, and permission to take their own time. Mr. Allen has not only made plain to ordinary readers the truths of evolution as won by Darwin and Spencer, he has made valuable additions to the philosophy of development in his "Physiological Esthetics," published in 1877. This work ably traverses the ground common to both physiology and psychology; and psychology it is which Mr. Allen conceives to be the science wherein he may yet do his best work. His published volumes comprise "Colour Sense," 1879; "Anglo-Saxon Britain," 1880; "Vignettes from Nature," 1871; "Colours of Flowers," 1882; "Flowers and their Pedigrees," 1884; "Charles Darwin," 1885; "Force and Energy," 1888; and "Falling in Love, and other Essays on more exact Branches of Science," 1889. In 1884 Mr. Allen turned his versatile pen to fiction, writing "Strange Stories," for which his Jamaican experience gave suggestion. Then followed "Philistia," "For Mamie's Sake," "Babylon," and "In all Shades." Mr. Allen, in addition to his authorship in books, is a voluminous writer for the press, contributing thereto at times poems of singular grace and felicity. During the summer of 1886 he revisited Canada, renewing old friendships and creating many new ones, for in his case the man is even more charming than the author.—G. L.

MADAME PAQUET.—Madame E. T. Paquet, wife of the Hon. E. T. Paquet, ex Provincial Secretary, and late Sheriff of Quebec, whose portrait we have much pleasure in publishing, is one of Canada's most gifted amateur singers. Descended on both sides from two of the oldest families in France and Britain, this lady enjoys a high

social position. She was born in Three Rivers, and is the daughter of Mr. Charles Auguste Larue, the founder and late proprietor of the famous St. Maurice Iron Works. Her brother was the late Capt. Larue, of "B" Battery, whose fine voice is well remembered by all lovers of music. Madame Paquet early evinced a strong passion for the art which she has so faithfully followed as an amateur. Her preliminary studies were made at the Sillery Convent, Quebec, under teachers of great skill and competency. She soon took a high position among her fellow-pupils. During her sojourn in Paris she embraced every opportunity which presented itself of hearing the prominent artists in the choicest programmes. At Montreal she took lessons in singing, and afterwards went to New York, where she distinguished herself at the academy of Madame Mario-Celli, the eminent professor of Emma Abbott, Emma Juch and other American prima donnas. Madame Celli was enamored with Madame Paquet's voice, which she pronounced one of the sweetest that she had ever heard. She made excellent progress with this lady, and but for family and personal reasons could easily have won a strong professional position on the lyric stage. Madame Paquet sang at the charity concert given in Quebec last May by Madame Albani, and shared the honours of the evening with that distinguished Canadian prima donna. She also sang with Mr. Edward Lloyd, the great English tenor, winning from the best critics only expressions of high praise, the Montreal *Gazette* saying that she "immediately conquered her audience." Of her singing at the Albani concert, the Quebec *Chronicle* remarked with truth: "Madame E. T. Paquet, who possesses a voice which is singularly sympathetic, finely modulated and peculiarly well-adapted for devotional singing, rendered Gounod's 'Ave Maria' in a superior manner. She was enthusiastically applauded, and won great praise by the feeling manner in which she brought out the rare beauties and rich melody of this sublime creation,—an air which tests the skill and voice of all great singers. The test was well sustained by Mrs. Paquet. Her performance merited, in the highest degree, the hearty burst of applause which followed, and when she returned to the stage in response to the encore and sang part of the composition over again, she was presented with a handsome bouquet of white and red rose. She has sung with brilliant effect in Gounod's 'Faust' other operas. In simple English, Scotch and French ballads which touch the heart, she has also gained great applause. Her manner on the stage is pleasing, unaffected and modest, and her voice is a rich and full soprano. This lady's assured social position ensures her always the *entrée* to all our aristocratic circles, where she is a great favourite. At the evening parties and receptions given by the wives of the Governors-General and Lieut.-Governors, and notably at the 'At Homes' of the Princess Louise and the Marchioness of Lansdowne she has been ever a central figure, and with her usual kindness has complied with the oft-repeated request and rendered in faultless manner gems from her extensive repertoire.

ISLE DORVAL, AT PRESENT THE RESIDENCE OF G. W. EADIE, ESQ.—The scene in our engraving, one of the most charming in Canada, has for some two hundred years had associations, more or less intimate, with some of the most distinguished characters in our history. As early as 1673 (as we learn from "Le Vieux Lachine," the admirable repository of the annals and traditions of Lachine and its neighbourhood, prepared by D. Girouard, Esq., Q.C., LL.D., M.P., on the occasion of the bi-centennial of the massacre at that place), the islands of Courcelles or Dorval were conceded to M. de Fenelon, brother of the illustrious Archbishop of Cambrai, who played an important rôle in the controversies of Frontenac's first administration. The property, after undergoing some changes, fell into the hands of Sir George Simpson, with the closing years of whose long governorship of the Hudson's Bay Company it is still connected in the minds of old Lachinois. It still belongs to Sir George's heirs, from whom Mr. Eadie has leased it. As a memorial of an interesting event, which took place shortly before Sir George's death, and, indeed, was destined to mark his last appearance in public, we append an account (taken from the Montreal *Gazette* of the time) of the visit of the Prince of Wales to Isle Dorval, and of the novel entertainment organized in honour of His Royal Highness: On Wednesday, the 20th inst. (August, 1860), the canoe excursion given by the Hudson's Bay Company to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, came off with complete success from Sir George Simpson's beautiful country residence—Isle Dorval—about three miles above Lachine. The weather, which had been threatening in the morning, cleared up in the afternoon, and was everything that could be desired. After the review, which took place in the morning was over, the Prince of Wales and suite drove out to Lachine by the upper road, meeting a hearty reception along the whole route; but more especially at the village of Lachine, where the residents had made great exertions to do the Prince due honour. For a considerable distance pine trees had been planted on each side of the street; a profusion of flags and garlands decorated the houses, and (short as had been the time for preparation) no less than eight or nine triumphal arches spanned the road. The first seen was near the toll-bar, erected by Mr. Duff. Among others, we noticed that at the Hudson's Bay House, the residence of Sir George Simpson; at the Ottawa Hotel; at the Lachine Brewery (Dawes & Sons); and at the residence of Mr. Hopkins (H. B. Co. service). At a point opposite Isle Dorval (also the property of Sir G. Simpson), the royal party quitted their carriages to embark in boats sent up for the purpose from the vessels of war lying in our

harbour. The scene at this moment was unrivalled in interest and picturesque effect—one never to be forgotten by those (comparatively few in number) who witnessed it. His Royal Highness, in warm terms, expressed his surprise and gratification at the demonstration, of which we will endeavour to give some faint idea. The site was well chosen; the channel, less than a mile in width, flows between fields now ripe for the harvest, sloping to the water's edge, and the dense foliage and verdant lawns of Isle Dorval, fresh with recent showers and brilliant with sunshine. A flotilla of nine large birch-bark canoes was drawn up in a line close to the head of the island. Their appearance was very beautiful; the light and graceful craft were painted and fitted up with great taste, each having flags at the bow and stern; their crew, composed of 100 Iroquois Indians, from Caughnawaga and the Lake of Two Mountains, being costumed *en sauvage*, gay with feathers, scarlet cloth and paint—the crews and craft harmonising admirably. As soon as the barge carrying the Prince pushed off from the mainland, the fleet of canoes darted out from the island to meet him in a line abreast, and to the inspiring cadences of a voyageur song. On nearing the royal barge, the line opened in the middle, apparently to let it pass; but, suddenly wheeling round with a rapidity and precision which took every one by surprise, they again formed in line, with the Prince's barge in the middle, and in that form reached the landing-place, when the canoe-song ceased, and a cheer it did one's heart good to hear burst from the voyageurs, which His Royal Highness, with a face beaming with pleasure, returned, by saluting his Indian escort. The Prince of Wales was received on landing by Sir George Simpson, and soon afterwards luncheon was served to a select party, invited to meet His Royal Highness, by Lieut. General Sir Fenwick Williams, who at present occupies the island as the owner's guest. Being a private entertainment, a complete list of the names of those present has not been furnished us; but we understand that there were about forty at table. Sir F. Williams, as the host, had the Prince on one side of him and Sir George Simpson on the other. Among other guests were the Duke of Newcastle, Lord Lyons, Marquis of Chandos, Earl Mulgrave, Lord Hinchinbrook, Bishop of Montreal, Bishop of Rupert's Land, General Bruce, Mr. Engleheart, Major Teesdale (Equerry), Col. Taché, Col. Bradford, Col. Rollo, Mr. A. McKenzie (H. B. Co.), Mr. Hopkins (H. B. Co.), Admiral Milne, Capt. Vansittart, R.N., Mr. Blackwell, Captain Earl, A.D.C., Captain De Winton, &c., &c. No ladies were invited, nor were any present, except three immediately connected with Sir George Simpson, viz., Mrs. Hopkins and her sister, Miss Beechey, and Mrs. McKenzie. Justice having been done to the elegant repast, the party strolled about to admire the beauty of the place, while the band of the Royal Canadian Rifles performed on the lawn, and the birch-bark fleet, in full song, paddled round the island. About half-past four the party embarked in the canoes and proceeded, in great style and at a rapid pace, towards Lachine; one bearing the royal standard and carrying the Prince, the Duke of Newcastle and General Williams, taking the lead, while the remainder, in line abreast, followed close behind it. About the centre of the brigade we observed Sir George Simpson (accompanied by the Earl of Mulgrave and General Bruce, both old fellow-voyageurs of Sir George's) directing the movements in person. Passing down close along the north shore, the flotilla at that point again executed the extraordinary evolution of wheeling round in line, and then crossed the St. Lawrence to Caughnawaga, where crowds of red and white faces lined the bank to see the royal procession pass. After passing along the whole length of the village, a halt was called, and the canoes ordered to head up stream and mount the current in "Indian fyle," till again opposite Lachine, where the line was formed, as before, and the river recrossed to the railroad wharf, where the steamer Kingston was lying to receive the party on board. As soon as the embarkation was completed, the canoes draw off, giving a parting cheer in capital style, which was replied to from the steamer and the crowds on shore. The Kingston quickly cast off her moorings, and, running down the Lachine Rapids, landed the Prince and his party in Montreal about half-past seven, where carriages were in attendance for them on the wharf. We are enabled to state that the Prince, and all who had the good fortune to be with him, entirely enjoyed the whole affair; which, from its peculiarities and successful management, will probably make a more lasting impression on His Royal Highness than anything else that has been, or will be, done to entertain him in this country. We consider the Hudson's Bay Company are entitled to the thanks of the Canadian public for their liberality and spirit in getting up this unique excursion; which, besides gratifying our royal visitor, afforded a most agreeable holiday to several thousand persons, who were enabled to witness the scene from the shores of the noble St. Lawrence.

YACHTING ON LAKE ST. LOUIS—A DRIFTING RACE.—To the lovers of yachting the scene in our engraving tells its own tale. Prior to the foundation of the St. Lawrence Yacht Club in 1888, yachting on Lake St. Louis had been in a chaotic condition. Each boat club included in its annual regatta programme a sweepstake race, sailed under its own rules and over its own course, with no attempt at classification and little systematic time allowance. The club now holds each year a series of interesting races, and its rules govern all local regattas. The time allowance is that of the Lake Yacht Racing Association, corrected length, but the classification is still by load water line,—1st class, 26 feet and over; 2nd class, 21 feet and 26 feet;

3rd class, under 21 feet. Following the example of other clubs, however, a committee is now at work collecting data during this season with the view of introducing a better system of classification. During the first two seasons the racing club did not deem it expedient to alter the time-honoured custom of shifting ballast, but in the autumn of 1889 it was decided at a general meeting to limit the crew to "one man for every three feet of water line or a fraction thereof," and to allow no shifting of ballast during the race. The beneficial results of this change are already seen. The position of the old flyers is little changed, but there is a general tendency to reduce the large rig of the "sand-bagger" and get the ballast outside. The Lulu (l.w.l., 26-6; beam, 10-5; 2-2-3) a typical boat of the shifting ballast era, was built in New York in 1881. After there taking first place in eight championship races, she held the championship of Lake Champlain for three years. She was first sailed here as a cat boat in the season of 1888, and after a series of close contests with the Madge, took the Commodore's Cup with four out of seven races. In 1889 she was changed to a sloop, and although considered a better boat than the year before, lost the championship to the Minnie A, winning three out of seven races. She has this year had her rig much reduced and lead ballast substituted for her sandbags, her length increased, and put into the first class, where she has won the two races already sailed. She now carries the Vice-Commodore's flag. Besides her club record, she has won many of the local regattas. The Minnie A has been claimed by several builders, but we believe was built in Belleville after Cuthbert's design. She has made a wonderful record for herself on the upper river and the Bay of Quinté, being one of the most successful examples of the comparatively narrow boats produced by the old Thames rule. She holds the championship of 1889 and two races in this year's second class series—(l.w.l., 25-8; beam, 8-4; draught, 1-10.) The Ishkoodah for the last three seasons has retired from active racing, although at one time she was to be seen at every race, her former owner, the late Commodore Greenshields, being a most enthusiastic yachtsman, and one of the principal founders of the club. The Ishkoodah is of local design and construction, and is regarded as one of our comfortable boats rather than a racer. The Pearl, a third class sloop, belonging to the Messrs. Routh Bros., is also a local boat, being first known as the Amanda, then the Marga. She has not been systematically raced, but in the few races entered she has shown a good turn of speed, especially in smooth water, even beating some of the best first and second class. She has won two local regattas and has won two second places in this year's series—(l.w.l., 20-0; beam, 9-6; draught 1-4.) The Madge, built by Edwards, of Gananoque, was brought here by A. G. Walsh in 1888, and that season pressed the Lulu very close for the championship, winning three out of seven races, and, including the local regattas, making the best record for the season. She now belongs to Mr. T. C. Davidson and seldom enters any of the races—(l.w.l., 21; beam, 9; draught 2-0.) The Chaperon is a new boat of the first class. She was built in Hamilton for E. S. Clouston from designs of A. E. Jarvis. She is a representative of the type of boat that is likely to come into most favour on the Lake, her draught being about the limit for comfort. She is a modern, powerful centreboarder, with 4,000 lbs. ballast, all outside; an exaggerated overhang forward and aft and a full cutter rig. It is expected that when she gets into racing fettle, she will do well in the matter of speed—(l.w.l., 26-6; beam, 10; draught, 3.) The Valda, the present flagship, was built this year by St. Onge, at Lachine, from her owner's designs. She is in the third class, and, like the Chaperon, is a modern, heavily ballasted centreboarder. She holds the first place in her class this year, having won the two races already sailed—(l.w.l., 20-10; beam, 8; draught, 2-3.)

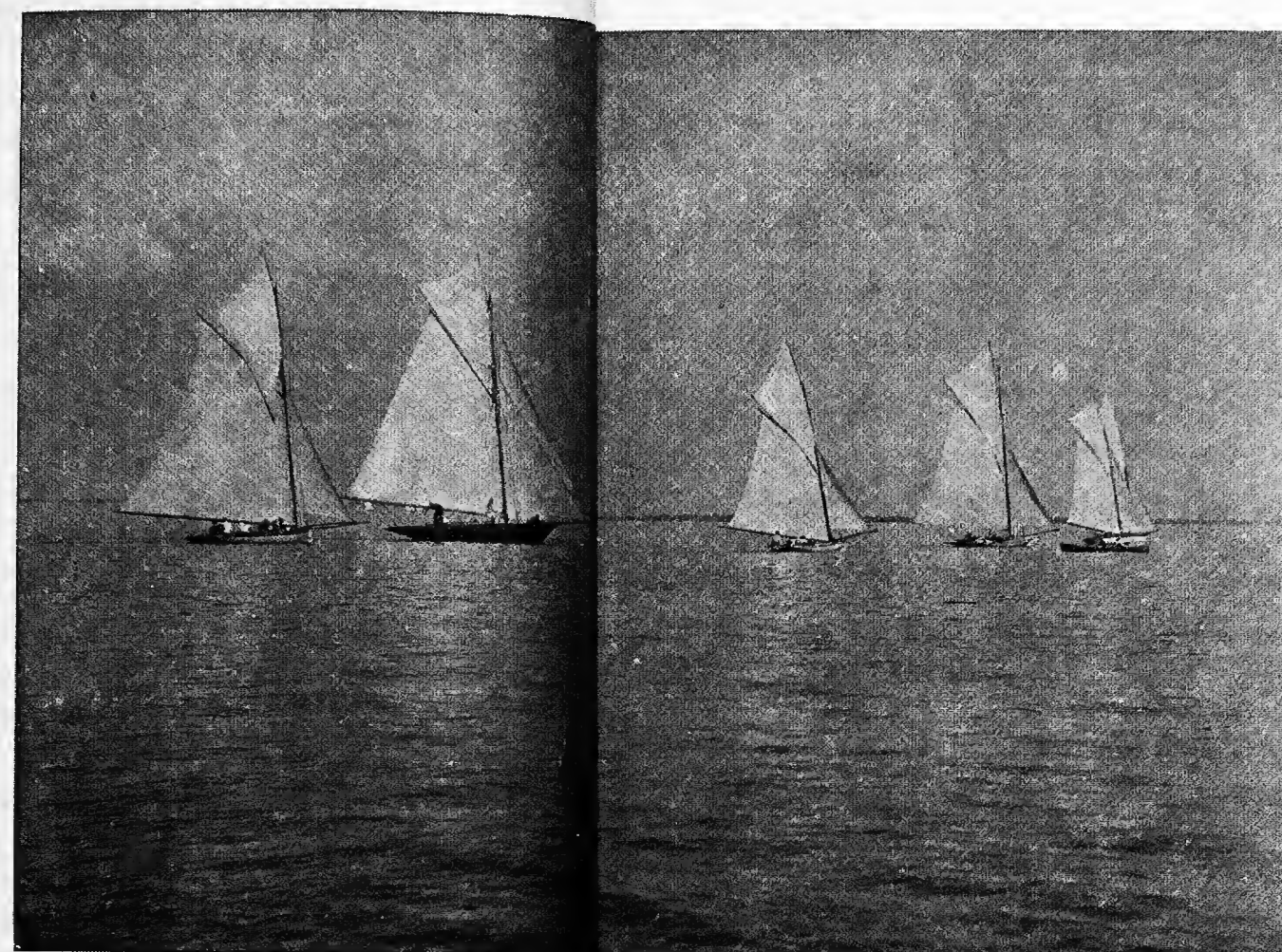
THE MONUMENT NATIONAL.—FÊTES AT SOHMER PARK ON THE 24TH AND 25TH OF JUNE.—The preparations for the fêtes at Sohmer Park in aid of the Monument National had been so complete that the interruption, caused by an untimely downpour, was a double disappointment. As the afternoon passed on and the clouds showed signs of breaking a couple of thousand people made their way to the park, determined that even the inclement weather should not dampen their enthusiasm in so patriotic a cause. And, even despite the rain, they were well paid for the visit. The park was a perfect bower of beauty. Its natural attractions of greenery had been reinforced by tastefully arranged groups of flags of all nations, with national coats-of-arms placed at intervals all over the ground. The entrance was handsomely draped with hunting and appropriate mottoes, while the old homestead was a mass of colour. All these decorations were put up by Mr. Beullac, and reflected much credit upon his good taste. At the back of the band-stand the handsome banner of the association occupied a place of honour and was much admired. But attractive as were the decorations on the grounds, they paled into insignificance beside the bevy of feminine beauty. Energetic ladies seduced the unwary spectator into the purchase of tasteful *boutonnieres* at midwinter prices; of cigars which they did not need; of tickets for the Tombola, wherein were gathered hundreds of attractive articles for those lucky enough to win them; or of refreshments, which the unpleasant weather rendered a drug on the market. But it was all for a good cause, and the victims parted willingly with their quarters and half-dollars and dollars with a frequency that must have rejoiced the hearts of the lovely vendors. The Mayoreess, Madame Jacques Grenier, presided at the refreshment booth, which was neatly decorated

with red and yellow, and was assisted by Mrs. Justice Jetté, Mrs. C. Laberge, Mrs. J. B. Resther, Mrs. Louis Allard, Mrs. Z. Prevost, Mrs. Brousseau, Mrs. F. L. Beique, Mrs. Demers, Mrs. Michel Thivierge, Miss Desjardins, Miss Poirier and Miss Beaudry. The cigar and cigarette booth, which was covered over by a very handsome Japanese umbrella, was presided over by Mrs. George A. Hughes, who was assisted by Mrs. Perodeau, Mrs. Rinfret, Miss Buckley, Miss Ouimet, Miss Delorme, Miss Tressler and Miss Bachand. The Tombola, one of the centres of attraction, was in charge of Mrs. A. G. Ouimet; president, Mrs. De Gonzague as vice-president, Mrs. Schwob, Mrs. Larocque, Mrs. Prevost, Mrs. Justice Ouimet, Mrs. E. Charland, Mrs. Leblanc, Miss Labelle, Miss Starnes, Miss Poult, Miss Mount and Miss Grace Loranger. One of the most attractive corners was the horticultural booth, the tri-coloured canopy and decorations of which made a pleasing counterfoil to the bright green foliage and variegated colours of the flowers for sale. It was presided over by Hon. Mrs. J. R. Thibaut, who was assisted by Mrs. Casgrain, Mrs. Maze, Mrs. Amos, Miss Baby, Miss Dorion, Miss Barnard, Miss Olivier, Miss Geoffrin, Miss Masson, Miss Hubert, Miss Roy, Miss Tavernier, Miss Archambault, Miss Barbeau, Miss Sicotte, Miss McCallum and Miss Macdonald. The ice-cream booth on the river side was in charge of Mrs. C. A. Laramée, assisted by Mrs. St. Onge, Mrs. Dumouchel, Mrs. A. Lamarche, Mrs. Finn, Mrs. F. X. Choquette, Mrs. G. Boivin, Mrs. D. Rolland, Mrs. G. B. L. Rolland, Mrs. G. Archambault, Mrs. J. L. Archambault, Mrs. Foucher, Mrs. L. Lesage, Mrs. Hamilton, Mrs. L. N. Dumouchel, Mrs. Oswald Rene de Cotret, Miss Jetté, Miss Papineau, Miss Dauphin, the Misses Rolland, Miss Dagenais, the Misses Hudon, Miss St. Denis, Miss Marchand, Miss David, Miss L. E. Pelletier, Miss G. L. Pelletier, Miss Bouthillier, Miss Charlebois (Laprairie), Miss Parent, Miss E. Dansereau and Miss Lacaille. But, in spite of the hopefulness and good humour of the visitors, it was found impossible to do justice to the programme till the weather changed for the better. Mr. L. O. David, Q.C., therefore, announced a postponement of the fêtes till the following day, and the fine weather of the 25th compensated many for their disappointment. Thousands attended the afternoon and evening entertainments, and the various stalls were liberally patronized; in fact, the most hardened and cynical were tempted by the bewitching smiles of the ladies. The evening entertainment was especially brilliant. The grounds were aglow with myriads of Chinese lanterns and coloured lights, and a profuse display of fireworks added to the brilliancy of the scene. The park was literally packed with a dense mass of humanity, and there must have been nearly ten thousand people in attendance. The stalls did a rushing business, and the drawing of the Tombola passed off quietly. The music was especially fine; in fact, the band surpassed all its former efforts. During the intermission several speeches were made. Mr. L. O. David, president of St. Jean Baptiste society, expressed regret at the absence of Premier Mercier, Hon. J. A. Chapleau, Mr. Laurier and Mr. L. O. Taillon, who were expected to have been present, but who found it impossible to attend. Mr. David expressed satisfaction at the magnificent attendance, and made a fervent appeal to his hearers to assist in building the National Monument, which would be a lasting sign of their patriotism. The St. Jean Baptiste celebration, he said, would show the people of the other provinces that the French-Canadians were determined to maintain their nationality at all hazards. He then introduced Dr. L. H. Fréchette, the Canadian poet laureate, who recited one of his patriotic poems, which was received with great enthusiasm. Ald. Cunningham, representing the Mayor and Corporation, congratulated his French-Canadian citizens on the success of their celebration. Mr. Rudolphe Lemieux delivered a patriotic address, and was followed by Mr. Deladurantaye and several others, who contributed to the entertainment and instruction of the large audience. Altogether, a most enjoyable time was passed by the assemblage which did not disperse till an advanced hour in the evening.

THE LEARY RAFT.—The view presented in our engraving would some years ago have been a world's wonder to lumbermen. When our rivers, small and great, had been mastered and the huge bulk of lumber had been brought within reach of the vessel that should convey it to the ocean, its career as a raft was naturally supposed to be over. Some seven years ago, however, it occurred to a thrifty and ingenious New Brunswicker that a good deal of outlay might be saved—of course, at some considerable risk, if the timber, fashioned securely and of proportions worthy of such a venture, should be sent to sea and towed to its destination, Portland or Boston or New York, without the trouble and expense of shipment. The experiment, in spite of hazards and occasional breakage, proved successful enough to make it worth while to repeat it—at least with the less valuable lumber. In the middle of last month Mr. J. D. Leary chartered two powerful tug boats from New York to tow to that port a huge raft of piling got out for Mr. Leary and ex-United States Consul Murray on Grand Lake and brought down the St. John River. The whole raft contains seventeen cribs or sections, each 40 feet wide and from 50 to 80 feet long, slightly oval-shaped and about 9 feet deep. The piling all runs lengthwise and a chain of 1½ inch iron runs through the centre connecting all the cribs together and allowing about seven or eight feet sea room between each two. Each crib contains over 500 pieces of piling, making nearly 9,000 pieces in all. Each crib is bound by six wire cables around it,



THE MINNIE A.



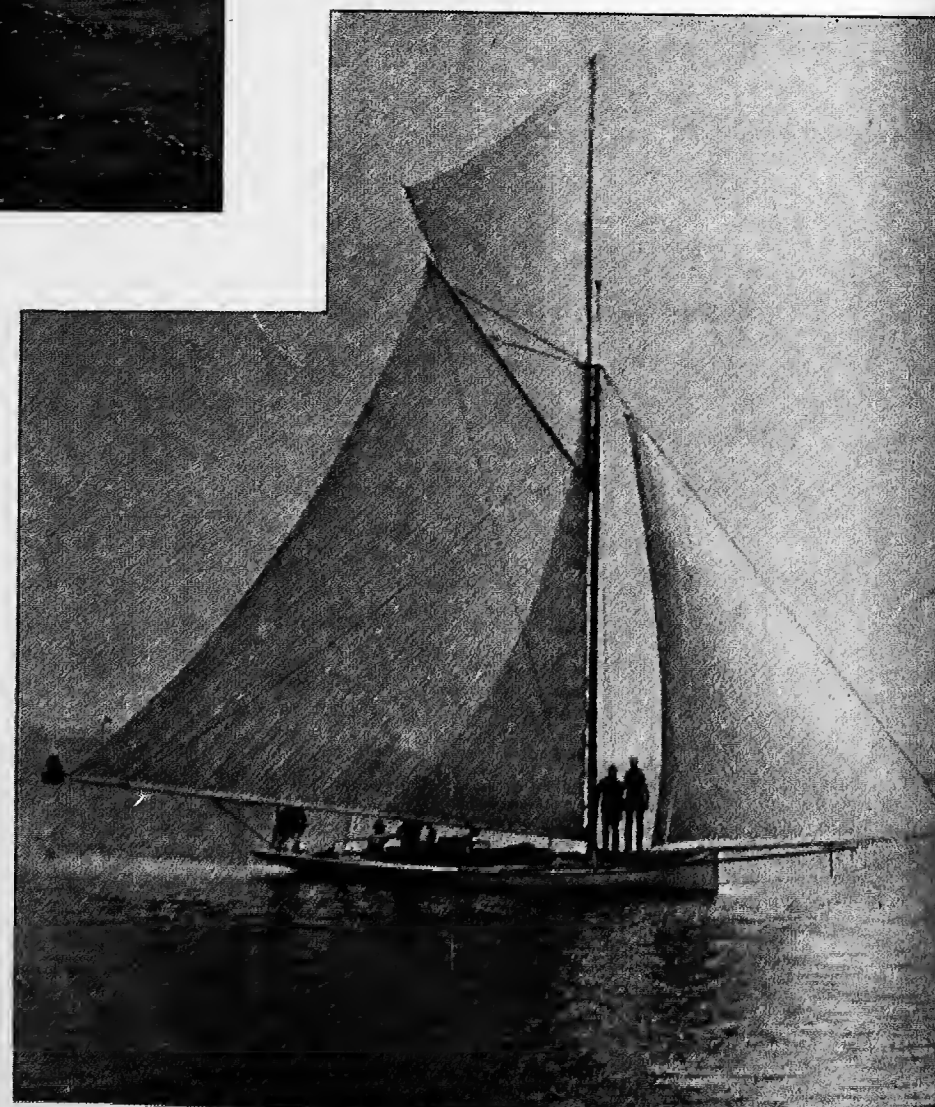
Pearl. Chaperon. Valda. Lulu. Black Eagle. Minnie A.
THE "DRIFTING" RACEPOINTE CLAIRE ON THE 21st JUNE.



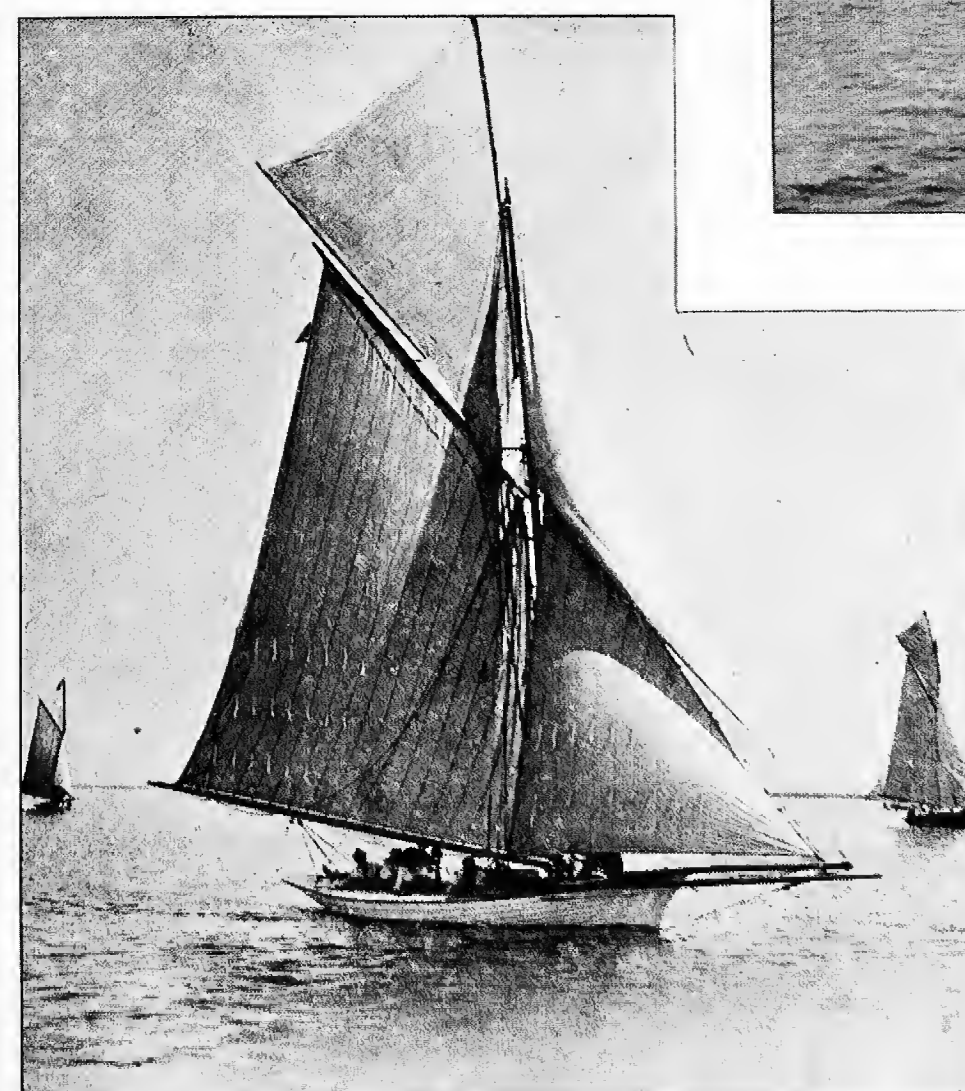
THE PEARL.



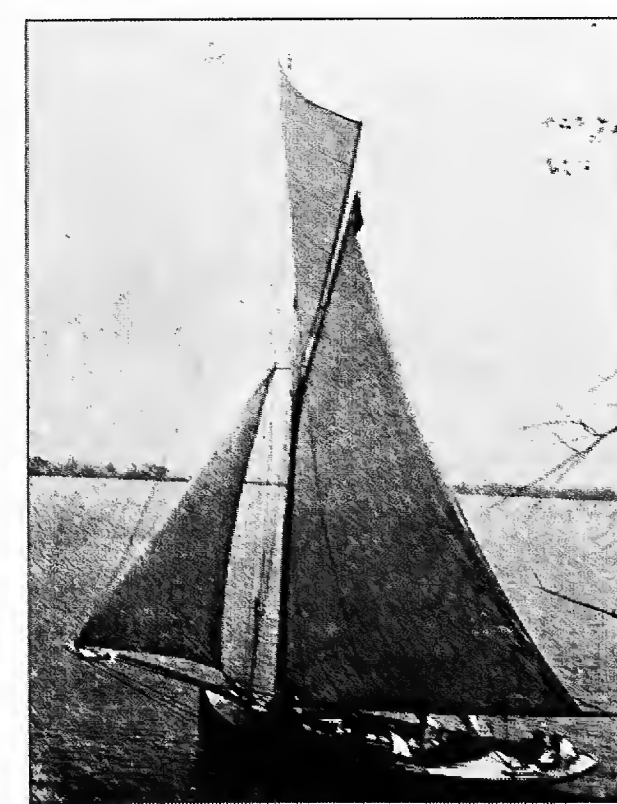
THE MADGE.



THE LULU.



THE VALDA.



THE SCHOONAH.

THE YACHTING SEASON: SIX OF THE LAKE ST. LOUIS YACHTS.
(From photo by Cumming & Brewster.)

hailed tant by a donkey engine. When the tow was under way the distance from the foremost tugboat to the rear of the crib was 3,000 feet. Some seven or eight years ago some cribs of piling were towed from St. John to New York, but no such large scheme as this was ever tried before. Other cribs are now being constructed up the river in Queen's County, where Mr. Leary has purchased thirty square miles of timber land. The timber is of no great value except for such purposes as that for which a large portion of the present tow will be used—that is, for cribbing the river front of the Astor lands on the Harlem River, where Mr. Leary has a big contract. The timber includes pine, spruce, tamarac and fir. Mr. Leary saves several thousand dollars in freights by towing this raft, which would furnish cargoes for seventeen small schooners. There is said to be an unlimited supply of such timber in New Brunswick, and the experiment (which schooner men engaged in the piling trade naturally regard with disfavour) is likely to be repeated. With practice it is expected that the difficulties and delays which attend every unwonted undertaking at first may with care and skill be avoided.

THE ROBERVAL LUMBER COMPANY'S MILLS, LAKE ST. JOHN.—This scene shows what enterprise and energy are accomplishing in that old-new north, so long awaiting development at our doors, but only recently endowed with those advantages of communication with the outer world, without which no community, however thrifty, can expect to prosper and progress. We have already, in connection with the opening up of the Quebec and Lake St. John Railway, given extracts from the writings of Mr. S. Drapeau, the Hon. M. Boucher de la Bruere, Mr. Arthur Buies and Mr. J. M. LeMoine, illustrative of the physical resources, colonization, industries, scenery and sporting facilities of the great region thus made accessible to the people of our cities. The portion of the lake shores, which is the *locus* of the industrial undertaking here illustrated, is among the most charming in the whole entourage. It has long been noted, moreover, for its splendid water power—a privilege which naturally attracted the attention of capitalists. Mills on a minor scale have been in operation here for years, but the Roberval Lumber Company has given a fresh impulse to the progress of the district, which is gradually transforming it into one of the most important industrial centres in the whole region.

July Musings.

June, the threshold to the charmed world of summer, has come and gone, leaving behind it pleasant recollections of meeting once more with old friends of the garden. Linger still with us is the queen of them all—the rose—her dainty fragrance still hovers over the garden as though she were loath to take leave of the worshipful courtiers who bow at her shrine.

Happy the possessor of a garden filled with the genuine, old-fashioned cabbage roses, whose perfume is so much more powerful than those grown in hot houses, and from which the rose-jar can be replenished, while others less fortunate have to depend on the florist to save petals that are too often killed.

While many new and beautiful varieties of roses are added yearly to our store, the moss-rose seems to have almost vanished from our midst; and yet, what fairer flower could one wish to see? As a German poet has beautifully expressed it, it's birth was given by the Angel of the Flowers, who, falling asleep beneath a rose-tree, awoke and, grateful for the sweet shade, told the rose to ask what she would and it would be granted her:

"Then," said the rose, with deepened glow,
"On me another grace bestow."
The spirit paused in silent thought—
What grace was there the flower had not?
'Twas but a moment—'twas the rose
A veil of moss the angel throws;
And robed in Nature's simplest weed
Could there a flower that rose exceed?

And so we breathe a sigh of regret for June, with its many charms. But July brings its own sweetness as well, and we could not well spare its sultry days, which ripen for us such infinite variety of fruit, and cause the seed so carefully sown in the earlier months to spring forth, tall and strong. And then, there are days in this month which combine both summer and a faint touch of autumn days, when simply to exist is joy, when the beauty of Nature speaks to the heart and compels even the would-be atheist to acknowledge the all-powerful hand of One who can create such wondrous loveliness.

A summer evening! What a world of hidden beauty lies in these simple words! If the days are lovely, what of the evenings? Evenings when the glories of the heavens seem to vie with those of earth. When, between daylight and starlight, the arched floor of heaven is slightly covered with rosy clouds, and in the west the faint, luminous light left by the departed sun lingers like a halo round the place. Then there comes to view the magnificent star of the evening (Venus) who for a time reigns supreme in the vast expanse. Later rises the moon, veiling the lesser light of the planets and increasing the sublime beauty of the heavens. Sound there is none, save the slight rustling of the trees as their thickly-foliated boughs are swept by the passing breeze. It is at such moments that the soul, loosed from the shackles of the day, holds its closest communion with the Great Father-Creator, whose untiring, watchful and tender carefulness seems to shine at such times so clearly into the soul, which gives back an answering throbbing of love.

MORRIS.

Yachting on the St. Lawrence.

The St. Lawrence Yacht Club was only organized in the spring of 1888, and it has attained such a measure of success under such adverse and exceptional conditions as to make a decidedly interesting organization. Although Montreal is a sea port, it is so because it stands on the banks of a river, and no matter how great a river is, the facilities which it affords for yachting are not such as to make the development of the sport possible upon a grand scale, or even easy upon any scale. Practically, the yachtsmen of Montreal are restricted for home cruising and racing to the waters of Lake St. Louis, and although there is plenty of room for a ten mile course on this sheet of water, it is unfortunately so thinly spread out over certain shoals and shallows that the limit of draft for boats intended for general use upon it is between 30 and 40in. This, of course, prevents the general use of boats as large as those which make up the smaller regular classes on the coast and the lakes, and of course restricts the development of the sport greatly.

Then, too, although Montreal is connected with the sea by a 30ft. channel, with the Great Lakes by a 12ft. channel, and with the Hudson with a 4ft. channel, the position of the city, the nature of these channels and the character of her yachting waters combine to isolate her yachtsmen to a very decided degree. The stimulus of outside racing can never be looked for, and that best of object lessons, a good sound beating from a foreigner, can never be administered to local self-satisfaction and ignorance. This isolation also by limiting the market for boats, and by making it difficult to obtain yachting supplies, makes the sport a comparatively costly one, and increases greatly the worry and bother of fitting up boats. Up to the present time, also, the facilities for hauling out, repairing, fitting out, or building new boats have been as inadequate as under the general conditions they might be expected to be.

That, however, yachting did not make greater progress than it has done in the vicinity of Montreal during the past twenty years, was less because of the disadvantageous natural conditions than because the artificial condition under which racing was carried on were such as to make development impossible. There was a yacht club with its headquarters established upon a low reach of the river but the principal yearly function was a moonlight excursion on a steamer, while its members were, generally speaking, so exhausted by their attempts to comply with the regulations as to uniform as to be unable to do anything else. Four or five sweep-stake races were sailed yearly on Lake St. Louis under the auspices of the local boat clubs, but there was no classification, few rules and less race management. Shifting ballast was allowed, there was no limit upon anything, dexterity, in building a wall of sandbags up to windward was the principal thing brought out by the racing. In those golden days of Montreal yachting, a 19ft. cat-rigged boat, designed and sailed by the present Commodore of the St. Lawrence Yacht Club, made an extraordinary record. She won in two or three years of steady racing nearly every race she entered, and her prize winnings during her racing life amounted to more than her first cost.

During its active existence of only two seasons, the St. Lawrence Yacht Club has secured a membership of 108, has enrolled upon its squadron list 30 boats, which class as yachts, 28 that class as skiffs, and 31 steamers. It has reduced chaos in the matter of classification into something approaching order, and class and series racing has been introduced. Shifting ballast and unlimited crews have been killed, the best measurement rule that could be found adopted, and during the season the great question of classification is to be fairly grappled with.

The most important result of the club's work, however, apart from reviving the flagship interests of Montrealers in the sport, is that a beginning has been made under the club's auspices, at the building up of a fleet of boats adapted to all local conditions and in accordance with the best modern practices.

The club's fleet was last season more remarkable for its variety than for anything else. A two and a half beam boat, built to race under the length over all or mean length rule of New York Bay, was fairly matched by a three beam, inside ballast sloop from the Great Lakes, and between them these two boats made the racing in the second class; the rest were out of it. In the third class a 19ft. compromise cutter was raced against a very light clinker-built 20 footer, and was shamefully beaten. Indeed, the principal interest of the season centred in a duel between the Yukwa, a 20ft. Sauvé skiff, rigged and fitted like a canoe, and a wider, deeper boat, the Ureda, rigged as a sloop.

This year, however, two new compromise boats, the Chaperon and the Valda, have been added to the fleet, and the Breeze, a deep Cuthbert boat, has had her ballast put outside and been completely fitted up for racing. The Chaperon is a very fine boat, but the Valda, the 21 footer, Mr. Duggan has designed for himself and had built under his eye by a local builder, is the more interesting craft of the two. She is clinker built, and her hull is extremely light, while it is to all appearance as strong as is necessary. She has a very broad, flat keel, with 800lbs. outside and about 1,600lbs. inside, and is probably as roomy, comfortable and capable a little craft as can be built on 21ft. waterline and 40in. draft.

The first class skiffs were for the first two years of the club's existence the best racing stock it had, but this year but one addition has been made to it, the Freyja, a most beautiful three-man canoe, which Sauvé has recently finished for Mr. W. S. Wallace, who last year in the Yukwa made

such a splendid record for himself and his boat. The newly-formed St. Lawrence Skiff Association promise to make their 22ft. three-men canoes (they are in build, rig, appearance, fittings and lines racing canoes) a very popular type of boat on the St. Lawrence.—*Forest and Stream*.

The Royal Military College.

The closing exercises of the Royal Military College, Kingston, took place on Thursday afternoon, the 26th June. The Commandant, Major-General Cameron, read his annual report in the presence of a large and fashionable audience. He stated that the instructional staff had confirmed the high opinion he had of them last year. He alluded to the departure of Major Davidson and Major Rigg, and said that he could not too strongly emphasize the fact that the prevalent system of admitting cadets with insufficient mathematical training is a source of embarrassment to them while in residence, a serious interference with the freedom which the professors should enjoy to arrange the details of their instruction in a natural and dependent order, and a grievous check to general progress. One of his most pleasing duties during the year was conveying to Sergeant-Major Morgans the medal bestowed by Her Majesty in recognition of eighteen years' irreproachable and soldierly conduct. The general conduct of the cadets has been satisfactory. Following are the names of the graduating class in order of merit:—H. Campbell, L. Amos, R. E. Leckie, R. Morris, C. M. Dobell, F. Anderson, J. Anderson, A. Matheson, T. Browne, J. Houlston, W. Cook, E. Morris, G. G. Rose, F. B. Emery.

Senior of second class—Sergt. D. S. McInnes. Senior of third class—Cadet W. Dumble. Senior of fourth class—Cadet B. Armstrong.

There were the usual brilliant exercises on the campus during the afternoon. The *élite* of the city enjoyed the scene. The cadets paraded, showing marvellous steadiness and good training. The gymnastic performances were interesting and the marine explosions thrilling. The prizes were presented amid great applause. The winners were cheered time and again.

The cadets met their society friends at a closing ball on Tuesday evening. The affair passed off as pleasantly as the warm weather would permit, and even the heat was considerably modified by the ingenuity of the cadets who had charge of the decorations. Adjoining the ball-room was the drawing-room, tastefully draped with flags and hunting and decorated with military emblems, a prominent feature being a life size figure of "Leo, the Royal Cadet," with a sword in his hand as if leading a charge against the Zulus. Just opposite the drawing-room was a sitting room, whose central attraction was a rookery covered with wild flowers and mosses and a huge block of ice whose grateful presence lent a delightful coolness to the air which was most acceptable. At the same end of the hall a large Union Jack curtained off steps leading to a window, through which many of the heated dancers retired to the roof of the portico to enjoy the beautiful view of the lighted city, the moonlight on the water and the refreshing breeze which came down the lake. The celebrated "Pullman car" was located in the same old place at the head of the stairs, and was, as usual, "taken" all the time. Many other resting places there were all artistically decorated and comfortably furnished, especially the refreshment room at the east end, where ice cream, lemonade and other light refreshments were served all evening. There were over 300 guests.

Photographing the Selkirks.

We have already given an extract from the recently published work of the Rev. Prof. William Spotwood Green, F.R.G.S., "Among the Selkirk Glaciers." Mr. Green was accompanied by the Rev. H. Swanzy, another expert mountaineer. Their crowning feat was the ascent of Mount Bonney, a peak measuring 10,622 feet (barometric reading), and, next after Mount Sir Donald, the highest in the group. The ascent was a fatiguing, stiff and risky piece of work, but the coming down was the tug-of-war. The outlook obtained from a curved peak on which they halted before attacking the summit promised some valuable photographs, but the elements were that day out of sympathy with scientific investigations, and an untimely squall frustrated the fruits of the camera. The view from the curved peak was superb. A perfect ocean of peaks and glaciers all cleft by valleys, and the main peak of Mount Bonney still rising in a dome of snow to the eastward. The weather looked threatening. Most of the landscape was bathed in sunshine, but there were heavy clouds hanging about the peaks, and one drifting towards us looked so lowering that we feared a thunderstorm. The first thought was to hurry up with the camera, but ere it could be fixed, the clouds broke in a furious shower of hail, accompanied by strong wind, and the photograph taken under such circumstances was decidedly of a shaky appearance. The gap through which Mr. Swanzy had ascended was distinct enough, but the distant view was all doubled and confused. The prospect from the summit was shut out by a projecting cornice, but Mr. Swanzy was not going to be baffled a second time. By the aid of a rope held by Mr. Green, he ventured out on the ledge, pushed down a portion of the cornice with his axe, and set up his camera. This time the wind left him unmolested, and he reaped the reward of his daring. Then they had to face the toughest problem of the day, the getting down. Our own artists have taken several fine views of the mountain region.

THE LOST CHILD.

A TRUE TALE OF PIONEER LIFE SEVENTY YEARS AGO.

BY "MARGUERITE," GEORGETOWN, ONT.

"There was a sound of revelry by night," and many hardy pioneers were gathered at the log cabin of Mr. Standish to witness the marriage of his daughter, Elizabeth, with George Leslie, a young man highly esteemed by all who knew him.

The solemn words which bound the young couple together for life were spoken, hearty congratulations offered and the merry company were gathered around the festive board, which fairly groaned beneath its load of pastry, wild fowl, and huge haunches of venison. Although the table appointments were of the rudest description, content spread its charm over all, for none of the company were accustomed to anything better.

Everything wore a festive appearance. Branches of evergreens intermixed with bright scarlet berries relieved the bareness of the unplastered walls. Numerous bear and deer skins rendered the otherwise uncarpeted floor more comfortable, and the logs in the huge fireplace blazed and crackled, sending their forked tongues of flame high up the chimney, as if determined to do all in their power to make the wedding feast a merry one. And a merry one it was; for, although the pine torches, fastened firmly along the walls, alternately blazing and spattering, cast their flickering light upon faces marked by that look of habitual anxiety inseparable from a life of toil and privation, dull care was for the time laid aside, and "what the conversation lacked in wit was made up in laughter." The older people talked of the homes and friends they had left behind when they came to this far-off land. The younger ones spoke of homes and friends to be made in the future, while soft eyes looked love to eyes that spoke again. All went merry, but scenes of woe and pleasure are ever close commixed. Suddenly there was a hush. The laugh ceases. The joke is left untold. A man with a white, frightened face and bearing a torch is seen to go hurriedly past the window. The door is quickly opened and he enters. At his first words, "Is Mr. Frazer here?" a man in the prime of life steps forward, saying, "What is it? is anything the matter with my children?"

"Your little girl Agnes got lost this afternoon. We hunted for her until after dark, but couldn't find her, so I came here."

"Lost! my Agnes lost!" screamed a woman's voice. "How could she get lost! I left her with her aunt."

"Yes; but she shut the door and left the little girl sitting alone on the step eating some bread and butter, while she went down to the foot of the hill to gossip with Mrs. Bedford. She says she wasn't gone more than half an hour, but likely it was longer than that; anyway, when she came back the child was gone."

Loud murmurs of indignation broke from the company as the man ceased speaking. What! leave a little three-year-old child alone for so long in a forest full of wild beasts, how could any woman do such a thing. But the poor mother could only cry "Why did I leave her! oh, why did I leave her!"

"Ah, then there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, that but an hour ago
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness."

Hurried farewells were spoken, many offers of help tendered and accepted. Mrs. Frazer was placed upon the only horse belonging to the party and the sorrowful pair started for their home, which was seven miles distant.

Seven miles to be traversed by two parents whose child is lost in the pathless forest, perhaps even now being devoured by some wild beast; the very thought is torture. How bitterly they upbraid themselves for having left their home and their little ones. On and on they go, every minute seeming an hour and every mile a furlong. There is no path, a small mark called a "blaze" on the different trees being their only guide. The night is intensely dark and, although it is the fifth of April, bitterly cold. The light of the torch casts weird shadows over the little party. Occasional patches of snow lying in hollows seem to render the scene more ghost-like. No word is spoken, and the stillness of the night is broken only by the rustling of the dead leaves under their feet, and the melancholy sighing of the wind among the leafless branches of the trees. Occasionally, a wolf ventures near, its ghastly faugs and gleaming eyeballs filling the hearts of all with unspoken terror as they think of the lost child; but cowardly, like all its race, it retreats before the glare of the torch. But the longest journey must have an end, and at last the almost distracted parents reach their home. Tear-stained childish faces are pressed against the window panes. Childish voices, choked with tears, cry "Agnes is lost! Agnes is lost! aunt left her alone, and they can't find her!" The house is full of anxious, friendly neighbours, who have been searching the woods since night-fall, but without finding any trace of the child. Fresh torches are soon procured, another party organized, signals agreed upon, and the father sets forth, inwardly vowing never to return without the child, dead or alive.

Alas! their search seemed doomed to be in vain; for, although they hunted valley and hill, they found no trace whatever. One by one the men, wearied and hopeless, returned to their homes to wait for daylight, until at last the father was left alone. After some hours a light breeze sprang up, and the clouds that had so long hung over the forest like a pall began to clear away, and

"Then, the moon rising in clouded majesty,
At length apparent queen, unveiled her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silvery mantle threw."

Regarding this as a good omen, the father hurried on with renewed vigour, occasionally calling, "Agnes! Agnes!"

"But there came no other answer than the echo of his crying,
Than the echo of the woodlands."

Sometimes he fancied he caught a glimpse of his child's light dress and darted quickly forward, only to find the white moonlight gleaming on some tree-trunk. Again he thought he heard a light footstep, but was again deceived. "Twas the night wind in the pine trees."

So the dreadful night wore on, until the fading glory of the moon showed that her reign was over. Slowly the east flushed into beauty, the sun rode forth in his golden chariot to rule the day with his brightness, and the April morning broke in all its splendour.

Nature, awakened from her long sleep, seems determined to break the icy chains which bind her, but grim old winter is not going to give up without a struggle. He has fringed the leafy mantle of the trees with a beard of hoar frost, which, glittering and sparkling in the sunlight, forms a scene incomparably beautiful. Twittering birds, rejoicing in the loveliness around them, fly about from place to place, tasting the pure air, and making the forest vocal with their glad songs.

The beauty around him would the day before have gladdened the father's heart, but now it seems only to mock his misery, for she who had so often during the long winter asked if the flowers would soon wake up, is now, he feels sure, sleeping the sleep that knows no waking.

Daylight brought more neighbours to aid in the search, but all in vain. The rosy mist of the morning gave place to the dazzling brightness of noon, then the sun began his downward march, and still the dreary, hopeless search went on, until

"Swiftly the evening came, the sun from the western horizon
Like a magician extended his golden wand o'er the landscape."

Wearied and sick at heart, the men were retracing their steps, and were within about a mile from home, when suddenly the father gave a glad cry and sprang forward. There, where a small patch of snow lay in a hollow, was the print of little feet. Eagerly they pressed forward, but their joy was quickly turned to horror. Just in front of them, by a hollow tree, where they had evidently slept during the winter, were two fierce-looking bears. To fire at the foremost was the work of an instant. The ball entered its head, but seemed at first to be ineffectual, and the infuriated beast made a desperate bound forward, striking Mr. Frazer as it did so and inflicting a slight flesh wound on his shoulder, then, with a growl of mortal agony, it rolled lifeless on the ground. The other, maddened at the loss of its mate, seemed determined to sell its life as dearly as possible. But the odds were four to one. Shots were fired in rapid succession, and soon it, too, lay dead.

Could they have devoured the child? But no! The thought was too horrible. Breathlessly the men hurried forward a few steps further. Then there was a glad shout, "We've found her, we've found her"; for in the distance they caught sight of a child's dress. As they drew nearer, the sight which met their eyes made even their stout hearts quake. There, lying beside a little hillock, was the child, the setting sun making a halo of glory about the bare golden head which lay on some ice.

The little figure lay white and motionless, but whether it was icy Death, or only her gentle twin sister Sleep, which held her in its grasp at first they could not tell. The sweet blue eyes were closed, traces of tears were on the marble cheeks which only the day before had glowed with health and happiness. The poor little hands were clenched and in one of them was a crust of bread. Her dress was draggled and torn, one little shoe was gone and her whole attitude spoke of terror and exhaustion.

"The father stooped to lift her, but the spark of life had fled,
And the poor little child in the wild, wild woods lay dead."

For a moment not a word was spoken. Then the father repeated slowly and reverently: "The Lord giveth and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord." Their next thought was one of wonder and thankfulness that she had been preserved from the savage beasts which had been so dangerously near her. Surely she must have been watched over by some of these "millions of spiritual creatures which walk the earth unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep." The heat of her head had at first melted the ice slightly, and her head had sunk a little, but the frost king had resumed his sway again, and it was only by severing some of the golden curls with their knives that they could free it from his grasp. A robin sitting in a tree overhead ceased his evening song, and his bright eyes looked down pitifully upon the scene, as the father gave up his precious burden to another because his poor trembling arms were not able to bear it.

Meanwhile, the poor mother, denied the consolation of searching, sat at home benumbed with grief. In vain her four other children clung around her, seeking in their childish way to comfort her, saying: "Father will find Agnes and bring her back all right!" In vain kindly neighbour women laid her baby on her knee; mechanically she attended to its wants, but her thoughts were all with the lost one. Wearily, oh so wearily, the hours rolled by, the pendulum of the old clock had never before seemed to swing so slowly. One by one the children, worn out with crying, slept the dreamless sleep of childhood. One by one kindly

neighbour-women returned to their own homes and loved ones, until at last the mother and the conscience-stricken aunt were left alone together. No word of reproach was spoken, however, and none was needed, for

"Of all the numerous ills that hurt our peace,
That pierce the soul or wring the mind with anguish
Beyond comparison, the worst are those
That to our folly or our guilt we owe."

At last the dreadful night wore away. Slowly the cold, gray dawn approached, then the sun sent his gladsome beams to brighten the interior of the little cabin, but still the mother sat there

"Speechless, motionless,
Unconscious of the daylight or the darkness."

The children awoke asking pitifully if "father hadn't brought Agnes home yet"; and then the mother roused herself. Household duties were attended to, the children cared for the same as usual, the tall clock ticked away, and the sun shone as brightly as ever. Oh, what a mockery it all seemed!

Winged rumour had been busy, and people came from far and near, asking tidings of the lost child. Weary men returned from the search only to report non-success, but still the father came not. So the never-to-be-forgotten day wore on. Morning was gradually followed by noon, then the lengthening shadows told that the day was declining. At last the poor tired mother fell into a troubled sleep, soon to be awakened by the shout, "They've found her, they've found her!" She tried to rise, but her poor trembling limbs refused to support her. She could only stretch out her arms to receive the precious burden. One look told her that her child was dead, and with a piercing cry she fell back senseless.

Two days later the mother, with a lingering touch, arranged for the last time the clustering curls about the marble brow, and placed in the tiny hands a bunch of snow-drops which had forced their way through the frozen soil, as if to offer themselves as a sacrifice on this altar of childhood's innocence and purity. Then, with tender hands, they placed the little white-robed figure in the coffin which the father's hands had made. The children were called to take a last look at their little angel sister, and a solemn procession started on foot for the nearest grave-yard, which was eight miles distant.

In a beautiful spot, where the trees formed a verdant canopy overhead, and a thick carpet of moss stretched beneath the feet, was the little grave, and when the parents had seen the last shovelful of earth heaped upon their darling they returned sorrowfully to their home, where "They took up the burden of life again."

The silent wheels of Time have run their annual course for seventy years since then. The reaper whose name is Death has long since laid the parents beside their child. Strange to say, however, the couple whose marriage took place on that eventful night, still live, honoured and beloved by all who know them. Although their locks are silvery white, and their bodies bend beneath their weight of years, their mental faculties are unimpaired, and as their children's children gather around them they often tell the story of the little "Lost Child," whose moss-covered tombstone tells her sad story:

"Through fault of friend she went astray,
And perished in the wilderness, where there was no way."

Beware! She is Fooling Thee.

Were you ever on a river
In the new Canadian West,
Where the maples shade the waters
And the flowers bloom the best,
Where the sky is blue and cloudless
And the birds in thousands sing
Where the blossoms are the sweetest
In the Manitoba spring.

I have wandered by such river,
I have seen such flowers blow,
I have seen such verdure growing—
Only Manitobans know—
And the song birds were the sweetest
And the river fair to see,
For I met beneath the maples
The dearest one to me.

Now 'tis winter, and the mercury
Is twenty-five below,
And the river of the summer
Wears a shroud of ice and snow.
The leaves have left the maples,
All the birds have gone away,
And my love! She loves another,
Or so, at least, they say.

Entered.

Changing as the weather changes,
From the cold to summer heat,
Is a woman's fickle favours,
And her constancy a cheat;
Yet in spring beneath the maples
Knowing this you'll likely see
I'll be wandering by the river
If she only beckons me.

LA TOUCHE TUPPER (Willie Seaton).



THE CIGAR STAND.

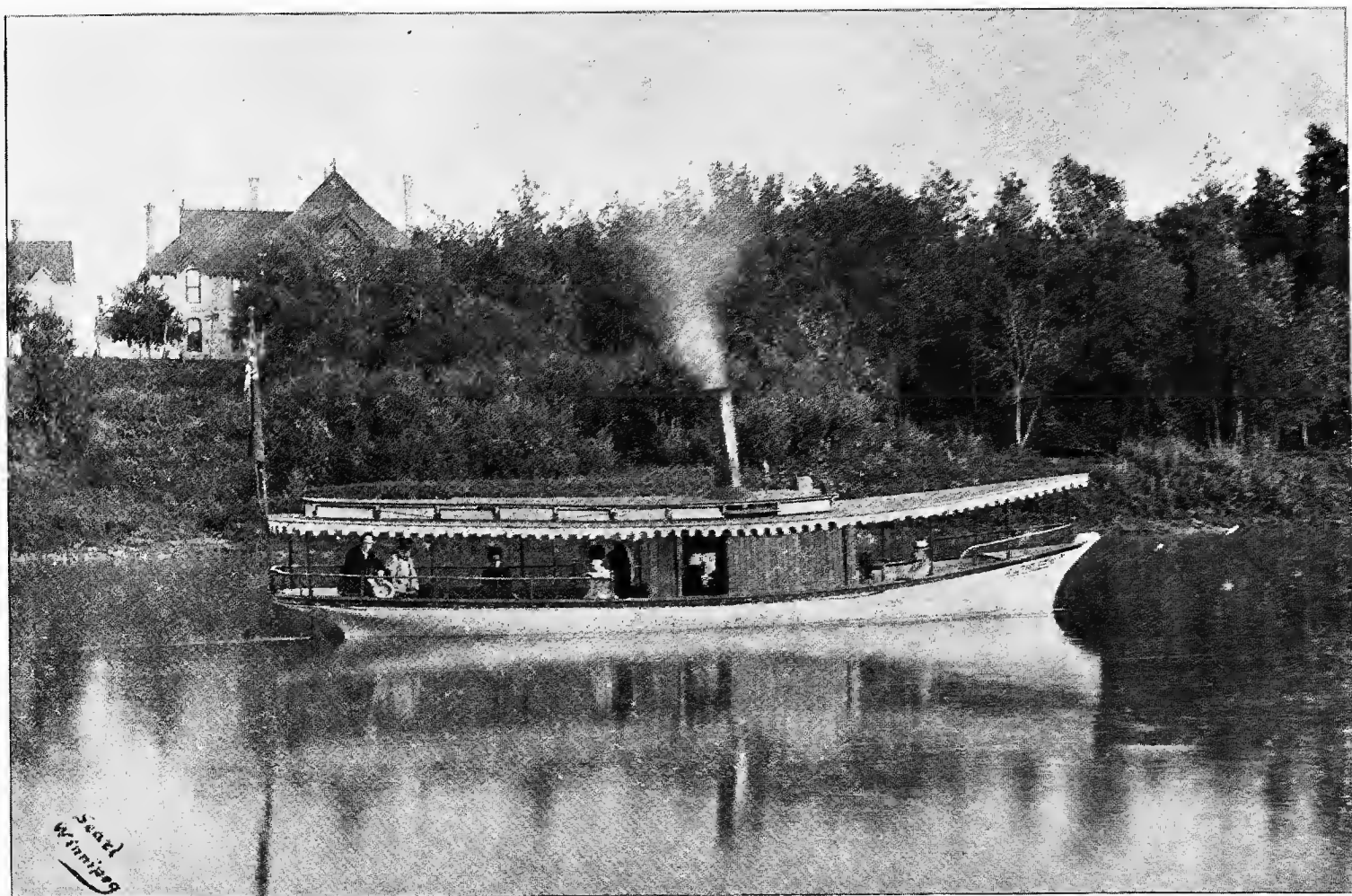


THE REFRESHMENT TABLES.

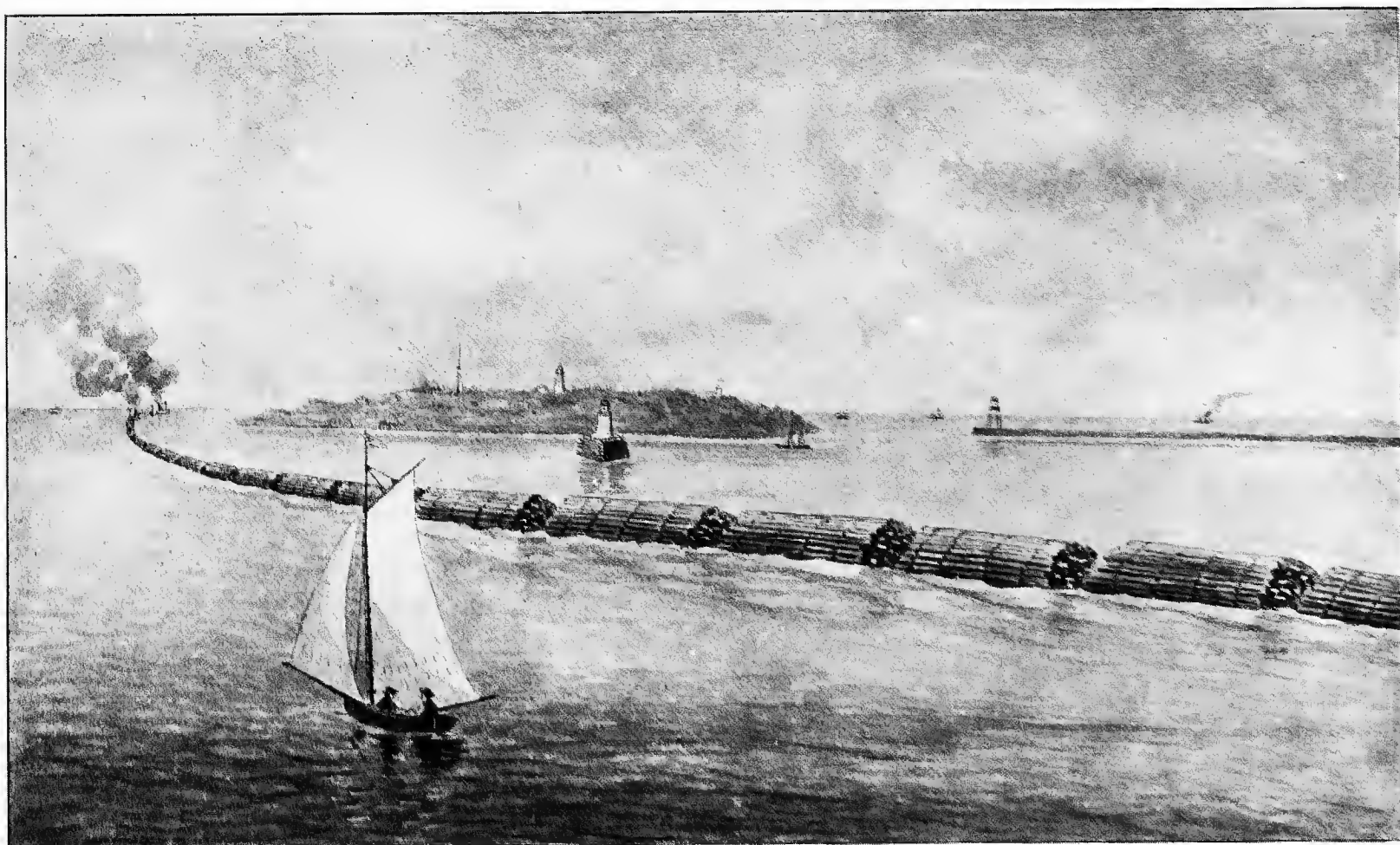


THE TOMBOLA.

THE FÊTE AT BOHMER PARK, MONTREAL, ON THE 24th JUNE, IN FAVOUR OF "LE MONUMENT NATIONAL."



"A MANITOBA RIVER": VIEW ON THE ASSINIBOINE. (Searl, photo., Winnipeg.)
(See poem by R. La Touche Tupper, the "Willie Seaton," of *Winnipeg Stanzas*.)



THE LEARY RAFT BEING TOWED OUT OF ST. JOHN'S HARBOUR, N.B., ON ITS WAY TO NEW YORK.
(From a sketch by R. McLaughlin.)

A LITERARY RETROSPECT.

BY THE LATE HON. P. J. O. CHAUVEAU, LL.D., ETC.

We have the pleasure of presenting our readers with a translation of the address, delivered by the late Hon. P. J. O. Chauveau, on the occasion of the inauguration at Ottawa of the Royal Society of Canada, of which he was then Vice-President, and of which he was subsequently elected President. Like all Mr. Chauveau's writings, it is marked by grace and vigour of style, and a scholarly choice of language. Apart from its interest as a review of the intellectual and literary movement in Canada, it has, from the circumstances of its delivery, a certain historical importance, which is enhanced now that Mr. Chauveau is no longer with us. It will, we trust, be appreciated by those who expressed their gratification at the publication of the "Souvenirs," of which Mrs. Curzon recently favoured us with a translation. Like those pleasant "Recollections," the following address has never before appeared in English:—

MY LORD, MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.—Half a century has not yet elapsed since, after a series of political events which were then considered disastrous, the two provinces created by the Constitution of 1791 were reunited into a single province; three lustres have scarcely passed since the federal union of the British colonies of North America, which succeeded to the legislative union of Upper and Lower Canada. Still, if I undertook to set forth in detail all the progress which has been accomplished in those two periods which I have just indicated, I should scarcely have any time to speak of our literary past and of the new institution which we inaugurate to-day, and which, there is every reason to hope, is itself a great progress and the complement of that which preceded it. In all directions our land is covered with canals and railways, vast and distant regions have been brought near to us and given up to colonization, our postal and telegraphic communications have multiplied, mines of every kind have been discovered and worked, our marine, our industries, our commerce, have assumed enormous proportions, new relations have been established with foreign countries, their capital has been attracted to us, new financial institutions have been created, finally our population, notwithstanding a constant exodus to the United States, has increased in a manner almost prodigious. So much for our material progress.

The true system of constitutional government, of which we had hitherto but a mere shadow, has been established, and is in operation both in the federal and in the provincial order; the municipal régime has been perfected, and, if it is the source of many abuses, it is also the cause of much progress; institutions destined for the relief of suffering humanity have multiplied, thanks to the initiative of the religious communities, of the charitable societies and of our governments; the eldest of the provinces has organized a code of civil laws which has been generally admired; questions which the religious and social interests of the different sections of the population, rendered very difficult, have been solved; in fine, our public men have had their sphere of action enlarged, and the two careers, federal and local, which are open to them, and whose relative importance, it is not easy to estimate so useful are they both, suffer from no lack of able and devoted men. So much for our political and social progress.

Popular education has made real and solid progress; the institutions of higher education have developed and augmented their utility; special and scientific institutions have been created; literary associations and journalism have greatly expanded; literary and scientific periodicals, notwithstanding the great obstacles that stand in the way of their success, have been started, new ones taking the place of those which have but just disappeared; libraries, museums, popular lectures have multiplied; historical investigation has had an important development; in fine, a national literature, in each of the languages of the country, languages which in modern times are what Greek and Latin were to the ancient world, has come to the birth, and has even begun to attract attention in Europe. So much for the intellectual movement in Canada.

I know that there are shadows on this picture; and if I present it to you under its fairest aspect, it is not because I would excuse those who gave a character of marked injustice to the great political development, which was the starting-point of all this progress, or still less would blame those of my own nationality who, in the beginning, offered so noble and energetic a resistance to the imperial legislation of 1840. Thanks to that resistance, gentlemen, we all now enjoy in common those liberties of which we are so proud. Without that struggle, the two great races which form the major part of our vast confederation would not have been placed on a footing of equality, would not fraternize as they do to-day. Besides, at the most critical moments of our history, there have always been English statesmen who understood the rôle which the two races had to play on this portion of the North American continent. Suffice for example those noble words of Lord Grenville in the discussion of the bill for the constitution of 1791. "Some have characterized as prejudice," said that eminent statesman, "the attachment of the Canadians to their customs, their laws, their usages, which they prefer to those of England. In my opinion, such attachment merits another name; I look upon it as founded on reason and on something better than reason—on the noblest sentiments of the human heart." Do you not find, gentlemen, a striking resemblance between that loyal declaration and the words

which, after many vicissitudes, many misunderstandings and struggles, have fallen at different times from the lips of several representatives of Her Majesty, and especially from those of Lord Elgin and Lord Dufferin, and on a still more recent occasion from those of the exalted personage who presides at this meeting (the Marquis of Lorne)?

George III. was reigning when our first two constitutions—1774 and 1791—were given to us, and our historian, M. Garneau, whose testimony is above suspicion, does honour to the efforts of that monarch to overcome the prejudices, the resentments and the fears which opposed every measure of liberality or even of justice towards his new subjects, as Canadians of French origin were then called. He ascribes to the gratitude of our fathers the enthusiastic welcome given to Prince William Henry, who visited this country in 1787, and to Prince Edward, father of our gracious Sovereign, who was present at the inauguration of the constitution of 1791. The period included under our two other constitutions (1840-1867) has seen in this country no fewer than five of the descendants of George III., and among them the heir presumptive to the Crown, who inaugurated the giant Victoria Bridge, one of the marvels of America and of the entire world, and who laid the foundation of the building in which we now hold our sessions. May we not believe that the good will, of which this great colony has been the object, is a family tradition, a tradition not quite unconnected with the solicitude which our Governor-General is at present showing for all that relates to our intellectual progress?

Already on behalf of the Fine Arts, there has been established, under the patronage of H.R.H. the Princess Louise and His Excellency the Governor-General, an Academy of which the first exhibitions have given birth to the fairest hopes. To-day it is the turn of Science and Letters.

Science and Letters! That is soon said—and how much there is in those two words! Still, what they represent is neither so new nor so incomplete in this country as is generally thought. For a long, very long time, noble efforts for the culture of the human mind have been made on the banks of the St. Lawrence. It is with that part of our early history—due proportion being, of course, observed—as it is with that of the Middle Ages, so long ignored or travestied. Whoever has read the charming pages of Ozanam and of Montalembert cannot but feel indignant when he hears those ages called dark and ignorant, in which flourished doctors who have not since been surpassed or even equalled, and when the cloisters were academies, museums and libraries, and thousands of pupils crowded the benches of the universities, when students as well as professors made the greatest sacrifices for knowledge, when the same self-denial, the same courage, the same perseverance which had been shown by entire generations of artists and artisans in building those mighty cathedrals which raise their spires like giants above the structures of modern Europe caused legions of masters and disciples to work without ceasing in preserving and extending the domain of intelligence. Well, since the first settlements were made in Canada, not only have men been engaged in spreading the light of religious truth, and in practising the loveliest of the virtues which it teaches, that charity, to which so many monuments, of which some still exist, were raised, but they have also been employed zealously and actively in transplanting and causing to flourish on this soil those sciences and arts which at that period cast so bright a lustre over the continent of Europe. It is well known that the majority of the early colonists could read and write—several of them were men of classical or professional attainments,—that schools were opened in several places, in addition to and independently of the institutions of the Jesuits, the Seminary, founded by Mgr. Laval, and that of the Sulpicians. A literary and domestic education of the healthiest kind and of a higher class than many might be inclined to believe, was given to young ladies by Ursulines at Quebec and Three Rivers and by the Sisters of the Congregation of Notre Dame at Montreal. The lovers of the beautiful, of the æsthetic, as they say now-a-days, might still find much to admire in the rich works preserved in some of our convents. The College of the Jesuits at Quebec, the School of Arts founded by Mgr. Laval at St. Joachim, helped to cultivate minds, some of which rendered important services to the colony. Public theses were delivered on the model of those of the old world—the governor and intendants taking part in the debates. Those officials and the bishop were almost always men of letters. Frontenac was a fund of literature; his wife belonged to the inner circle of Madame de Sévigné. M. de Galissonnière was a *savant*. Talon was a man of the finest education; M. Dupuy, one of his successors, brought to Canada a large library. M. Boucher, Governor of Three Rivers, wrote a natural history of the country. The missionaries were most often not only apostles and diplomats, but also explorers in the field of science. Père Charlevoix and Père Lafitau published ethnologic studies and made valuable discoveries in botany. The great *voyageurs* did not venture into the vast regions of the west without having the knowledge of astronomy and engineering necessary for such explorations. Lately an instrument for taking observations was found which Champlain is supposed to have lost on his journey from Ottawa to Nipissing. That great man, whom we may well call the father of the country, was both a man of science, a vigorous thinker, and an able writer. Besides the history of his travels in Canada, he has left a treatise on the art of navigation and a splendid description of the region around the Gulf of Mexico, in which he has displayed his knowledge of the art of drawing and of all the branches of natural history. Moreover,

it was he who first conceived the project of uniting the two oceans by a canal across the Isthmus of Panama—a project which, after two centuries and a half, it has fallen to one of his compatriots to initiate. The Nicolets, the Marquettes, the Gauthiers de la Veyrendrie based their discoveries on the data of science. Joliet was a pupil of the Jesuits' College, and conducted a public debate which drew much attention to him. More than one botanist traversed our forests in those days, and before Kalm, the countryman and pupil of Linnæus, came to the castle of St. Louis to enjoy the hospitality of M. de la Galissonnière, a friend of science, as is to-day the occupant of Rideau Hall, Gauthier and Sarrasin had already given their names to useful plants. M. Talon caused researches to be made into the mineral resources and geography of the country over a vast extent of territory, and to do so he must have employed men of science.

In this little world, so isolated during the long winters, ever subject to the excitement of a fresh war, a fresh invasion, the wonder is that there was any thought of science or literature. And yet what a charm there is in the *Relations* of the time, what a pleasing and elegant style; and, above all, what ardour, what elevation, what profound philosophy in the letters of that celebrated mystic who predicted the greatness of our country, and whom Bossuet has called the Ste. Thérèse of Canada! The taste for the beautiful, for the ideal, for the appreciation of what is sublime in nature, that is, poetry; the investigation of truth, that is, philosophy; the study of the world and its laws, that is, science, are not found in books alone. Books are only the archives of human thought, archives incomplete and laden, in some cases, with what is useless, to say no more. The finest things which are found in them were often not intended for them. The Letters of Madame de Sévigné, those of Lord Chesterfield, the *Pensées* of Pascal, were not written for publication. Racine timidly composed for a few friends two tragedies, of which one has become one of the greatest masterpieces of the French drama. I may be told that nothing which took place in our country in those early days justifies such a comparison. All that can be shown—and I think I have proved it—is that there existed in Canada an intellectual activity, which was indicated in a thousand ways, and if its only traces now are a small number of written works, printed in France and sold to-day at their weight in gold, it did not the less contribute to the triumph of civilization over barbarism. Was it not an admirable spectacle, that little community, centred in a few towns, in part extending over vast distances, bringing to the world the account, true but scarcely credible, of all that it had suffered,—alas! in many cases the explorers did not return at all—was it not, I say, an admirable spectacle which was given to mankind by that valiant vanguard of civilization, whose rôle was, in some respects, exactly modelled on that of the Christian society of the Middle Ages? The latter, suppressed by transforming the barbarism which had invaded the Old World; the former came to conquer in this New World another barbarism still more terrible, to struggle against it at thousands of leagues' distance from Europe, beyond an unknown ocean, in the boundless forests, where for half the year thick snow covered the ground. It was by contact with such learned men, men sometimes of superior genius, with those ladies of distinction, that the Canadian *habitant*, himself often the representative of a good family, a former interpreter, an ex-officer or soldier of some of the crack regiments, was enabled to preserve that enlightened intelligence, that robust faith, that invincible patience, those principles of honour, that politeness, that happy gaiety, in a word, those higher human qualities which furnished to the ancients a name for literature itself—*litera humaniores*. The population of the colony was long limited; the educated class comprised a considerable portion of it; it, therefore, mingled, on terms of more or less intimacy, with the class less favoured as to education; there was of necessity a radiation from the one to the other. The missionaries—and at that time all the *curés* were missionaries—did not devote their attention to the savages alone. They fostered everywhere the light of civilization, and could not but impart a certain degree of instruction in their constant intercourse with the rural population, even when most isolated. Of the religious orders, two of the most illustrious gave Canada the benefit of their devotion. One of those orders is famous the world over, and it is Canada which has supplied some of the most glorious pages in its annals. Though less known than the Jesuits, the Franciscans have not less contributed by their labours to the work of civilization. They bore the brunt of danger and suffering, but they have by no means had proportionate honour. The mild and humble solitary of Assisi, was just the man to be the model of such apostles—men who were to pass their lives in the midst of primitive nature or bear the first rudiments of human learning from habitation to habitation along the banks of our great river. He was—with the permission of the *savants*—the most skilful of naturalists, that good St. Francis, for, according to the legend, he loved not only all animated creation, but he also made himself loved in return. He charmed the fishes, the birds, even the wild beasts. "My brother, the dog," "my brother, the wolf," he was wont to say. In his *Genie du Christianisme*, Chateaubriand gives a charming picture of the wanderings of the Franciscans from hamlet to hamlet and from castle to castle in France; M. de Gaspe has also given us some illustration of what they were in our own country in his time. But how much more interesting would it be to have an account of their early missions!

(To be continued.)

FINE ARTS

MEDALS AWARDED.—The Société des Beaux Arts has awarded medals to Mr. W. H. Y. Titcomb and Mr. E. Wyly Grier, whose pictures, "Primitive Methodists in St. Ives," and "Bereft," now exhibiting in the Paris Salon, were hung in last year's Academy. Mr. Grier's picture was "skied" in London, but, being on the line at the Salon, has met with deserved recognition there.

MR. WHISTLER'S DEFINITION OF A FINISHED PICTURE.—A picture is finished when all trace of the means used to bring about the end has disappeared. To say of a picture, as is often said in its praise, that it shows great and earnest labour, is to say that it is incomplete and unfit for view. Industry in Art is a necessity—not a virtue—and any evidence of the same, in the production, is a blemish, not a quality; a proof, not of achievement, but of absolutely insufficient work, for work alone will efface the footsteps of work. The work of the master reeks not of the sweat of the brow—suggests no effort—and is finished from its beginning.—*The Gentle Art of Making Enemies*, (William Heinemann).

RUBENS UNDER THE HAMMER.—The Crabbe collection which has just been sold at Seldemeyer's Gallery in Paris brought in a total of 1,590,000 francs. The highest price, 177,000 francs, was given for Meissonier's "Guide." "A Holy Family," by Rubens, brought 112,000 francs; a "Portrait of an Admiral," by Rembrandt, 106,500 francs; 63,000 francs was paid for a "Matin" by Corot, and 60,000 francs for a "Soir" by the same artist. Delacroix's "Chasse au Tigre" reached 76,000 francs; and Miller's "Famille de Paysans" 20,500 francs. Fromentin's "Halte de Cavaliers Arabes" rose from 30,000 francs, the first bid, to 42,000 francs. "Ophelie," by Alfred Stevens, fetched 29,100 francs, and 95,000 was given for a set of small drawings by Rubens, and 190,000 francs for three of Troyon's sketches. During the last two months a single auctioneer at the Hôtel Drouot has sold pictures to the amount of over 8,000,000 francs, a sign that art amateurs in France still have plenty of money.

PRICES OF PICTURES.—In a recent London sale of pictures the following prices were realized: Lord A. Hamilton, in blue silk Vandyck dress, with lace collar and sleeves, in an oval, 30 inches by 25 inches, signed by T. Gainsborough, R.A., from the Duke of Hamilton's collection, 4,200 guineas (Agnew); Alexander, Duke of Hamilton, in black Vandyck dress, with lace collar, the same size as the previous one, by the same master, 1,500 guineas (Agnew); "The Dairy Farm," by Paul Potter, 19½ inches by 24½ inches, signed, and dated, 1646, 5,800 guineas (Agnew); a woody landscape, 23½ inches by 32½ inches, signed by M. Hobbema, 2,600 guineas (Agnew); "The Bashful Child," 21 inches by 17 inches, by Romney, 950 guineas (Agnew); Lady Hamilton as Circe, whole length, 93 inches by 58 inches, by Romney, 3,850 guineas (Gibbs). The statue known as the "Tinted Venus," by J. Gibson, R.A., ornamented with gold by Castellan, was sold for 1,750 guineas to Mr. McLean.

MODERN ENGLISH ART.—The Duke of Marlborough does not mince matters in expressing his contempt for English contemporary art. Referring, we presume, to the Duke's article in the *New Review* for July, the *Daily News* says: "Sir F. Leighton, Mr. H. H. Moore, Mr. Swan, and a few animal painters only excepted, he doubts whether a collection of modern English pictures could be sold at all in a Continental auction room. 'Millais, Watts, Burne-Jones, Orchardson, and various other artists' are, it is admitted, able to command high prices; but this is attributed to the fact that in our large manufacturing towns there are a few enthusiasts with money, who, 'under the advice of one or two of our Bond Street prophets,' are willing to buy anything. Put them up for sale abroad, says the Duke, alongside works by Cazin, L'Hermite, and others, and see what the foreigners would say to them.' Our portrait painters fare no better at his Grace's hands. 'Who,' he asks, 'except an Englishman of mature years would ever go to Sir J. Millais, to Herkomer, to Orchardson, or even the late F. Holl, to be painted? And when we come to the Colliers, the Hallés, the Shannons, I simply ask, will any human being, male or female, ever cross the Channel to be painted by one of these English artists?'"

THE ART OUTPUT OF THE YEAR.—A writer in *London* says:—"In summing up the art output of the year, so far as the various summer exhibitions enable one to judge of it, it must be admitted that taken *en bloc* there is only too little vital and original work. But this has always been so—and it will always continue to be so. To step out of any of the larger galleries where current art forms the staple of the pictures into the Dowdeswell Galleries, where, until recently, the work of the great French and Dutch romanticists were exhibited, is like stepping out of the vitiated atmosphere of a theatre into fresh air of the open street. And yet at the Royal Academy, and at the overflow galleries affiliated to it, there are plenty of pictures full of effort, full of achievement; pictures which have cost their creators infinite pains to think out, infinite pains to evolve. Mythological, classical, historical subjects, often treated

with great skill, and built up with conspicuous ingenuity—at ever so great a pecuniary sacrifice, too, for models cannot be hired for nothing, neither can *bric à brac* and other stage properties. It is to be regretted that the result of all this forethought and the rest fall so far short of success. Compared with the simple, spontaneous works of the Barbizon painters—works which, brimful of learning as they are, bear upon them no impress of cleverness nor of labour in that their painters have been concerned with concealing rather than with parading their knowledge—the unsatisfactory nature of the great bulk of the pictures of the year becomes at once apparent. They are, with the few exceptions which I have pointed out, so far as I have been able, vulgar and valueless, in that they are at the best merely the achievement of clever artificers, painting to meet a market. The pictures of the great romantic painters of France and Holland live, and will continue to live, because they owed their being to poetic enthusiasm; they were the resultants of the soul's overflowing. The only concern of the men who painted them was to perfect their methods from within themselves, that in so doing they might satisfy the longings of strongly defined individuality or temperament, and give outward expression to beautiful conceits and images beyond the ken of, and hidden away from the sight of ordinary mortals. In England we have but few such artists. In the busy commercialism of our every day life, the young artist is taught that his first business is to learn how best to please and attract patrons, whereas his only thought must be how he may add something to the sum total of the beautiful things of this world. But, as I have said, we have in our midst to day a small band of romantic painters whose art proves incontestably that they are inspired by the nobler ideal. If determination and patience be theirs too, as, judging by all I have seen of their work during the past years, I believe them to be; if they can bravely endure the bitter heartburnings which the laws of human nature decree must fall to the lot of men highly individual, keenly sentient, who are denied the full recognition of their powers, and who are brushed into obscurity by bustling mediocrities armed *cap-à-pie* with the tricks and devices of the tradesman and huckster, then they will go on as they have begun until they end by making the name of England glorious wherever art is valued throughout the world."

Reverie

OF A FIELD NATURALIST.

Recently, in answering those personal, not to say perplexing, questions, so ingeniously arranged in mental photograph albums, I stated my favourite object in nature to be a brook; and still more recently have I been permitted to realize my ideal conception of the beautiful in nature.

Spending a short holiday in Ottawa, I was fortunate in becoming acquainted with some of the officers of the O. F. N. Club, and, through them, was invited to join the inaugural excursion for the season. The tickets indicated that "Butternut Grove, Old Chelsea," was to be our field of action, but our pleasure was only limited by the hours of meeting and parting. Shortly after nine o'clock we were under way, having arranged the company into happy groups; and the cavalcade of eight comfortable busses, drawn by as many burly teams, and furnished in all with about a hundred smiling faces, must have been a sore temptation to the friends who from circumstances could not accompany us.

Across by the Chaudière Falls and off to the banks of the Gatineau we roll. Under bowers of maple and pine we slowly ascend the heights, as, leaving the Ottawa Valley, we approach the Laurentides. On the way we get a glimpse of the Gatineau Falls, and we muse over the tales their noisy waters tell. Long has the lumberman plied its course, and many thousand kingly logs has its bosom born from the giant woods above, where the wolf and deer roam secure in the perfect wildness of their surroundings. Thus on our right we hear these stories of the past, while turning to the left we almost hear the voice of progress, so evident is its coming. Already is the road levelled waiting only those parallels of steel, along which shall wildly career the "fire-wagon" with its terrifying scream and foreboding knell. But we are now at Chelsea, and soon reach the grove. It is noon and the morning air has quickened our appetites till lunch suggests itself, as of first importance. A short struggle with the sandwiches and *ceteras*, prepares us for the programme which follows. Section one will weed the country round, and many volunteers offer for the work. The next party, net in hand, will follow the dizzy flight of insects; and a host of boys are glad of the opportunity thus offered to run, jump and climb. Those lovers of our feathered friends form a third detachment, while the austere members, whose desire is satisfied with the drudgery of dragging about a load of stones, constitute a small select company.

The rendezvous in the evening is very pleasant, with its happy and instructive addresses from the several leaders of divisions, and more pleasant still the conversations which merrily ring as the busses trundle homeward. Each tells of his or her delight as from mountain top or lonely vale the view was taken of nature in her rare, beauteous garb of spring, and thus is sketched again the picture of the brook by Chelsea.

Driving across the bridge the features of the little stream are hidden with a wealth of foliage, which, however, is only the setting of this gem of nature, and it is the vein

from below the falls which we would describe. Following the path of the Walking Fern (*Camptosorus rhizophyllus*), we find ourselves descending a sharp bluff, heading us by every step to rarer scenes of verdure. We have reached the banks of a tiny watercourse, and under the shade of gently waving leaves, in the cool of this musical retreat, we find ourselves bewitched as if by siren voices. One view is bounded by the sturdy stems holding aloft that drapery of tender green which, closing over us, admits small glints of sunshine, and anon discovers a tittle of azure and lets our thoughts escape heavenward. Before us is the Cascade—foaming and circling in falls and eddies—laughingly, playfully making its way over the rocky bed. What music it does make, as with glee it jumps and splashes, while perched on graceful swinging bow, the oriole leads the concert. By our feet the laving of the rills freshens the ferns that bow their gratitude, while the eye almost dazzles with the glow of colour greeting it. The brown and bronzed moss beds, the white and silvery grey of lichens, the green of fresh unfolded leaves, the golden petals toned by white and blue of violets or the sombre purple of the trillium, and the mottled leaf of adder tongue, and for a background we have, under the rustic bridge, the soft shades of the distant sky, while in the pools is mirrored the harmony of all, and we seem to behold the Master's palette.

H. T. M.

"Bank Chat."

The first number of *Bank Chat*, a monthly periodical, edited by Mr. G. Harcourt Verney, and devoted, as its name implies, to the interests of the banking profession in Canada, contains a fine portrait of Mr. J. Castell Hopkins, of the Imperial Bank, Toronto, who is known to our readers through instructive and vigorous articles on matters directly or indirectly connected with Imperial Federation. The following brief biography accompanies the portrait:

The subject of this sketch was born in April, 1864, and entered the service of the Imperial Bank in January, 1882. Mr. Hopkins evidently took to his profession from the start, as he was promoted from the position of "Junior" to that of teller in the Ingersoll branch. In August, 1888, he was transferred to the Toronto office, and at present holds the position of "Correspondence."

Even as a boy Mr. Hopkins took an intense interest in the political welfare of our country, for in 1886 he organized the first branch of the Imperial Federation League in Ontario, at Ingersoll, and was its honorary secretary until removed to Toronto. He was Secretary of the Ingersoll Young Men's Association, and since going to Toronto has taken an active part in the proceedings of the association there, having been alternately Premier and Opposition leader in its Mock Parliament. He has been a joint-hon. secretary of the Imperial Federation League in Canada for a year and a half, and also secretary of the organized committee, but retired in April last. As a platform speaker Mr. Hopkins has dealt with Commercial Union, Imperial Federation and kindred topics in western Ontario. He has contributed to the *London Times*, written largely in *The Week*, *DOMINION ILLUSTRATED*, *Colonist and Indian*, of London, and other periodicals upon Canadian and Imperial topics.

In 1888 he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Colonial Institute, London, Eng., a member of the Council of the Imperial Federation League in England in 1887, and of the Council of the British Union Association of Manchester in 1886.

He has recently issued a pamphlet entitled "Links of Union between Canada and Australia," which has attracted considerable attention.

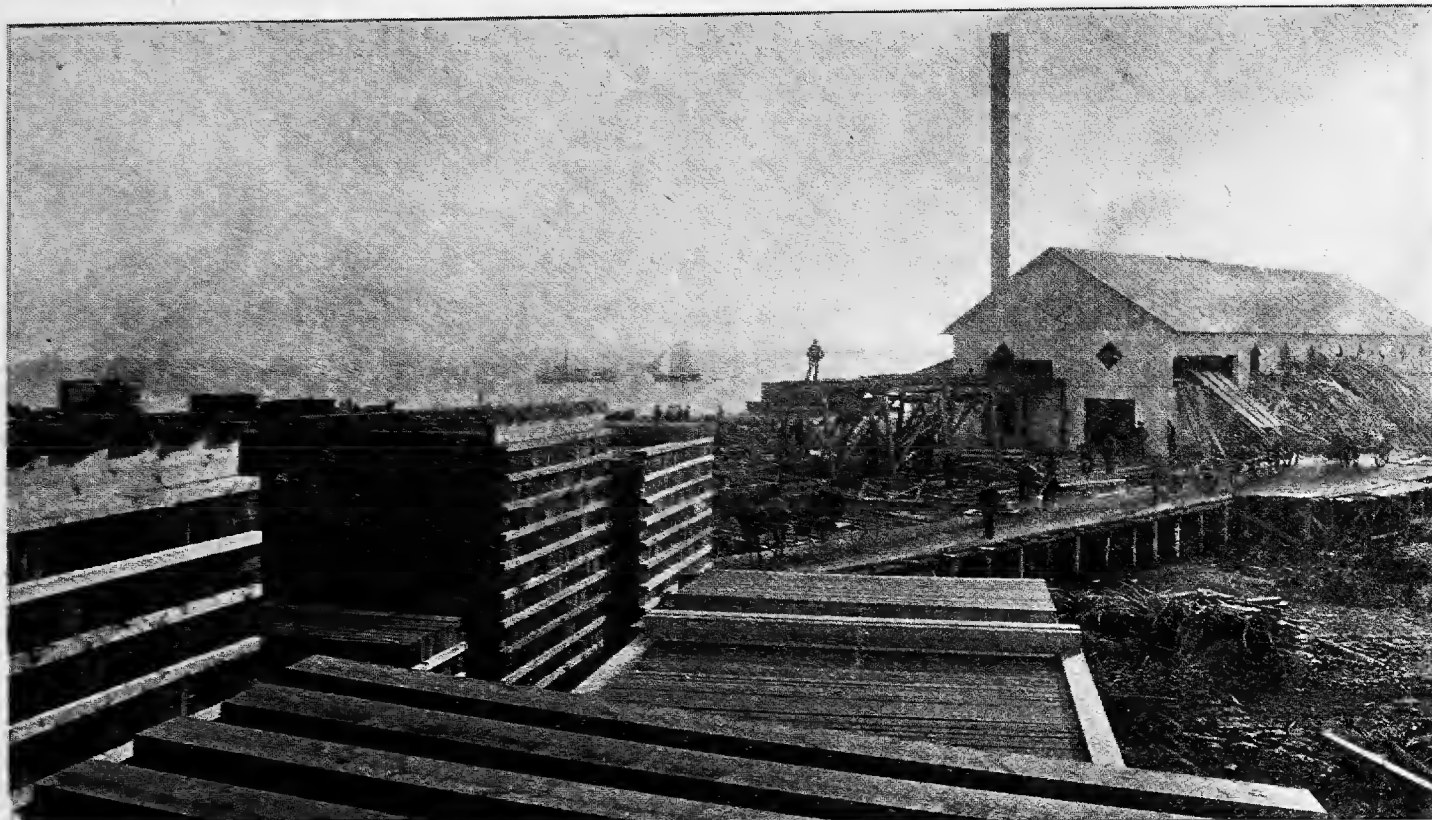
Mr. Hopkins is still a young man, yet he sets an example, among the more thoughtful men in the profession, that is highly creditable to himself and well worthy of imitation by his fellow clerks throughout the country.

The "Dominion Illustrated" Out West.

The *Manitoba Evening Express* (Winnipeg) of July 9 announces that Mr. R. La Touche Tupper would leave for Lake Winnipeg in the following week to make the annual treaty payments in Treaty No. 5. He will be gone for two or three months and will be accompanied by Mr. McKay. A contribution from Mr. Tupper's pen appears in this issue. The same paper of the same date records the arrival in Winnipeg from Brandon of Mr. J. H. Brownlee, the western manager of the *DOMINION ILLUSTRATED*. The *ILLUSTRATED*, adds the *Express*, has just issued splendid special editions for British Columbia and Calgary, which are highly creditable to the publishers.

A Jolly Canoe Cruise.

In the interesting sketch published in our last issue entitled "A Jolly Canoe Cruise," the passage beginning "Leaving this delightful locality," in the third paragraph, should have read as follows: "Leaving this delightful locality, so well known to Kingston picnickers, we soon passed the quarries, where the famous petrified trees are to be seen, etc." By inadvertence the word "garrison" was inserted instead of "quarries." In the final paragraph also, the clause "from the day we left Kingston" should have been "from the time we left Kingston."



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HERE AND THERE.

Weathercocks tell us what way the wind blows; actions tell us what way the mind moves.

WHAT MAKES HAPPINESS.—The happiness of life is made up of minute fractions, the little, soon forgotten charities of a kiss or a smile, and the countless infinitesimals of pleasurable thought and genial feelings.

Many of our great English painters have been practical musicians, or, at least, connoisseurs of the divine art. Gainsborough, for example, though he never had the patience to learn his notes, was passionately fond of music, and played on several instruments. One day he was so delighted with Colonel Hamilton's playing on the violin that he exclaimed; "Go on, and I will give you the picture of 'The Boy at the Stille,' which you so often wished to buy of me."

SABBATH REST.—In the "Life of Frank Buckland, the eminent naturalist, who devoted himself so thoroughly to the scientific and practical study of the river and sea fisheries of Great Britain, there is the following testimony to the value of Sabbath rest:—March, 1866,—I am now working from 8 a.m. to 6 p.m., and then a bit in the evening—14 hours a day; but, thank God, it does not hurt me. I should, however, collapse if it were not for Sunday. The machinery has time to get cool, the mill-wheel ceases to patten the water, the mill-head is ponded up, and the superfluous water let off by an easy, quiet current, which leads to things above.

There are some interesting stories about "Carlyle at Kirkcaldy," in the current number of *Ipsidasil*. Here is one, relating to a visit paid by Carlyle to the Provost of Kirkcaldy, "a worthy elder who regularly con-

ducted family worship":—One morning he asked Carlyle to take the reading and he would offer up the prayer himself afterward. Carlyle by accident opened the Bible at the first chapter of the book of Job. He began to read this slowly and intelligently, pausing after some clauses as if to meditate on the circumstance and take in the whole meaning. On he went, the servants wondering, the Provost "dumfoondert." Yet no one dare interrupt the sage, as his face was getting all aglow. . . . The time passed on, and yet he was only heating to his work. After finishing the whole forty-two chapters, he quietly closed the Bible and remarked, "That is a marvellous life-like drama, only to be appreciated when read right through." Carlyle, it is said, used to wonder why the Provost never asked him to read at morning prayers again.

Perhaps the most remarkable of existing birds is the *hoatzin* or *opisthocomus* of Guiana and Brazil, the sole representative of its order and with many peculiarities in its skeleton. Mr. E. A. Bringham, in 1884, made the astonishing discovery that the bird was at the time of hatching a quadruped, the fore feet ending in two claws, and used during locomotion, the young birds for a few days after hatching scrambling about, and digging their claws into the ground. After a few days, the fore limbs change into true wings. The author of the volume on birds of the Standard Natural History dryly remarks, after quoting Mr. Bringham's account, "A confirmation of these statements is greatly to be desired." A recent number of the English ornithological journal, the *Ibis*, contains a description, by Mr. F. B. Beddard, of the nestling of this bird; and he fully confirms Mr. Bringham's account. It has always been supposed that the bird's wing has been produced by a change from a reptilian foot, and this condition has been retained in this bird for several days after birth. Thus another link connecting birds with four-footed vertebrates has been discovered.

Lemons are cultivated in the south of France, Portugal, and Italy, but their origin is in Asia, and therefore it is in that country the largest growths are to be found, as in its

native state it grows to a height of sixty feet, whilst in the European countries it is not of very high growth. In medicine, lemons are most valuable, and it is the best anti-scorbutic remedy known. It prevents the disease and goes a long way in curing it. Sailors take the juice constantly when at sea.

It is also very good in neuralgia; the best way of applying it is to rub the afflicted part with a slice of cut lemon, and those people who desire to keep in good health and be free from biliousness should take the juice of a lemon in a glass of water, without sugar, before going to bed and before rising in the morning. Taking lemons without water irritates the stomach, and eventually would cause inflammation. The uses of lemon-juice are so numerous that it is impossible to define them all; but there is no doubt the more it is employed, both externally and internally, the better people's health will be. The use of lemons is good for sea-sickness, biliousness and jaundice, and most beneficial in fevers. It is good also to cure warts, and to destroy scurvy of the head by rubbing it into the roots of the hair. The Dietetic Reformer says: "A new method of prolonging life is announced in a German work, where we are told that long life will be reached by the daily and increasing use of lemons. Count Waldeck, it is said, attained the age of 120 years because of his having resorted to this antidote to the sluggishness of the liver."

HUMOROUS.

WELL SAID.—Dearest Friend (in a tone of surprise): Why, Sophy, what a pretty picture you take!

SHE: Do you think marriage is a failure? He (aged twenty): It begins to look that way I've been rejected fourteen times.

WENT HIM ONE BETTER.—Tommy: My brother's a lawyer and has four suits on hand. Dick: That's nothing; my brother's a dude and has thirty-six.

NOT FAR OUT.—"Ma, dear, what does the word 'Matinee' mean?" "Gracious, child! what ignorance! 'Matinee' is a French word, meaning an amateur performance."

THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

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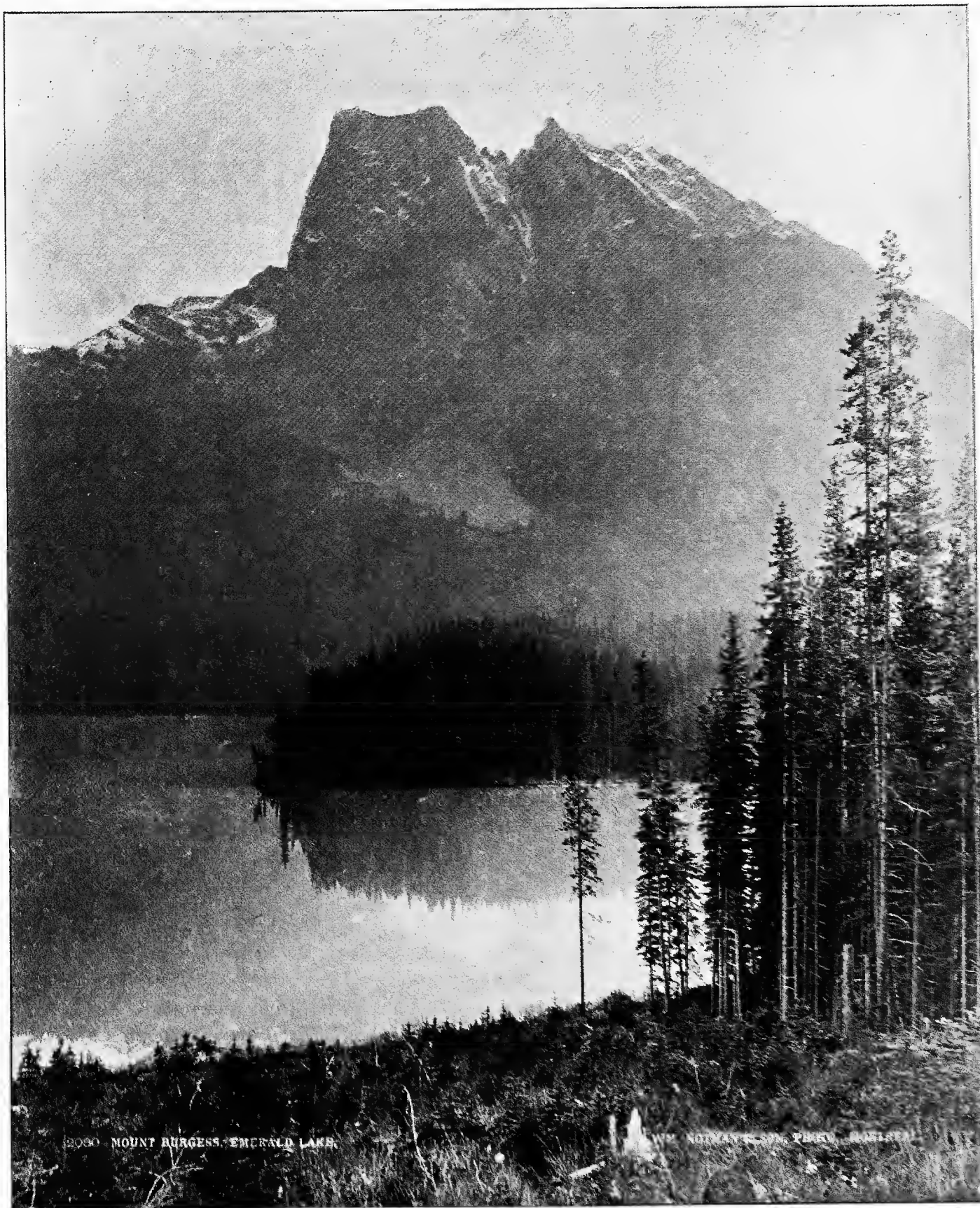
ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF PARLIAMENT OF CANADA, IN THE YEAR 1889, BY GEORGE E. DESSARATS, AT THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.

REGISTERED.

Vol. V.—No. 108.

MONTREAL AND TORONTO, 26th JULY, 1890.

\$4.00 PER ANNUM. IN GREAT BRITAIN, 21s. 6d.
10 CENTS PER COPY. " " 5 CENTS.



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Wm. Notman & Son, Photo.

The Dominion Illustrated.

\$4.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED PUBLISHING COMPANY (Limited), Publishers.

GEORGE E. DESBARATS, MANAGING DIRECTOR,
73 St. James Street, Montreal.

GEORGE E. MACRAE, WESTERN AGENT,
36 King Street East, Toronto.

J. H. BROWNLEE, BRANDON,
Agent for Manitoba and the North West Provinces.

London (England) Agency:
JOHN HADDON & CO.,
3 & 4 Boulevard Street, Fleet Street, E.C.
SOLE AGENTS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

26th JULY, 1890.



Whoever utters a strong and cheery protest against the discouraging wail of the pessimist, who gazes with lacklustre eye on some dire phantom of threatened disaster, the creature of his own morbid imagination, does good service to his country and his kind. Dismal forebodings have a tendency to bring to pass the evils of their own gloomy forecast, while, on the contrary, words of good cheer have, by the moral sway that they exercise, a beneficent and fruitful power. The "sunny wisdom of the Greeks" paid much heed, therefore, to the language in which they spoke of even the woful and the calamitous, and left joyous associations even with scenes of death and sorrow. In the same spirit is written and in the same spirit we hail Mr. Casimir Dickson's message to the motherland as the secretary of the Imperial Federation League in Canada. What the triumphs of the League have been during the past year we need not pause to enumerate. Mr. Dickson finds them satisfactory, and readers of the League's journal, whose name is its profession of faith, will not be in the dark as to their character or extent. One result of its labours in the Dominion we accept as sufficient evidence of its usefulness, apart from any particular scheme, as the avowed ultimate goal of its efforts. This result is the assurance that the sympathies of the people of Canada are all for the maintenance of their proud position in the British Empire, and the firm establishment on the northern half of this continent of a Canadian nation living under free British institutions, and entirely against disruption and disintegration. Mr. Dickson dwells with natural pride on the impulse which, as he believes, the League movement has given to the growth of Canadian national sentiment, in harmonious combination with a strengthened feeling of allegiance to the Empire. For its share in fostering that sentiment we owe the League thanks and wish it prosperity.

In a letter to the *Gazette*, of this city, Sir J. William Dawson says, with regard to the subject of schools of mining, that in McGill University the school of mining engineering and assaying constitutes one of the departments of the faculty of applied science, and though, like other parts of the work, it is imperfectly manned and equipped, it has on the whole been successful and is growing in importance. The special instruction is painstaking and thorough, and the students have the advantage of honour courses in geology, and in the faculty of arts, in addition to the training in the faculty of applied science. The university has sent out a number of good men, many of them finding employment in the United States, where they are highly appreciated, not only for their professional ability, but for their integrity and honesty. Sir William Dawson says he could name a considerable number of such young men who have good positions and larger salaries than their professors. The Principal would be glad to see this mining school better sustained and greatly enlarged. The education

most required is that which tends to enlighten the general public as to trained mining engineers and he hopes that the recommendations of the Ontario Commission report will work in that direction. Honest mining industry (as distinguished from mere speculation in mining properties) is increasing in Canada, and success or failure depends on the employment of trained and competent men, especially natives of the country. There is no class of McGill's graduates, concludes Sir William Dawson, who have done more in the cultivation of original work in science than the graduates in mining engineering.

During the year 1872 Colonel C. S. Czowski, President of the Dominion Rifle Association, proposed that a grant should be made by the Government to send a representative body of Canadian marksmen to Wimbledon, there to compete with the marksmen of the Mother Country. The proposal met with approval, and the Adjutant-General received instructions to organize and despatch such a party as an accredited military corps. Major P. W. Worsley, at that time Brigade-Major of the Grand Trunk Brigade, was appointed to take command of the Team. An interesting account of the trip is contained in the report of the Militia Department for the year 1872. The Team was remarkably successful, winning, among other prizes, the Rajah of Kolapore's cup, as well as good places on the Queen's Prize. Since then the reputation of Canada has been well sustained in each successive year. It looks as if in Bisley our marksmen were to keep up the record obtained at Wimbledon. Four of the Canadian Team secured places in the second stage of the Queen's Prize. These are Staff-Sergeant Ogg, of Guelph; Captain Bishops, of the 63rd Regiment, Halifax; Sergeant Hall, of the 79th Regiment, Quebec, and Lieutenant Smith, of the St. John, N.B., Rifles. In the first stage Lieutenant Hora, of Kingston, Sergeant Manning, of the 62nd Regiment, of St. John, N.B., and Private Hutchison, of the 43rd Regiment, of Ottawa, got two prizes each. Last year only five Canadians obtained places in the Queen's Prize, while this year there are seven. Four got places on the second last year, and an equal number did the same thing this year. Other prizes have since been awarded to members of the Team.

The advisability of appointing a Canadian officer to the command of the militia has of late been the subject of considerable discussion. According to the actual usage, the officer holding that important position must have rank not below that of a colonel in the regular army. The *Militia Gazette* suggests that this requirement may in time be made compatible with the desire that the officer commanding should be a Canadian, as the present steady flow of the most accomplished of Canada's young soldiers into the Imperial service will by and by afford a considerable list of colonels of Canadian birth and training from which to make the selection.

Mr. J. Scott Keltie, librarian of the Royal Geographical Society and editor of the "Statesman's Year-Book," has been giving a series of lectures on a subject which is far too much lost sight of in ordinary education—commercial geography. These lectures deal mainly with the British Empire. It is discussed under two chief heads—the Empire at home, comprising the United Kingdom, and the Empire abroad, embracing India, the colonies, the protectorates and the spheres of influence. The relative importance of the Mother Country, so far as size and population are concerned, compared with the rest of the Empire, is shown by the fact that of 10 million square miles, only 121,000 belong to the United Kingdom. In other words, the Mother Country is only one 82nd part of the whole Empire. Her population to-day is close on 38 millions, or just about one-eighth part of the whole of Her Majesty's subjects. The total trade of the Empire may be valued, imports and exports, at about 1,200 millions sterling, and of this the share of the Mother Country is about

68 per cent., leaving just 32 per cent. to the vast remainder of the Empire. The trade of the Mother Country has, however, been the growth of about a thousand years, while the Colonial Empire only began to take its rise about 250 years ago. Eighteen years ago the total trade, so far as value goes, of the Mother Country was much what it is now, while in the same period the trade of the Colonies and India has increased by 70 per cent., from about 290 millions to 415 millions. Lectures of this kind must deepen the interest of those who hear them in the outlying parts of the Empire. There is no reason why similar courses should not be given in Canada. To manufacturing and commercial circles they would be most instructive, and might be so conducted as to have a really practical value. Such a course would be a welcome addition to the scheme of study at our winter night schools.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

Sir Henry Parkes, in moving, in the New South Wales Assembly, the resolution for the federal union of the whole group of Australian colonies, could quote in favour of his scheme a precedent which tended to facilitate his task. When, in the Parliament of United Canada, the late Sir E. P. Taché and the Hon. (now the Right Hon. Sir) John Macdonald had to discharge a similar duty, they could point their hearers to no experience from modern colonial history in justification of the proposed change. For illustrations of the working of the federal system they were, indeed, at no loss, but for such an experiment as the British North American Provinces were then asked to undergo there was as yet no example. The fact that in this Dominion he has an instance of a colonial federation which has passed through the risks of infancy and childhood, and has even celebrated its "coming of age," has materially strengthened the plea of Sir Henry Parkes for Australian union. The circumstances of the two groups of colonies—the Canadian Provinces as they were a quarter of a century ago and those of the South Pacific as they are to-day—present, it is true, some salient points of difference. Whereas the United Kingdom has furnished the great bulk of Australia's population, in Canada there were two great sections, marked off from each other by race, by language and by religion. The contiguity, moreover, of a powerful and ambitious republic, continuous with itself, through its whole extent from east to west, makes the position of Canada very different from that of the Australian Colonies, New Zealand and Tasmania, severed by many leagues of ocean from any rival power. It is, doubtless, to this absence of any stronger neighbour, that the tone of some of the political leaders in Australia, with regard to the Mother Country, may be attributed. When Sir Henry Parkes was reproached for not having proposed the name of Mr. Dibbs, the chief of the New South Wales Opposition, as a delegate to the Federal Convention, he urged in excuse that Mr. Dibbs was openly in favour of separation from England. The course of the Premier of Queensland last year indicated the existence of a similar feeling in that colony. Sir Henry Parkes himself has not been always free from the suspicion of separatist aims, though he evidently does not wish to make a schism in the Empire a plank in his federal platform. The Imperial Federationists, on the other hand, are awaiting with eagerness the result of Sir Henry's policy as a probable step towards the attainment of their own ideal. As Canada is a precedent for Australian, so both together would be precedents for South African and, perhaps, West Indian federation—the organization of all these groups being the necessary antecedent of a comprehensive plan of Imperial union. The federation of the Empire—which has in some directions been gravely misunderstood and viewed with needless alarm—could only be brought to pass after the lapse of several years and with the full consent of the various communities interested. Meanwhile the League serves the purpose of a bond of union to the constituent

portions of the Empire, interesting them in each other's status and aspirations, and strengthening the ties between the metropolis and the Greater Britain beyond sea. If it were only for the impulse that it has given to the study of Imperial geography and history, the League's work merits grateful recognition.

It may occur to some of our readers that if Canadians master their own geography and history, they will have performed no trifling feat—one, besides, which patriotism suggests as a primary duty. And we gladly accept the prompting. Our own country has the first claim on our attention, and a vast field it offers to the diligent student. But no region, no people, can be profitably contemplated apart from the rest of the world. And if this was true in past generations, it is more than ever true just now. "All people that on earth do dwell" are interdependent to an extent and in a variety of ways that must excite our astonishment, however commonplace the network of mutual obligation and service may seem. A glance around our offices or homes brings the fact before us at any moment. But this abounding evidence of far-reaching interrelation simply confirms the claim that our own country has upon our thoughts. We often hear the complaint that Canadians are not sufficiently proud of their birthright. Before the confederation of the provinces, the many slights that Canadians inflicted on Canada were set down to our lack of cohesion. We were mere Provincials. To be a Canadian was to be something appreciably less than an Englishman or an American. We had, it is true, the privileges of the one and the reputation of the other. But virtually we were neither. Happily the day is past when any son or daughter of Canada, by birth or adoption, would stammer in asserting the fact. But our national sentiment still falls short of what it ought to be. Australians speak of us as a great people, with a domain as large as Europe, with resources of soil, mine, river and forest practically exhaustless, with means of communication suited to our millions of industrious workers, a constitution admirably adapted to our needs, and the assurance of a grand destiny in the fulness of time. Englishmen write with rapture of our great heritage. France felicitates her sons in the New World on the position they occupy as heirs of two civilizations. No tourist that visits our shores in fact, no student of our political system, no economist who has had an opportunity of surveying our treasures of natural wealth, has failed to congratulate us on so fine an inheritance, on prospects so full of hope.

Yet we belittle ourselves. Our tone is too often that of malcontents and ingrates. We contrast ourselves, to our own disparagement, with our neighbours. We exaggerate our divisions and emphasize our local rivalries. We bewail our slowness of initiative, our lack of fruitful enterprise, our talents left buried in the ground. Save the organs of party, with which we assail each other, we support no periodical press. Our neighbours publish their weeklies and monthlies by the score and make fortunes out of them, while in Canada no worthy literary venture has lived more than ten years—few of them so long. Australia and New Zealand, South Africa, the West Indies, are all, in this respect, in advance of Canada. Cuba has its *Revista*; Canada (beyond the range of the technical or the religious) has neither monthly nor quarterly. We look abroad for our culture, for our ideas, for our opinions on everything but politics. In fine, we have no national spirit, no pride in our country, no patriotic enthusiasm. This is the sort of complaint that we are weary of listening to.

Yet it is to Canada that Sir Henry Parkes points as an instance of the triumph of the federal idea. Once the colonies of New South Wales and Victoria and Queensland and New Zealand, and all the rest of the great South Pacific group, have been brought together under a federal government, the era of isolation and weakness, of rivalry and jealousy, will be succeeded by that of common aims, of natural feeling, of effective coöperation. What the ultimate

issue may be he does not pretend to forecast. Whether the adoption of the federal principle will prepare the way for a federation that will embrace the whole Empire, or whether, as Mr. Dibbs rashly declared, it will have its logical sequel in an independent Australia, he does not venture to predict. But he does not hesitate to prophesy for the Dominion of Australia all the advantages that the British North America Act conferred on the previously isolated provinces that constitute the Dominion of Canada. In being thus indicated as an example of the successful working of the federal system, we have certain responsibilities thrust on us. *Noblesse oblige*. We must show ourselves worthy of the high opinion that our distant kinsmen entertain of us. If our position is not quite so enviable as Sir Henry Parkes seems to consider it, there is, at least, enough in it to inspire us with confidence in the future, and if that future should fall short of the world's expectations, a good share of the blame will undoubtedly rest with ourselves. Let us be Canadians, then, and if we are worthy, we shall have a right to be proud, of the name.

ENGLAND'S LAUREATES.

Of late the question of the successorship to the position of honour, long held with such credit by Lord Tennyson, has been discussed by both the English and American press. This is a good sign. The time was when the laureateship was simply a berth for some needy or greedy court favourite, and the list of the incumbents of the office for nearly three centuries shows to how small an extent, until a comparatively recent period, real poetic worth was considered a recommendation in the selection. The first Englishman who claimed that distinction was John Kay, who served King Edward IV. in that capacity. John Skelton, who flourished in the reign of the two following Kings, was poet laureate of three universities—Oxford, Cambridge and Louvain. But, though Skelton was tutor in the family of Henry VII., he did not pretend to be the court poet; nor does anyone appear to have regularly filled that office from Kay's time till the Restoration. To Davenant succeeded no less a personage than John Dryden, but many generations were to pass before Dryden had a worthy successor. He was the only laureate who did not continue so from his appointment till his death. Though he welcomed the returning King within two years after he had printed his laudatory verses on the death of Cromwell, he could not satisfy his conscience regarding the oath of allegiance to William III. So Shadwell, "mature in dulness from his tender years," was raised to the vacant throne. When Shadwell died three years later, the Rev. Dr. Brady preached his funeral sermon and Nahum Tate was made laureate. Both these names are familiar to us from their association with the Psalms of David. Nicholas Rowe, who merits respect as the first editor of Shakespeare, who wrote several dramas and who translated Lucan's "Pharsalia" into English verse, followed Tate, and was, in turn, followed by the Rev. Lawrence Eusden, who held the office for twelve years. On his death in 1730, Colley Cibber, the son of a Danish sculptor, who had settled in England, was offered the post of laureate as a reward for a play in which he had satirized the sympathizers with the banished Stuarts. He has a place in the history of the English stage; his literary fame is embalmed in Pope's "Dunciad." He was a conspicuous figure in the London of George II., and, when he acted, was well paid, and drew crowds from a personal attraction, which was not altogether due to merit. He was nearly ninety when he died in 1757.

The next Laureate was William Whitehead, whose appointment was mainly due to the influence of a noble family which he served as tutor. He held the position until his death in 1785, when Thomas Warton, who had been Professor of Poetry at Oxford, and whose History of English Poetry is still a standard work, was chosen to succeed him. It is to Warton that Gibbon refers in his note to the account of Petrarch's corona-

tion. "I much doubt," says the historian, "whether any age or court can produce a similar establishment of a stipendiary poet, who, in every reign, and at all events, is bound to furnish twice a year a measure of praise and verse such as may be sung in the chapel, and, I believe, in the presence of the Sovereign. I speak the more freely, as the best time for abolishing this ridiculous custom is while the prince is a man of virtue and the poet a man of genius." The "man of genius" died so soon that he had little time to revolve his friend's proposal, and Gibbon lived long enough to see Henry James Pye in Warton's place. Whether Pye thought that Gibbon's compliments were hardly applicable in his case we do not know, but he does not seem to have made any effort to follow his counsel. He accepted the royal favour with proper submission, and sang in due season for twenty-three years. Neither Gibbon's quiet contempt nor Peter Pindar's satiric shafts disturbed his equanimity. His reign is memorable as that of the last of the King Logs who wore the poet's crown.

In 1813 a new régime began when Robert Southey, with the good will of all his brethren in song, ascended the throne. He occupied it for thirty years, and when in 1843 he passed away in his quiet northern home, his place was filled by the still more majestic presence of William Wordsworth. But that great and true poet was at that time in his 74th year, and it was evident that another must soon undertake the laureate's duties. The succession fell to Tennyson, who, like Wordsworth, had determined to make poetry the serious business of his life. Of the whole line of laureates, indeed, to him alone it has been permitted to devote his whole time and thought to his beloved muse, and in the pursuit of poetry as an art, none has come so near perfection as he.

Cochineal.

On the skirts of this delightful property I was introduced to the cochineal insect; as usual, in a cloud of white dust, on the eccentric ear of the prickly pear. He is a fat, dark, spherical little creature, looking like a black currant, and with neither head, legs nor tail, to the casual observer. In fact, he is so inanimate that one may squash him between finger and thumb without any qualm of conscience. He is nothing but a black currant, sure enough, though the bright carmine or lake exuding from his body, which serves him for blood and us for dye, is a better colour than the juice of the currant.

It was the cultivation of these pleasant little individuals which, a score of years ago, put no less than 40 per cent. per annum upon investments into the pockets of the cultivators. Such prosperity was too good to last. The insect was not introduced into Teneriffe until 1825; and for a time it could not be encouraged to propagate successfully. A priest was the discoverer of the right method of nurture, and to him it is due that from 1845 to 1866 an annual crop of from two to six million pounds of cochineal was produced.

A cochineal plantation has a singular aspect. The larvæ, being very delicate and rather thick-witted, have to be tied upon the cactus plant, which is to be their nurse and their nursery at the same time. Thus one sees hundreds of the shoots of the prickly pear—the cactus in question—all bandaged with white linen, as if they had the toothache. In this way the insects are kept warm and dry during the winter, and induced to adhere to the plant itself. When they are full grown, they are ruthlessly swept from their prickly quarters, shaken or baked to death, and dried in the sun. The shrivelled anatomies are then packed in bags and sold as ripe merchandise at about £5 a hundredweight.—C. Edwards.

The Ideal Short-Story Writer.

The writer of short stories must be concise, and compression, a vigorous compression, is essential. For him, more than any one else, the half is more than the whole. Again, the novelist may be commonplace, he may bend his best energies to the photographic reproduction of the actual; if he show us a cross section of real life, we are content; but the writer of short stories must have originality and ingenuity. If to compression, originality and ingenuity he add also a touch of fantasy, so much the better. It may be said that no one has ever succeeded as a writer of short stories who had not ingenuity, originality and compression, and that most of those who have succeeded in this line had also the touch of fantasy. But there are not a few successful novelists lacking not only in fantasy and compression, but also in ingenuity and originality; they had other qualities, no doubt, but these they had not. If an example must be given, the name of Anthony Trollope will occur to all.



EMERALD LAKE: CANADIAN ROCKIES. (Wm. Notman & Son, photo.)



AGUAW AND PAPORIE, YALE, B.C. (Wm. Norman & Son, photo.)

OUR ENGRAVINGS

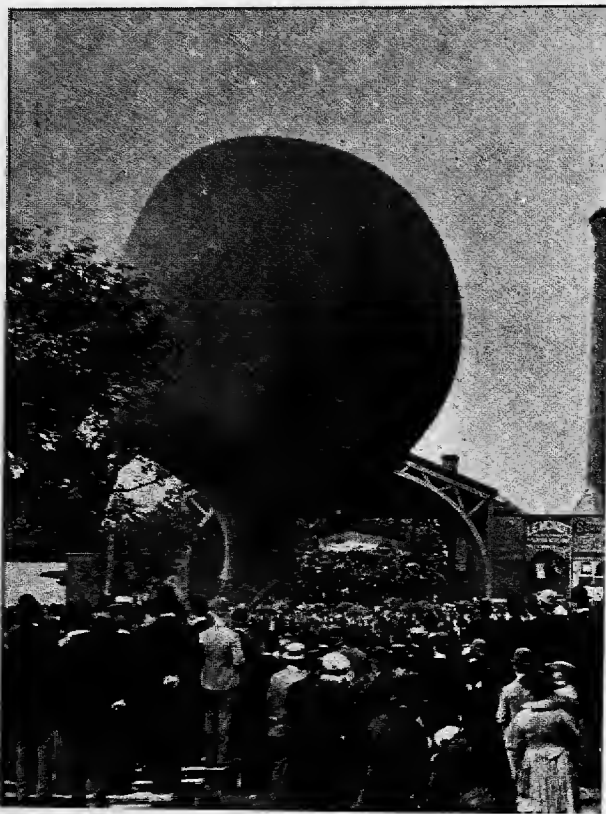
MOUNT BURGESS AND EMERALD LAKE.—Of the many illustrations of our western scenery that have appeared in this journal, there is not a single scene, probably, more strikingly picturesque than the view in this engraving. All the charms of mountain, lake and forest are here combined to form one of Nature's masterpieces. The quiet waters, with the wealth of luxuriant foliage reflected in their surface as in a mirror, the great bare rock masses towering overhead, and the play of light and shade alternately emphasizing and toning down the salient features of the landscape, all in turn attract the eye. It is a grand example of Nature's grouping, of the blending of the sublime and the beautiful, and the pleasure that it gives in its pictorial reproduction fully accounts for the enthusiasm with which tourists journeying overland to the Pacific have written of the Canadian route.

SQUAW AND PAPOOSE, NEAR YALE, B.C.—It is at Yale that the canyon of the Fraser ends and the river widens out. Here may be seen Chinamen washing gold in the sand-bars and Indians herding cattle in the meadows, and the villages of the Indians, each with its little unpainted houses and miniature chapel, alternate rapidly with the collections of huts where the Chinamen congregate. Our engraving shows an example—and a characteristic one of this part of the province. The woman, who is in the prime of life, is carrying her baby in the traditional fashion, and a fine little fellow he seems to be. The picture is an extremely effective one, the artist having placed the leading figures in an admirable position for bringing out both themselves and their environment to good purpose. It shows what photography can be made to accomplish in skilful hands, when taste and judgment preside at the operation.

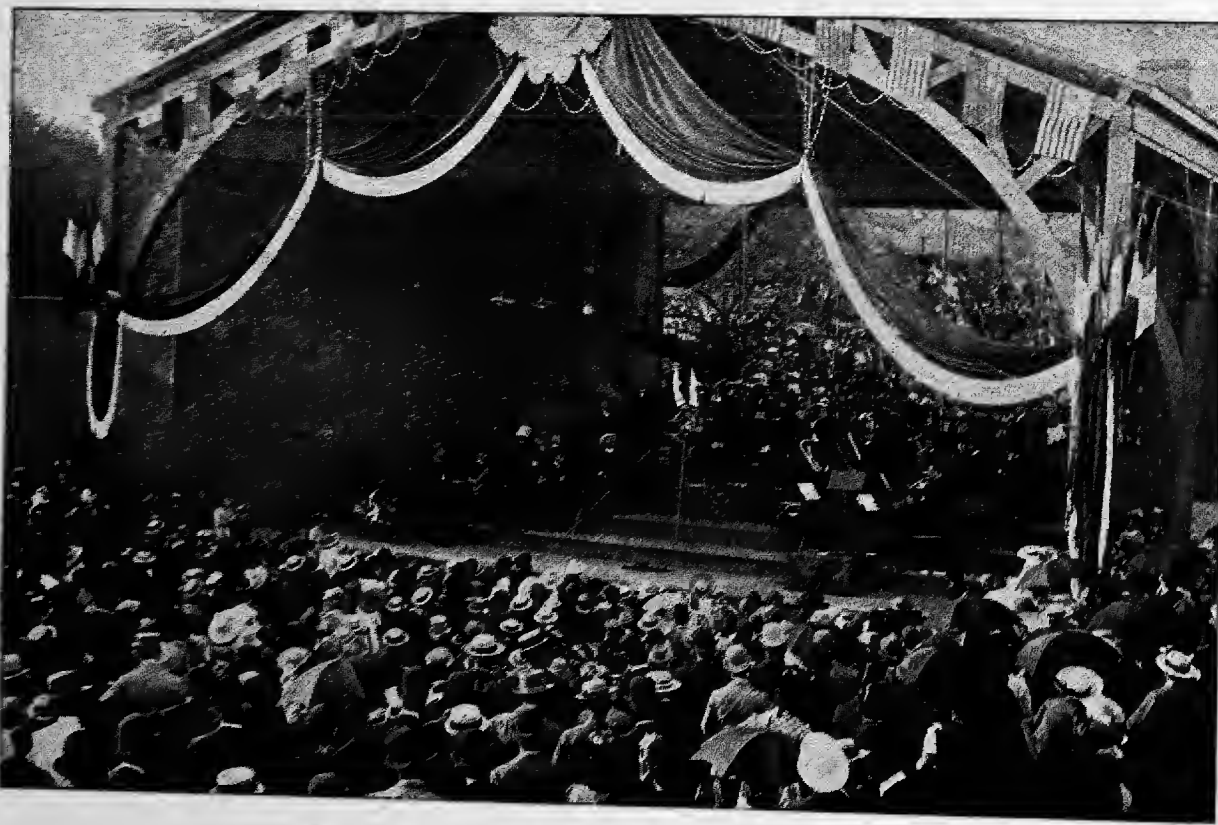
SOHMER PARK—VIEW FROM ENTRANCE, LOOKING TOWARDS BAND STAND.—Our readers may, from this engraving, form some idea of what Sohmer Park appears to one entering it for the first time. The contrast from the din and dust of the street just left behind is as extraordinary as it is agreeable. The person who is in need of rest or recreation, who loves fine music or fine scenery, finds himself or herself suddenly transplanted into the presence of all that can be desired in all these phases of enjoyment. The ground out of which the park was made was once one of the finest of those old gardens which are mentioned by Bouchette and a long succession of tourists as the glory of Montreal in the early part of the present century. It is thus described by a traveller, who was entertained in 1805 by the proprietor of that time: "This gentleman's house is situated on an eminence whence there is a charming prospect of an extensive tract of the river and several of its islands. Adjoining it is an extensive and well-managed garden, in which are to be found not only the plants seen in ordinary gardens, but many exotics—those of milder climates being preserved in a greenhouse." And then he describes the trees, the aviary, the wild animals kept in willing captivity, and a number of other attractions which added to the distinction of the establishment. Now, the main features which made the spacious garden one of the wonders of that distant day are still preserved in Sohmer Park, which has, besides, a number of attractions more in harmony with modern tastes, and more adapted to a variety of pleasure seekers. The natural charms of the site are unchanged. But beneath the ancient trees are luxurious seats for the tired visitors, with exquisite music, refreshments *ad libitum*, and a constant succession of all sorts of unusual spectacles to give a fresh turn to the thoughts of the citizen wearied with monotonous drudgery.

Of the character of these amusements for the gratification of eye and ear, it would be vain to attempt a catalogue, as they are practically limitless. But the frequenters of Sohmer Park know that there is never absent some fresh delight for those who are capable of being amused.

SOHMER PARK, VIEW FROM THE GROUNDS, LOOKING TOWARDS ST. HELEN'S ISLAND.—The fine river view, as here illustrated, which the frequenters of Sohmer Park can always have when the weather is favourable, makes it one of the most esteemed pleasure-spots in Montreal. Nothing could be more charming than to sit under the trees in this



SOHMER PARK: A BALLOON ASCENSION.



SOHMER PARK—THE PAVILION: PRINCE KINIKINI PERFORMING.

memory-haunted old garden and to watch the stately ships go by with their living freight from all the ends of the earth. Now and then the shriek and roar and rattle of the railroad cars reminds the dreamer that he is still in the precincts of the city, and that it is the modern, not the ancient, city, of which his resting place and vantage ground forms a part. For just below, on the other side of the boundary wall, is the track line of the Pacific. But the interruption is only momentary. The harsh scream subsides, the day dream of *dolce far niente* returns and the scene changes once more. Sitting there, with St. Helen's, Ile Ronde, the

old fort, the further side of the river, and away off the dim mountains stretching out before one, it is possible to imagine a long series of events, with great figures of the past as actors, unfolding before the eyes. St. Helen's recalls a host of memories, both of the old régime and the new, from the days of Champlain (to go no further back), who lovingly called it after his wife, Helène Boullé, to that critical hour when Lévis, wounded in his patriot's heart, was tempted to forget a soldier's duty; and from that day, when Montreal is pictured as a little walled village of three or four thousand people, to the present, when it is a great city of a quarter million inhabitants. But we must leave to each visitor the privilege of making his (or her) own dreams. No dream at all, indeed, is necessary for enjoyment in such a scene, the living present offering all that heart can desire. The promenade here, shaded with venerable trees, is two or three hundred feet long. How broad it is is seen in our engraving. The experience of last St. Jean Baptiste's festival shows that Sohmer Park can easily and comfortably accommodate a large multitude of pleasure-seekers. But no one need wait for a multitude to see and enjoy it. Some, indeed (and we are of them), prefer the quietude of a less crowded scene.

SOHMER PARK, MR. LAVIGNE AND HIS ORCHESTRA.—Our readers have here another view of the auditorium. Mr. Ernest Lavigne, who as a *chef d'orchestre* is conceded by those who know to have no superior on this continent, may be seen standing in front. An ingenious device of grouped mirrors at the back of the stage gives the impression of a long vista extending to the rear, which is really, however, a reflected glimpse of the spectators and listeners in front. This phase of the park's attractions must, however, be seen to be thoroughly appreciated. Apart from the special treats brought, with so much care and at so much cost from all parts of the continent, those who have heard the music of Mr. Lavigne's own band can bear witness that one might travel far and fare much worse, even in the great centres of musical art. Mr. Gilmore himself gladly acknowledged that the musicians of Mr. Lavigne's training could not be surpassed on this continent. To lovers of music the band is always, indeed, the great attraction of the park.

SOHMER PARK, THE ORCHESTRA PAVILION.—This engraving is meant to give an idea of the arrangements for musical performances and spectacular displays. The stage, the performers (Prince Kinikini, the Japanese equilibrist, showing some of his surprising feats) and the spectators are all visible

at a glance, and it is evident that nothing has been omitted which would add to the comfort and convenience of the public.

THE KITTEN.—This has been pronounced a charming picture, and we are not disposed to dispute that judgment. It is a product of that highest artistic feeling, that thorough sympathy with the picturesque, whether in nature generally or in the human face and figure, which, with skill of touch, made perfect by practice, enables the artist to conceal his art under the guise of a delicious simplicity. The girl is thoroughly happy. The field, or bank, on which she reclines is to her as soft as the most luxurious couch. She is at peace with all the world, and her gracious contentment finds expression in the smile that plays round her lips, disclosing teeth unspoiled by the sweets of civilization. The kitten is also happy after its fashion. It reveals its trustfulness by closed eyes and in that peculiar feline

music which, all the world over, is associated with the joys of the hearth, it gives vent to its tranquil joy and gratitude to its little mistress. We can almost hear it purring. The young couple reveal in attitude and expression that bright *insouciance* of the morning of life which, as the years glide by, becomes a memory hardly ever to be recalled. The artist, L. Viney, is known by some good work, of which "The Kitten" may be deemed a characteristic example.

THE STE. ANNE'S REGATTA.—The scene here depicted is a familiar one to our readers who are lovers of boating.

The eleventh annual regatta of the Ste. Anne's Boat Club came off on the 12th inst. The boathouse beamed with life, and the colours of the various costumes added to the beauty of a scene which is not lacking in natural charms. A number of light craft studded the course, and the "Reliance," from Lachine, bore a joyous living freight. The arrangements were carried out under the management of the committee, composed of Messrs. Townsend, Hanson, Whitlaw, Beaufield, Bradshaw and McDougall, the judges being Major Bond, Mr. Douglass, Mr. W. White, Mr. Alf. Morriss and Mr. Percival. The absence of wind was a serious drawback to the day's sport. For the decked canoe sailing race there were two entries—Mr. Archibald's Mab and Mr. Barry's *Aolus*. It was the first race on the programme that was finished. It was almost impossible, with the direction of the little breeze that was appreciable, to steer between the barge and buoy, which was marked out as the goal, but by great tact and seizing every breath of wind at the right moment this was accomplished, and Mr. Barry's *Aolus* crossed the line about two minutes after the Mab, and thus finished the first sailing race. An extra-decked sailing boat race was then started, for which there were three entries, the *Freja*, Jean A. and Marguerite, which resulted as follows: Mr. Wallace's *Freja*, 1; Mr. Clouston's *Marguerite*, 2. The junior single scull race resulted thus: F. Rielly, 1; V. Henrichon, 2. For the single-paddle canoe race the entries were J. L. Girdwood, P. Taylor, C. Routh and F. Fairbanks, who came up in the order given; but, Girdwood's boat not complying with the regulations, the prize was awarded to Taylor. A double scull race was next pulled off between St. Lambert and the Grand Trunk crews, and the prize was awarded thus: St. Lambert, A. Irving and F. Rielly, 1; Grand Trunk, V. Henrichon and L. Mitchell, 2. In the tenth event, a canoe race (4 in canoe), there were two entries, both Lachine crews, and it resulted thus: J. Fairbanks, J. Stewart, C. Routh, 1; P. Rawlings, B. Levine, A. Moss, N. Dawes, 2. The four-oared race, one mile, was pulled off between the crews of A and B boats of the Grand Trunk club and resulted in an easy victory for B boat, composed of A. Green, J. Beatty, R. J. Kell and D. W. Dawes. The next event was a tandem canoe race, for which there were four entries, resulting as follows: Duggan and Sherwood, 1; Fairbanks and Stewart, 2; Reilly and Irving, 3. The last race on the programme was a canoe race (single paddle from bow), which found six entries, resulting as follows: G. Haldimand, 1; J. Perrault, 2. Besides the boat races, a swimming match and a greasy pole contest were among the amusements of the day. For the swimming match (100 yards) the following names were entered: E. Sanderson, P. F. Sanderson, G. H. Stephenson, C. Cooke, J. Kennedy, J. R. Gardiner. E. Sanderson won easily, the others following in the order of their names. A bonnet hop closed the programme.

ACHOUAPMOUCHOUAN, ST. FELICIEN.—The scene in our engraving will be familiar to those who have done themselves the pleasure, and the Quebec & Lake St. John Railway the justice, of testing the grandeur and beauty of this delightful region. The ponderous names borne by some of these ancient rivers—ancient in Indian tradition as in geological record which associates it with some great convulsion—have come to trip easily on the tongues of the happy settlers, to whom they are the parents of many bounties. Mr. Lemoine, the Hon. Boncher de la Bruere, Mr. Buies and Mr. S. E. Dawson have all depicted the resources, the scenic attractions and the facilities for sport of the grand system of water which is suggested by Lake St. John. St. Felicien, the locality here illustrated, is a thriving place, whose natural advantages are on a par with its charms of scenery.

Edmund Russell on Dress.

"In dress," said Mr. Russell in a lecture, "the development of personality is the true basis of the best expression. The grace of a costume depends mainly upon the proper poise of the wearer. The most artistic gown loses its effect when worn by a woman with a sunken chest, curving back and projecting elbows. Repose, dignity and grace of presence come only with the realization of Delsarte's idea of control in the torso and freedom at the extremities. The becomingness of a gown lies in its relation of colour and form to the wearer. There is a relation, both by correspondence and contrast. Black, by contrast, gives an added whiteness to the complexion, but by correspondence it deepens every line on the face and increases the impress of age. Three classes of color are always harmonious—for the street, shades on the tone of the hair; for the house, the tone of the eyes; for the evening, the tint of the complexion. The dress should always be subordinate to the thing decorated. Ornaments and jewels should harmonize with the dress, being the highest point in its decoration. In Greek and Egyptian vases the design is subservient to the shape of the object and follows it, instead of being, so to speak, 'stuck on,' as is often the case in Dresden and Sevres ware."—*New York Star*.

Ibsen's Prose Dramas.

Walter Scott, of London, whose Canadian agents are Messrs. Gage & Co., of Toronto, and Mr. Picken, of this city, has recently published another volume of Ibsen's prose dramas. It comprises "Lady Inger of Oestrat," "The Vikings at Helgeland," and "The Pretenders," and fully equals in interest the preceding volumes of the series.

LITERARY NOTES.

Mrs. William Lamont Wheeler, who is not unknown in Canada, is the author of "Stray Leaves from Newport," prettily brought out by the J. G. Cupples Company, of Boston.

"The Voyage of the Ark" is a droll parody on history, from an Irish standpoint, by Mr. F. M. Allen, the clever author of "Through Green Glasses." It is published by J. S. Ogilvie, New York.

"By Order of the Czar," Joseph Hatton's thrilling tale of Russian prison life, which has excited so much interest in England, has been brought out in a cheap edition by Messrs. John Lovell & Son. It is well worth reading.

The novels of "W. Heimburg" have been made accessible to English readers, by the Worthington Company, of New York. The latest of the series, translated by Mrs. J. W. Davis, has just appeared with some fine photo-gravure illustrations.

"Marie Gourdon," a romance of the Lower St. Lawrence, by Miss Mand Ogilvy, has been favourably reviewed by the press. The heroine, who gives the book its title, is a Canadian girl, of Scotch descent. It was published by Messrs. John Lovell & Son.

"The Duchess" is as busy as ever. Not long since "April's Lady" was reviewed in the magazines. Now "Her Last Throw" is demanding attention. Perhaps the name is significant. A Canadian edition has been brought out by Messrs. John Lovell & Son.

"The Robe of Nessus" is the title of a romance of Greek life in the fifth century before Christ, by Mr. Duffield Osborne, author of "The Spell of Ashtaroth." It is ably written, and is evidently the result of careful study of Grecian history. The Belford Company, New York, has brought it out.

The delightful "Conversations in a Studio" of W. W. Story, the sculptor, which were first contributed to *Blackwood's Magazine*, have reached a third edition. Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., of Boston and New York, have just favoured the public with the work in two neat volumes from the Riverside press.

"Northern Studies," by Edmund Gosse, the latest volume of the Camelot series (Walter Scott), contains biographical and critical sketches of Hendrik Ibsen, Runeberg, four Danish poets and a sketch of Norwegian poetry since 1814. The introduction is written by Prof. Ernest Rhys, the editor of the series.

An important work by Sir J. W. Dawson, entitled "Modern Ideas of Evolution as related to Revelation and Science," has been published by the Religious Tract Society of England. It deals with the views of Haeckel, Wallace, Romanes, Le Conte, McCosh, and other Darwinians, and shows where, in the author's opinion, they are inconsistent with not only Revelation but Science.

"Stray Leaves from the 'Book of Wonders,'" with a preface by Hart Harlee, edited by Ben Zeene, is so full of cleverness and goodness, so pleasant to read and yet so sad to contemplate, that it demands more than the passing tribute of either tear or smile. To it, as to many other postponed, but not forgotten tasks, we shall return again. Meanwhile we may say that it is published by Davison Brothers, Wolfville, N.S.

"Was America Peopled from Polynesia?" is the question that Mr. Horatio Hale undertakes to answer in a paper contributed to the International Congress of Americanists at Berlin, in October, 1888, and which has been published in the Transactions of that important society. (Berlin: H. S. Herman.) We know of no one on either side of the Atlantic more qualified by native gifts and by special knowledge to discuss such a problem. It is a paper of great interest to the student of American archaeology.

An important contribution to Canadian history—the Loyalist settlement in Ontario especially—is a work by Judge J. F. Pringle, of Cornwall, entitled "Lunenburg, or the Old Eastern District: Its settlement and early progress; with personal recollections of the town of Cornwall from 1824; to which are added a history of the King's Royal Regiment of New York and other corps, and the names of those who drew land in the Counties of Stormont, Dundas and Glengarry up to November, 1786." It is published by the Standard Printing House, Cornwall, and is a volume of very real historical value.

Through the kindness of Mrs. Curzon, we have been favoured with a copy of "The Battle of Queenston Heights," by Mr. Ernest Cruikshank—a thrilling narrative of the famous battle in which General Brock died defending his country. It was delivered as a lecture in December last at Drummondville, Ont., and is published by the Lundy's Lane Historical Society. Mr. Cruikshank has contributed largely to the elucidation of our history—of our battlefields especially—and his studies all show the research of an enthusiastic patriot and lover of the truth. We would be glad to see the series published in a volume.

The Rev. Henry Faulkner Darnell, author of "Philip Hazelbrook," "Flossy," and other works of fiction, has gained much credit by his later novel, "The Craze of

Christian Engelhart," published by D. Appleton & Co., of New York. Mr. Darnell, who is a Canadian, has marked out for himself, in this story, a hitherto unattempted path of fiction. It is largely psychological, and the interest consists more in the struggles of a sensitive moral individuality with his own over-excited conscience than in any sensational contrivance of plot. Even as a narrative, however, it is not at all without interest, and is altogether a readable story.

Belle Borne Brooklet.*

"Well do we recall the time when this lovely damsel exiled from Wolfesfield, adjoining Marchmont, to the meandering Belle Borne Brook, which glides past the porter's lodge at Wolfesfield, due west; the historic stream *Antaresa Sapat Denis*, up which clambered the British hero Wolfe, to conquer or die, interwining it at Thornhill. The whole place is girt around by a zone of tall pine, beech, maple and red oaks, whose deep green foliage, when lit up by the rays of the setting or rising sun, assume tints of most dazzling brightness—emerald wreaths dipped into molten gold and overlying under a leafy arcade, a walk which zigzags around the property, following to the southwest the many windings of the Belle Borne Brooklet."—*J. M. Lemoine, Esq., of Spencer Grange, Sillery.*

Fancies innumerable hover o'er thy name,
Thou silver thread of music winding down
To kiss the haunted waves that lap of fame,—
Lapping gray crags 'neath a Canadian town.†—

Throned on a fortress-rock high in the north,
Long while the seat of Gallia's sons of war;
From whose worn walls, of old, Champlain looked forth,
Where Wolfe, expiring, deathless honours bore.

What proud-lit eyes survey the spacious scene,
And trace St. Charles along his verdant shore.
Cheered by his glow and Sillery's groves of green,
Where, hid in woods, thou sportest evermore!

What fairy presence dwells apart with thee,
O Belle Borne Streamlet! listening to thy voice,
Mingling thy ripples so melodiously,
It seems thou hast a soul that can rejoice!

Impregnated with sweets from flowery meadows won,
Or woody odors, where the grove is high,
Thou court'st the mayflowers' shade, or in the sun
Glancest at trillium, or blue violet high.

Oft, with continuous laughter thou dost run
In mimic cascades down each stony stair,
Flinging thy crystal joy to air and sun,
Changing to gladness whatsoever is fair.

Thou sing'st aloud to Beauvoir's gay damescœ,
In innocent mockery of the morning birds;
By Spencer Grange winds on thy creeping shewn,
Fond as the feeding flocks, or dreaming herds.

With thee the vesper chime is heard afar;
With the soft Angelus thou dost tinkling glide:
While the moon lights thee, or the twilight star,
And pale Romance sits hovering by thy side.

Some gentle nun has found thee her loved bourn:
Here fond-ensamored lovers went to stray;
Here the quaint scholar greets the dewy morn,
Sprinkling from Helicon the infant day.

Now newly bath the Spring thy sprite released,
Loos'd from dumb frost thy gleesome wave wins free;
The festival of song, the flowery feast,
And the long sunshine, bring thy jubilee.

The lofty swinging pines their musing greet:
Replenish'd, the green maples thee espouse;
The household robin and the brown thrush sweet,
Make thee clear answer from their whispering boughs.

Perhaps, at Marchmont, from some hasty brink
Thou'lt take the swallow's kiss wild-answering,
The tipsy tumbler, saucy bobolink,
Leaving the wanton trifter on the wing.

With gay caprice, the golden butterfly
Shall flicker still where thy clear eye may see:
The insect dragon dart thy pools asigh,
While near thy shallows drones the bumble bee.

What tones may reach thee through thy guardian trees,
Where thou thy mystic converse holdest all,
From the rude, clangorous world, borne on the breeze?
Or dost thou note men's voices, when they call?

The thunderous city, deaved from morn till night,
Where clamorous throngs fill all the walks of trade,—
The echoing gun from Stadacona's height,—
Say, can they pierce thy calm, contiguous shade?

Nay! for, however man may drudge and groan
Like some strong spirit, where time holds no sway,
A thing of joyous light, content, alone,
Unstained thou takest youth's perpetual way:—

While by thy side the wight of weariness
May find the usury of tranquil thought;
May breathe the soft healing from thy wave, and bless
The harmonizing spell by Nature brought.

Not missionless through Sillery's green domain,
O Belle Borne Brook, thou wanderest wild and free!
To gentle hearts with sylvan dreams again
Thou comest, and their singing is of thee.

—ARTHUR JOHN LOCKHART.

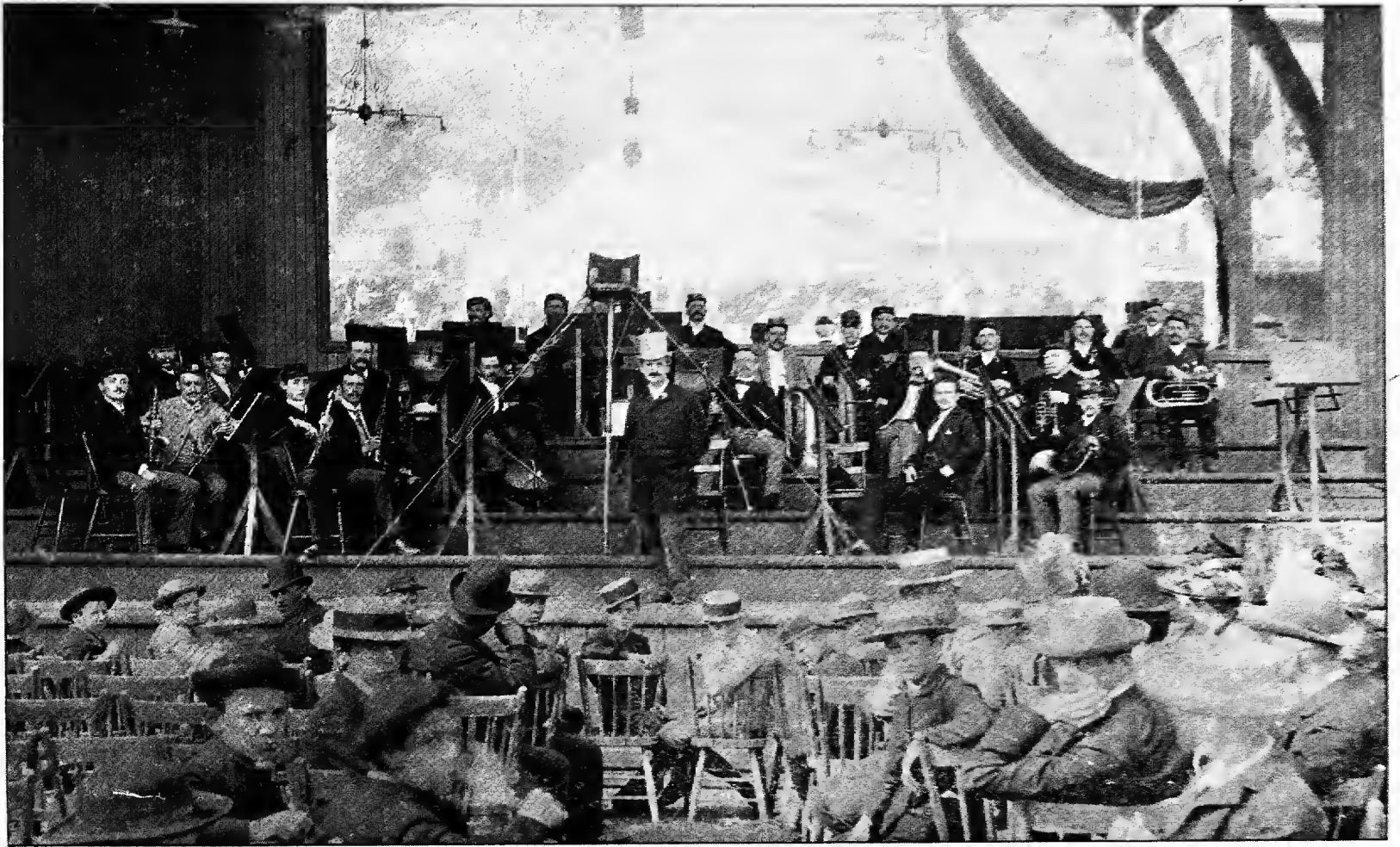
*Suggested by a beautiful lyric from the pen of Mr. J. M. Harper in a previous issue.
†Quebec, of which Sillery is one of the environs.
‡The Indian name of Quebec.



SOHMER PARK, MONTREAL: VIEW FROM ENTRANCE. (Cumming & Brewis, photo.)



SOHMER PARK: VIEW FROM PROMENADE. (Cumming & Brewis, photo.)



SOHMER PARK: MR. LAVIGNE AND HIS ORCHESTRA. (Cumming & Brewis, photo.)



SOHMER PARK: THE PROMENADE. (Cumming & Brewis, photo.)

MISSING AT EIGHT BELLS.

I.

We never knew what his baptismal name was. He invariably answered to his professional appellation of "Jimmy Ducks" on board the *St. Vincent*, and never volunteered any information regarding the nomenclature used at the font by his god fathers and god-mothers.

It may be necessary to state at this point for the enlightenment of the unnautical reader that every deep water ship carries a sort of male "general slavey," to employ a favourite term of boarding-school autocrats,—whose business it is to attend to the feeding, etc., of the pigs, sheep and ducks, which form part of the vessel's provisions for the voyage. Hence he is known officially by officers and men alike as "Jimmy Ducks," just as the carpenter is always "chips," and the cook, "doctor."

The *St. Vincent* was an Australian clipper of one thousand tons register, trading between London and Melbourne. It was in November, 1882, when seamen in the latter port were demanding £12 and £14 per month for the run home, that we shipped the particular "Jimmy," on whose behalf I have turned author. The number of desertions at that period was enormous, despite the most determined efforts of the Water Police to stop them, and it was almost impossible to get sailors at liberty to sign articles for the return voyage. Several ships lay off Western Point for months, unable to sail for lack of hands.

Our skipper, Captain Bowslaugh, did not suffer as severely in this respect as many others. He was an exceedingly acute, active man, and a stern disciplinarian, and he took every possible precaution to prevent his crew from giving him the slip. Nevertheless, a few men managed to elude his vigilance, and when we had loaded our cargo of wool, and the *St. Vincent* was ready to sail, she was rather under-manned for a vessel of her burden. The captain, however, decided to start with a reduced crew, instead of endeavouring to replace the missing men, and possibly losing money and more men in port.

It was on the day that we were advertised to sail that a queer looking creature stepped up the gangway and leaned over the side as he made the enquiry: "Is the 'old man' aboard?"

"You'll find him aft," said the bo'sun in charge of the gangway, eyeing him with suspicion as he passed him.

He shambled along with his hands thrust deep into his trousers' pockets, until he reached the poop ladder. Captain Bowslaugh stood leaning over the break of the poop, smoking a cigar, and watching the men for'ard. The stranger pushed his broad-brimmed wide-awake to the back of his head, and shading his eyes from the glare of the sun, looked up and said in quiet, drawing tones: "You're the boss?" The skipper raised his eyes as if he wanted to know the man's business, and then nodded affirmatively.

"You want a hand?"

"Yes; have you got a discharge?"

"No, guess not. I'm an American, and I've been kinder knocking around the world on my means." The skipper glanced at his outer man, and puffed an appreciative cloud of smoke. It reminded him forcibly of his own comfortable position in life and he felt more satisfaction than if the witticism had emanated from himself. This absorbent faculty is the compensation of the wealthy and respectable who do not possess wit.

"No, boss," continued the man, in the same low, painful key, "I'm no sailor, but I can work. I want you to give me a job; I don't care what it is. The fact is, I'm down on my luck. I've tramped from the Silverton mines, about four hundred miles over yonder," roughly indicating their situation with a jerk of his head, "and I need a good square meal badly. I guess your *chef*'s about as good as another, eh? I'm not an epicure, at all."

The man was evidently not an ordinary vagabond, although there was no attempt in his manner or speech to impress the skipper in his favour. His very pose was indifference. He did not make a pretense of respectful deference or affected humility. He spoke with a kind of reckless despair. It seemed, indeed, as if he really took a sad pleasure in turning into ridicule his own abject misery, and that he looked upon this application as a finality, after which there was a choice of two alternatives—the river, or a prison. His face was greatly emaciated, but expressed neither hope nor doubt. He apparently entertained no thought of obtaining the employment he sought. This cynical indifference that appears on the surface is the peculiar expression of the last few shreds of self-respect and manhood to which a mind of somewhat finer fibre than the general run of men in the lower strata of society still clings, no matter to what depths of degradation its possessor may have fallen. It may be a morbidly egotistical, ineffective plaint against the world—the defiance of a cripple who has, himself, thrown away his crutches—but what a pitiable suggestion of dead aspirations and murdered hopes it contains for the charitable citizen of the world!

The appearance of the applicant was not at all prepossessing. It certainly endorsed his confession of poverty and hunger, but did not, so to speak, second and carry his motion for relief by an overwhelming majority. There was something repellent in his attitude and mien. He was tall, with long, lank limbs, which he did not appear to have strength enough to control; for, in spite of the heat, he was racked with an occasional and violent tremor. His clothes were torn and frayed, and no two articles were similar in texture or pattern. Indeed, so patched and discoloured were they, that it would have been a difficult matter to decide what had been the original design or

material of any one particular garment; and to complete his toilet and, as it were, put the last touch thereto requisite to make it quite unique, he wore a dilapidated riding-boot with a cream-colored top on one foot, and a low patent-leather walking shoe on the other. His face was bronzed by exposure to the scorching sun, and his once evidently very handsome features had become so sharpened and drawn by the privations of the bush, despair and disappointment, or dissipation, or, possibly, all three combined, that they were positively painful to look upon. He was about thirty years of age, but his dark hair, long and unkempt, was thickly interspersed with streaks of gray, and he looked considerably older. The one redeeming feature about the man's personality was the flash of intelligence in his dark eyes when he suddenly lifted them up and shot a quick glance into those of his interlocutor. They were deep sunken eyes, and slightly bloodshot, but there was an unmistakable look of calm resignation to the inevitable, mingled with a something of defiant bitterness and non-chalance in them. The skipper was not a victim of sentiment, but he prided himself upon his shrewdness as a judge of character and his extensive knowledge of human nature. The man's eyes arrested his attention; there was some grit in him after all.

"I suppose you can't go before the mast," said Captain Bowslaugh, opinionatively, "but I'll take you as a deck-hand at £2 a month. Will that suit you?"

The man raised his eyes with a quick motion of surprise and acceptance, and then slowly withdrew his hands from his pockets as if he were detaching them from his corporate system. It immediately dawned upon him that now he was a man of affairs, and not an irrelevancy in nature; his hands had no business in pockets.

"Thank you, sir," he muttered almost incoherently as a lump rose in his throat. He hesitated, and seemed to be trying to overcome his sudden access of nervousness, and express his gratitude more fully. The sun, however, was in his eyes, his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth, and he stood bereft of all his despairing debonaire—a new man, aware of the true extent of his weakness and misery for the first time.

"All right," said the captain, "go for'ard now. You can sign the register this evening."

The new hand still hesitated and changed his position awkwardly; but, although his eyes were moist, he could not utter a word. Then he shuffled forward.

Captain Bowslaugh appreciated the man's silence more than the most voluble thanks. The skipper really was a student of human nature. He paced up and down the deck once or twice, and then, throwing the remnant of his cigar over the taffrail, descended to his cabin. He felt that inward sense of satisfaction that comes to the least selfish of us all when we know we have performed a worthy action. "I am glad I took that poor devil," he confided his reflection in a mirror as he settled the position of his neck-cloth; "I think he'll be a man I can depend upon."

"At 'eight bells,' as the crew were gathered round the huge "kid" containing their midday rations of stewed mutton and potatoes in the fo'castle, the bo'sun, who was considered the scholar and oracle of the circle, introduced the latest recruit to his future messmates. He made it the occasion of a neat little speech of which the following, robbed of a few superfluous superlatives, with which the actor usually garnished his discourse, is the sum and substance:

"Boys, allow me to introduce to your notice our new 'Jimmy.' He's one o' them darned shirkers wot won't work ashore 'cause of a cursed born-tiredness of disposition, which 'bliges 'em to loaf and sponge on their pals. 'Uman nature's a conundrum, as I remember 'earing a lecturer chap say in Liverpool, and though I 'ave been a-round this ere world a-many times I 'ave allus found it beyond me. 'Cause why? These same loafers are the very fellows wot goes off ter sea at wages they would turn their noses up at a shore, a-crowding us gen-u-ine shell-backs, as don't ship from a pure love o' fresh air, out o' the perfection."

These sentiments met with the hearty approval of the sailors, and some personal remarks of that kind peculiar to a ship's fo'castle were directed at the new comer. Jimmy, however, did not heed, and continued his meal in silence. This evidence of a disagreeable, taciturn disposition provoked one of the men to express his contempt for him in such vigorous Anglo-Saxon that "Jimmy" raised his head for a moment and said, with intense calmness: "Well, boys, we must all live. If any of you object to my earning a good square meal, please state your reasons, and I will try to convince you that I have a right to sell my labour for what price I choose."

A fight probably would have ensued from this challenge, but the bo'sun, with one of those sudden and inconsequent changes of opinion frequent among sailors, recognized a kindred spirit in the man he had abused a few minutes previously and applauded the speech in a very hearty manner. The crew were silent.

The bo'sun was one of those peculiar, briny old fossils, only to be met with in a ship's fo'castle. He had spent the greater part of his life before the mast, and his ignorance of the world was only equalled by his own firm conviction that he was a hardened old reprobate, too well versed in the world's wicked ways to be deceived or contradicted on any point by anyone. In this opinion he was supported by the crew. He often held forth by the hour together on Sunday afternoons, in fine weather upon the superlative qualities of former ships in which he had sailed. It was his one source of inspiration, and he made continual com-

parisons between the comfort then enjoyed and the accommodation provided in the present ship; it is needless to say that these comparisons were invariably to the disadvantage of the latter. He grumbled at the new hands on principle, and for the first few days out at sea he swore at the crew on all occasions, whether they acted rightly or wrongly, so as to get them accustomed to his mode of command. But after all he was not an unkindly man at heart, and would never permit his bullying prerogative to be shared by anybody else for'ard.

That evening our new hand signed the register as a member of the ship's company. He wrote in a clear, distinct and rapid hand, "James Smith, New York," upon the sheet, and the words stood out in curious contrast to crabbed and distorted characters of the other signatures. The skipper knew that this was only a formality, and that "Jimmy's" real name was something altogether different. He was not particular, however, about trifles as long as his men proved themselves capable.

II.

The *St. Vincent* sailed with the next tide.

To the surprise of his messmate, "Jimmy" did not suffer in the least with sea-sickness. He was very reticent as to his antecedents, but when questioned upon his immunity from the *mal de mer*, he explained it by saying that although he had never shipped as a "deck hand" before in his life, he had circumnavigated the globe several times. The fact was stated with all due modesty, and was made patent by the dexterous way in which he handled the ropes, when his occasional assistance was required. All sorts of stories circulated about the ship as to his former position in life, and in spite of his quiet, unassuming manners and dispassionate tone at all times, he was looked upon as something of an aristocrat, and a feeling of dislike grew up against him among the men. The life of a deck-hand at sea is not a bed of roses, and the new hand evidently found his duties distasteful, but still he never shirked his work. The bo'sun was absolutely satisfied with him. He would use some of his strangest and strongest oaths in commendation of his willingness, quickness and other good qualities, and generally made no secret of his liking for him. This, of course, had the effect of increasing the ill-will borne him by the rest of the crew.

During the next few weeks we experienced very heavy weather without intermission, and made but slow progress. The men were discontented on account of not having succeeded in obtaining the high wages ruling in Melbourne, and the continual demand made upon their patience and the loss of sleep and rest entailed by the variable winds, did not tend to lessen the bad feeling already existing between the men and their officers. It must be confessed, too, that there was considerable disposition upon the part of Captain Bowslaugh to "haze" the men, and there was nothing but dirty weather and black looks from one week's end to the other.

To make matters worse, one of the best seamen on board, an old Norwegian named Christiansen, fell ill. He kept up as long as he possibly could, poor fellow, because sailors hate to have a sick man aboard, and partly because they believe sickness brings bad luck at sea, and partly because he cannot perform his share of the duties, and it devolves upon the rest.

One night, in the middle watch, Christiansen was at the wheel. He was standing under the weather-cloth, the wind being a little abaft the beam, with a heavy sea on. Mr. Gates, the first mate, who was in charge of the watch, suddenly noticed the ship fly up in the wind at the same moment that a mountainous sea struck her, flinging all the sails aback.

With an oath he sprang to the wheel and put the helm hard up.

"What the devil is the matter, Christiansen!" he cried angrily to the man who lay prone on the deck at his feet.

"I couldn't help it, sir; I'm sorry, but I can stand it no longer. I've been ailing since a few days after we sailed. I fear I'm a diving man."

The mate blew his whistle, and the bo'sun came aft in response.

"Here, bo'sun, help this man for'ard; he's sick. Then tell Christiansen to come aft and relieve me of the wheel. And, Dick,"—as the bo'sun was about to lift up the sick man and go—"git the old man to have a look at Christiansen. A little hot brandy might pull him together."

The bo'sun half supported, half dragged the unfortunate man for'ard. Jimmy was lying awake in his bunk smoking a pipe, as they appeared at the top of the companion.

"Is that you, Jimmy?" cried the bo'sun.

"Yah."

"Here, help us to get this man into his bunk. He's sick."

Jimmy sprang out of his bunk in an instant, and assisted the bo'sun with his burden down the ladder, and after a good many efforts, on account of the violent motion of the vessel, they succeeded in getting the man between his blankets.

When the bo'sun had gone on deck again, one of the watch below, lying in an opposite bunk, turned and, shading his eyes from the light of the lamp, looked across at the sick man.

"Oh, it's you, ye darned Dutchman,"—every man on board ship who is not English or American, is called a Dutchman—"and you're going to shirk, eh? As if we hain't got enough to put up with on this darned ship, 'sides a working for loafers."

(To be continued.)

A LITERARY RETROSPECT.

BY THE LATE HON. P. J. O. CHAUVEAU, LL.D., ETC.

(Concluded from last number.)

Whilst the Jesuits, the Quebec Seminary, the Sulpicians and the Ursulines were labouring at higher education, those pious mendicants, with the daughters of Sister Bourgeois and some lay teachers—the first de Vaudreuil had established a number of them—were imparting primary instruction.

If, as Charlevoix and Kalm have hinted, our young people were somewhat frivolous in their tastes and habits, as the manners of the time when those two writers visited the colony would lead us to expect, it is no less true that centres of light and science existed then as now, and those who represent the mass of people as plunged in darkness and ignorance, have no foundation for their assertion. After the Conquest, it must be confessed, there was a sad hiatus. I say so without bitterness, but not without emotion, for a long time we were the disinherited of two nations. Our old Mother Country had abandoned us; our new Mother had not yet adopted us. Almost all the educated class, except the clergy, a few seigneurs and lawyers, had returned to France; the two religious orders of which I have been speaking, had been suppressed; all the schools which they had conducted were closed. There were no more relations with France, no more books. Happily the printing press was soon set up. Our earliest Canadian publications were school books and religious works. Such books answered the most deep-seated wants. It was some time before newspapers were started, and even then, they had at first but small influence either on politics or literature. Two seats of enlightenment had, however, survived—the Seminaries at Quebec and Montreal. Thanks to those institutions, when constitutional government was established, there were among the French-Canadians as many and even more men adapted for political life than among their English contemporaries. Panet, the elder Papineau, Pierre Bédard, de Lotbinière, Taschereau, Blanchet, were among the glories of our early political life. Later the younger Papineau, Vallières, Viger, La Fontaine, Morin, and a crowd of others, walked in their steps. Politics also gave us our first writers—Bédard and Blanchet in the *Canadien* of 1810, and later on Morin and Parent. Poetry, timid at first, was limited to pastoral or didactic subjects, such as the works of Quesnel, of Mermet and of Bibaud. At a later period the patriotic muse arose full of distress and wrath. We had the dihyrambs of Angers, of Barthe, of Turcotte and Garneau. Then came Lenoir and Crémazie, precursors of the brilliant pleiad of to-day. Bibaud, Garneau, Ferland and Faillon soon made our history known. Garneau's work marked a new era, it was the starting-point of our historical studies.

Science was cultivated in our colleges. Messrs. Bédard, Demers and several others were its worthy adepts. I need only mention the High School of Mr. Wilkie, where such men as Andrew Stuart and Thomas Aylwin obtained their education. The Royal Institution and the project of a university had as yet no appreciable results. The legislature and the parishes had established parish schools, which, in 1836, were already numerous, when the necessary grant was rescinded by the Legislative Council. Several new colleges had also arisen to supplement those of Quebec and Montreal. In 1837, then, it appears, there was a temporary check to the progress of education, while the higher or classical education, as Lord Durham mentions in his Report, had given excellent results and continued to expand.

Coming to institutions of the nature of that which we inaugurate to-day, I find that the first attempt of the kind was made in 1809. The Literary Society, established in Quebec that year, took for its motto the words, *Floramus in uxoribus*, a motto which at that date, when the forest primeval extended from the walls of Quebec to Hudson's Bay, was quite appropriate. On the eve of the birthday of George III., whom I have already mentioned, the society offered prizes for a poetical competition, the earliest being the celebration of the monarch's virtues. An English poem, composed by Mr. Fleming, and a French piece by a writer who signed himself *Canadensis*, obtained the prizes. Addresses were delivered by M. Romain, President of the Society, and by Mr. Louis Plamondon, one of the glories of the Canadian Bar, and the director of one of our earliest literary journals, the *Courier de Quebec*. The existence of this first society was not of long duration. First publications, first reviews, first organizations of this kind are like forlorn hopes. Those who follow them triumphantly must pass over their bodies.

The Literary and Historical Society of Quebec, founded by Lord Dalhousie in 1824, and which still exists, only succeeded the society just mentioned, by, as will be seen, a considerable interval. Since 1848 it has had a rival in the *Institut Canadien de Quebec*, to which the educated young men speaking the French language choose by preference to belong. The Natural History Society, the *Société Historique*, the Numismatic and Antiquarian Society of Montreal, the Canadian Institute of Toronto, the Geographical Society of Quebec, the *Institut Canadien-Français*, of Ottawa, and other societies of like aim in other cities of the Dominion, have laboured, and still labour, in the advancement of science and literature. The task which such societies have to perform in a country comparatively new is not an easy one. Their object is twofold—the progress of science and letters and the making of them popular.

For that purpose it is not so much an Academy that is needed as the lecture-room and the public library. But in proportion as learning advances, and the standard of literature is elevated, when high scientific careers become possible, the two functions just indicated may be separated and institutions of a higher and more exclusive character may be expected, with the aid of the government, to prosper. Have we yet reached that point? The time is passed for raising that question. It has been decided by a superior and impartial authority which has judged our intellectual and literary progress more favourably than we would have ventured to do ourselves. I have given a rapid sketch of the progress of this movement, as far as concerns the oldest province in the Dominion. In recent years how much it has accelerated! The great universities, Laval, McGill, Toronto, Lennoxville, Dalhousie, numerous colleges, normal schools, a complete system of public instruction have spread the taste for science and learning all over the land. Literary and scientific publications have become numerous; the works of some of our writers are known even beyond the confines of Canada.

For us, the descendants of the early colonists, the times have greatly changed since that evil day when we were, as I have said, the disinherited of two nations. To-day our new motherland accords us an enlightened protection and opens up to us a path of prosperity and importance to which no limits are assigned. On the other hand, our ancient Mother Country has remembered us, and now there exist between us and her relations both gracious and advantageous, such as there were in the days of Colbert and of Talon. Nor has literature been without its share in bringing about this reconciliation. If science and industry, by means of the three great Paris exhibitions, contributed to the desired end, it may be said that our historians and poets were the first to make us known to our old motherland, while they showed her the most glorious and touching pages of our history, pages which until then had been hidden in the shades of oblivion. One of our colleagues here present is a proof of what I affirm.

Again, for some years back, it seems to me, Canadian works in the French language are better known to the British population of Canada than used to be the case in former times, while the Anglo-Canadian poets, prose writers and men of science are better appreciated than formerly by their French compatriots.

The moment, therefore, was well chosen for the convocation within these Parliament Buildings of that other parliament of men of Letters and Science, less noisy than that which generally occupies this place, but whose debates, if they do not arouse men's passions, like those of politics, will be no less useful. Here are now met men of both nationalities, of all shades of opinion, of all parties in the country. The whole circle of the sciences can here fraternize, and literature and history can embrace each other.

Science has, in these days which test humanity, a mission more difficult than ever. Its responsibility was never greater than now. It has been reproached with having waged open war with revealed religion, with attempting to sap, by a destructive materialism, all the foundations of morality, of denying the existence both of Divine Providence and of human conscience. On the other hand, the powerful physical agents which it has discovered and placed within reach of the vulgar, have already given to those pernicious doctrines a terrible sanction. Unless care is taken, the moral ruin which those doctrines would bring to men's souls will be followed by material catastrophes equally terrible. From this point of view, it is a satisfactory assurance to have at the head of our new society a man who has struggled so long and so successfully for religious ideas in the domain of science, and who has won a reputation therefore, both in the United States and Europe, which is well merited.

In the Old World there seems to be a reaction in favour of Christianity. The last reception at the French Academy is a proof of this fact. This great society crowns literary talent wherever it is found,—at the bar, in the Christian pulpit, at the orator's tribune, in the other sections of the Institut. It comprises in its vast jurisdiction all the branches of human knowledge, for in them all there is room for the application of the arts of speaking well and writing well. Biot and other savants have been admitted to the number of its members, and quite recently M. Pasteur, so celebrated for his discoveries in the matter of virus and microzoaires, delivered his reception discourse and delivered the *éloge* of his predecessor, Littré, who, though the disciple of the Positivist, Comte, died holding views quite different. The discourse of the new Academician is an able and eloquent vindication of the rights of revealed truth to our respect and gratitude. He shows to what frightful darkness they may be led who deny all that preceding ages have believed and revered. Everything in nature, said he, reveals to us the existence of God the Creator and of the human soul made in his image. He cites these words of Littré:—"Mankind must have a spiritual bond. Otherwise there would be in society only isolated families, hordes, in fact, instead of a true society." After showing that metaphysics, so disclaimed by the Positivist school, only translates within us the dominating idea of the infinite, he proclaims in these words of the highest philosophic elevation, the existence of that image of Divine power which is outside of man, but which in certain respects is man himself.

"The Greeks," he says, "have bequeathed us one of the most beautiful words in our language, the word *enthousiasme*—*en theos*—a god within us. The grandeur of human

actions is measured by the inspiration which originates them. Happy he who carries within him a god, an ideal of beauty which obeys him; an ideal of art, ideal of science, ideal of gospel virtues. These are the living sources of great actions. Everything is made light by the reflection of the infinite."

Perhaps I have too long abused the kindness of this distinguished audience. At any rate I will leave my hearers under the charm of the words which I have just cited. But, before I close my address, I would, in the name of the whole society, thank His Excellency for the interest which he takes in Science and Letters. And more particularly, on behalf of the first section to which I belong, I thank him for the place of honour which he has so graciously given to French literature and the history of Canada in the organization of the society.

In a Scrap Album.

TO D. W.

One heroine there is in Scottish song,
To whom in thought I often liken thee;
As gleams the daisy thro' the grasses long
Thy sweet face shines—my "*Bonnie Bonnie Lee*,"

Montreal.

JOHN ARBORY.

Asleep in the Old Arm Chair.

"Oh, like a dove so sweet

And fair and pure thou art,

I gaze at thee and tears

Steal into my full heart.

I cannot choose but lay

My head on thy soft hair,

And pray that God may keep thee

As sweet and pure and fair.

And, oh! when thou art gathered

To thy home beyond the skies

Oft will I think I see thee

Through the bright blue heavens, thy eyes

And thy lips, so warm and ruby,

Oft will appear to call

For the lover thou'lt leave behind thee

In this dark, forsaken hall.

Thy face now radiant with beauty

To me always seems to shine

With a bloom that surpasses the earthly,

And can be naught else than divine."

Hush! she awakes with a shudder

And starts when she sees who it is,

Then throws her fair arms o'er my shoulders

And smothers me with a kiss.

"Oh, Nellie, my love and my darling,

I caught you fast asleep

In that dear old-fashioned arm chair,

And I couldn't help but peep

And the thoughts that came to my mind then

Were the thoughts of the bitter pain

I would feel were you taken from me

That I ne'er should see you again."

"Oh, banish such thoughts," says Nellie,

"And don't worry now, my dear,

For you may wish all this had happened

Before we've been married a year."

Ottawa.

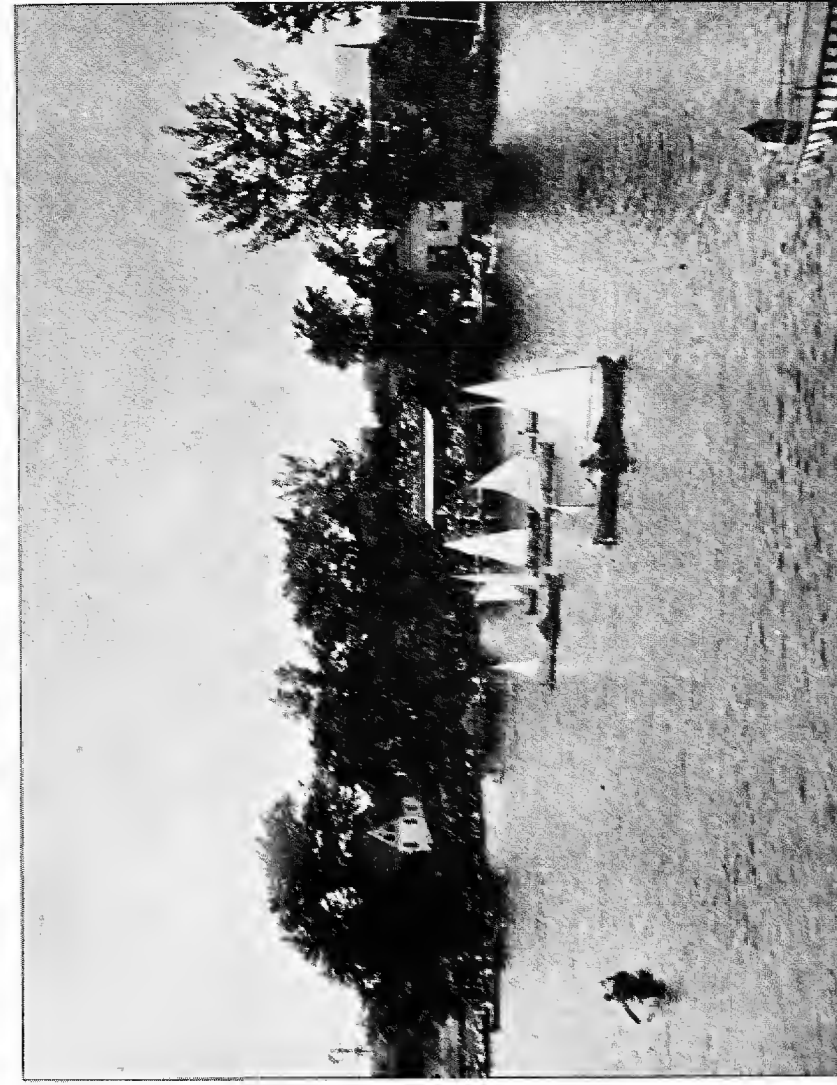
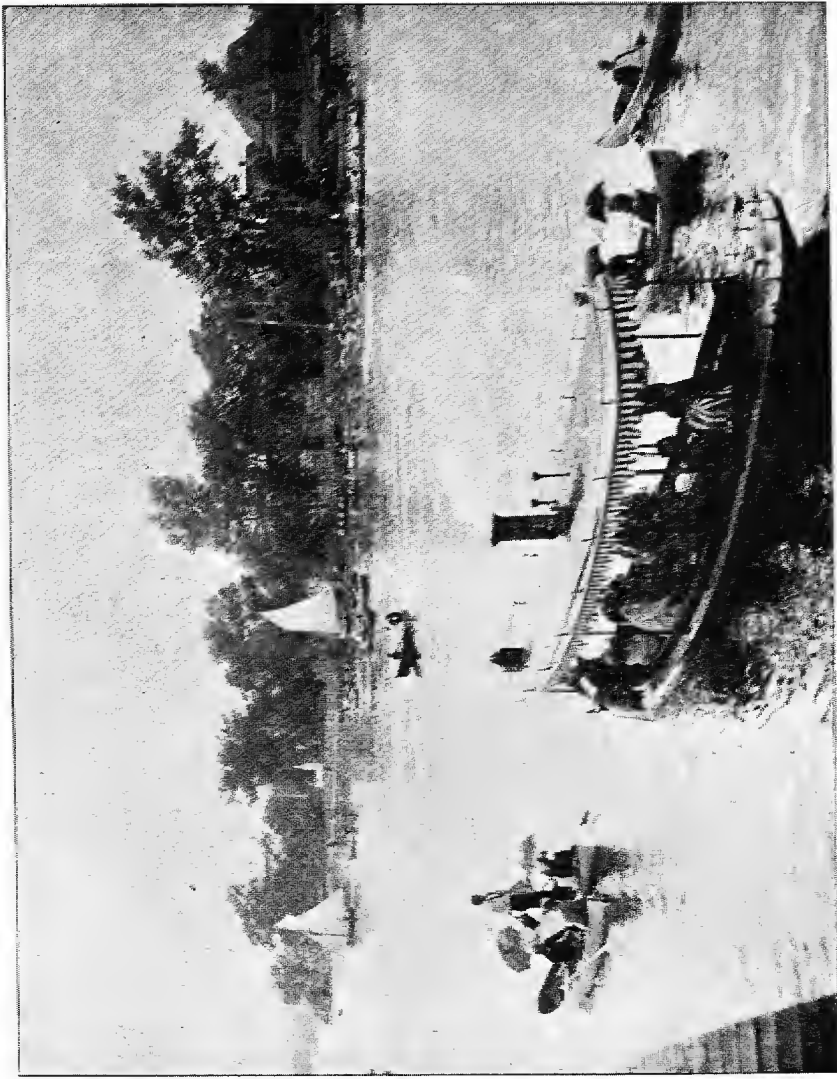
ALEXANDER S. POTTS.

Liszt in England.

Liszt's former triumphs in England were destined to be eclipsed by the enthusiasm of the reception which awaited him when he was prevailed upon to return in 1866. In 1824 George IV. had given the sign to the aristocracy of homage to the child-prodigy; and his visits in the following year and in 1827 were successful enough. In 1840-41 the Queen's favour was accorded to him, and he shared with Thalberg a reputation as a skilful pianist in fashionable circles. But it was not until 1866 that the vast popularity which had hitherto been withheld from him, owing to the conditions of musical life in our country, was meted out to him in full measure. "There is no doubt," says a musical critic, "that much of this enthusiasm proceeded from genuine admiration of his music, mixed with a feeling that that music, for a number of years, had been shamefully neglected in this country, and that now, at last, the time had come to make amends to a great and famous man, fortunately still living. It is equally certain that a great many people who were carried away by the current of enthusiasm—including the very cabmen in the streets, who gave three cheers for the 'Habby Liszt'—had never heard a note of his music, or would have appreciated it much if they had. The spell to which they submitted was a purely personal one; it was the same fascination which Liszt exercised over almost every man and woman who came into contact with him."



THE KITTEN; from the painting by F. Viney.
(Photo. supplied by G. E. Macrae, Toronto, Director for Canada of the Soule Photograph Company.)



THE REGATTA AT STE. ANNE DE BELLEVUE, 26th JULY. (Cunningham & Brown, photo.)



PRESSED CHICKEN.—Stew your chicken until the meat leaves the bones, chop the meat (together with three or four hard boiled eggs), finally return to the stew kettle wherein a very little of the broth (free from fat) has been left. Salt and pepper to taste, and stir well. Then turn into your mould, put a platter on top of the vessel you use to press it in, and a heavy weight on the platter. When cold if properly prepared, it will turn out like a mould of jelly, and can be sliced in smooth, even slices, making not only a very palatable but an attractive dish prepared on Saturday for Sunday's dinner. Prepare beef in the same manner. You can prepare it as well without eggs as with.

The sand bag is invaluable in the sick room. Get some clean, fine sand, dry it thoroughly in a kettle on the stove. Make a bag about eight inches square of flannel, fill it with dry sand, sew the opening carefully together and cover the bag with cotton or linen. This will prevent the sand from sifting out, and will also enable you to heat the bag quickly by placing in the oven or even on top of the stove. After once using this you will never again attempt to warm the feet or hands of a sick person with a bottle of hot water or bricks. The sand holds the heat a long time, and the bag can be tucked up to the back without hurting the invalid. It is a good plan to make two or three of the bags and keep them on hand, ready for use at any time when needed.

Asparagus a la creme is one of the most delicious of soups, yet is seldom found except on tables where the cook is an accomplished chef. It is not difficult to prepare. First cut the points off a bunch of asparagus, and lay them aside. Cut up the remainder of the asparagus in small pieces, and add to it a pint of white stock, with a fried onion, and cook the whole till it is tender enough to pass through a purée or flour sieve. After straining the soup add a pint of boiling milk and two tablespoonfuls of butter, mixed with two tablespoonfuls of flour, and finally the asparagus "peas." Let the soup cook ten minutes longer, stirring carefully all the time. If the "peas" are large, it is better to parboil them in a little stock before adding them to the soup for this boiling. Add a cup of boiling cream last of all, and serve the soup, if you wish with dropped eggs. It is more delicate, however, with croutons of dry toasted bread.

WOMAN'S DOMAIN.

VACATION.

How to keep cool is a question which is at present exercising the minds of most people; everything else fades into insignificance; not even the burning question of whether we shall annex the United States has power to rouse any enthusiasm. Humanity, tall and short, thin and stout, wearily toil along beneath the blazing sun of July, and woe to the one who is rash enough to attempt to discuss any weighty matter, particularly if the one addressed is burdened with a superabundance of flesh—for example, a dialogue which took place at a street corner the other day: "What do you think of the Heligoland question, Smith?" "Think!" indignantly answered the stout party, a savage gleam darting from his eyes as he mopped his face with a many-coloured bandanna. "Think sir! do you know what the thermometer is?" "Bless me! no I don't," the other was heard to murmur as he was left gazing at the retreating figure of the owner of the bandanna, which was being vigorously used.

Many kindly hints are given at this season on the advisability of taking life calmly. On no account is one to be in a hurry. The stately, philosophical bearing of the dude is recommended, who, even when his immaculate collar hangs limp, and the waxed ends of his moustache droop, pursues his way as leisurely as before, the only signs of discomfort is the more deeply mournful look that shadows his face.

Fancy! busy housewives, what an advantage to cultivate this superb calmness amidst the trials of the preserving season, when the jelly proves obstinate and won't set, and the fruit which your grocer assured you was "just picked from the bushes" proves a "snare and a delusion," as you go below the surface, or when a gem suddenly bursts in your hand and the scalding fruit runs down your arm, remember the advice—be calm, and endanger not your health by worry.

Eat slowly, and eat but little meat; drink no alcoholic fluids; don't get excited, and under no circumstances run for a train or a street car.

Many have already left for country and seaside to escape the hot wave. For those who cannot remain long in one place, the most satisfaction can be got from a visit to the sea. As some one lately said, the first whiff of the salt air acts like a tonic on tired nerves, quickening the blood through the veins with a buoyancy that expends itself in the freedom of holiday life. Of course, we are speaking to those who go away for a real vacation; by real, we mean the opposite to that of spending one's time lounging on the veranda and wondering how existence can be passed till evening, which brings the sole pleasure—the ball-room—

with its wearisome sameness to the life which ought to have been left behind if health for the coming winter is desired. What can such a one know of the joyous gladness of a vacation spent as much as possible in the open air? What matters it if sunburn and freckles do come, they soon wear away, but the impressions gained by the free intercourse with Nature is never effaced from the soul.

And amidst the thousand petty cares and worries of life there comes at times, like some half-forgotten sweet memory of old, a vision of a pleasant picture of a cool nook in the woods, or the sound of the surf dashing among huge masses of rock.

Walking, anywhere, is a delightful exercise, but perhaps nowhere is it more enjoyable than by the sea, where you can walk for miles on the smooth sand with the breeze blowing fresh and strong, while from time to time you pause to admire some of the many wonders left by the retreating tide. Oh, veranda loungers! What know ye of the joy of feeling your blood, after such a walk, coursing through the veins with a wild, exuberant freedom which makes the walker know nothing of blue fits, dyspepsia and the many aches and fancies which so many women now-a-days complain of. No wonder!

Bathing is another attraction, and the best time of the day for sea-bathing is about two or three hours after eating, and preferably in the forenoon. It may be borne in mind that the beach and the waves themselves are generally cleaner during the ebb tide than during the flood; and also that it is desirable that the air, as well as the sea, should be warm when one is bathing. The first bath of the season should be a brief one, lasting no longer than is necessary to wet the body from head to foot. In bathing, as in other things, custom hardens; and at the end of your holiday you may remain in the water with impunity for a length of time that would have been highly dangerous a few weeks earlier.

Every woman should take advantage of the buoyancy of salt water to learn that much neglected art—swimming—and in the freedom of her bathing dress this could easily be learnt. What a difference between the bathing dress of former years and that of the present. It grows more elaborate every year. The latest is that worn by an Englishwoman. It is made of black satin—the heavy, glossy quality that comes with a linen back. The bodice is laid over a tight-fitting lining of jean which is enough support to the figure to enable the wearer to dispense with the stiff corset which many bathers consider indispensable. It is high up about the throat and buttoned securely with jet balls. The satin is gathered back and front, and the fullness is "gaged" from the bust line down to a few inches below the waist, where a full skirt reaching nearly to the knee is set on with a "buttercup shirring." There are no sleeves. In each armhole is set a crescent-shaped piece, which laces across several times at the shoulder and is tied with a black silk cord. Black silk tights, with small satin trunks and shoes of soft black felt that are very pointed at the toes, somewhat like the "Shoon" of the period of Richard III., complete this outfit. The fair owner says that satin holds its own against the onslaught of the soft sea waves better than any known fabric. It doesn't cling too closely, and wetting rather improves its lustre. Picturesque, certainly, but a prettily made flannel one seems to be more appropriate. Then again, some women do not care how dowdy they look in the water, and with their different coloured stripes look like escaped convicts; so, between the two extremes, a happy medium might be chosen.

Another pastime, which if you are a good sailor is the beau ideal of all pastimes, is that of yachting. What can be more exhilarating than bounding through the water with a good breeze blowing, and a pleasant crew, which, alas! is not always the case. Here is an instance of how one fussy individual may spoil a sail. A gentleman, at least he called himself such, insisted that his wife should bring the baby to get the benefit of the breeze. Poor woman, what a time she had of it between the baby and her husband, who kept up a continual run of nagging at his wife the whole time. It was "Now, Lucy, pray keep the baby quiet, and don't hold it like that; dear, dear, can't you sit still? What ever made you put on such a fright of a hat? I told you before I couldn't bear it. And I hope the next time you go for a sail you will be ready in time. You kept us all waiting."

Lucy mildly—"You told me not to wake the baby if she was sleeping, and so that delayed me."

"Now, how was I to know she would sleep so long. Dear, what a lurch! Captain, don't you think we are going too fast? My gracious, what a wave!"

"Oh, John, do you really think there is danger?" cried his poor little wife.

"There, of course, you must go and get excited; just like you, you ought to have stayed behind," which, no doubt she only wished she had been allowed to do. On the return, the wind dropped, and the crew looked despairingly at each other, for private theatricals were to be held that evening, and most of the actors were on board. The wrath of the fussy man rose to an awful height, for was it not indispensable that he should be there? Who could so well take the part of the balcony scene in Romeo as himself? While the rest of the crew made the best of it they could, his martyr wife got it more and more—though what she had to do with the lack of wind was a mystery. This interesting conversation with his wife had been carried on in an undertone, but it could not but be overheard by the rest, who longed to get rid of him by pitching him overboard. So, if possible, choose your crew from those who will make things pleasant. But remember, if you are not a good sailor let nothing tempt you to venture on a long

sail. If it is your first venture, go for a short distance, and only with a stiff breeze blowing.

Seek those for company who will make you feel cheerful, who take a bright view of life; not necessarily always agreeing with you, for a lively antagonist is a good thing sometimes. But keep away from all who nag and worry—those who are perpetually finding fault. You know what they are like. You have doubtless met them before. Nothing pleases them—if it is not the food, it is the people. Do not be inveigled into their company.

Then, for this free, out-door life, wear clothes which will not restrict your movements and which you are not afraid of spoiling; for instance, nothing can look neater or nicer than the full skirt of pretty tennis flannel and the sailor blouse, put on the first thing in the morning and changed only for evening. "What! not dress for dinner," exclaim our veranda friends. No, for you generally just arrive in time for dinner, and, after half an hour's rest, out again till tea, and it would only be a waste of time to don an elaborate toilette.

And now, once more we repeat to thoroughly enjoy a vacation spend it in sunshine, fresh air and pleasant company. And you will return with a reward in health, which will carry you through the winter without the aid of drugs.

Ethics of Dining.

No doubt we all of us eat and drink more than we need. The teetotallers have their crusade against our drinking, but surely some similar organization is required against over-eating. It may be said of many a man that he digs his grave with his teeth. The experience of most medical men is that an overwhelming proportion of disease arises from errors in diet. The first thing which the doctor has to do is to limit, weigh, and select the patient's diet. Perhaps the patient rebels. Like the northern farmer, he must have his glass of yale. Said a countryman one day: "I takes all the things I likes, and let them fight it out among themselves." But this cannot be done with impunity. Nature makes the dullest comprehend her teachings. At first she speaks in a gentle whisper, and presently in a voice of thunder. At first it is very irksome and wearisome to fret and fight under a lot of arbitrary rules. But we find that, like better men, we must go into training. And by-and-by we may have to find it makes an intellectual amusements, so to speak, to be playing at chess with gout, or dyspepsia, or Bright's disease, or *angina pectoris*. For all these perils lie insidiously in wait for those who dine "not wisely, but too well." A man who lives moderately, in point of fact, gets better dinners, and gets them for a longer time. He finds out that there is an aestheticism in these things. Better even to live long on mutton chops and toast-and-water than to be ill on viands and liquors that transcend the natural strength. It is as well to live with as much refinement and good taste as possible, but even the wise heathen could tell us that we should not "live to eat, but eat to live."

Jane Austen's Birthplace.

Steventon, where Jane Austen was born, may be seen from the railway between Basingstoke and Popham Beacon; but the parsonage has long been pulled down. It is said to have been a square, comfortable-looking house on the other side of the valley to the present one; it was approached from the road by a shady drive, and was large enough to contain not only all the Austens and their household, but at different times many other people as well. It had a good sized old-fashioned garden, which was filled with fruit and flowers in delightfully indiscriminate confusion, and sloped gently upwards to a most attractive terrace. Every reader of "Northanger Abbey" will identify this terrace with a smile. From the parsonage garden there was a curious walk to the church; it was what the natives of Hampshire call "a hedge" which may be explained to those who are not natives of Hampshire, as a footpath, or even sometimes a cart track, bordered irregularly with copse wood and timber, far prettier than the ordinary type of English hedge, and forming a distinctive characteristic of the county. Jane Austen displayed her Hampshire origin when she made Anne Elliott, in "Persuasion," overhear Captain Wentworth and Louisa Musgrave in the hedge-row behind her, as if making their way down the rough, wild sort of channel down the centre.

Humour in Music.

But, admitting that humorous music does exist, in what does its humour consist? The answer is, that in music, as in literature, humour is chiefly to be sought in (1) sudden and unexpected contrasts of thought or language, (2) grotesque exaggeration and (3) burlesque. To all three of these forms of humour Beethoven was equally addicted, and added besides a farcical fun all his own, sometimes exhibited in allotting a passage to an instrument unsuited to it, and upon which it sounds absurd. The bassoon is the usual victim on such occasions. To class it belong such passages as the middle of the first movement of the Symphony No. 8, the imitation of birds in the slow movement of the "Pastoral," and the tipsy bassoon in the scherzo of the same, the wrong entry of the horn in the Eroica and its indignant suppression by the rest of the orchestra.

FOREWARNED.

I have been asked the questions many times—"Do you believe in the supernatural? Are you superstitious?"

I have generally been taught to believe that those who die happily and go to a better world are too happy and contented with the change to wish to come back again to the ways of this troublesome sphere. And those who die and go to a worse place than this they have left, are prevented from returning, even if they wish to very much, by a certain sulphurous being, whose chief initial is "D."

As for being superstitious,—well, perhaps, if being particularly careful to put my right foot out of bed first in the morning and putting on my right shoe and stocking first in order to keep on the good side of Dame Fortune, or never cutting my finger nails any day between Wednesday and Monday,—if those signs of weakness go for anything, then surely I must be superstitious; but I doubt it.

However, when one is sensible of the certain fact that one has been in close proximity with something most ghostlike, perhaps some one older and wiser will discover and explain to what he would ascribe the following:

I had received a letter from a cousin of mine asking me to come and make her a visit. The letter reached me at a very critical time. Shall I say that letter was a turning point in my life? Perhaps so.

I had been engaged to a man, a gentleman of means and position. He was a widower, and, perhaps, beside the great affection I felt for him, he charmed me by the kindly, always sympathetic, manner in which he spoke of his dead wife.

My parents were pleased with my choice. They admired Mr. Borrors for his many amiable qualities. He was a good business man—handsome, and in every way fitted to be the means of making any girl happy. If at times he would be morose and silent I never noticed. I thought I had better get used to an occasional passing cloud on my future partner's brow. For I had sense enough to know that no two lives were ever passed, or could be, in continual sunshine, without an occasional thunder storm to clear the atmosphere. They tell me I am cold, cold and heartless. Can one be heartless when she loves as passionately as I, Clarice Savoy, loved Hugh Borrors? Loved him! Heaven help me, until my love was crushed out, so utterly dead, that nothing could revive it to life again. Perhaps I was hard in my decision. What does one's love amount to when the object beloved is worthless? That was my bitter lot—to find that my affections had been lavished upon an unworthy object. The idol I had set up crumbled to dust before my wistful, wretched eyes.

Not a whisper of warning had I of the blow that was to crush all the happiness out of my life. It all came so suddenly I must have been blinded. Slowly, but still very surely, a coldness sprang up between my parents and my lover. There seemed no perceptible cause. Still the coldness, the unfriendly feeling, was apparent.

One night, I should say the night, for never shall I forget it, Hugh called for me to go to a band concert. It was one of those sultry summer evenings when it seems too much of an exertion for one to breathe. I said I preferred remaining at home. He agreed that the air was densely warm, and we sat chatting, when my mother entered the room. She never spoke nor looked at me; but, with a strangely fixed look on her face, walked over to Hugh and ordered him out of the house. Shall I ever forget the agony of that hour and those that followed?

I appealed to my father, but he only seconded my mother in her action. "He is a blackguard and not fit to remain in any respectable man's house, and, Miss, never let me hear of your recognizing the rascally villain again." And with a second warning look at me he went out.

My mother would tell me nothing to explain her extraordinary action. "He is not worthy my daughter. He is not worthy," was her unsatisfactory answer to all my questions. But I was determined not to give him up until I knew wherein the unworthiness lay. I met him a few days later. He begged me to be faithful to him, and I, with passionate words of everlasting fidelity, promised. My mother heard of the meeting and was furious. Had she treated me like a woman and not as a child and told me her reasons for refusing me to speak to Hugh, she would not have made me disobedient or untruthful, for I declared I never met him, nor would I acknowledge that I had.

Then he went away, and Sadie's letter came, and I in my calmness of despair accepted and went. Sadie with her bright, laughing face, met me at the station with the fat old pony and low basket carriage. She was delighted to see me and rattled on cheerfully of everything she thought interesting.

"Ah, Clarice! the house is full and you will have to sleep in the haunted room; but," she says, with a shake of her curly brown head, "I am ready to share the terrors of the ghostly night watcher with you."

"Ghosts indeed," I retort with supreme contempt. "My dear child, pray do not martyrize your feelings on my account, for I am not the least bit afraid."

Sadie looked at me surprisedly. "I hope with all your other virtues you have not become sarcastic with your poor little cousin," she says, touching the pony lightly with her whip.

"Forgive me, dear," I say in a repentant tone. "Perhaps I am tired, so don't mind if I snarl. You know I don't mean it."

Sadie sighs for sympathy with me. She is one who never gets put out of temper; she is always, it seems to me, at her best. And that is what can be said of very few; but, then, she is my favourite cousin, and perhaps I am partial. Shortly after tea Aunt Ada came to me and said:

"Clarice, dear, I am so sorry, but every bed-room is taken except the blue room. Do you mind sleeping there? For, if you are nervous, Sadie shall sleep with you."

"I will be very comfortable I dare say," I return cheerfully.

"If you have any miserable love story, they say the ghost gives good advice on such matters," Sadie says laughingly.

I feel my face burning crimson. "I don't understand you," I say coldly. But Sadie, who is always talking at random, runs off to talk to some of her other guests.

The visitors were all very agreeable, and, in spite of my misery, which is for ever cropping up before me, I spend a very pleasant evening. At ten o'clock Sadie and I retire to the seclusion of the blue room—a large apartment hung in blue, with two large windows overlooking an extensive flower garden. The furniture was old-fashioned and heavy, with a bed hung with heavy blue damask curtains. Now, everything looked most cosy and cheerful, a fire burned in the grate—for the room had not been used for so long that she was afraid it would be damp. Aunt Ada was generally funny that way. Wax lights shed a soft radiance around, and numerous flowers were scattered around in pretty cups and vases in sweet confusion.

"Don't you think we had better let the light burn?" Sadie timidly suggests.

"I can never sleep with a light in the room," I retort, as I promptly blow out all the candles.

Sadie gives a little shriek as she scrambles hurriedly into bed, while I as promptly scuttle in after her. The fire burns up cheerfully and lightens up the furniture, and I think what a pity, for the sake of some old tradition, such a lovely room should go unoccupied. Sadie, with her head buried in the blanket (a very uncomfortable position I should fancy), squeals a remark to me from time to time from among the blanket's protecting depths. Finally we both drop off to sleep. I dreamt I was at home. It was in the morning and they said there was a lady in the library to see me. I went and found a fair, fragile, little creature standing by the fire. She was wringing her hands and sighing as I entered the room.

The first thing I noticed was her strange apparel. She simply wore a long flowing garment of some soft white material, and her golden hair hung in long waves over her slender shoulders. She looked at me silently for a few moments, then she came toward me.

"You are Clarice Savoy?"

I reply that such is my name.

"You mean to marry Hugh Borrors?" she further questions.

"I do," was my ready answer.

The sky outside the library grew dark, and there was no light in the room save the flickering fire light, throwing fitful, weird shadows around.

"Child," said my strange visitor, "don't have anything further to do with Hugh Borrors. What?" she went on, brushing the fair curls off her white forehead impatiently. "Do you think that if a man treats one wife cruelly that his second will meet with a better or kinder fate? Tell me, do you?" She turns her glorious, dark eyes, full upon my face, and they seem to burn into my very brain, those wildly brilliant, enquiring eyes.

"What authority have you to come here with a tale like this to me? I have every reason to believe that my intended husband is an honourable gentleman, who would wound no woman's feelings, let alone those of the sacred ties of matrimony."

I speak haughtily and half sorrowfully, for I begin to think perhaps the fair little creature before me has had her hopes disappointed. Still I cannot fathom her reason for wishing to make me her confidant. She paced hurriedly up and down for several minutes, then she paused before me.

"Will you listen?" Again fixing those shining eyes upon my questioning face.

"Certainly," I reply, sinking languidly in a chair.

"Went you be seated?" I ask.

She never moved from before me, nor took her eyes from my face.

"You did not know Hugh Borrors' wife?"

I shake my head.

"She was older than he, but still a faithful and a loving wife all through the long years he was toiling to succeed in business. She did her best to help and cheer him on all the long, long years; but," plaintively, "they were happy in a way. Then it suddenly became apparent to the loving, watchful eyes of the wife, that her husband was less loving and neglectful and hard to please. Like lightning out of a clear sky came a whisper, a word dropped here and there, that Hugh, her husband, whom she had loved so faithfully, was neglecting his home and her for a new, a younger face. A whisper was not sufficient to arouse suspicion in the trusting heart, but she afterwards found proof sufficient to convince her that she was no longer the first in her husband's heart."

"Mr. Borrors purchased a handsome jewelled bracelet. His wife admired it very much, and was surprised to see him replace it in his coat pocket. Afterward she saw the same bracelet on the arm of the woman who had taken her husband from her. The blow was too much for her gentle, brave nature, and she died, died of a broken heart."

I spring to my feet. "How dare you say such things? Who are you?" I demand.

She pushes me back in my chair and placing her hand on mine, she whispers:

"I am Hugh Borrors' dead wife."

I wake with a scream,—awake to find the fire almost burnt out and myself sitting upright, my hand outstretched, while standing before me is the woman of my dream. I cannot move, can scarcely breathe. All I can do is to gaze as if fascinated at the fair little lady with her flowing white gown and golden hair. I feel the clasp of her icy little fingers around my wrist. Then she slowly fades from my vision, while I distinctly hear the word "Remember." For the first time in my life I fainted away. On coming to my senses I was very thankful to find Sadie still sleeping. No one but myself knew of my midnight visitor.

The next afternoon, in the face of much opposition, I started to go home. Sadie with a rueful countenance saw me in the train. In her thoughtfulness for my comfort she had lent me an interesting story to beguile the hours in travelling. I sat glancing over the pages, when I became conscious of a conversation going on between two gentlemen in the seat behind.

"I see Frank Somers has been taken into partnership with one of the leading attorneys out West. He is a pretty lucky dog."

"Who is Frank Somers?" lazily asks his companion.

"Why, don't you remember the girl he married was the one whom Borrors was so much smitten with—the girl who they say made as much love to the married as to the single man."

"But Borrors is a widower," argued the other.

"I believe gossip goes through your head like water through a sieve. I tell you his wife was alive at the time, and his outrageous doings with this girl killed her, sent her they say right into her grave. Bad business all through. She was a clever little wife and a fair little creature,—big dark eyes and yellow hair style, you know; but too loving, you see, to battle along with a fellow of Borrors' style."

Every word I heard distinctly. On my arrival home I find an impassioned letter, begging me to leave home and marry him at once. I quietly wrote, saying it was utterly impossible for me to go in opposition to my parents' wishes, and that it would be better to stop all further communication. He wrote twice afterwards, but I never noticed the letters. I have learned since that the story the little lady told me in my dream was really what had occurred, that neglect had killed Hugh Borrors' wife. And who can doubt for a moment that it was some strange means of all-seeing and loving Providence which saved me from a fate worse than death.

Pagan Place, St. John, N.B.

MAT LEONARD.

Macaulay.

I cannot describe him better than by saying he has exactly that kind of face and figure which by no possibility would be selected, out of even a very small number of persons, as those of a remarkable personage. He is of the middle height, neither above nor below it. The outline of his face in profile is rather good. The nose, very slightly aquiline, is well cut, and the expression of the mouth and chin agreeable. . . . The face, to resume my description, seen in front, is blank, and, as it were, badly lighted. There is nothing luminous in the eye, nothing impressive in the brow. The forehead is spacious, but it is scooped entirely away in the region where benevolence ought to be, while beyond rise reverence, firmness and self-esteem, like Alps on Alps. The under eyelids are so swollen as almost to close the eyes, and it would be quite impossible to tell the colour of those orbs, and equally so from the neutral tint of his hair and face, to say of what complexion he had originally been. His voice is agreeable, and its intonations delightful, although that is so common a gift with Englishmen as to be almost a national characteristic. As usual, he took up the ribands of the conversation, and kept them in his own hand, driving wherever it suited him. . . . His whole manner has the smoothness and polished surface of the man of the world, the politician, and the new peer, spread over the man of letters within. I do not know that I can repeat any of his conversation, for there was nothing to excite very particular attention in its even flow. There was not a touch of Holmes's ever-bubbling wit, imagination, enthusiasm and apbesqueness. It is the perfection of the commonplace, without sparkle or flash, but at the same time always interesting and agreeable. I could listen to him with pleasure for an hour or two every day, and I have no doubt I should thence grow wiser every day, for his brain is full, as hardly any man's ever was, and his way of delivering himself is easy and fluent.—*J. L. Motley.*

How to Sharpen Tools.

Carpenters and other toolusers who keep up with the times now use a mixture of glycerine instead of oil for sharpening their edge tools. Oil, as is well known, thickens and smears the stone. The glycerine may be mixed with spirits in greater or less proportion, according as the tools to be sharpened are fine or coarse. For the average blade, two parts of glycerine to one of spirits will suffice.



ACHOUAPMOUCHOUAN, LAKE ST. JOHN RAILWAY. (Livernois, photo.)

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An Interesting Chair.

In the hall of Eglinton Castle is a chair made of the oak which formed the roof-trees of "Alloway's auld haunted kirk." The back of the chair is inlaid with brass, on which is engraved the whole of "Tam o' Shanter." At the bottom is an inscription, which bears that the chair was made of the material referred to, and presented to Hugh, Earl of Eglinton, in the September of 1818, by Mr. David Auld, who built the inn and the little grotto near the monument at Alloway.

The Boundary Line.

The boundary line between the United States and Canada is not "imaginary," as most people suppose. The fact is the line is distinctly marked from Lake Michigan to the Pacific Ocean by cairns, iron pillars, earth mounds and timber clearings. There are 385 of these marks between the Lake of the Woods and the base of the Rocky Mountains. The British placed one post every two miles and the United States one between each British post. The posts are of cast iron, and cast on their faces are the words, "Convention of London, October 20, 1818." Where the line crosses lakes, mountains of stones have been built projecting eight feet above high-water mark. In forests the line is defined by felling trees for a space a rod wide.

A Startling Mistake.

The Danish word for "children" and the Icelandic for "sheep" are, it seems, very similar, and *The Fireside* tells a good story in its "Chapter of Anecdotes" based on this resemblance. The Queen of Denmark, during her visit to Iceland, inquired of the Bishop how many children he had; but the worthy bishop—whose knowledge of Danish was not so complete as it might have been—understood Her Majesty to ask how many *sheep* he owned, and promptly answered, "Two hundred." "Two hundred children!" cried the Queen astounded. "How can you possibly maintain such a number?" "Easily enough,

please your Majesty," replied the hyperborean prelate, with a cheerful smile. "In the summer I turn them out upon the hills to graze, and when winter comes I kill and eat them."

Influence of Music.

An excellent clergyman, possessing much knowledge of human nature, instructed his large family of daughters in the theory and practice of music. They were all observed to be exceedingly amiable and happy. A friend inquired if there was any secret in his mode of education. He replied, "When anything disturbs their temper I say to them 'Sing'; and if I hear them speak against any person I call them to sing to me; and so they have sung away all causes of discontent, and every disposition to scandal."

HUMOROUS.

"WHERE are you off to?" "To apply for the hand of one of the banker's daughters." "Which of them?" "That depends. If he looks pleasant I'll take the youngest, but if he's cross, the oldest."

NEAR-SIGHTED OLD GENTLEMAN: Can you tell me what that inscription is on that board over there? Resident: Sure, Oi'm in the same boat, sor! 'Twas mighty little schoolin' Oi hod whin Oi was a bye meself.

A mother started to tell the story of a miser to her children, and, upon asking if they knew what a miser was, her seven-year-old replied, "Oh, yes, I know, *economiser*,—somebody who always saves, and never spends a cent."

A BIG DIFFERENCE.—Wife: I think Turner, our grocer, has joined the church, John. Husband: What leads you to think so, my dear? Wife: Why, he used to say his strawberries were so much a quart; now he says they are so much a box.

THE YOUNG MAN (argumentatively): But don't you see, Miss Bessie, that when you reason in that way you are only begging the question? The young woman (blushing beautifully): I am sure, Mr. Peduncle, I—

I didn't intend to—to beg you to—to ask me any question?

THIS is the season when the invalid's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of mineral springs. Whatever may be his real or imaginary disease, he is convinced that the only thing that will do him any good is a spring strongly impregnated with a casino and containing at least sixty per cent. of ball room.

SOLICITOUS.—Mother: Where have you been, Johnny? Johnny: Down by th' old mill wa'chin' a man paint a picture. Mother: Didn't you bother him? Johnny: Naw! He seemed to be real interested in me. Mother: What did he say? Johnny: He asked me if I didn't think 'twas most dinner time, and you'd miss me.

IN THE CROWDED QUARTER.—Mr. Johnsing: What a nice well-behaved baby you have here, Mrs. Plumley. Mrs. Plumley: Yes; he's good now, but I had a world of trouble with him last summer. After he came home from the Fresh Air Excursion he squalled for fresh air so much that we had to get a bellows and feed him every night before he would take a wink of sleep!

BASHFUL BRIDGET.—"Well, mum, I must be after lavin' yez," announced the cook. "What do you mean? Why are you going?" asked the astonished mistress. "I am going to be married next week," was the reply. "But, surely, Bridget, you won't leave me so suddenly. You must ask him to wait for you a few days." "Oh, I couldn't, mum." "Why not, pray?" "Sure, mum, I'd loike to oblige you, but I don't feel well enough acquainted with him to ask such a thing."

The Persian author, Saadi, tell us a story of three sages—a Greek, an Indian, and a Persian—who, in the presence of the Persian monarch, debated this question: Of all evils incident to humanity, which is the greatest? The Grecian declared: "Old age oppressed with poverty"; the Indian answered, "Pain with impatience"; while the Persian, bowing low, made answer—"The greatest evil, O King, that I can conceive is the couch of death without one good deed of life to light the darksome way!"

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A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

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REGISTERED.

Vol. V.—No. 109.

MONTREAL AND TORONTO, 2nd AUGUST, 1890.

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Now that Mr. Blaine is becoming so aggressive—though we desire a quarrel as little as he does—it may be some slight comfort to recall the military judgment pronounced by General Brackenbury on an invasion of Canada from the South. The premises on which that distinguished soldier bases his conclusions may not be exactly those on which we would build an argument for safety, but they doubtless enter into the problem. He recalls Napoleon's retreat from Moscow, as an illustration of the possible fate awaiting the aggressors, and evokes that terrible picture of a grand army in the last straits of starvation from hunger and cold. The comparison is, to be sure, somewhat far-fetched, especially in these days of railroads and rapid evolutions and universal knowledge of geography. We really hardly think that the Lees, McClellans and Grants of the present day would be caught by such a surprise as that which overtook the meteoric conqueror of the Revolutionary aftermath. Our neighbours, with whom we have no more ambition to cross swords than they with us, are not so strange to Canada or its climate as to attempt a winter campaign without making some provision against General Frost's guerrillas. The fact is that, our frontiers being continuous across the whole continent and the isothermals not always following the line of the political boundary, the Canadian strategist would run almost as great risks at times and in places, if he carried the war into the States, as his antagonist would incur in inhabited Canada. There is a difference, we allow, and we can imagine circumstances when and where, on a small scale, the retreat from Moscow might be reenacted by our uninvited visitors. But such a drama is not among the probabilities.

Just at this moment we are by no means happily circumstanced for the contemplation of such a struggle—that "officer not below the rank of a colonel" who should lead our citizen soldiers to defence or attack being actually inaccessible. The Jingo feeling is not a sentiment to be encouraged at any time, and we would be sorry to give it countenance. But, believing that, in the Behring Sea controversy, we have the triple armour of a just quarrel, and that Mr. Blaine, by his tone and language, has done much to cause a breach between his country and Great Britain, we cannot help thinking this is just one of those crises when, if ever, the survey of our means of defence should inspire Canadians with courage. Let us suppose, for instance, that the aspirations of Young Canada had been fulfilled and we were to-day face to face with hostile neighbours, are we in a position to defend our frontier from Halifax to Victoria against all comers? This question, never irrelevant, has a peculiar opportuneness at the present time.

Yet, while Mr. Blaine is, by what we must regard as persistence in groundless claims, using his position to stir up strife between two great and kindred nations, some American gentlemen, who not unfitly have their centre of operations at Philadelphia (the City of Brotherly Love), are

doing all in their power to realize the Sermon on the Mount and hasten the hour when nations shall learn war no more. The society in question is still in its infancy, having been established in May, 1886. Peace societies there were, it is true, before its birth. The American Peace Society, which has its chief seat in Boston, has long been a well known institution. At every great crisis on this continent, indeed, there has been a peace party, which commended the settlement of the points at issue by friendly conference. At the period of the Revolution there was, we know, an important proportion of the inhabitants opposed to taking up arms against the king. Again in 1812 an organization was formed to resist the war policy of the Government, but that organization was very much more political than philanthropic. The Mexican war was in like manner opposed and the greatest civil war of modern times (that of 1861-65) would never have come to pass had the advice of Elihu Burritt (who lectured in Montreal on "The peaceful extinction of slavery") been taken some years before. But this Philadelphia society differs from all these and other organizations in being essentially and avowedly a Christian body. It is, moreover, a body of considerable influence, and its list of membership comprises some of the most illustrious names in the United States. The more comprehensive peace societies admit members of every creed or no creed, and most of them base their preference for peace, as contrasted with war, on economic grounds. The Christian Arbitration and Peace Society, without being adverse to the sister bodies (the usefulness of whose work and aims it acknowledges) looks upon its own *raison d'être* as higher than that of mere utility or even ordinary morality. It has its sanctions—as its adherents claim—in the Word of God and in Christ's own teaching. It has laboured strenuously and not unsuccessfully in the interest of the Indians and helped on the arbitration movement, which was the most important outcome of the Pan-American Conference. It sent representatives to the great European Peace Congress, whose sessions were held in London from the 14th to the 19th of July. It is not without significance that this great pacific congress should have been sitting at the very time that Lord Salisbury and Mr. Blaine were corresponding on the Behring Sea question.

If the telegrams that have recently been received from Central America are even partially trustworthy, the treaty of arbitration which was adopted by them and by the South American States a few months ago has not proved very effectual. The treaty in question contained provisions for the settlement by arbitration of every dispute that might arise between any two or more of the signatories. Yet now we hear of Guatemala and Salvador going to war as though such a treaty had no existence whatever. There is, besides, another convention binding the Central States alone to submit all controversies of an international character to a similar tribunal. This arrangement was entered into after the failure of the federal scheme, on the success of which the late President Barrios had staked his life, reputation and fortunes. He was a man of large views and of rare executive power, and under his rule and influence Guatemala had attained a position of prosperity which excited the jealousy of Mexico and the fears of its smaller neighbours. He had won over three of the Republics to his plans, and had them all matured when the defection of Salvador (always noted for sudden changes of policy and revolutionary surprises) compelled him to take the field. The result was that the federation, which had been proclaimed in his own capital, came to a violent end, as did Barrios himself, and the idea of union was abandoned even by Guatemala. The present president of that Republic, General Barillas, is a man of considerable ability, and, though he has ventured on no *coup d'état*, after the manner of his abler predecessor, he is naturally in favour of a policy which would make Central America a power in the world (though a small one), and would greatly enhance the importance of Guatemala. Again

Salvador stands in the way, and all sorts of intrigue seem to be at work. The population of the whole five States—Guatemala, Salvador, Honduras, Nicaragua and Costa Rica—is between two and a half and three millions. Costa Rica, the smallest, does not number 200,000 inhabitants. Salvador, which alone is powerful enough to measure its strength with Guatemala, has not much more than 650,000, which is little more than half the population of its rival (1,224,602, by the last census). It is the fear of the ascendancy that Guatemala would exercise, that has proved the great obstacle to union.

The publication of Mr. Stanley's work, "In Darkest Africa," has not diminished the fame of the great relief expedition. On the contrary, the authentic and consecutive account, with its number of striking details, hitherto unknown to the world, brings out more saliently than the necessarily condensed newspaper reports the terrible nature of the obstacles that the explorer encountered and overcame. The route selected was full of unforeseen dangers, the thick deep forest beyond Yambuya having been previously undreamed of. The sight of such a barrier would have deterred a leader who was not gifted with rare resourcefulness, self-reliance, and the faculty of influencing others. The circumstances that impelled him to choose the Congo route instead of that by which he brought his enlarged company to the coast, were of a peculiar character. He was in the service of the King of the Belgians, and was delicately but firmly given to understand that unless he went by the Congo His Majesty would not sanction his acceptance of the command. He was, moreover, disposed himself to consider it the easiest and surest path by which to reach the Governor of Equatoria. King Leopold promised to place at his disposal the vessels of the Free State and to assist him in other ways. Another consideration in favour of the Congo was that by going in that direction he allayed the suspicions of the Germans as to the political aims of the expedition and quieted the fears of the French for the safety of their missionaries. It was also expected that the Congo route would ensure the fidelity and courage of the Zanzibaris who were liable to panic and desertion in the Arab country. Of the other routes proposed—the Abyssinian, the Zambesi and Nyassa, and the Masai land, the event proved this last to be far the best. But had he taken the easier route, much of the knowledge that he brought back with him—touching the hydrography of the Nile and Congo, the great lake system, the mountains and the forests would have still to be won. The expedition has supplemented his own previous discoveries, as well as the labours of Livingstone, Speke, Schweinfurth, Du Chaillu, and other explorers, whose conclusions it has sometimes confirmed and completed, sometimes corrected. In the interest that it has attracted from all parts of civilization it surpasses all preceding expeditions, and has ensured the opening up of Africa to European enterprise.

That part of his experience which affected Mr. Stanley most vividly and lastingly was the immense forest, the range of which he computes to be some 300,000 square miles, and whose gloomy shades were associated with his sharpest spiritual as well as physical trials. Of its tropical characteristics he writes in terms of enthusiasm. Its economic products—especially its wealth of india-rubber—may, he thinks, be made the basis of an important commerce. The experiments in planting carried on at Fort Bobo under the supervision of Lieut. Stairs, in a clearing made for the purpose, yielded some interesting results. The products raised, including corn, bananas, tobacco, etc., showed to what good use the soil could be turned by cultivation. It is not likely that, even if the operations could be conducted on a larger scale with equal success, any appreciable number of white people would be induced to settle in Central Africa. With a view to the industrial education of the native population, these experiments may, however, be deemed hopefully significant.

Before the European nations begin to indulge in hopes of a dark continent made bright by white colonization, they should bethink them of the still vast expanses of productive land that await the hand of skilful, patient toil in this western hemisphere. While our great prairie country is still only dotted here and there with a settler's cottage, it would be the height of folly for England, at any rate, to be encouraging schemes of emigration to the torrid zone. The work to be done in Africa is of another order. To do away with tribal wars, with slavery, with savagery, and to raise the people who have sat so long in darkness to a higher plane of life, while enabling them to appreciate and develop the natural wealth that lies around them, is a task that will benefit the world, while transforming Africa. But for colonization, in any normal sense, by European nations, all but the temperate southern portion of the continent offers no available scope.

OUR NEGLECTED WAIFS.

A meeting took place on the 11th of June in the Royal Albert Hall, London, in which, as well for the subjects discussed as the character of some of the speakers, Canada was not a little interested. It was convoked in connection with the work of Dr. Barnardo in the rescue and training of poor neglected children, gathered off the streets of London or sought out in the homes of the thriftless and the profligate. It was not a meeting of an ordinary nature, called simply for the purpose of reviewing the past and taking counsel as to the future, but was meant to be a sort of exhibition and illustration of the methods pursued and the results attained. There was a large attendance, a number of special invitations having been issued, and the announcement having been previously made that the Marquis of Lorne, K.T., formerly Governor-General of Canada; Sir Arthur Blackwood, K.C.B., kinsman of another most distinguished and popular Governor of the Dominion, the Marquis of Dufferin, and the Rev. Mr. Spurgeon, the great pulpit orator of the Baptist Communion, would deliver addresses. Lord and Lady Kinnaird, the Rev. Canon Fleming, the Dowager Countess Cairns, the Rev. Canon Girdlestone, the Rev. Styleman Herring, Col. Moreton, Major Frobisher, and other personages well known from their association with enterprises of charity and benevolence, mainly in connection with emigration, were also present. The proceedings comprised the presentation to the audience in succession of the boys and girls of the institutions under Dr. Barnardo's charge, classified according to age, condition, or occupation, with drill and music, and the passing of several resolutions favourable to the cause of child-rescue. The last issue of "Night and Day" contains illustrations of these groups, as well as portraits of several of the illustrious speakers—the Marquis of Lorne, Mr. Spurgeon, Sir Arthur Blackwood, Canon Fleming, Lord Kinnaird and Mr. Wm. Fowler. The most interesting features of the programme (apart from the speeches) were those which exemplified the character and effects of the industrial and moral education which the young people receive. The musical drill would hardly, perhaps, admit of being classed as either directly moral or directly industrial. Yet it cannot be doubted that it has an important influence in both directions. It is said that children who have been taught music can work more satisfactorily at certain handicrafts—a discovery which was made by those pioneers in educational methods, the ancient Greeks. The appearance of the children—who were of all ages, from helpless infancy to dawning manhood and womanhood—was much admired, and certainly it would be difficult to refute a mass of testimony, practical, documentary and oral, so full and strong as that which was produced on the occasion in favour of the system in vogue.

The Marquis of Lorne, who had participated just a lustre ago in a similar exhibition, spoke of the progress that had been achieved in the interval. When last he lent his aid to Dr. Barnardo's mission, the total income was £60,000 or so. It has since risen to £106,000—which

shows a steady increase. The total number of children who had been taken in and provided for by the several institutions, up to the former date, was 8,000. It was now between 15,000 and 16,000. The last year had been a severe one on the relief agencies, owing to the extraordinary distress that prevailed among the London poor. The Dock and other strikes had also contributed to the depression, and over 109,000 free meals had been given to necessitous children, to homeless adults and other destitute persons, while 21,000 more had been sold at cost price. In the Homes 71,000 destitute children were dealt with. During the year 4,642 boys and girls had been sheltered in the Homes, and on the 31st of December last 3,259 were actually in residence. The whole number emigrated during the year was 503—396 boys and 107 girls. Besides these, 821 were restored to friends, or otherwise settled in life in the United Kingdom. The principle, continued the Marquis, on which the Homes were conducted was that of never rejecting a destitute child—in twenty-four years not a single helpless child being turned away. Altogether 15,600 children had been thus saved from a life of possible shame or crime.

The portion of the Marquis's address in which we are especially concerned is that which treats of the emigration of these children to Canada. During the last few years 4,300 boys and girls have been sent to the colonies—the great majority to the Dominion. As our readers are aware, Dr. Barnardo has established branch Homes in this country—one in Ontario, the other in Manitoba. Last fall, in connection with the Governor-General's western progress, we published a view and description of the latter of these institutions. That they are well managed and that the young people who have the advantage of training in them are, for the most part, so settled as to give them the opportunity of attaining, in due time, positions of competence and thus of becoming useful citizens we have reason to believe. There have, it is true, been occasional complaints, and we saw not long since that they had been renewed in connection with the inquiries of the prison reform commission. How far such complaints have been brought home to the young people of the Barnardo Homes we cannot say, and it would be well that, whenever they are made, they should be definite and accompanied either with proofs or sufficient indications, personal and local, to ensure their being confirmed or refuted. Vague charges are simply columnies. Dr. Barnardo, who has, we believe, been in Canada this season, would doubtless like to know whether in any, and, if so, how many instances, the training received at the Home has proved incompetent, once the boys are removed from its stricter supervision, to prevent their yielding to temptation. One thing is lamentably certain—the number of boys—mere children sometimes—who, for offences of various kinds, are sentenced to terms of imprisonment in our gaols and penitentiaries, is deplorably on the increase. The officers—governors, chaplains and physicians—of those establishments have again and again protested against the inhumanity of dooming mere boys to consort with criminals of the deepest dye, and thus to be apprenticed to a career of crime. What seems to us inconsistent, short-sighted and unpatriotic to an extraordinary degree, is that, while we commend these Homes of Dr. Barnardo and extol their influence for good on the little waifs of London and other English cities, we never dream of adopting a like plan for the rescue of the constantly increasing number of our own poor little homeless, or worse than homeless, children, but leave them to the tender mercies of criminal associates, the police and the magistrate. There is not, we believe, in all Canada, a single institution for guarding and training Canadian boys and girls in the same merciful principle that Dr. Barnardo applies to the street arabs and waifs of the metropolis.

We knew, of course, that Dr. Barnardo's methods have not escaped criticism. He has been accused, not merely of excessive zeal in the rescue of unfortunate children, of defying the law rather

than risk the perdition of the helpless child exposed to evil influences through wicked or reckless parents, but also of carrying on a systematized proselytism. At least one case, which lends colour to such a charge has come before the courts this year. With these charges we have nothing to do except in so far as they may place Canada unconsciously in the position of an accessory. But surely we might adopt what is undeniably good in Dr. Barnardo's system without copying its defects or excesses. What is there to prevent us establishing Homes on the same humane and generous plan? For never, we believe (as men like Lord Lorne, Sir Arthur Blackwood, Canon Girdlestone and Mr. Fowler have so gladly testified), have children, taken from the haunts of misery, been more tenderly dealt with than in Dr. Barnardo's nurseries and training homes. Therein he has set an example (religious prejudice apart) which Canada might profitably follow.

MR. BLAINE'S PRETENSIONS.

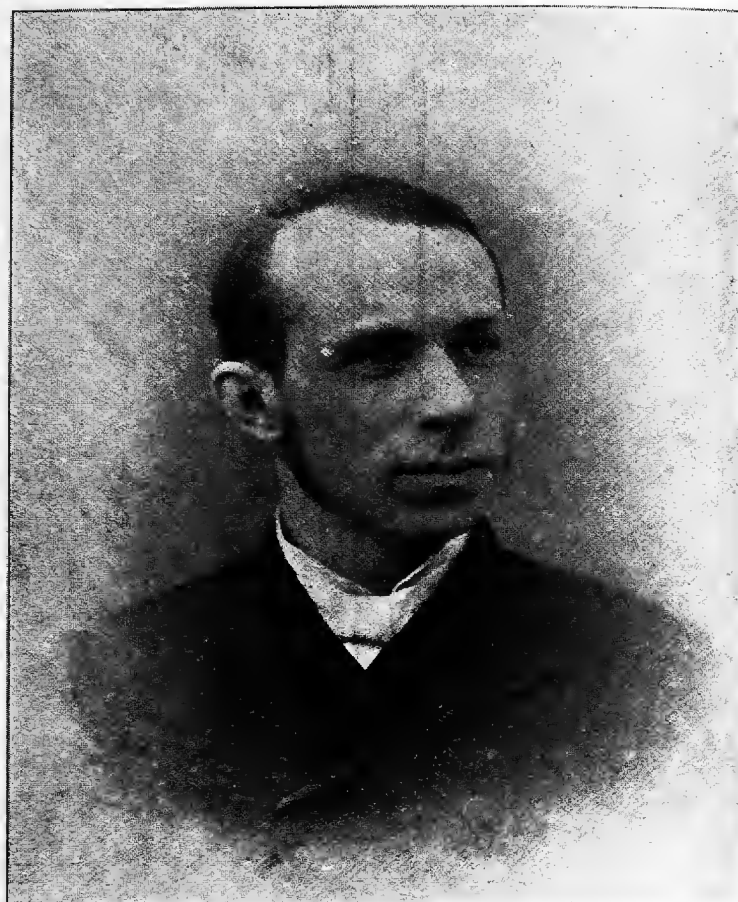
Mr. Blaine has been doing his best to make those who deprecated his return to power as hostile to British interests good prophets. His course on the Behring Sea question has fulfilled their worst fears. His recently published reply to Lord Salisbury reveals a disposition to address asides to the populace of his own country rather than to consider the matter in dispute from the standpoint of law and equity. He has elaborately confused two quite distinct questions—the acknowledged expediency of taking measures (which should, of course, be of an international character) to protect the seals from wanton destruction, and the extent of the jurisdiction of the United States over Behring Sea. He tries to win the sympathy of superficial readers by charging the British Government with an offence *contra bonos mores* for espousing the cause of the Canadian sealers, as though the latter hunted only out of season and were the only persons who did so. At the same time he ignores the known fact that England has all along been anxious to come to an arrangement by which the seals would be safely guarded during their breeding time and their migration to the breeding grounds. Such an agreement ought to have been the first care of the Washington Government as it was, two and a half years ago, the care of Lord Salisbury. The latter was willing, as he informed the American Minister of that date, to conclude an agreement as to the close season, altogether apart from the question of proprietorship. If the sealeries have been injured through lack of proper protection, the fault is Mr. Blaine's.

As to the claim that Behring Sea is a *mare clausum* to the United States, we have already shewn it to be untenable. On general grounds of international law it is wholly inadmissible, and the wording of the treaty on which Mr. Blaine falls back, really gives it no countenance. The Russian edict of 1821 was resented by the United States as well as by England. Mr. John Quincy Adams protested against it in vigorous and unmistakable language. Mr. Blaine wishes it to be believed that Mr. Adams simply objected to Russia's pretensions to jurisdiction over the whole "Southern" ocean and makes much of Lord Salisbury's omission of the final clause of a quoted paragraph. But the clause in question clearly referred only to the ordinary territorial jurisdiction north of the 55th degree, and certainly never contemplated a closed sea. Mr. Blaine's interpretation is a novelty, for which he will find no support in any of the great commentators on international law. The treaty of 1824, between Russia and the United States, and that of 1825, between Russia and Great Britain, removed all doubt on that point. In 1842 the Russian American Company applied to its own government for cruisers to prevent United States whalers from entering Behring Sea, but Count Nesselrode's prompt reply was that the treaty of 1824 made the right of fishing common throughout the whole Pacific.

If the Russians, then, brought no such right with Alaska, on the transfer of the latter to the



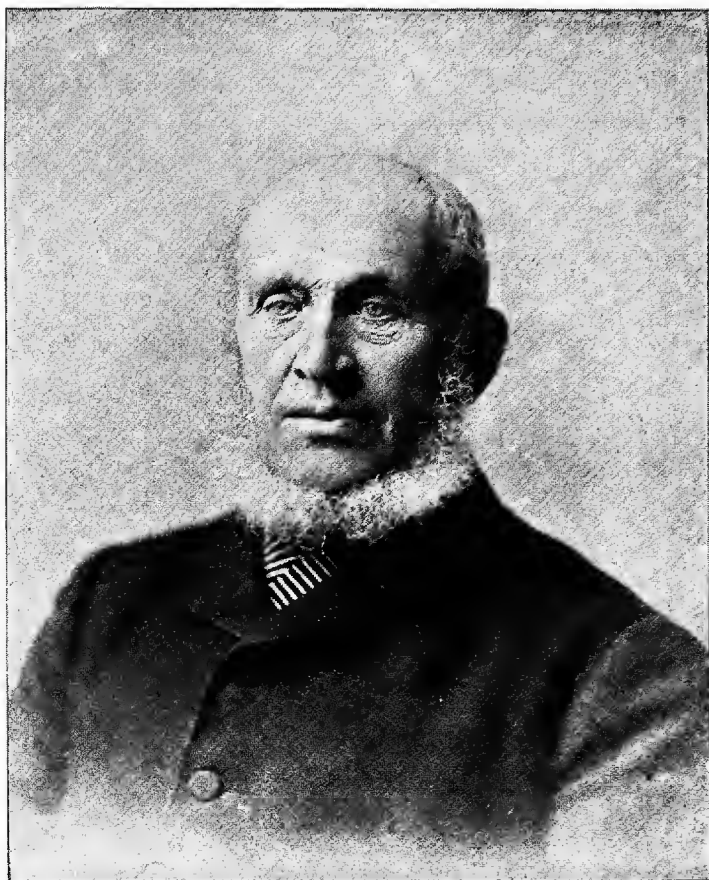
HIS HON. M. B. DALY, Lieut.-Governor of Nova Scotia.
(Topley, photo.)



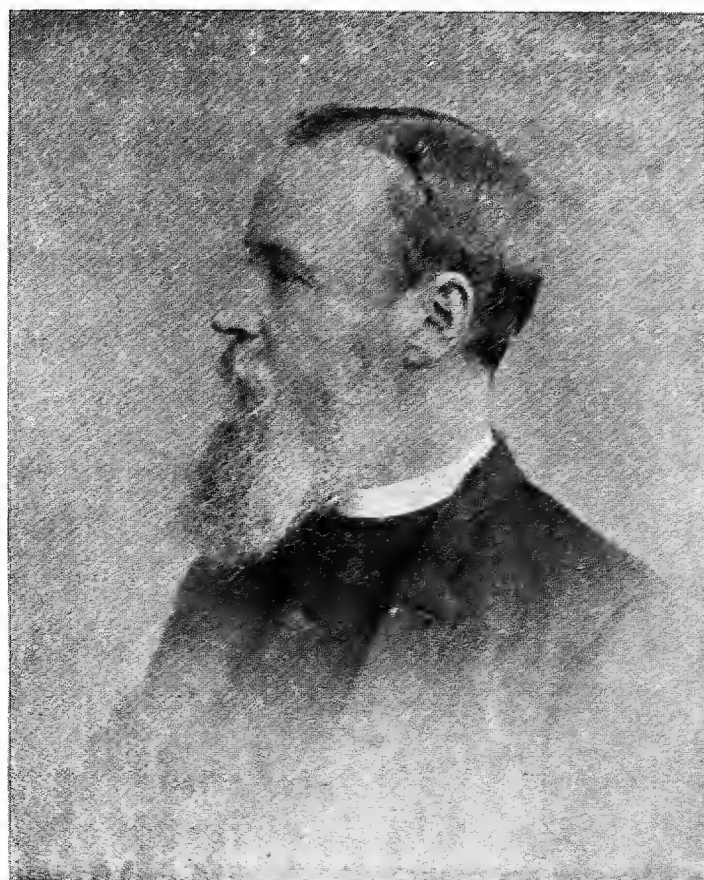
REV. ARTHUR J. LOCKHART, (Pastor Felix.)



PROTESTANT ORPHANS' HOME, TORONTO. (Wm. Webb, photo.)



THE LATE ROBERT HAY, of Toronto.
(J. Fraser Bryce, photo.)



REV. C. J. S. BETHUNE, D.D., L.
Head Master, Trinity College School, Port Hope. (E. Stanton, photo.)



NIAGARA HARBOUR AND FORT NIAGARA. (E. Handcock Walsh, photo.)

United States, it is difficult to see by what authority the Washington Government of to-day can claim it. Nor, indeed, even if Russia (with its bounding coasts on both continents) had enjoyed such a right, could it, on any plea of international law surrender it to the States by the cession of merely the American shore. Neither did the United States Government dream of imposing an interdiction on the vessels of other nations until quite recently. In April, 1872, Mr. Boutwell, then Secretary of the Treasury, replied to a request, similar to that put to Count Nesselrode thirty years before, by a *non possumus* equally distinct. In fact, Mr. Blaine's persistent adherence to a groundless claim is retarding the consummation which to the fur seal company is most of all desirable—the conclusion of an international arrangement which, while protecting the seals in moving time, would both secure its real rights and promote its prosperity. But there is too much reason to suspect that, in prolonging the controversy, he has other aims in view than the satisfactory settlement of the question.

The Chapel at Racicot.

A LEGEND OF RUSTICO, P.E.I.

Have ye heard how the exiles of Acadie
In the days long, long ago,
Were met to bewail their misery,
And strains never heard on land or sea
Filled the chapel at Racicot?

From hearts oppressed the anthems rise
But brokenly and slow;
The praise is mingled with sobs and sighs,
To Mary are lifted tearful eyes,
In the chapel at Racicot.

But hark! strange voices, sweet and strong,
Blend with the music's flow,
And fill with mighty, matchless song,
And solemn echo, loud and long,
The chapel at Racicot.

Each Holy Day, though the chapel bell
Swings sadly to and fro,
And the people meet their woes to tell,
Each day repeats the miracle
In the chapel at Racicot.

And the exiles' hearts are lifted high
Above their sorrow and woe,
Since Heaven is brought to earth so nigh
And the mercy of God had not passed by
The chapel at Racicot.

Such music never again, they say,
The ear of man will know
As that which filled each Holy Day,
And the people wished it would fill for aye,
The chapel at Racicot.

Benton, N.B.

MATTHEW RICHEY KNIGHT.

The Founder of the Hohenstaufen.

From his father he inherited the Ghibelline blood of the Hohenstaufen, through his mother he was related to the family of the Guelphs, thus blending in his person the two rival races, as if in him were at last to be quenched the animosities which for so long had steeped Germany in blood. He was scarcely thirty, of middle stature, of pleasing and dignified appearance; his teeth were white, his mouth full and smiling; he had blue eyes, a fresh colour, red hair and beard, whence the famous name of Barbarossa given to him by the Italians. Skilled in arms, careless of fatigue or danger, he had gained a high reputation in the East and in his own country as a valiant and experienced leader. Resolute, born to command, discriminating, he understood ruling men, and, when necessary, flattering them. He was severe and often ferocious against such opposition as he could break down by force or in the impetus of war, and showed his ferocity sometimes calculatingly, sometimes in real anger, but never was coldly or uselessly cruel. Longing for glory, ambitious, haughty and tenacious, but neither so haughty nor so tenacious as not to know how to yield when necessary, and prosecute his ends by other means. His culture was not great, but his intelligence was quick, and he enjoyed the conversation of learned men; and though he spoke Latin with difficulty, he read it with pleasure, especially histories telling of the grandeur and glory of that empire which he wished to restore. For on him also the revival of classic culture exercised its wonted fascination, and around him gathered the Italian jurists who were reviving the study of Roman imperial laws and saw in him the restored image of the ancient Empire. Vain evocation! The first Frederick of Hohenstaufen was in truth a German Emperor, nor perhaps did any sovereign ever represent a more perfect type of the virtues and failings of Teutonic genius.



OTTAWA FOOTBALL TROPHY.—The trophy shown in our engraving has been much admired by experts in such matters. The *Hamilton Spectator* says of it: "A handsome trophy has just been finished by the Meriden Britannia Company for the Ottawa Football club. It is forty inches high, and has as centre piece the figure of a footballer about twelve inches high, which was first modelled in clay by A. H. H. Heming, of the Art School, and is a very artistic piece of work. The trophy is made of silver, inlaid with gold, and is probably one of the handsomest specimens of such work ever produced in Canada. It cost about \$500."

HIS HONOUR LIEUT.-GOVERNOR DALY.—Nova Scotia's new Lieutenant-Governor is a gentleman whose name and family have long been associated with the affairs of Canada. His father, Sir Dominick Daly, was for a quarter of a century Colonial Secretary under the Union régime and that which preceded it, and was successfully Governor of Tobago (West Indies) and of Prince Edward Island, and Governor-in-Chief of South Australia. Sir Dominick, who was the representative of an ancient Irish family, married Miss Maria Gore, daughter of Col. Gore, of Borromount, County Kilkenny, Ireland. His son, Malachi Bowes Daly, was born at Marchmount, a country seat, with which the readers of Mr. LeMoine's "Picturesque Quebec" cannot be altogether unacquainted, on the 6th of February, 1836, so that he is still comparatively young to occupy a position so distinguished. He was educated at St. Mary's College, Oscott, Warwickshire, and, on leaving that institution, entered on the study of the law. In 1864 he was called to the Bar of Nova Scotia, but temporarily abandoned the profession soon after to serve as private secretary, first to his father, who was then Governor of Prince Edward Island, and afterward to Sir Richard Graves Macdonnell and Sir Hastings Doyle, while Governors of Nova Scotia. He was also Provincial Aide-de-Camp to Sir W. Fenwick Williams, the Hero of Kars, while that distinguished soldier held the position. It was natural that Mr. Daly should have some ambition to engage in parliamentary life. In 1878 he was asked to stand for Halifax in the Conservative interest, and in 1882 and 1885 he was re-elected. In this latter year it was found expedient to appoint a deputy speaker and chairman of committees, and Mr. Daly, who had been the choice of Sir John Macdonald, was, on Mr. Blake's motion that the House itself should make the selection, unanimously chosen to fill the office. In that capacity he gave general satisfaction, his good sense, tact and admirable temper enabling him to preside with dignity, judgment and acceptance to all parties. On the death of the late Lieutenant-Governor A. W. McLellan, Mr. Daly was appointed as his successor in the Government House. For the functions which he has now to discharge no person could be better qualified, by native gifts, education and experience than the Hon. M. B. Daly. His Honour married in July, 1859, Miss Joanna, second daughter of Sir Edward Kenny, of Halifax, formerly a member of the federal administration.

THE REV. ARTHUR J. LOCKHART ("PASTOR FELIX").—We have much pleasure in presenting our readers this week with a portrait of our esteemed contributor, "Pastor Felix," in his proper person, the Rev. Arthur J. Lockhart, poet and essayist, one of Nova Scotia's most gifted sons. In the *King's College Record* (Windsor) for January last, appeared the following biographical and critical notice of Mr. Lockhart, which we take the liberty of reproducing: In the author's introductory notes to the "Masque of Minstrels," Mr. Lockhart has written: "If thou art one of the critic folk whose business it is to help or hinder in the great highway of letters, I would say this,—So many reasons not patent to the author may be found for approving or condemning what is here, its fate, with you, cannot be forecast. Read several pages cardily before speaking, if, indeed, you intend to honour us with your notice." We have complied with the writer's injunction, and in reading over the volume have found therein much true poetry—graceful, tender and full of music—together with much that might be called commonplace. To be just, however, we must say that this mediocrity arises, not from any defect in the writer's abilities, but rather from the handling of subjects that have already been worn threadbare, and is a fault common in a greater or less degree to almost all writers. In a little cottage near the mouth of the muddy Avon, in the County of Kings, but near the Hants line, Nova Scotia, Arthur Lockhart, the eldest of a family of seven, was born, and passed most of the days of his childhood. His father was a master mariner, and only at home during the short intervals which his occupation allowed. His mother was a woman of Huguenot descent, whose forefathers emigrated to America in times of persecution. During the absences of her husband her time was chiefly taken up with the affairs of the household. Thus, left pretty much to his own devices, and although crippled early by an injury, the young Arthur had still sufficient leech to enable him to take long rambles among his native woods and hills. In this way, brought closely into contact with the heart of nature, and being of a poetic temperament, he inhaled there in the Acadian forest, sweet with the breath of the pines and the murmur of myriad rills, most of the inspiration by which he afterwards pro-

duced much of his best work. Here are one or two examples of his style:—

"A joyous rhyme of a glad some time
That again is coming to greet the earth,
When winter shall sing on his cold white wing,
And light and beauty leave their birth—

When the sweetling bud break forth, and the woods
With song birds over, and streams run clear;
When the sweet-toned larks are heard from the hills
And the cheery singing of birds is here.

* * * * *
The time of love, when the piny grove
Grows warm to its morn'ring dark green deep,
And sweet Arborea, at the Maple's foot
On the floor of the forest begins to creep!"

And again:—

"O May time! merry mouth I hail thee here
Thou flowery gateway of the blooming year!
For thee the groves with dancing green are dight,
And ring with birds from early morn till night,
While on their glancing wing the soft hours fly
Till Phoebus' car glides down its amber sky

Mr. Lockhart, as a boy, was of a studious nature, and having, as he himself has said, "a longing for the literary life and some feeling of kinship to the types from which books are printed," he went to Wolfville and apprenticed himself for three years to the editor of a local paper called the *Acadian*, and afterwards as a compositor at the University Press, Cambridge, Mass. After a year of this work, however, he gave it up and returned home. He now made up his mind to enter the ministry, chiefly through the advice and influence of his friend, the Rev. C. B. Pitblado. With him, accordingly, he served as an assistant during the following winter, and then, having arrived at the age of twenty-two, he entered the East Maine Conference. From this he was appointed to fill a vacancy in Pembroke, where he served for about a year. In 1873 Mr. Lockhart was married to Miss Adelaide Beckerton, of St. Andrews, N.B., a lady of refinement and intellect, who afterwards became the mother of six children three sons and three daughters. After his marriage Mr. Lockhart removed to the seaside village of Lubec, and from thence to East Machias, Orrington, East Corinth, and afterwards to Cherryfield, where he now resides. "These are mostly the meagre facts and incidents of my life, outwardly," writes Mr. Lockhart; "my life history would be of thought and emotion." It was not as a stranger that Mr. Lockhart placed before the public in 1887 his volume of poems entitled "The Masque of Minstrels," for the author's genius had been already recognized in certain poems which had previously appeared in some of the leading periodicals of the time; but the collection certainly did gain for him a wider reputation as a poet of marked ability. It was published in conjunction with his brother, the Rev. B. W. Lockhart, whose poems on "Sir Richard Grenville," "Birds on the Sea," "Wordsworth" and "Keats" are worthy of a more extended notice than is within the scope of this article. Arthur Lockhart is essentially a poet of nature. The seasons in all their changing glories are painted by him with true poetic colouring. Winter appears

In billowy ridges by the fenced fields
And the dark firs like Parian pyramids
Shall shoulder their white masses thro' the woods,
The pine and larches wait amid the cold,
The birch emboss her silver coat with ice,
The gaunt elm shout and wrestle with the wind, etc.

Autumn is described thus:—

I hear Thee . . . in these hoarsely wailing winds that come
And grow tempestuous about our doors
When starlessly the autumn night descends

* * * * *
We hear and how before Thee while the pines
Sway on the hills beyond, where Thou art teaching.

Of poems on spring we have given some examples already; others are "Awaking" and "May." The poem addressed to summer is hardly up to the average, and contains nothing very remarkable except where he calls her a

"languorous maiden with a heart of fire."

"Rain Heard at Early Morning" is a delightful little sonnet, full of quaint originality. We quote it entire:—

Awaking at the early dawn I hear
The liquid tramp and too fall of the rain—
The flooded spout on side my window-pane,
Gushing and gurgling on my quiet ear;
Chiming /'scented, from the eaves low hovering, clear
And like life-measures; while the fevered earth,
After the dust and drought makes geyser forth—
Beats her deep anthem,—multiplies her cheer!

The wide rejoicing fields their fragile sun
Shall soon give sparkling green to the charm
To a green spout each bud and leaf, glad and;
Even now the piping to us have begun;
Mid flitted by distance in the wakening farm
The welcome clatter of the creaking wheel.

The "Song," from Du Muet's Epitaph, reminds us somewhat in idea, though not in composition, of "Monologue d'Outre-Tombe" by "Love in Idleness." The poems, "With Burns" and "Shelley" are good, but we cannot agree with the author in calling the latter a "listless poet." The following song for musical cadence and exquisite grace, is perfect:—

Girt by a silver belt of the sea,
On this green island I wait for thee
Pleasant this music of bird and breeze,
Pleasant the sun through these chattering trees
Here I wander and dally and dream,
Lulled by the lip of a musical stream
Waiting for eve, and thy coming,—more mine
Grate, dearest need, on my pelony shawl!
Vainly the sun, till thou comest, may shine;
Vainly the birds chant—for singing is thine.

The rustle of grasses, and laughing leaves
That thou art coming, my re-se-de-vice,
To break my reverie, dreaming of thee,
Lulled by the chime of the musical sea.

"Among the poems of 'Home and Native Land' are several beautiful tributes to Acadia. 'Acadie' is the title of a very pathetic poem; and 'Gaspereau' tells the story of his (the author's) beautiful home and its history."

With dreams that haunt the evening fire
While fields without lie dark and chill
And frantic winds the drifts whir higher
That buffet down a drowsy sleeper,
With songs like meadow breezes blown
From places where young hearts were free,
No longer lonely or forlorn—
My native land I come to thee!

The delightful freshness and variety of treatment and subject in Mr. Lockhart's poems, together with the note of cheerfulness and sincerity which pervades them, have gained for him a large circle of admirers both in Canada and the United States. K. U.

THE LATE ROBERT HAY, ESQ., EX-M.P., OF TORONTO.—On another page of this issue our readers will find a portrait of the late Mr. Robert Hay, whose death took place on the 24th ult., after a brief illness, at his residence, 43 St. George street, Toronto. The sad event caused deep and sincere regret, not only in the city where he had so long resided, but in many other parts of Canada where he was known and esteemed for his integrity, public spirit and admirable social qualities. Mr. Hay was born in the parish of Tippermuir, near the city of Perth, Scotland, on the 18th of May, 1808. He was the son of Robert Hay, a well-to-do farmer, and was one of a family of nine children. Having served his apprenticeship to cabinet-making, and thoroughly mastering his business, Mr. Hay came to Canada in 1831, arriving in Toronto in September, and four years later he formed a partnership with Mr. John Jacques. The business grew gradually by steady industry and foresight till it gave employment to four hundred men. In 1870 Mr. Jacques retired. During the long interval of nearly half a century the firm had twice suffered seriously by fire, the loss on one occasion being close to a million and a quarter dollars. A public meeting of citizens assured Messrs. Jacques and Hay of their sympathy and aid, and by unremitting toil they recovered their former prosperity. After Mr. Jacques' retirement Messrs. Charles Rogers and George Craig were made partners, and the new firm of R. Hay & Co. continued the business at the corner of King and Jordan streets. During the next ten years the sales averaged \$350,000 yearly. Large shipments were made to the old country, where the firm received orders from several distinguished families, including those of Lords Abinger and Burton (formerly Mr. Bass, M.P.). In 1874 Mr. Hay took a prominent part in promoting the cause of protection for Canadian industries, and was returned to the House of Commons for Centre Toronto. His address on that occasion was vigorous and pointed, and exerted considerable influence on opinion. At Ottawa, where he held his seat till 1886, Mr. Hay was untiring in the discharge of his duties, both in the House and on committees, and was seldom absent on a division. The infirmities of advancing age compelled him at last to retire from public life, and he spent his closing years at his farm, New Lowell, Simcoe Co. Thence, in co-operation with his nephew, Mr. Robert Patton, he devoted himself to the breeding of short-horns and high class sheep and swine, to lumbering, to the supervision of a hair factory and a turning shop. He owned 2,500 acres of woodland. Mr. Hay had previously found time to serve as a director of railways and of important manufacturing establishments. But his business duties did not prevent him giving attention to works of benevolence and charity. His benefactions were known to be at once generous and judicious. He was a leading member of St. Andrew's church and of St. Andrew's society. In November 1847, Mr. Hay married Miss Dunlop, who had come to Canada from Glasgow. That lady died in 1871. Of the children four survive. One of the daughters is the wife of Mr. James Trumbull, cashier of the Bank of Hamilton in Toronto, another is the wife of Mr. J. B. Kay, of the firm of John Kay, Son & Co. A third daughter married Mr. John I. Davidson, president of the Board of Trade, and vice-president of the Bank of Commerce. The only surviving son is Mr. J. D. Hay, of the firm of Davidson & Hay, wholesale grocers. Mr. Robert Hay's life was an exemplary one, and his career should inspire young men to look for the success that comes of honesty, industry, force of character and self-respect.

TRINITY COLLEGE SCHOOL, PORT HOPE, ONT.—We have much pleasure in presenting our readers—those of them, especially who are interested in higher education—with several illustrations of this important institution. Managed on the system of the English public schools, though without endowment and with fees amounting to about as many dollars as some English schools charge pounds, Trinity College School has done, during the last quarter of a century, work of which a much older institution might not be ashamed to boast. Established twenty-five years ago in the village of Weston, near Toronto, under the headmastership of the Rev. C. H. Badgley, M.A. (Oxon), the school was in 1868 removed to its present excellent situation on the high land just outside the eastern boundary of the town of Port Hope. Lord Beaconsfield's declaration that "the secret of success is constancy to purpose" has been well exemplified in the work of the present headmaster, the Rev. Charles J. S. Bethune, M.A., D.C.L., whose portrait will be found on another page. Appointed in 1880, finding a small school,

a very limited staff and no school house, Dr. Bethune has successfully brought the institution through its day of small things, and had the satisfaction of seeing it in a flourishing condition for some years past. The school premises now consist of more than twenty acres of land, on which has been erected a handsome and large building, including a beautiful chapel (see illustration), presenting a south front of eighty feet, warmed throughout with steam and hot air and lighted with gas and electric light. There are also a drill-shed and a gymnasium. An excellent new gymnasium and winter play-room are to be built during the present summer. There is a staff of nine masters, five of them residing in the school building and superintending the evening work of the boarders. The household arrangements are attended to by experienced lady matrons. During the past year 152 have attended the school, all but four of these residing in the school premises. Excellent cricket, football and lawn tennis grounds afford ample scope for outdoor exercise in summer, the clubs in connection with these games being in a most flourishing condition—the success of the school cricket elevens especially attesting the appreciation by the boys of the careful training received from their excellent coach (see illustration). In winter the boys indulge in tobogganing, snowshoeing, skating and those other winter amusements dear to the heart of the Canadian youth. The fact that it has been in existence a comparatively short time, of course prevents the school from being able to point to a long list of former pupils, distinguished in after life; but among a good many names of rising men that occur to one as owing their early training to Trinity College School, there may be mentioned Dr. Wm. Osler, Professor at Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore; P. E. Irving, Esq., Q.C., Deputy Attorney General of British Columbia; A. J. Johnson, Esq., M.D., &c., Toronto; A. J. Worrell, Esq., Q.C., and E. D. Armour, Esq., Q.C., Toronto; H. Abbott, Esq., Q.C., Montreal; Lord de Blaquiére, and the poet, Archibald Lampman, who does "songs make and well endite." To the army the school has sent a surprisingly large number of her boys—Captain Van Straubenzie, Professor at the Royal Military College; Captain Wise, formerly A.D.C. to Major-General Middleton, now acting in the same capacity to the Viceroy of India; Stewart and Hewett, who both saw active service in the late Egyptian campaigns; Wilson, who was with Gen. Buller's column on its trying retreat through the desert after the attempted relief of Gordon, and many others. To the church, too, the school has contributed many rising men, among whom may be mentioned the Revs. Rural Dean Belt, W. C. and Alex. Allen; C. H. Brent, of Boston; J. S. Broughall and E. C. Cayley, Fellows and Lecturers at Trinity University; J. C. Davidson, rector of Peterborough; R. J. Moore and J. S. Howard, rectors of Toronto parishes. Among those who have recently left it, the school counts (no small honour) one of those Cambridge Wranglers lately beaten by Miss Fawcett, and several others who have taken honours, scholarships, etc. when graduating at or on entering various universities and colleges. For example, at the annual entrance examinations of the Royal Military College, Kingston, during the last four years, Trinity College School has claimed three first, one second, one third, one fourth and several other good places. Trinity College School was, by an Act of the Legislature of the Province of Ontario, passed during the Session of 1871-2, constituted a corporate body, consisting of the Lord Bishop of Toronto, the Chancellor, the Provost and the Professors in Arts of the University of Trinity College, the Head Master of the School, and such other persons as may from time to time be appointed by the Governing Body. The following are the present members of the corporation: Visitor, the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Toronto; governing body, ex-officio members, the Hon. G. W. Allan, D.C.L., Chancellor of the University and Speaker of the Senate of Canada; the Rev. the Provost of Trinity College; the Rev. W. Jones, M.A., Professor of Mathematics; the Rev. W. Clark, M.A., Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy; the Rev. H. Symonds, M.A., Professor of Divinity; the Rev. C. J. S. Bethune, M.A., D.C.L., Head Master of the School; elected members, the Very Rev. J. G. Geddes, D.C.L.; Charles J. Campbell, Esq.; the Rev. John Pearson, rector of Holy Trinity Church, Toronto; John R. Cartwright, Esq., M.A.; the Rev. Henry Wilson, D.D., of New York; J. Austin Worrell, Esq., M.A., D.C.L.

PROTESTANT ORPHANS' HOME, TORONTO.—This Home, of which an illustration will be found on another page, is the oldest of the many charitable institutions of Toronto, its corporate seal bearing date 1849, and its first council comprising names of persons well known in Toronto's earlier days—the Rev. Dr. Lett, Mr. T. P. Roberts and Mr. Gurnett. In 1852 a substantial and commodious house was erected in Sullivan street, Madame Jenny Lind having generously given a concert in aid of the building fund. Thirty years later the corner stone of the present building, shown in our engraving, was laid by the late Bishop of Niagara. Since the inception of the Home nearly 1,600 children have been cared for under its sheltering roof. Many of them now enjoy the comforts and blessings of their own homes. The first directress, Mrs. Matthew Vankoughnet, has occupied a position on the Board of Management for 36 years, watching over the children with unfailing kindness, and cherishing the hope that she may live to see the Home free from debt. The sum of \$10,000, left by the late William Gooderham, Esq., will substantially aid this object. There is still, however, a balance of \$8,600 unprovided for. The present Home is pleasantly situated on Dovercourt Road, and will well re-

pay a visit. About 175 children, boys and girls, healthy and cheerful, may be seen there daily, either at their lessons in the school-room, or playing in separate playgrounds with the keen enjoyment of childhood. We gladly direct the attention of the benevolent to this deserving charity.

NIAGARA HARBOUR AND FORT NIAGARA.—The scene here depicted has been described over and over again by scores of tourists from near and far ever since Hennepin visited it in 1678 and wrote his oft-quoted account of it. In 1727 the old French Fort was erected. Thirty years later the river and Falls were carefully inspected by the naturalist, P. E. R. Kalin, whose account was published in England. After the cession of Canada to France, we hear little of it for some years. General Simcoe chose the town of Niagara (Newark) for the capital of the newly created Province of Upper Canada—an honour which a few years later was transferred to York, now Toronto. For about a hundred years Niagara, the river, the Falls, the Fort, the town, have been a central attraction to the constantly increasing stream of tourists from all parts of the Old World and the New. A list of the names of the persons of distinction who have gone to see the wonders of the scene would fill several of our columns, and books have been compiled out of selections from the tributes, in prose and verse, that have been paid to its grandeur. From Queenstown to the town and harbour the river moves with gentle flow between banks rising high on either side and "in verdure clad" of magnificent trees, while the bends of the stream present fresh charms from stage to stage along its course. The town of Niagara is built on a rounded point stretching into Lake Ontario. A grove of ancient oaks is one of the landmarks as one approaches it by the river road, and this is followed by a level glade of pasture land, on which cattle may be seen grazing, or sheltering themselves from the sun's rays beneath some of the old thorn trees that dot its surface. The remains of Fort George—in massive brick work, and not far distant, Fort Mississauga, also dismantled, are noticeable objects on the high bluffs above the river. On the American point, stretching across the river's mouth, is the old Fort Niagara—on the site of which LaSalle had raised a palisaded storehouse in 1678, when he was building the historic Griffin. It was strengthened in 1678, enlarged in 1727, transformed into a stone fort in 1749 and taken by the British in 1759, and with them it remained till the American Revolution. It was taken by the British and Canadian troops in 1812, but restored at the close of the war. The history of the locality since then is that of constant improvement and increasing reputation. Both Americans and Canadians are proud to share in its sublimity, and to supplement the work of nature by the resources of art. It will be admitted, then, that the scene in our engraving is historic ground. It was from old Fort George that General Brock went forth on the morning of October 13th, 1812, to meet his untimely end at the battle of Queenston Heights. Across the Commons (Canadian side), a short distance from Fort George, in September, 1792, Governor Simcoe and Council held the first Parliament of Upper Canada. One of the first acts passed was the abolition of slavery in the province. The slips and dock in the foreground show where many of the steam and sailing vessels used on the lakes were built. The old town, once the scene of so many stirring events in the history of our country, reposes quietly by the river side, and is known now only as a pleasure resort in summer. Its beautiful drives, boating and bathing facilities and fine climate, attracting tourists from all parts.

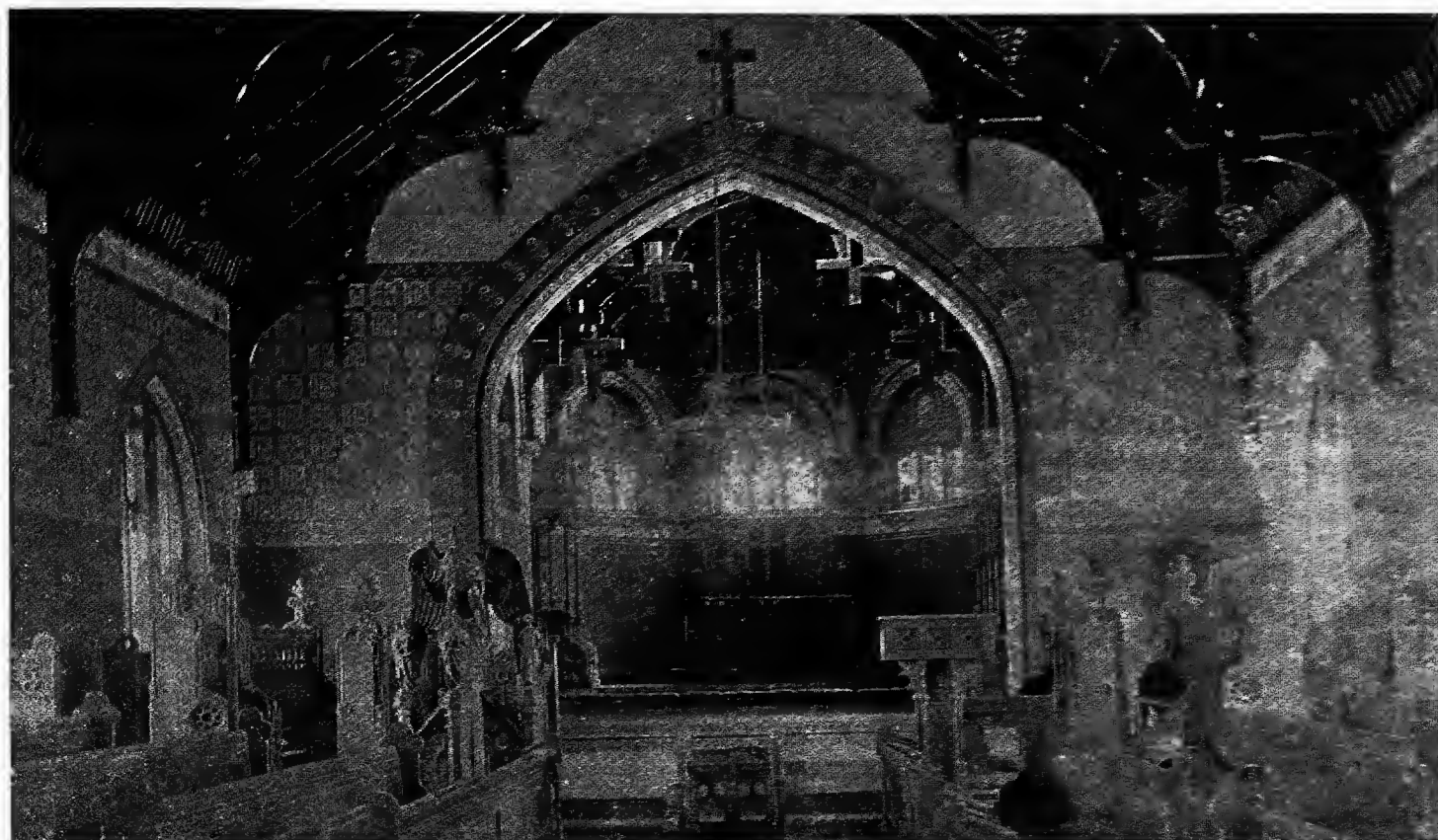
INDIANS AT NEW WESTMINSTER.—Our readers have here a characteristic glimpse of one of the coast tribes of British Columbia. The Indians of that great province cover a wide range in ethnology as in geography. There are the Tlingit inhabiting the borders of Alaska; the Haidas of the Queen Charlotte Islands, and the Prince of Wales Archipelago; the Tsimshian, who dwell on the Naas and Skeena rivers and adjoining islands; the Kwakiutl, who occupy the coast from Gardiner Channel to Cape Mudge, with the exception of the country around Dean Inlet and the west coast of Vancouver Island; the Nootka, who rove over the west coast of that island; the Salish, who hold the coast and the eastern part of Vancouver Island south of Cape Mudge, the southern part of the interior as far as the crest of the Selkirk, as well as the northern parts of Washington, Idaho and Montana Territories; and the Kootenay, who occupy the Upper Columbia, Kootenay lake and river and the adjoining parts of the United States. The Indians here exhibited will, therefore, probably be of the Salish stock. The difference between the various groups of these Indians is so marked that some ethnologists have been disposed to assign them to distinct tribes. But as the dialects of these groups all so evidently belong to the same linguistic stock, no other classification is reasonably admissible. The Salish of the interior used formerly to live in subterranean abodes, access to which was obtained from above. The dwellings of the coast Salish are long, and generally occupied by several families, each of which has its section. The roofs are high in the rear and slope down towards the front. The Salish differ from the other British Columbia tribes in having no animal totems. Their traditions and racial usages are interesting, and some of their legends have been collected by Dr. Boas and other investigators. The coast Salish base their claims to the lands that they occupy or occupied on the settlement in the region of their ancestors after the great flood—of which all these Indians have some inherited remembrance. Their courtship customs are curious—the suitor comes to the girl's house and sits there silent



TRINITY COLLEGE SCHOOL, PORT HOPE: VIEW FROM THE SOUTH WEST. (H. H. Lyman, photo.)



TRINITY COLLEGE SCHOOL, PORT HOPE: FIRST CRICKET ELEVEN, 1890. (Hamly, photo.)



TRINITY COLLEGE SCHOOL, PORT HOPE: INTERIOR OF CHAPEL (H. H. Lyman, photo.)



TRINITY COLLEGE SCHOOL, PORT HOPE: GROUP OF CHOIR BOYS, 1890 (Hamly, photo.)

and fasting for four days. If he holds out so long, the mother is moved by his perseverance, offers him a mat to sit on, and by and by a meal is cooked, a portion of which is sent to the young man's people to let them know that his suit has prospered. Then the chief of the respective *Centers* is informed of what has taken place, and a great feast follows. As usual, the intrusion of strangers both modifies tribal usages and causes admixture of blood. But as yet British Columbia is new enough in the ways of civilization to afford opportunities of studying aboriginal manners, which are yearly becoming more and more rare on this continent.

STEAM FREIGHT SCOW ON THE FRASER RIVER, B.C.—Our readers have here a specimen of a somewhat primitive contrivance, which has done and still does good service on the Fraser river. The boat is what is well known as a scow, and upon it is mounted a traction engine, which is connected with the paddle-wheels by means of a belt. The *modus operandi* will be easily understood by a close inspection of the illustration.

THE FERRY STEAMER K. DE K. BETWEEN NEW WESTMINSTER AND THE SOUTH SHORE OF THE FRASER.—This engraving shows the oldest steam ferry on the Fraser, since replaced by a vessel of more modern build. In the distance is seen the city of New Westminster, with some of whose many attractions our readers have already been made acquainted in the pages of this journal.

INDIAN BERRY-PICKERS, NORTH SHORE OF LAKE SUPERIOR.—In this engraving our readers have a group of Ojibways—an important branch of the far-spreading Algonquin family. In the introduction to the second edition of Bishop Baraga's Grammar and Dictionary of the Ojibwe language, Father Lacombe, O.M.I., says that the "Sautaux, Ojibwe or Ojibway language, is actually in use all around Lake Superior, in the Territories of Kiwatin and Dakota, in the State of Minnesota, at Red Lake, along the Mississippi and Red Rivers, at Lake Manitoba and on the shores of the great Saskatchewan." Of course, in so vast an extent of territory, one will meet with variations of dialect and differences of pronunciation, but any one speaking the Ojibway tongue will be able to make himself understood from the Sault to the Saskatchewan. The bands of Ojibways to which the group here depicted belong have their hunting-grounds on the Big Pic and Black rivers. During the season they make good wages by picking berries in the interior, where they abound, and disposing of them to dealers, who ship them to the centres of trade. It is a group of Indians, of both sexes and all ages, engaged in this thrifty occupation that our readers are here asked to contemplate. They are evidently a healthy, industrious, fairly intelligent little community, and some of them are not lacking in good looks. Those who are concerned in the study of aboriginal ethnology will be interested in comparing the three groups in the present issue, comprising Salish Indians of the southern mainland of British Columbia, Haidas of the Queen Charlotte Islands, and Ojibways of Lake Superior.

INDIANS OF MASSET INLET, QUEEN CHARLOTTE ISLANDS—In this engraving our readers have an example of the most westerly of the Indian tribes under the British Crown—the Haidas. A most instructive and entertaining account of them was contributed by Dr. G. M. Dawson to Report of the Geological Survey for the year 1878-79. He considers them one of the best defined groups of the tribes of the North-West Coast. Though the several bands present some points of difference in their social customs and in their dialects, the latter are all so evidently branches of the same language, and the physical characteristics so clearly indicate a common origin, that Dr. Dawson has no hesitation in pronouncing the bands homogeneous. The islands, which received their present name (Queen Charlotte Islands) from Captain Dixon in 1787, were called by the natives *Haida Kwa*. The Indians known as Haidas also occupy a portion of the southern a clipeago of Alaska (Prince of Wales)—the dwellers there being called *Kaigani*. The Haidas are fairer skinned than the coast tribes and have finer features, though the mouth is generally coarse, the cheek bones are wide and prominent, and the head is sometimes disproportionately large. In recent years they have mostly dressed, when their means enabled them, like the whites. Their original dress (as described by Dixon) was of sea-otter skin. They were also said to have worn an amulet of sea bear's hide. Their turbans were of twisted cedar, and for ornaments they used feathers, buttons, beads, the lovely pearl shell of the halibut and the bill of the puffin. They also applied pigments to their skins, like other Indians—vermillion chiefly, but also blue and black—and wore bracelets and bangles. Tattooing was also practiced until a few years ago, the patterns of which the designs were traditional being symmetrically drawn. For food they had all kinds of fish, as well as eggs and the grease of the walrus or candlefish. Though not famous as hunters, they killed black bears and other game. The account of their several organizations is most interesting. The carved posts which stand in front of the houses, are the most remarkable feature of their architecture. A mysterious import is doubtless associated with them in the native mind, and they certainly devote much time and pains to the sculpture. They hold their land as personal property. They have permanent villages for the winter, but erect temporary dwellings when away on their fishing excursions. The chiefs, who are hereditary, exercise limited power. On a chieftain's death, the succession passes to his next eldest brother, or to his nephew, and in rare cases to a sister or niece. Offences may be compensated by fines

or gifts, the refusal of which lays the evil-doer liable to reprisals. They had (even before the advent of missionaries) some idea of a supreme being. Mr. Collison, who laboured among the Masset bands, says they called their deity *Sunklaidas* or *Shoonungitlagidas*. There is also in their mythology an evil power, which they call *Haidelana*. They believe in a vague metempsychosis. The priest or medicine man (*shagan*) is chosen or accepted. He wears his hair long and unkempt, and is venerated after death as well as in life. The *potlatch*, or distribution of property (called in Haida *he-es-id*), which is common to all the tribes, is practised on several important occasions, as the tattooing of a child, and is also resorted to by ambitious chiefs and others to show disregard of wealth, or is a vent for grief or anger. There is a large number of dances of various significance. Gambling is common. The courting and marriage ceremonies, the feasts, the cures, the funeral rites, the mode of burial, the trade and currency, the industrial arts, the utensils and furniture, and the traditions and folklore of the Haidas have all peculiarities that mark them off from the other Indians of the West. Of the villages, those at the entrance of Masset Inlet are among the most important, and the Masset Indians among the most intelligent and skillful, in the islands. Those who would learn more about this remarkable people we would respectfully advise to consult Dr. Dawson's Report, which is made more valuable by a number of illustrations. Numbers of Haida Indians annually make their way to the Fraser river to engage in the salmon fishing, at which their employers find them intelligent and industrious. They are bold sailors, venturing out leagues from land in huge canoes constructed out of single logs of Douglas fir. In the management of these craft, which would be unwieldy in alien hands, they show extraordinary skill. They even use them for whale fishing, and have been known to weather some formidable storms with comparative ease. Though tractable while under strict supervision, the Haidas cannot always be trusted when left to the control of their own passions or greed. Some years ago a party of them murdered the crew of a trading sloop which had sought the hospitality of the islands. Possibly, as in other instances of Indian crime, there had been previous provocation.

SCENES ON LAKE ST. JOHN.—The two scenes to be found on another page are intended to give some idea of the fertility of the Lake St. John region and the industry of the settlers. St. Felicien and St. Prime are two of the most flourishing spots on its shores, and the evidences of abundance, from photographs taken last fall, indicate the prosperous future that awaits this new north of our ancient province.

Bird Life--A Day Dream.

The following word-chromo, from the author of "The Birds of Canada," which has for leading figure one of the brightest of our Montreal visitors, is sure to be prized by the readers of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED:

It was once my good fortune, at the spring migration of birds, to meet in our green woods a most gorgeously habited specimen of the Scarlet Tanager (Le Roi des Oiseaux) fresh from the magnolia bowers and orange groves of the South. His bright red tunic, sable wings and tail, enabled me at once to recognize the gaudy stranger as that rare but welcome straggler in our northern climes. The beautiful bird, I knew, trusted more to his showy livery than to "what he had to say" in order to woo and win the demure, sombre-plumaged little lady awaiting his advances. Right well was I also aware of the change in costume a few months were sure to bring around, ere he returned in autumn to his tropical home in a plain traveling suit of Lincoln green.

Unquestionably, the scarlet tanager, at the nuptial season of June, is a beau of first order—to his loving mate a vision of beauty, if not of song.

Memory can recall, after a long lapse of years, the first time when I saw this prince of the feathered tribe—not inaptly styled by the admiring French peasantry *Un Roi*, a king among birds.

The auspicious meeting took place at St. Thomas, P.Q., years ago, in the rosy days—vanished, alas! forever—of my boyhood, when, with the return of the leafy months, I strolled early and late round the fields, singing waterfalls and bosky glens of the picturesque Patton seigniorial manor, eagerly noting the first appearance of every spring migrant.

A sport-loving brother, by many years my senior, had allowed me—as a signal favour—to help carry his outfit on a fishing excursion he had planned to the pools of a winsome rivulet, whose source lies hidden deep, very deep in the mountains; the *Rivière des Perdrix*, which marries its crystal waters to the dark eddies of the Bras St. Nicholas, a tributary of the roaring *Rivière du Sud*, at St. Thomas. Many miles of dusty road we had walked, bearing gun, rod and creel, under the warm rays of a June sun ere we reached the edge of the forest. Soon had we constructed a snug arbour of spruce boughs, a screen against the noonday heat and to receive our camp equipment. My brother then started with rod and line to whip the rapids and shady pools of the whimpering burnie, and soon filled our creel with tiny, speckled beauties, occasionally venturing knee-deep in the pellucid waters. I took post with rod and line under a large beech, whose tangled roots hung over a brisk rapid, where I had noticed some larger trout rising to snap up the insects floating over its wavelets, and was soon detailed to light the camp fire and broil trout for our midday meal. Never did I enjoy a more sumptuous repast, my appetite having been sharpened by our long dusty trudge

over hill and dale. The spot selected for our camp, with its sylvan surroundings was one of rare beauty.

Facing it across the stream was a hoary hemlock denuded of foliage by the snows and storms of many winters. A red-headed woodpecker, whose nest it perhaps held, was hammering away at its mossy trunk for larvae while a sprightly brown squirrel stood on its loftiest branch chattering. A robin redbreast had built close by its clay-cemented alcove. Reclining on my soft, scented couch of fir boughs, I was listening attentively to the heavenly carol—tinkle! tinkle! tinkle!—of a hermit thrush perched on a neighbouring sugar maple, when a magnificent ruffed grouse flew past, apparently scared by the yelping of a fox in an adjoining ravine. Waiting to catch its shrill bark, my brother sallied forth with his gun in quest of Reynard. I was left alone to my pleasant reveries, with no other noise but the soft, ceaseless murmur of the brook over the pebbles. This unvarying, all-pervading sound seemed to have over the senses a mysterious, soothing, irresistible influence. I gradually dropped to sleep, unconsciously my imagination wandered in the land of Nod. I slept—how long I could not say. Sweet images floated before my eyes. I dreamt I was strolling round an enchanted garden on a distant isle, wading knee-deep amidst parterres of exquisite flowers and tropical shrubs, some bending to the ground under the weight of gold fruit. I felt myself drawn toward a neighbouring fountain, where a Triton was spouting from his nostrils perfumed water in a gleaming white marble reservoir. A dazzling rainbow played overhead; a stately tree lent a grateful shade. On its summit rested a nimbus of silver. The air was soft, dreamy, overpowering. I tarried there in wrapt silence, when a gigantic bird, radiant in colour, and which till then I had not noticed, seemed at first as poised, motionless amid air. Soon he appeared to be descending to the earth in graceful spirals; nearer and nearer he came, softly circling to where I stood, the buzzing of his gossamer wings gradually increasing until his velvety pinions actually rustled on my cheek. Shuddering, I awoke; the brook was murmuring as before, and lo! and behold, on the opposite shore, flapping his dark wings amid a shower of pearls caused by the spray in the golden sunshine, there rested on the brink a superb red-bird taking his daily bath! I had seen *un roi*, that gorgeous but rare summer visitor, the scarlet tanager!

Quebec.

J. M. LEMOINE.

Return.

When the Summer fades away,
Steals the night upon the day,
And the soul is free from toil,
Gathered is the precious soil.

When the birds away do fly,
Gloomy in the northern sky,
And the waters sluggish flow
Embers bright and sparkling glow.

When the leaves are withered sere,
Everything to thee seems dear;
And the Autumn breezes blow
Foretaste of the coming snow.

When all nature seems to frown
And the soul's itself cast down,
When my face in dreams you see
Dearest, oh! I come to thee.

The Mudfish.

Africa is the home of many extraordinary animals, but there is no more remarkable creature than the mudfish, which inhabits certain of the rivers of Western Africa, and, as its name implies, it lurks at the muddy bottom of these rivers. At present, however, it is not necessary to go to Africa to see this fish, as it can be seen by any one who has the time in the reptile house at the Zoological Gardens. At the first sight there is, perhaps, nothing especially striking about this animal; it looks very much like an ordinary fish, except for its curious, long, slender fins. A visitor who knew nothing about the creature would probably go away with the impression that he had seen nothing out of the common. When the fishes arrived each one was encased in a ball of dried mud, lined with mucus from its body, and perforated by a small aperture to admit of breathing. This "cocoon," as it is sometimes called, on account of its analogy to the earthen case fabricated by many caterpillars in which to undergo their metamorphoses, on being placed in warmish water was dissolved and the fish liberated. The habit which the mudfish has of making an earthen chamber of the mud at the bottom of the river is a most wonderful provision of nature for the exigencies of the climate. The rivers which the fish inhabits are liable to periodical droughts. When such a drought is imminent the fish retires to deep water and excavates a pit, in which it lies, covering itself over with a thick layer of mud. It can suffer with immunity the complete drying up of the river. But the most interesting fact about the creature is that during the time of its voluntary imprisonment it breathes air directly through an aperture left in the cocoon, by means of lungs, just like a land animal. When the returning rains dissolve the mud and liberate the fish, it breathes by means of gills, just like any other fish.—*Leisure Hour*.



A NEW RAILWAY MOTIVE POWER.—There is talk in France of utilising water courses as a railway motive power. It is proposed that the track shall be laid on an embankment in the middle of the current, and that the locomotives shall have two paddle-wheels dipping into the water and revolved by it.

ELECTRICAL VENTILATOR.—The new United States man-of-war, the *Baltimore*, is supplied with an electrical ventilator having a capacity of never less than one cubic metre per second. It is calculated that in two minutes the air in the engine-room can be completely changed. It works so quietly that it is impossible to tell whether it is in operation or not.

A NEW HORSESHOE.—Emperor William's riding horse is shod with a new and singularly constructed shoe. It is in two parts, and has on its lower surface a rubber-like composition, the object of which is to prevent the horse from slipping, thereby preserving the animal. The monarch, on being shown the new invention, at once ordered his favourite horse and sixteen others of his stud to be shod with it.

STEERING BY ELECTRICITY.—An officer on board the German iron-clad *Preussen* has, in conjunction with the engineer of that ship, invented an electrical steering apparatus, about which there is much talk just now in naval circles. By means of this apparatus the captain can control the rudder from the bridge or from any point on the deck—an important advantage in the noise of a storm or in action. That the invention is regarded by the authorities as one likely to prove of great importance is shown by the fact that the ironclad *König Wilhelm*, on the very next day after her return with the Mediterranean squadron, was sent to sea to test it.—*Industries*.

THE LICK TELESCOPE.—In the *Figaro* M. Camille Flammarion gives a graphic and enthusiastic account of the great Lick telescope, under the heading of "A New Eye." "The eye whose visions I have just admired," he says, "measures more than a metre in diameter and fifteen metres in depth. Its crystalline lens is formed of an immense piece of glass, and its retina of a highly sensitive plate. The eye of a giant, in verity, as the man possessing it should measure, in our organic proportions, one hundred metres in height. * * * It sees quicker, further, longer, and—precious faculty—it fixes, prints, and preserves what it sees. This new eye is the photographic eye," etc.—*British Journal of Photography*.

RED GLASS.—A new red glass has recently been produced in Germany. Besides its use for the manufacture of bottles, goblets, and vases of various kinds, it will be found applicable in photography and in chemists' and opticians' laboratories. This glass is produced by melting in an open crucible the following ingredients:—Fine sand, 2,000 parts; red oxide of lead—minium—400; carbonate of potash, 600; lime, 100; phosphate of lime, 20; cream of tartar, 20; borax, 20; red oxide of copper—protoxide—9; and binoxide of tin, 13 parts. By a single melting a transparent red glass is said to be obtained of a very fine quality, of which various objects can be manufactured directly, without the necessity of a second heating to intensify the colour.—*English Mechanic*.

THERMAL VALUE OF MOONLIGHT.—Trustworthy evidence has at last been obtained as to the thermal value of moonlight. Mr. C. V. Boys, one of the professors of South Kensington, by means of his well-known quartz filaments, has produced a thermopile of almost incredible delicacy. By this remarkable apparatus he can render sensible the heat of a candle up to the distance of a mile and three-quarters, and by directing the minute disc of the instrument to the moon he has shown that the warmth received from its reflected light is equal to that given out by a candle at 21 feet distance. Observation seems to show that, although the moon's face is under the blaze of an unclouded sun for fourteen days, it remains comparatively cool, and that whatever heating it does ultimately receive is rapidly gained and as rapidly lost.—*Court Journal*.

M. PASTEUR AND THE RABBIT PEST IN AUSTRALIA.—In respect to a statement alleging that the Australian Government had refused to allow M. Pasteur the reward of £20,000 offered to the person who should suggest the best plan for the destruction of the rabbits that infest that colony, M. Pasteur is reported to have said that this was not so, for the simple reason that he had never sought it, and that, owing to circumstances over which he had no control, he could not claim such a reward. He had sent M. Loir, his nephew, and another of his assistants to Australia in order to try the experiments which he had made in his laboratory on a more extended scale. The assistants returned to France after a few months discouraged. According to M. Pasteur, they were not allowed by the Commission appointed by the Australian Government to make any important experiments. This Commission permitted the assistants to inoculate a few rabbits and the experiments were successful enough to warrant a further extension of the authorization; but all sorts of delays and adjournments were caused, until the assistants abandoned all hope of being able to carry out the purpose for which they

had undertaken the voyage to Australia.—*British Medical Journal*.

THE KINGBIRD'S SONG.—The song that had called me up was a sweet though simple strain, and it was repeated every morning while his mate was separated from him by her nest duties. I can find no mention of it in books, but I had many opportunities to study it, and thus it was. It began with a long kingbird "Kr-r-r" (or rolling sound impossible to express by letters), without which I should not have identified it at first, and it ended with a very sweet call of two notes, five tones apart, the lower first, after a manner suggestive of the phoebe,—something like this: "Kr-r-r-ree-bé! Kr-r-r-r-ree-bé!" In the outset, and I think I heard the very first attempt, it resembled the initial efforts of cage-birds, when spring tones their throats. The notes seemed hard to get out; they were weak, uncertain, fluttering, as if the singer were practising something quite new. But as the days went by they grew strong and assured, and at last were a joyous and loud morning greeting. I don't know why I should be so surprised to hear a kingbird sing, for I believe that one of the things we shall discover, when we begin to study birds alive instead of dead, is that every one has a song, at least in spring, when, in the words of an enthusiastic bird-lover, "the smallest become poets, often sublime songsters." I have already heard several sing that are set down as lacking in that mode of expression.—*Olive Miller in August Atlantic*.

POLICE SIGNALLING.—A new system of police signalling, which has been shown in practical operation in miniature to a small body of experts in London, bids fair, if generally adopted, to deprive these gentry of their occupation. The arrangement is highly ingenious and simplicity itself. By a system of electric communication a certain number of specially constructed lamp-posts in a district are made to do duty as signal stations. In a small cupboard in the centre of the post is an apparatus with a clock disc, upon which appear a number of sentences to represent the communications which a policeman would be most likely to make orally if he had the chance, such as "burglary here," "help wanted," "a riot here," and so on. By simply turning a handle on the disc to the sentence he wishes to convey, the message will immediately appear upon a corresponding disc at the police station, together with the number of the lamp from which it is sent; and the officer in charge at the police station can just as quickly send back an intimation that the message has been received. Another feature of the system is an arrangement by which a householder, by means of a key with which he would be furnished by the authorities for a small annual payment, could attract the attention of the policeman on a beat by causing a red signal to appear in the lamp, which would be visible at a considerable distance. The highest police authorities have expressed a very favourable opinion as to the utility of the invention.—*Court Journal*.

A NOVEL METHOD OF LAYING A TELEGRAPH WIRE.—As most people know, the main telegraph wires in London run through the subways in which the gas-pipes and sewers are placed. The principal arteries are so large that it is easy enough for men to work in them, but the pipes through which the side-wires branch off are much smaller, and great care has to be taken to preserve the connection between the main and the lateral wires. Some years ago men were repairing one of these latter, and carelessly omitted to attach it to a leading line by which it could be drawn to its place when mended. The blunder seemed likely to have serious consequences, for it was thought that the whole of the lateral pipe would have to be dug up in order to get at the broken wire. But one of the men came to the rescue with a happy thought, suggesting that a rat should be procured, and, with a fine piece of wire attached to it, sent through the pipe. This was done; but, to the dismay of the workmen, the new hand came to a stop after it had gone a few yards. The inventor of this idea was not yet, however, at the end of his resources, and by his advice a ferret was procured and started on the dilatory rat's track. There was a moment of suspense before it was settled whether the rat would show fight or run away, but this was so ended by the paying-out of the wire, and in a short time the latest addition to the staff of the Post Office appeared at the other end of the pipe. It was caught, the wire attached, and then it was set free to recognize of the service it had rendered. By means of the wire the telegraph line was secured, and a long and laborious piece of work saved.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

The English Sentry and the Prussian Prince.

The following incident is related in a private letter in illustration of the steadfastness of the British soldier. When at Gibraltar Prince Henry climbed the hill, and on approaching the summit at a certain point found himself stopped by a sentinel. "No road this way!" Prince Henry told the man he only wanted to go to the brow of the precipice, so as to see the water on the other side. "No! no thoroughfare!" replied the sentinel. "But I am the commander of the line," said Prince Henry. "All the same; no thoroughfare," insisted the soldier. "But I am a Prussian Prince," continued the commander of the line. "No thoroughfare!" obstinately replied the sentinel, and Prince Henry abandoned the undertaking.—*Court Circular*.

Blind Anglers.

The late Professor Fawcett was not the only trout-fisher, who, although blind, was able to wield his rod with precision and success. A few years ago there was to be seen on Tweedside, actively engaged in piscatorial pursuits, Mr. William Rankine, who was known to the country round as the blind angler of St. Boswells, and who became by practice a proficient master of the art, able to cast a fly or land a trout as well as any of his contemporaries. Rankine lost his sight whilst working in London as a journeyman shoemaker, where he was attacked by smallpox. It was hoped that by returning to St. Boswells, of which place he was a native, his sight might in time be restored, but that hope was never realized, for as time passed it became only too certain that "his days were all to be nights," and that the seal set on his eyes would never be broken. When this fact apparent he went to Edinburgh and, blind as he was, learned the rather complicated business of a maker of fishing tackle. It proved to be the best thing he could have done, as it enabled him to obtain a living, and to keep himself and family in comfort and respectability. He had since his boyhood been a keen angler, and continued during his lifetime to enjoy his favourite recreation, knowing each cast of the Tweed as well as any of his contemporaries, and, being blind, he was not particular as to the hours during which he fished; his baskets of trout were envied by many a brother of the rod.

A brother fisherman who encountered Rankine on Tweed-side and at once discovered by his style of throwing the fly that he was a complete master of the gentle art, thus speaks of the scene: The picture was a strange and weird one—that solitary fisherman, shut out for ever from the light of Heaven, pursuing his path steadily far in the deep flowing Tweed, with no earthly help at hand in case of need except his faithful dog; and, as all sound of him died away in the distance I could not but reflect on the mercies of Him who, while shutting off from his servant the glories of light, had granted him an intensity of perfection in the senses of hearing and feeling which went far towards supplying the lost blessing. Henceforth I have associated the blind fisherman of St. Boswells with the blind naturalist whom Wordsworth commemorates in "The Excursion," each affording proof

That faculties which seem
Extinguished do not therefore cease to be,
But to the mind among her powers of sense
This transfer is permitted; not alone
That the benefit their recompense may win,
But for remoter purposes of love
And charity.

The blind man's many exploits as an angler and his proficiency in the basking of flies and the making of tackle soon procured him patronage and business in the line of work he had taken up, but he was also an expert gardener, and could weed a bed of onions or a row of carrots with great success. His life throughout was a notable instance of the triumph of the man over an affliction which to many would have proved insurmountable. Rankine was of a quiet and unassuming disposition, and was never once heard to hemlock his fate. He suffered during the last few years of his life from a painful disease, which he bore with great fortitude. On 17th January, 1887, his remains were consigned to the grave in Lassenden Kirkyard, where a concourse of mourning friends had assembled to evince their respect.—*From "Sporting Anecdotes" by "Ellangowan."*

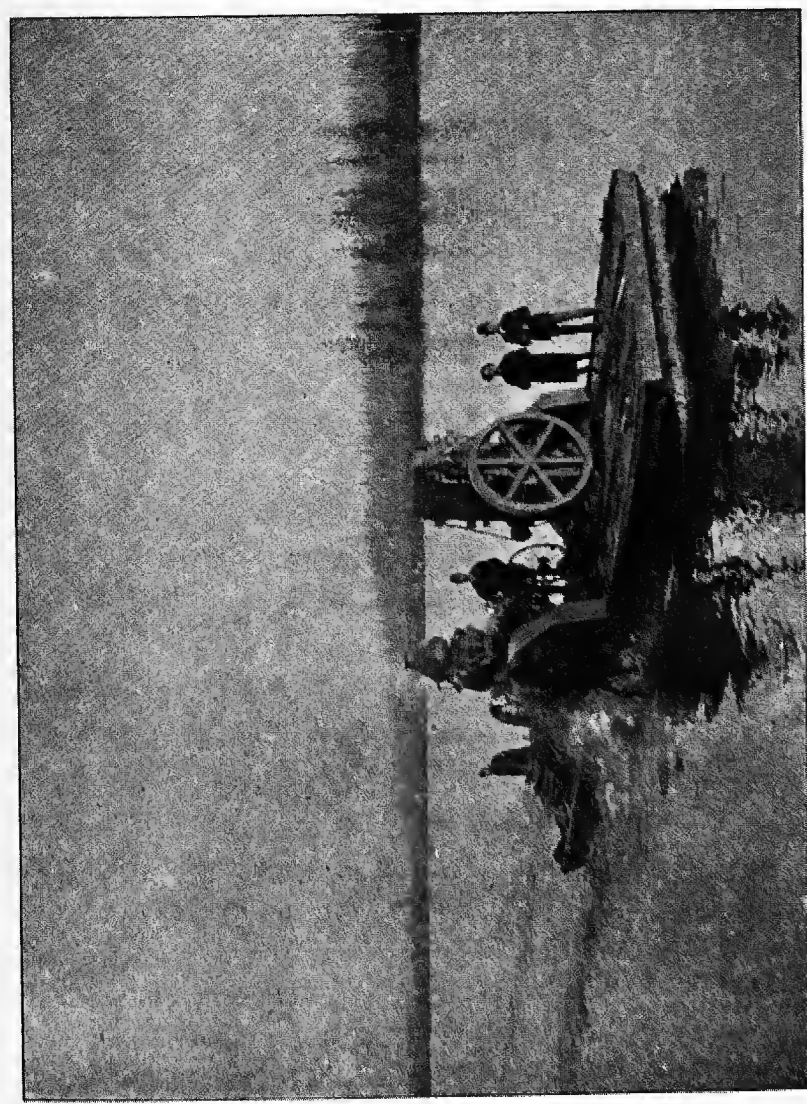
American Titles.

It is a very curious fact that, with all our boasted "free and equal" superiority over the communities of the Old World, our people have the most enormous appetite for Old World titles of distinction. Sir Michael and Sir Ham belongs to one of the most extended of the aristocratic orders. But we have also "Knights and Ladies of Honour," and, what is still grander, "Royal Conclave of Knights and Ladies," "Royal Arcanum," and "Royal Society of Good Fellows," "Supreme Council," "Imperial Court," "Grand Protector," and "Grand Dictator," and so on. Nothing less than "Grand" and "Supreme" is good enough for the dignitaries of our associations of citizens. Where does all this ambition for names without relatives come from? Because a Knight of the Garter wears a golden star, why does the worthy cordwainer, who mends the shoes of his fellow-citizens, want to wear a tin star, and take a name that had a meaning as used by the representatives of ancient families, or the men who had made themselves illustrious by their achievements?

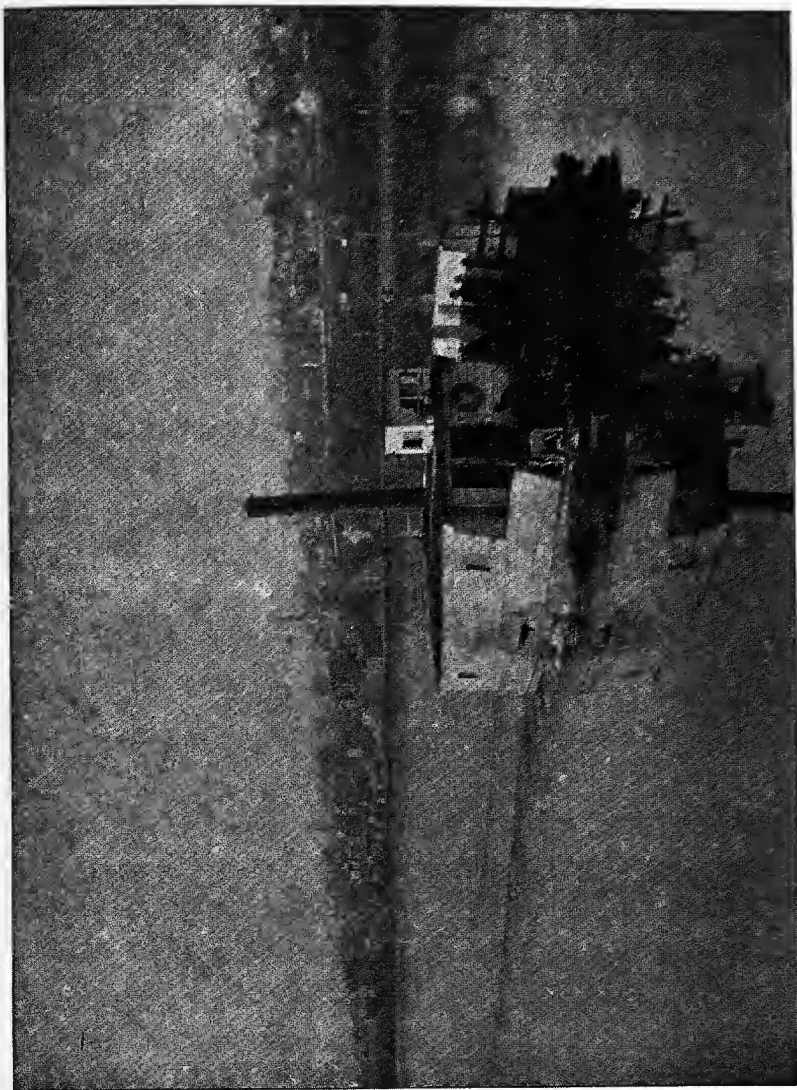
It appears to be a peculiarly American weakness. The French republicans of the earlier period thought the term *citoyen* was good enough for anybody. At a later period, "le Roi Citoyen"—the citizen king—was a common title given to Louis Philippe. But nothing is too grand for the American, in the way of titles. The proudest of them all signify absolutely nothing. They do not stand for ability, for public service, for social importance, for large possessions; but, on the contrary, are oftenest found in connection with personalities to which they are supremely inapplicable. We can hardly afford to quarrel with a national habit which, if lightly handled, may involve us in serious domestic difficulties. The "Right Worshipful" functionary whose equipage stops at my back gate, and whose services are indispensable to the health and comfort of my household, is a dignitary whom I must not offend. I must speak with proper deference to the lady who is scrubbing my floors, when I remember that her husband, who saws my wood, carries a string of high-sounding titles which would satisfy a Spanish nobleman.—*O. W. Holmes in August Atlantic*.



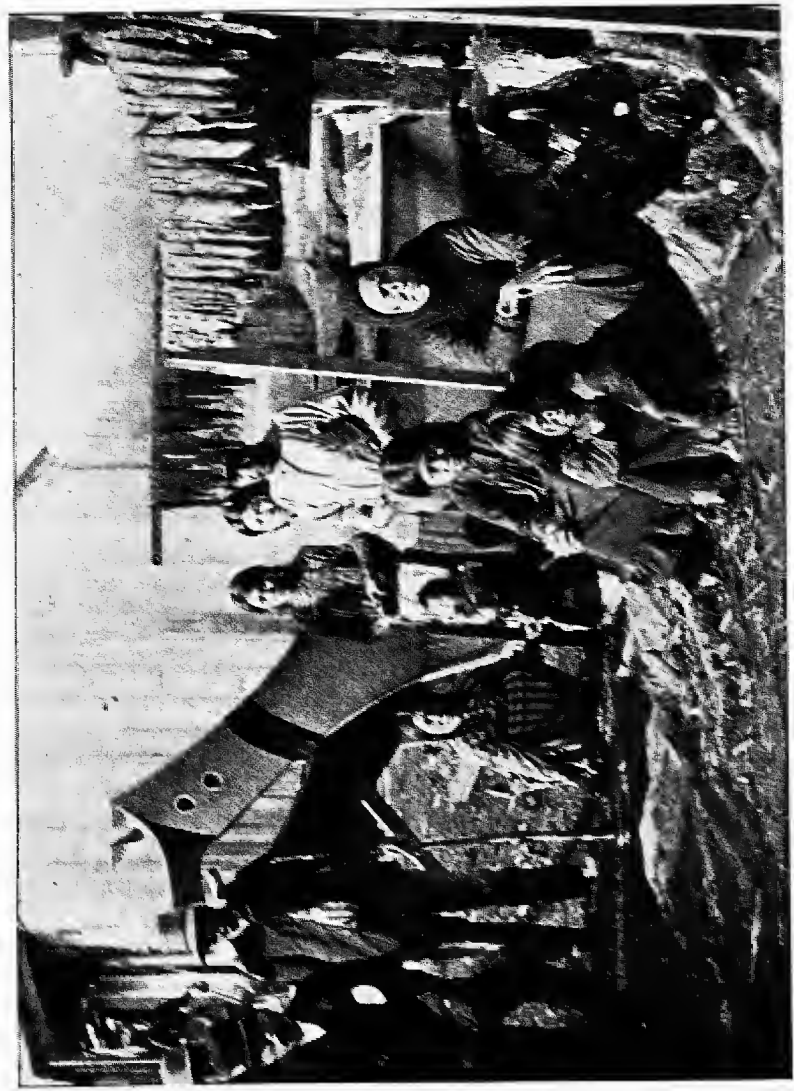
INDIANS AT NEW WESTMINSTER, B.C. (Wm. Notman & Son, photo.)



STEAM FREIGHT SCOW ON THE FRASER RIVER.



OLD FERRY BOAT K. DE K. NEW WESTMINSTER.



QUEEN CHARLOTTE ISLAND INDIANS.



INDIAN BERRY PICKERS, LAKE SUPERIOR.

(From photos, by W. W. Fox.)

MISSING AT EIGHT BELLS.

"I shan't trouble yer long, Williams, replied Christiansen, shaking his head wearily. "I shan't trouble yer long." Then, turning to Jimmy, he murmured, "Thank ye, young man—and may God bless you, and send ye a friend at the end. I'm a dying man—a dying man—and nigh! it's terrible to think of death in this place."

Jimmy's eyes involuntarily followed those of the sick man across the squalid, ill-ventilated den in which they stood, and he shuddered. The word "death" seemed to have a sudden and new significance for him.

The next day Christiansen was very much worse, and it became evident that he could not possibly recover. His condition was reported to the captain, who saw the sick man and gravely pronounced his complaint to be "played out,"—a modern disease, which, though not specifically recognized by the medical faculty, is the cause of death in thousands of cases in this age of restless activity. The majority of men do not pass through life nowadays; they wear it out.

The captain administered some strengthening medicine to his patient and ordered the second steward to attend to his necessities and give him nourishing diet and such delicacies as the ship's *cuisine* could afford. The steward, when he had received these orders, and instructed the "doctor" accordingly, confided his opinion to that worthy, that Christiansen would never rise from his bed alive. "I know," he said, "when it's Davy Jones's locker. The 'old man' never wastes luxuries upon a man that's got a chance of recovery. 'It's only when it's all up with a man that he likes to make the end comfortable like, and send him away with a full stomach. It lightens his conscience."

Jimmy voluntarily took the care of Christiansen, and often gave up his much-needed rest to cheer the sufferer with a little conversation and encouragement. He also occasionally read a chapter of the Bible aloud to him, carefully selecting such passages as were particularly full of the divine love and the inspiration of grace and atonement. He did not stop here; he was very practical in his ideas of extending human sympathy, and he suggested to the bos'un that he might perform Christiansen's duties aloft, hoping thereby to lessen the ill-will which was perceptibly growing against the poor, helpless old man. The bos'un spoke to the mate on the subject, and, to Jimmy's great joy, the request was acceded to, and he was put in the "starboard" watch. He was very muscular and agile, and in a few weeks succeeded in becoming a fairly good "top-man."

During this time Christiansen lingered on. He seldom murmured, but he was in a very despondent frame of mind, and could not arouse himself. He was very grateful to Jimmy for his kind attention and words of hope and comfort, and when he heard his step on the ladder his eyes brightened, and the grip around his heart seemed to loosen, but he felt that his end was fast approaching, and a dull void in his soul imbued him with a horrible fear of it. It monopolized his thoughts, and a settled gloom fell upon him. When Jimmy was away on deck he would lie and moan "Death, death, death!" and then turn his face upon the pillow only to hear the word still ringing in his ear like a knell. Like that of most of his class, his life had been anything but irreproachable, and he dreaded the inevitable accounting to which in our turn we all have to submit.

Jimmy had not read Scripture for his own edification since he left his mother's knee, but as he progressed in his reading for his unfortunate companion, he became deeply interested personally, and he began to dimly perceive that even for him, miserable, rascalous outcast that he was, there was a possibility of redemption. He had been a godless, selfish, foolish scamp all his life—a ne'er-do-well—but as he read the glorious gospel of hope, preached in old Palestine eighteen hundred years before, he became conscious of a change in his heart. His brain was crowded with new aspirations and grand resolutions to make the world better for his having lived in it, and often the text would swim before his eyes, and he would clasp the sick man's outstretched palm in a grasp which spoke worlds for both and seemed to clear away for a moment the clouds fast gathering around the dying man's path.

One day in the "dog watch" Jimmy slipped down in the fore-castle to see if his patient needed anything, and found it vacant, except by Christiansen and Williams, who was in his bunk apparently fast asleep. Christiansen appeared to have rallied somewhat the previous evening, and Jimmy was therefore considerably shocked when he looked towards the berth and saw the sick man's face with the hue of death over-spreading it. The cheery greeting froze upon his lips, and something very like a moan of anguish escaped them. Within the past few weeks he had bestowed the human sympathy, so long pent up in his heart, upon this unfortunate old man, and although he had expected the inevitable, now that he actually stood, as it were, in the very presence of death, his heart sank within him. It seemed as if all that bound him to his new-born better self were leaving him with the sufferer's last painful gasps for life.

The silence was unbroken save by the occasional foot-falls on the deck above and the ceaseless splash, splash of the water against the sides of the vessel, as it rolled almost on a level with the open ports.

Jimmy laid his hand upon the damp brow, and bending his mouth down to the pillow, he whispered:

"Christiansen! Christiansen! for God's sake speak to me—speak to me." He broke down, and a great sob that almost choked him in his efforts to repress it, burst from his lips.

Christiansen opened his eyes and, smiling with an evident effort, said: "Is that you, Jimmy?" Then, with terrible earnestness, "Thank God! you've come. I thought I should die alone—alone." The listener gave his hand a slight pressure in gentle contradiction. He could not trust himself to speak.

"No, don't trouble to fetch the skipper," continued Christiansen, reading the unspoken question in Jimmy's eyes and feebly retaining him as he half rose. "He can do no good. It's come—I can't shirk it—God help me!"

Then after a pause: "Listen, I have something to tell you before I die. I may not have time to tell it. Can you listen and pray for me at the same time! I've tried to pray but I can't."

Another pause for breath.

"I was supposed to be asleep last night while your watch was on deck and I heard 'em talking together. I listened and—"

"Yes?"

"Sh—speak under your breath. He—" looking in the direction of the sleeper, "he's one of the ringleaders. There is going to be a mutiny aboard this ship the first dark night that comes."

"Are you certain of this?"

"Quite. They are all in it 'cept the bos'un and yourself. The second steward is in the swim, too. Beware of him. If they ever get to the stores and rum, God help this ship. I've told ye. I've done my duty for the last time. Oh, my God! the last time."

A long silence intervened, during which the dying man lay with closed eyes, blanched face and trembling, colourless lips, in that state of semi-quiescence which is the precursor of the eternal stillness.

Suddenly he started up in his bunk with the energy which often comes at the last moment, on the brink, as it were, of the soul's plunge into eternity.

"Jimmy,"—his voice was hardly articulate, and his eyes all at once assumed a glossy appearance—"Jimmy—where are you? It is dark—dark. Keep near me now, Jimmy." His grasp loosened upon the other man's wrist, and he fell back.

A few moments of suspense, that were a century of intense mental anguish to the silent watcher, and then—Christiansen was dead.

The captain took possession of Christiansen's kit next day in order to prevent the crew from stealing the few trifling articles it contained. His body was sewn up in a hammock, weighted with iron, and consigned to the deep in the afternoon. When the skipper, who read the burial service over the remains, uttered the words "Commit his body to the deep," and the hammock slid slowly from the board into the sea with a heavy splash, Jimmy bent his head upon the rail, and sobbed for a moment. It was his only exhibition of grief. But the past few weeks had completely changed him. His spirit was chastened and strengthened, and that last parting with his poor friend was written in his brain in undying love and pity.

III.

According to the popular superstition still prevailing among seamen, now that the sharks were appeared with the body of their late comrade there should have been a spell of fine weather. Such, however was not the case. The weather still continued to be nasty, and the conspirators had not long to wait for an opportunity to accomplish their design, or make the attempt.

On the night of the second day following Christiansen's burial, there was not a vestige of a moon. It was, however, comparatively fine, a heavy gale of wind having been experienced all the fore and afternoon, and was a splendid opportunity for the conspirators to overpower the officer on watch and seize the ship before the captain and the rest of officers realized the situation.

Jimmy guessed that it was probably their intention to strike at once, and, creeping stealthily up the poop ladder, he approached Mr. Gates, who was in charge.

"Who's that?"

"Sh! It's me, sir, Jimmy. I want to have a word with you, but for Heaven's sake speak low." He got quite close to the mate's ear, and in a few hurried words acquainted him of the danger he feared.

"Are you sure about this?" enquired the mate.

"Christiansen told me on his death-bed. He would not lie."

"Then, by —, they shall have a mutiny," muttered Mr. Gates with concentrated hate in his voice. "Step down quietly to the captain's berth and inform him of this. Tell him and the other officers to slip up here unobserved. I cannot leave the poop."

Captain Bowslaugh's berth was at the end of the saloon. Jimmy noticed a dark form outside, and as he pulled the saloon door open, the light from within streamed out in the darkness with a dim uncertainty, sufficiently strong, however, to reveal the second steward loathing against the rails of the pantry window.

"Wal?" said the steward interrogatively, as if demanding by what right a man from before the mast entered his own particular domain.

"Wal?" repeated Jimmy in a tone of quiet aggressiveness; and he passed in, without another word.

The steward was about to follow when he heard the voice of the mate just over the break of the poop saying, "Here, Ikey, I want you a moment," and, instantly furious, Ikey was obliged to obey the summons. In another moment he lay on the deck, gagged and pinioned. He was taken by surprise and was secured without the least alarm being given to his comrades.

When "eight bells" struck, the port watch came up to relieve the starboard watch, and the whole crew mustered under the break of the poop, as customary, to answer to the roll-call. This is a duty generally left to the officer of the last watch, and often the officer of the watch coming on duty does not appear until it is over. The men stood about in groups, and there was a good deal of significant whispering among them. This was evidently the moment chosen for the revolt.

After Mr. Gates had called the roll the men did not disperse. It is usual for the members of the watch below, as they answer their names, to go right off to bed, but the men seemed to linger like school-boys wishing to prefer some request, but afraid to open the question. At length Captain Bowslaugh, who was thought to be asleep in his berth, leaned over the break of the poop and said, with clever dissimulation, "Now, boys, lively there for'ard. Starboard watch below."

It was rather a shock to the men to discover that the skipper was on deck, but a man named Dennis, who had been appointed to act as spokesman, replied in what he considered terms of wily diplomacy:

"Well, cap'n, I've been made speaker of this 'ere informal meeting', and would like a talk with you. What we want is less hazing, more grub and—"

"Really. Is that all?" interrupted the captain with a mocking laugh. "Go for'ard and wait until you hear from me upon the subject. For'ard, do you hear?"

"For'ard!" with an oath. "It's aft we're going. Come on, boys!" and the men leapt up the poop ladder. The crew followed their leader, some with drawn knives, others with marlin-spikes and old belaying pins.

To his surprise half a dozen strong pairs of hands grasped him by the collar and dragged him up the stairs before he had time to assist himself, and Dennis found himself lying on his back with the cold muzzle of a revolver pressed against his temples.

Captain Bowslaugh, Mr. Gates, the bos'un and half a dozen apprentices sprang to the top of the ladder and discharged a perfect fusillade of revolver shots into the air. The effect was electrical. There is no argument in the world so convincing as the sharp click of a pistol. The men fell back terrified, and in another minute not a single form was to be seen on the deck abaft the main-mast.

Ikey and Dennis were put in irons, and accommodated in a retired part of the hold. The rest of the crew were called aft next morning, and the captain after giving them admonitory warning, embellished with selections from his most forcible vocabulary, dismissed them.

After the abortive attempt at mutiny, the ill-feeling against Jimmy Ducks was greatly increased, and he was subjected to every petty annoyance that his enemies could devise. This he bore for a long time in uncomplaining silence, but one day Williams gave utterance to an insulting remark that included a reference to his mother. Jimmy's hot blood boiled in his swollen veins, and his face became scarlet with passion. This was an insult he could not brook, and in an instant the offender lay sprawling on the deck. When he regained his feet a *mêlée* ensued, in the course of which Jimmy's long arms and quick movements proved very effective, and somewhat startled his messmates. Williams was badly beaten and sullenly accepted his defeat, but in his heart he vowed vengeance.

The following week was one long, dreary repetition of terrific squalls. Just before eight bells, one very dark night, it came on to blow a hurricane so unexpectedly that we were almost in danger of losing our masts by the board. It had been quite calm a few hours before, and we were sailing under rather full canvas. The order to reef top-sails was hurriedly sent for'ard, and Jimmy, who was standing by the stays, at once leaped into the rigging. In his haste and the excitement of the moment, he forgot that the first man aloft has always to go to the end of the yard, and that this is a very perilous duty, requiring the steady nerves of an old salt. Upon reaching the yard, however, he braced himself up for the effort, and crept out into the blackness, hovering, as it seemed, between the conflicting elements like a twig upon the side of a precipice.

An instant later the air was rent by a terrible clap of thunder, which appeared momentarily to lull the seething, roaring waters and howling wind into comparative stillness. A vivid flash of lightning followed almost immediately, succeeded by another low, long rumble of thunder, culminating in a crash like the crack of a whip. In the glare of the lightning Jimmy saw the dark vindictive features of his mortal enemy, Williams, who lay out on the yard within a couple of feet of him. The recognition was instantaneous and mutual.

Scarcely knowing why, Jimmy was seized with a sudden pain about his heart that he could not repress. He was not a coward, but he felt that that thunder clap was his requiem. His forebodings were only too well founded. A fiend-like tea took possession of the soul of Williams as he comprehended the opportunity afforded him by Jimmy's dangerous position to take a complete revenge. The second steward had managed to communicate with him, and had told him that he suspected it was Jimmy who warned the captain of the plot to take the ship, so that Williams had two scores to balance. There could not possibly be any suspicion of foul play on such a night as this. Men are blown from yards and lost by hundreds in such weather.

He crept closer to his victim, who could not see him in the darkness, but who instinctively felt his approach. There was no possibility of escape, however, and as the ship rolled to leeward, Williams raised himself by the lift

above him and dashed his heavy sea boot full in his face. Jimmy uttered a low moan of agony, but blinded, bleeding and half dizzy, he still clung tenaciously to the yard.

It was a terrible struggle for life. The wind stifled him so that he could not cry out, and even had he been able to, who would have heard him? Not even the men at the other end of the yard. The wind fairly shrieked through the rigging and the seas broke against the vessel with a deafening roar. The masts bent like whalebone, and the yards and cordage creaked and moaned like creatures in pain as the ship plunged headlong, then reared, then rolled from side to side, until the yards seemed about to dip into the surf. The moment was rendered more intense by the enforced silence of the men and the awe-inspiring night which enwrapped them. There was no scuffle, no cursing, no prayers for mercy, or vows of vengeance. It was a horrible silence amid an elemental pandemonium.

Another clap of thunder—a smashing kick from Williams' boot—succeeded by a flash that lit up the heavens. Only one man remained on the yard—Jimmy had fallen into the whirling abyss of blackness below.

The roll was taken at eight bells, and Jimmy was reported missing. An entry in the skipper's log, that on the night of the — inst., a seaman, who shipped as "James Smith" was blown off the yard, was the sole epitaph of our queer hand. It is the epitaph of thousands every year whose fate is known only to God.

About a year afterwards Williams was condemned to be hanged for killing a man in a drunken brawl in Melbourne, and the night before his execution he made a statement, giving the history of the attempted mutiny and confessing to the murder of "Jimmy Ducks." I learned the story subsequently from the bosun, who appeared as a witness in the trial.

W. BLACKBURN HARTE.

Syringa.

Beneath me are soft green grasses,
Nature's own cushioned bed;
I lie and hear the whisper
Of winds in the trees o'erhead.

I lie and watch the sunlight
Play on thy pear-shaped leaves
O luscious, perfumed syringa,
White as a soul that grieves.

Thou knowest thy fair June beauty,
O snow-like, glorious flower,
The sensuous depth of sweetness,
The weight of thy perfume's power.

I fain would gather thy blossoms
And cover myself from sight—
With thousands of waxen petals
Hide me from day and light.

Were death but now my portion,
Nor love could respite gain,
I, choosing the death to suffer,
To mingle bliss with pain,—

Would lie on a couch of blossoms
Away from the warmth of day,
Strewing my fair death-closet
With bud, and green, and spray.

Thy branches, O sweet syringa,
Should be stripped of thy gorgeous bloom,
Thy blossoms cover my body,
Thy beauty become my tomb.

This heavy scent, thy breathing,
With sweet satiety
Should lull my fevered senses
And make it bliss to die.

First the delicious odour
Filling the slender space,
And then a drowsiness growing
Ever, and creeping apace.

Over the heart and the eyelids,
Numbing the soul and sense;
The languorous pulses pausing
As the air becomes more dense;

Deeper the hush 'neath the blossoms
There where the shadows creep;
Then one faint sigh in the silence,—
And the long and dreamless sleep.

What are these idle dreamings
Born of the wind's soft breath?
The tomb contains no beauty,—
And the worst of ills is death.

Sweet life, sweet youth, sweet loving!
I hold you here and say
I dread no dark to-morrow,
I know no sad to-day.

Away with drear forebodings!
These arms, outstretching, prove
I know no death but parting,
I know no life but Love.

SOPHIE M. ALMON.

The Closing Years of the Old Régime.

In 1736 (according to M. Intendant Hocquart) the population of the colony was about 40,000, of whom 10,000 are returned as fit to bear arms. The Canadians, he says, are tall, well made, and of a vigorous constitution. The artisans are industrious and the habitants skilful with the axe. They make the most of their own tools and implements of husbandry; build their own houses and barns, and several of them can weave, making great webs of stuff that they call druggat, which they use for clothing themselves and their families. So much for their good qualities. But they are also, according to M. Hocquart, vain,* fond of being noticed and sensitive to rebuke. Strange to say, it is the country people whom he thus characterizes. The townspeople are less faulty. They are attached to their religion and there are few incorrigibles; but they think too much of themselves, and this failing prevents them from succeeding, as they might do, in the arts, agriculture and commerce. The long winter, with little occupation, also tends to make the men lazy. But they are addicted to the chase, to navigation, to voyages, and have not the coarse and rustic air of the French peasant. Though naturally hard to manage, they become more tractable when their honour is appealed to, but the spirit of subordination is sadly lacking, the fault, in part, of deficient firmness on the part of former governments. This is said, it seems, with reference to the militia, whose moral and physical qualities and training were to be severely tested sooner than M. Hocquart imagined. The Intendant then gives an account of the products, commerce and industries of the country. Wheat is the chief crop. The country furnishes more than what meets the needs of the inhabitants, and the surplus is exported. In good years 80,000 bushels in flour and biscuits are sent out of the country, but 1737 was a bad year. The lands of Quebec are not all equally good, some of them being hilly, but those of Montreal are level. The experiment of fall wheat had been made, but was considered risky on account of frosts. Oats, pease, barley and rye, as well as flax, hemp and tobacco were all grown to some extent. There were as yet few orchards. More attention to the culture of tobacco is recommended. The beaver was retreating northward, but still plentiful at the Company's posts—Tadoussac, Temiscaming, etc. The English were charged with enticing the Indians with brandy, but it was also acknowledged that they gave a better price for the skins. The Three Rivers iron mines are mentioned, as are also the copper mines of Lake Superior. The ship-building industry at Quebec was growing in favour. Thirty nations of Indians were described as occupying the continent of Canada.

Another *mémoire*, dated twenty years later (1758) and attributed to M. Querdisien Trémais, is written with spirit and force but is not cheerful reading, as it gives a most gloomy picture of the state of the country and scathing charges of malfeasance and dishonesty against the functionaries of the time. The population is set down at 80,000, of whom 15,000 were able to bear arms. The state of misery to which the country is represented as having been brought mainly by corrupt administration is so intolerable that if the document had been prepared expressly to show that the time had come when Canada must shake off the paralyzing grasp of Louis XV. and his agents, it could not have been more pertinent or more vigorously worded. Canada had to pass through some severe trials under the new régime, but none of them can be compared with the careless wretchedness set forth with unconscious pathos in this prosaic state paper. Well might the elder Papineau contrast the freedom of British institutions, even such as they were before the expiry of the 18th century, with the tyranny and rapacity of such men as Intendant Bigot.†

The recital of M. Trémais may well lead us to believe, with Abbé Ferland and M. LeMoine, that there was more than indifference in the manner in which Canada was allowed to pass from the hands of France. It was the interest of the infamous Bigot coterie to conceal their own malfeasance under the common ruin, just as the scoundrel will burn the house whose inmates he has murdered, in order to hide the traces of his crime.‡

When M. Trémais' *mémoire* was penned, there was no obvious reason to fear that the system of rule which it so damagingly accused was near its termination. Montcalm had won a victory over one of the finest British forces that ever offered battle to foe on this continent. Wolfe was engaged in a work of retaliation unworthy of his genius and character. But in the book of fate the knell had sounded, and the brave and chivalrous Montcalm was soon to lie dying and helpless, leaving to the care of de Ramezay the honour of France, the safety of the army and the defence of Canada.

*It is singular that Kalin, the Swedish naturalist, on his visit to Quebec in 1749, made just the same reflection, not on the habitants, but on the ladies of Quebec. The same distinguished tourist, who brought the observant eye of science to bear upon more than herbs and minerals, speaking generally, says that the women of Canada are handsome, virtuous and well bred, with an education that is charming in its innocence. As housewives he found them superior to those of the English colonies. More than once he contrasts the refinement of the Canadians with the brusqueness of the Dutch and English. But he thinks the Canadian ladies give too much time to their toilet. He marks a difference between the ladies of Quebec and those of Montreal. The former is a veritable Frenchwoman by education and manners—the consequence of association with the noblesse that came every year in the king's ships, while hosts so distinguished rarely got so far inland as Montreal. He says the French attribute to the ladies of the latter city a large share of Indian pride with Indian lack of culture. But they, as well as the fair Quebecois, err through fondness for dress. (Paysage de Kalin en Amérique, analysé et traduit par H. Marchand.)

†The *Mémoires* quoted from are those included in the *Collection de Mémoires et de Relations sur l'histoire ancienne du Canada*, published by the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec, 1840.

‡*Album des Touristes*, pp. 39 and 97.

As at the capture of Quebec by Kirk in 1629, so at the conquest of 1760, only a comparatively small number of the people abandoned their country. The words of M. Sulte, relating to both occasions, are applicable in this place: "Those who remained in the country constituted just the stable portion of the population, that is, the *habitants*. It is false to say that Canada was at that time (1629) abandoned. That primary germ of Canadian families deserves neither the indifference nor the oblivion of historians. For it was they who refused to despair of their adopted country, and their development was proof against every attempt to arrest it. A hundred and fifty years later the Canadians were in the same situation, and then, too, they had the courage to remain Canadians. Such is our history. We have become anchored in the soil in spite of the ebb and flow of European influences. In 1629, of less than a hundred persons then in the colony, more than a third was composed of *habitants*, and they remained faithful to their post, undeterred by ill fortune."

Is Fair Hair Becoming Extinct?

In forming opinions as to whether fair-haired persons are less numerous in a particular locality now than formerly, the element of age has to be considered. A person who has spent his childhood in a fair-haired district, and visits it again after a lapse of years may easily imagine that the number of fair-haired persons is fewer than formerly, merely on account of the class of persons from whom he draws the inference being more adult than those of whom he has recollections formerly. Upon the rate at which fair darkens from childhood to adult age we have some valuable observations, which show that the hair of light complexioned male children darkens from 55 per cent. during the first five years of life to 33 per cent. at forty-five years, and dark hair with light eyes is found to increase in about the same ratio. Darkening of the female hair and eyes with age takes place to a much less extent than among males. It would appear, therefore, that in estimating the increase or diminution of fair-haired persons in a particular district, observations on females are much more trustworthy than on males, from the fact that they are much less liable to variations; but, on the other hand, it must be remembered that the colour of a woman's hair is more liable to alter according to the tint which is considered the most fashionable at a particular time. Besides the blending of fair-haired races with the dark stocks, there are other elements which Dr. Reddick has shown may account for the diminution of fair hair in England, and these should not be overlooked. He considers that the xanthous temperament is less able to withstand the insanitary conditions existing in the crowded populations of our great cities than the melanotic, and that in this way the law of natural selection operates against its increase. Again, as a large majority of women live and die unmarried and childless, it is probable, in his opinion, that the physical qualities of the race may be to a small extent moulded by the action of conjugal as well as natural selection. In support of this he has given statistics showing that of 737 women, only 55.5 per cent. of those with fair hair were married, against 79 per cent. with black hair; while 37 per cent. with fair hair were unmarried against 18 per cent. with black. On classifying those with red, fair and brown hair as "blonde," and those with dark brown and black hair as "dark," we have 359 of the former and 361 of the latter. Of the blondes he found 60 per cent. were married to 70.5 of the dark, and 32 per cent. of the former were unmarried to 21.5 of the latter. If during several generations this preference among the male sex for wives with dark hair should continue, it is reasonable to suppose it would exert an influence decidedly adverse to the increase of fair-haired persons being maintained. On various grounds, therefore, it would seem as if the fair hair so much beloved by poets and artists is doomed to be encroached upon and even replaced by that of darker hue. The rate at which this is taking place is probably very slow, from the fact that nature is most conservative in her changes. —*British Medical Journal*.

Max O'Rell on Woman.

Between French and American women he observes many resemblances, particularly that suppleteness of mind which enables one of the masses to fit herself speedily for a position in the classes. "In England," he says, "it is just the contrary. Of course good society is good society everywhere. The ladies of the English aristocracy are perfect queens; but the Englishwoman who was not born a lady, will seldom become a lady, and I believe this is why *salonnières* are more scarce in England than they are in America, and especially France. I could name many Englishmen, standing at the head of their professions, who cannot produce their wives in society because these women have not been able to raise themselves to the level of their husband's station in life. The Englishwoman has no faculty for fitting herself for a higher position than the one she was born in; like the rabbit, she will always taste of the cabbage she fed on. I am bound to add that this is perhaps a quality, and proves the truthfulness of her character. In France, he says, men and women go through life on equal terms; in England the man (generally) thinks himself a much superior being; in Germany it is the same; "in America, I should feel inclined to believe that a woman looks down upon a man with a certain amount of contempt."



WHEAT AT ST. FELICIEN, LAKE ST. JOHN RAILWAY. (L'Alvernois, photo.)

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Greyhounds for Canadian Wolves.

It is officially estimated that no fewer than 170,000 wolves are roaming at large in Russia, and that the inhabitants of the Vologda last year killed no fewer than 49,000, and of the Casan district 21,000. In the Canadian North-West there are also wolves, but these are not, like the European ones, of a very dangerous character. The coyotes are, however, at times very troublesome on the plains, especially to flocks of sheep. Some time ago, Sir John Lister-Kaye imported a number of Belgian and French wolf-hounds and Scotch deerhounds for the purpose of hunting down these coyotes, while other breeds of dogs have been tried with fair success. By means of these the number of coyotes has been much reduced, as many as seventeen having been brought down in a single day on the Cochrane ranche. The hounds are, however, scarcely fast enough, and with a view to giving them a greater turn of speed, Mr. Dan. Gordon, the veterinary surgeon of Ottawa, Canada, has just imported two of the fastest and best bred greyhounds ever shipped from England—namely, Justinian by Cui Bono out of Stylish Lady, and Jetsam by Royal Stag out of Castaway.

Cardinal Lavigerie and Carthage.

The ancient See of Carthage is bursting into new life, full of hope for that dark continent on which the eyes of ambitious European statesmen are now so constantly fixed. And Carthage is promising because it is under the jurisdiction of a prelate who for activity may, without irreverence, be compared to the great saint—Augustine of Hippo. Six years ago, when Leo XIII. restored to Carthage the dignity of an archiepiscopal see, he advised the erection of a cathedral church, in connection with which a canonical Chapter could be held, and he also urged that a seminary should be provided for the education of the clergy. Since that time Cardinal Lavigerie has done the work of a score of men in promoting the anti-slave crusade throughout Europe, but, despite all this, there has been no inaction

in his diocese. The Chapter of Canons has been appointed, the seminary opened, and the cathedral built on the hill of Byrsa, from which Carthage first received its name. The consecration of the cathedral took place on Thursday, 15th July, and on the same day Cardinal Lavigerie will preside at the first Council of Carthage. It will be a great day for the Catholic Church in Africa.—*Catholic Times*.

Children's Sayings.

LITTLE BOY, brought down to see two old aunts, much made up, and dressed very youthfully, being told that one was Aunt Jane, inquired, "What's the other girl's name?"

CLERGYMAN trying to show his little girl the sin of disobedience in Eve eating the apple. Child replies, after consideration: "I think it should have been hung out of her reach!"

A LITTLE GIRL had just been read the story of Jonah and the whale from the Bible, and on its completion she remarked: "Oh! do read that to Georgie (her brother); he likes that kind of story so much, and I daresay he'll believe it."

A LITTLE BOY was told by his mother that he would never see his aunt (who had just died) again. He said: Yes, I shall. His mother said: Oh, no, you will not, dear, never again. The boy replied: Yes, I shall, at the last trump.

MOTHER (to Elsie, aged three, repeating her evening prayer): Now say "Make me one of Christ's Lambs." Elsie: No, I don't want to say that. Mother: But Elsie would like to be one, would she not? Elsie (emphatically): No, no! Mother: My darling, why not? Elsie (in tears): 'Cause I'd rather be a little moo-calf.

A BOY under six years of age was bemoaning to his mother the escape of one of his white mice, which had disappeared through a hole in the floor of his nursery, but a happy thought struck him, and he seemed reconciled to his loss, as he remarked quite cheerfully to her: "Oh, mamma, won't it go amongst the black mice just like a missionary to the black men?"

HUMOROUS.

AN INTERESTING MOMENT.—Crowd (in elevator): How soon does this elevator go up, boy? Elevator Boy (reading a weekly paper): Jes' as soon as I find out if the gal who leaped from the cliff was caught by her feller, who stood on the rocks one thousand feet below.

FORGOT WHAT HE WAS CRYING FOR.—A little boy sat on the floor crying. After a while he stopped and seemed buried in thought. Looking up suddenly he said: "Mamma, what was I crying about?" "Because I wouldn't let you go out to play." "Oh, yes," and he set up another howl.

AN Englishman was boasting to a Yankee that they had a book in the British Museum which was once owned by Cicero. "Oh, that ain't nothin'!" retorted the Yankee. "In the museum in Boston they've got the very same lead pencil that Noah used to check off the animals with as they went into the Ark!"

SMART ALECK (from college).—Say, farmer, if I can prove that your two horses are equal to three will you give me one? Farmer: Done; it's a bargain. Smart Aleck: Well, the bay horse is one, and the white 'un two, and one and two make three. There! Now, which one may I have? Farmer: Oh, you can have the third.

A POPULAR Glasgow clergyman recently announced that he would take as his subject, "A Young Man Worth Imitating," on the next Sunday evening, and before twenty-four hours had elapsed he had received 350 letters from the "gilded youth," each intimating that he would rather not be spoken of personally from the pulpit—his modesty would not allow it.

THE GREATEST HONOUR.—An Englishman once boasted that he had been mistaken for a member of the royal family. A Scotchman, hearing this, replied that he had been addressed as the Duke of Argyll. Whereupon an Irishman said that he had been taken for a far greater person than either, for as he was walking along the street one day, a friend came up to him, exclaiming, "Holy Moses! is that you?"

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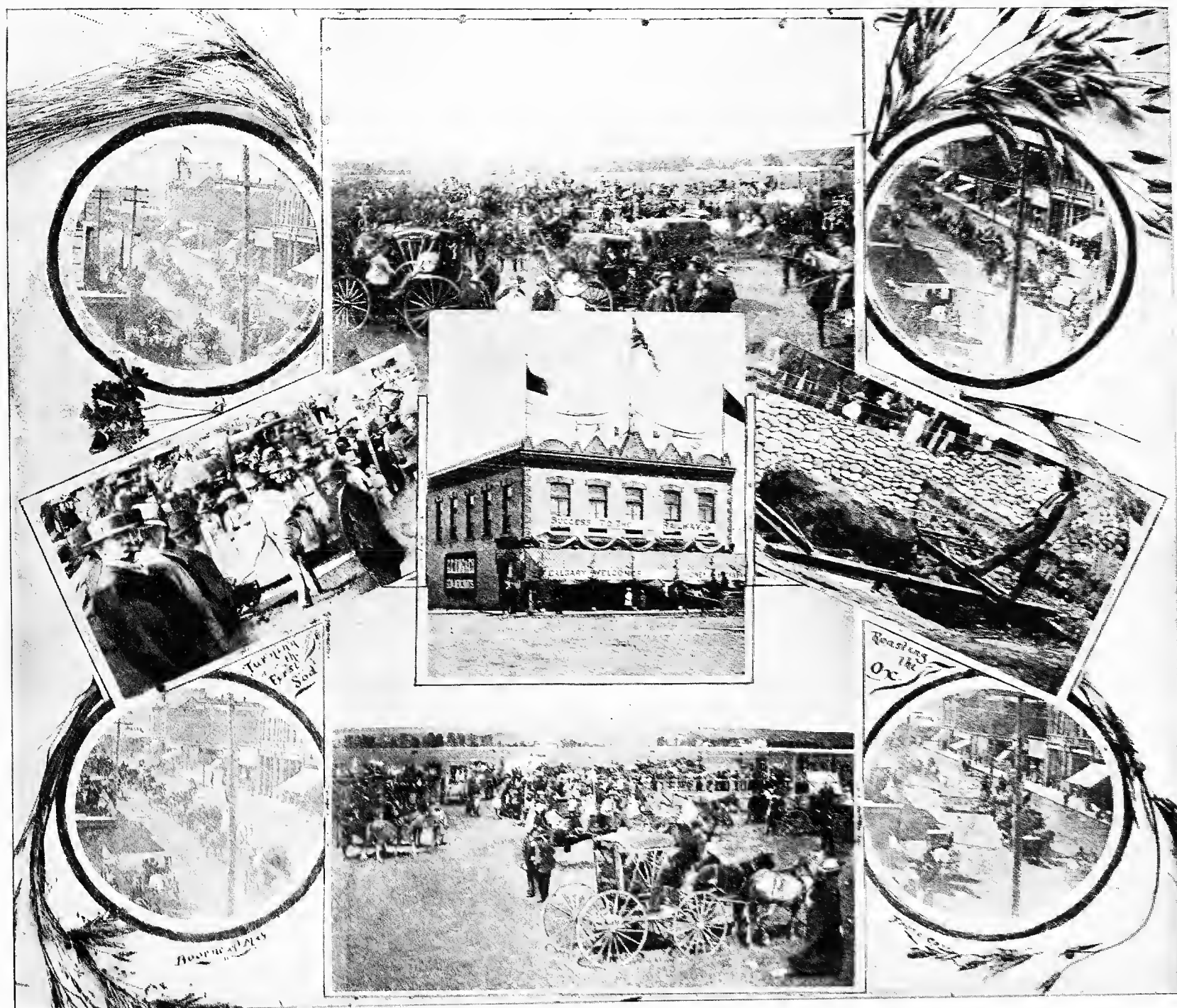
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PRINTED BY

Vol. V.—No. 110.

MONTREAL AND TORONTO, 9th AUGUST, 1890.

54 CENTS PER COPY. IN GREAT BRITAIN, 27s. 6d. PER COPY PER COPY.



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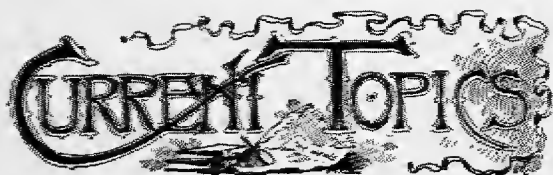
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9th AUGUST, 1890.

BUSINESS ANNOUNCEMENT.

The business, hitherto carried on by the Dominion Illustrated Publishing Company (limited), has been purchased and will be continued by the Sabiston Lithographic and Publishing Company, of which Mr. Richard White is President and Mr. Alex. Sabiston is Managing-Director. It is hoped to add to the interest and value of the paper, both from a pictorial and literary standpoint, and to extend and improve the business in its various departments. The business will be carried on in the meantime at the old premises, 73 St. James street, Montreal, under the management of Mr. J. P. Edwards, to whom all communications in connection with accounts due the old company and new business should be addressed.



In an article on crop estimates, the *Winnipeg Commercial*, expresses the opinion that most of those hazarded regarding Manitoba are too large—several of them placing the wheat crop of that province for 1890 at 20,000,000 bushels. This means an average of 27 bushels an acre, which is a very heavy yield and one that Manitoba is hardly likely to reach this year. The latest crop reports for localities range from 15 to 35 bushels, the mean of which would be 25 bushels an acre. This again must be reduced to allow for the general tendency to excess in such forecasts. "If, therefore," continues our contemporary, "we place the average for the province at twenty bushels per acre, we will have 14,921,160 bushels of wheat, and if Manitoba turns out a crop of this size, we will have no reason to grumble. While we hope it may reach the larger estimates, we will feel satisfied if it amounts to the figures given above. At any rate, with the good prospects ahead, there is no reason to overdo things. Better be on the safe side, and if we underestimate the crop for once, it will help to counteract the impression abroad that Manitoba crops are unreliable, and are made solely for the purpose of enticing people to the country."

Some time ago we had occasion to call attention to the numerous complaints which for a long while have been in circulation regarding the application of the liquor law in the Territories. We based our comments on authority which could not well be questioned, as we found it in the utterances of officials in the departmental blue-books. The *Winnipeg Commercial* not long since published a severe article on the same theme, which was, it is claimed, prompted by information gathered in the region concerned. If the charges thus reiterated—charges, moreover, which were made and left uncontradicted in the House of Commons—are well founded, no time should be lost in adopting such measures as may tend to remove the scandal of such bold and persistent defiance of the law. The statements of the *Commercial* have been confirmed by several other western papers, all of which protest against this flagrant lawlessness being allowed to continue unchecked.

"The fact of the matter is," says the *Commercial*, returning to the charge, "that the alleged restrictive regulations are no restriction at all upon the promiscuous sale of liquors, under conditions which are anything but pleasant to contemplate. Prohibition, as carried out in the Territories, is a huge farce; the law is a hollow mockery, and the situation is simply disgraceful to those who uphold it, as well as humiliating to the people of the Territories, who are obliged to submit to it." This is strong language, but not too strong to cope with an evil so enormous and so far-reaching in its degrading effects.

Reports from the Templeton and Portland phosphate mines indicate continued prosperity in those districts. Mr. W. McIntosh, of Buckingham, has, it is said, struck another valuable deposit. The Blackburn and McLaurin mine is also doing well under the management of Mr. John Higginson, who, however, complains of the scarcity of labour. It is still a natural cause of surprise that this great source of wealth is not utilized to a larger extent by Canadian capitalists and manufacturers. As yet only a few spots have been tapped here and there, though the range of production is practically exhaustless. A year or so ago it was expected that a new era of development was about to begin, and doubtless there has been considerable improvement since then. But the progress is fitful and the results attained but a tithe of what they ought to be. As a fertilizer our Canadian phosphate has no superior. Even the raw phosphate has been used for that purpose. A mass of valuable information on the Canadian deposits, the Superphosphate Works at Smith's Falls and the market both for the raw material and the fertilizer may be consulted in the instructive Report of the Ontario Mineral Commission, a brief summary of which appeared not long since in our columns. The phosphate used in the Works is obtained from Buckingham and Burgess. The demand for Canadian phosphate has of late been increasing, both in England and in the United States. It is said that Canadian apatite forms one-twelfth of the whole quantity used in British manufactures. Last year 23,690 tons of phosphate were mined and shipped from Canada—from the Ottawa district 18,955, and from the Ontario district 4,735 tons. But for difficulties of transport on the *Lievre* and high ocean freights, the exports would, it is thought, have been larger.

It is very unfortunate that the treatment of the insane in this province should have been made in any sense a party question, or that it should have been complicated with religious considerations. The subject is one in which, from many points of view, the public is intensely interested. There is no family, however healthy its record, that can claim any lease of immunity from the scourge. A fever, an accidental lesion, persistent disregard of sanitary laws, intermarriage with a family in which the germs of mental disease may have lain dormant for generations—these and other causes may produce a break in the sanest record. Who has not known instances of the most vigorous intellects gradually decaying till those who seemed the least likely to fall victims to the dire malady have become mere wrecks and shadows of their former selves? And statistics show that such cases are increasing. Our mode of living, so eager, so restless, magnifies the risks, especially where there is the slightest predisposition to derangement. It is of the utmost importance that all the resources of science should be placed at the disposal of the growing multitude of sufferers. To this end, the first essential is the recognition of a clear distinction between those who, in the nature of things, are incurable, who have been imbecile from their birth, and those who have been stricken with insanity after a larger or shorter career of mental soundness. The former class has been the subject of some interesting studies and experiments to ascertain to what extent the congenitally weak may be improved. Examples have been cited of the surprising re-

sults of wise training, where, by the old *laissez-faire* system, it might seem absurd to hope for any change. In the treatment of lunatics, who should be in a separate establishment from the idiots, classification, according to the different mental states of the patients, is primarily necessary. The methods of scientific alienists in our day are separated by a great gulf from the usage of the old asylums. But to give science fair scope the farming-out plan must be done away with. If contracts interfere with its entire abolition at once, their operation should be accompanied with the strictest supervision till that consummation is reached. Enlightened opinion, the cause of humanity, and the public weal, demand a thorough reform, and to that demand there are no interests of sufficient moment to justify their being preferred.

In a recent illustration of American college life, a thin, delicate-visaged, studious-looking young man is contrasted with a hulking giant, with cropped head, pointed protruding ears, prominent jaw-bones and exceptionally developed muscular system—the prize-fighter type, in fact. The small spectated figure is supposed to represent the undergraduate in the first year of college experience; the huge, brutal-looking savage, in whose face there is not a gleam of intellectual aspiration, is meant to show the result of a few years' training at one of the faster sporting colleges. The portraiture is, of course, an exaggeration of the reality. The nude, bemedalled athlete, with his narrow forehead, whose physique has profited by the neglect of his mind, could never have been evolved from the little broad-browed man, with whom he is contrasted. There is, however, a share of truth in the caricature. Physical training is undoubtedly a good thing, and many a college student has had occasion bitterly to rue the prizes won by over-devotion to his books and oblivion of the bodily frame. For it is undoubtedly on the good condition of the body that permanent mental efficiency depends. Far too long both in philosophy and religion mind and body were divorced. Seneca and St. Paul were quoted to justify the contempt of the one and the exaltation of the other. But the later—which is also the earlier—doctrine gives the body due thought and makes the perfection of human development consist of health of body no less than soundness of mind. It was a happy revolution in education which restored the balance between physical and mental culture. But now, it seems, there is danger of the golden mean being forgotten to the serious injury of the young men of our time. Possibly, the one-sidedness complained of is but the normal reaction from that excess of mental culture, with insufficient exercise, which left the body flaccid, while the mind was over-laden. If so, the inequality will gradually right itself under the influence of public opinion, and a lasting equilibrium of aim and result will take its place in our seats of learning.

The wheat-fields that may be seen in the new settlements around Lake St. John (an example of which, photographed near St. Felicien, last fall, was lately shown in this journal), recalls an almost forgotten stage in the agricultural development of the older portions of this province. In the early years of the colony the pioneers considered themselves fortunate if they were permitted to raise enough of the food grains to serve their own uses. But, before the close of the 17th century, the government had tried to stimulate farming on a larger scale. The task was not easy. The agricultural methods in vogue were not such as would satisfy an enthusiastic reformer. The *habitants* trusted too much to the bounty of the soil, and the mode of tillage was too often slovenly. In an official document of the year 1682 the Government at home is regretfully informed that the efforts to improve and extend agriculture in the province had proved fruitless, and that it was vain to expect more crops than would barely satisfy the needs of the population. Another communication said that if, in Europe, the soil was not turned to better account than it was in

Canada, the people would starve. The young men, moreover, were too fond of taking to the woods and becoming bush-rangers. Proprietors of farms, having no granaries to store their crops in, were mostly eager to dispose of them in the fall for whatever they would bring.

But, notwithstanding these moral drawbacks, successive governors and intendants kept urging the expediency of developing the resources of the soil to better advantage, and at last they succeeded so far as to produce a surplus for export instead of the former hand-to-mouth system. Of all the intendants, M. Hocquart was the most persevering in his endeavours to inspire the people with this laudable ambition. He did not rest satisfied with words, but gave the example himself. He set up a sort of semi-private, semi-public experimental farm in which he raised all sorts of grains and vegetables grown in the country. He was the first, moreover, who sent to Europe a classified assortment of Canadian products, which was placed on exhibition at Rochefort in the year 1739. It was under his administration that the cultivation and export of wheat first attained a figure of any importance. For more than a hundred years after M. Hocquart's time this province raised wheat in considerable quantities. Before the Rebellion more wheat was raised than twenty years later, and since 1856 there has been a steady decline—the area of production moving westward. It is noteworthy that even sixty years ago the value of the Lake St. John region as a wheat-growing country had already been recognized. In 1855 some of the new parishes were invaded by the rust (*uredo rubigo*), which, with the midge, the Hessian fly, and other insect foes, had caused such ravages to the Canadian wheat crops for a number of years. For the last thirty years, however, the crops in Chicoutimi have shown an annual increase. In 1861 the wheat raised amounted to 10,912 bushels; in 1871 this had increased to 136,249, which, in 1881, had grown to 153,929 bushels. In his work on the Saguenay and the Valley of Lake St. John, Mr. Arthur Buies compares the wheat-growing capacity of the soil around the Lake with that of the most productive districts in Ontario, and gives the preference to the former. Sir William Logan also highly commended it, both for richness and depth. The quality of the wheat is excellent; the extent of the wheat-growing land is extremely large, and there is reason to believe that the district will prove one of the most thriving wheat-producing areas in Eastern Canada.

QUEBEC FORESTRY CONVENTION.

The Hon. Mr. Joly de Lotbinière, who has already done so much to keep alive an interest in the conservation and renewal of our forests, has appealed to his compatriots, through the *Chronicle*, of Quebec, on behalf of the approaching meeting in that city of the American Forestry Association. It is just eight years this summer since the Forestry Convention was held in Montreal. Some of our readers will doubtless recall the series of addresses and discussions which formed the main feature of the proceedings on that occasion. Almost every State and Territory in the United States and every province in Canada sent representatives. Statesmen, men of science, lumbermen, architects, sanitarians, economists, botanists, entomologists, civil engineers, railway men—experts, officials, business men—all who, directly or indirectly, were concerned in the well-being and permanence of what is admittedly one of the greatest sources of wealth on this continent, were present in person or by deputation at the meetings. It would be futile to ignore the existence of another element which, if not represented at the Convention, had its share in the criticism to which it gave rise—the element of distrust. This feeling undoubtedly existed to some extent among a class of persons very largely concerned in the movement and its objects—we mean the lumbermen. Mr. Joly refers to the sentiment that then animated and still, it

seems, animates that influential class of business men, in terms of honest conciliation: "It might be wise," he writes, "to remind the gentlemen connected with the lumber trade who instinctively mistrust us, that the aim of the friends of forestry is not such blind protection of the forest as to let it decay by closing it against the lumbermen. Quite the reverse: we aim at securing for them a continual supply of timber and for the country a continual and ever increasing source of revenue."

These words will, we trust, calm any apprehensions which less guarded language may have had the effect of exciting in the minds of those gentlemen. Possibly, on the former occasion to which we have referred, there was a note of exaggeration in the warnings and of implied hostility to the trade which can only flourish while the axe does its work. But it would certainly be unfair to charge all who gave their countenance to the task of the Convention—a work of foresight and precaution—with any desire to indulge in sweeping condemnations of those who did not accept all their conclusions. That there was justification for the protective movement initiated some ten years ago in the United States and which took organized form in the year preceding that of the Montreal meeting few will deny. That the forests in many parts of the continent had been ruthlessly exterminated, with scarcely a thought as to renewal cannot be gainsaid. And it was equally evident that if the same process were continued without abatement, the end would be the complete denudation of the land surface over vast areas of North America. Whether all the calculations on which the predictions—some of them very confident—were based were entirely correct is of comparatively little consequence. Men of science, who had spent their lives in the study of nature, attributed very grievous results to the removal of the forests from the higher grounds—floods and drought, in turn—not to speak of the manifold inconveniences due to the dearth of timber where it once abounded, and might still abound, had wise and timely precautions been taken. All this has been gone over again and again, for, so wide-spread did the agitation become that, for a time, forestry became a veritable plague in the magazines and newspapers.

In the United Kingdom, the landlords who wished to keep up their parks and happy hunting-grounds were, of course, delighted at this scientific commendation of their practice—heretofore not deemed especially public-spirited. Seeing which, some British scientists of the radical persuasion began to doubt whether forests were always so useful to mankind, and even the rainfall argument had to be reconsidered. But this illogical diversion of the movement from its natural course was only local and temporary, and to-day there is virtually no difference of opinion as to the folly of complete denudation, whether in the Old World or the New. In Canada the forestry agitation has not been wholly fruitless. The Government of Ontario has taken the lead in devising remedies for the mistakes of the past. Its forest commissioner, Mr. R. W. Phipps, undertook a thorough examination of the land still afforested in that province as well as of the denuded land susceptible of reforestation. Mr. A. T. Drummond, of this city, has also given much attention to the subject, as has also Dr. Bell, Mr. Small, and other writers, who have made it a special study. Mr. Saunders, of the Dominion Central Farm, has made a number of experiments which may be expected to prove beneficial, and, in connection with his labours, may be mentioned the planting of clumps of young selected trees in the Western prairie country, some instances of which we have already described. The institution of Arbor Day, though it has not done all that it was expected to accomplish, is still, in a twofold sense, a protest for old as well as young, the significance of which is not likely to be forgotten. But of all those who have actively concerned themselves with the movement, there is none who deserves the thanks of the country more justly than the Hon. Mr. Joly. Both by experiment and by his pen he has helped on the cause. We accept his judgment that the time

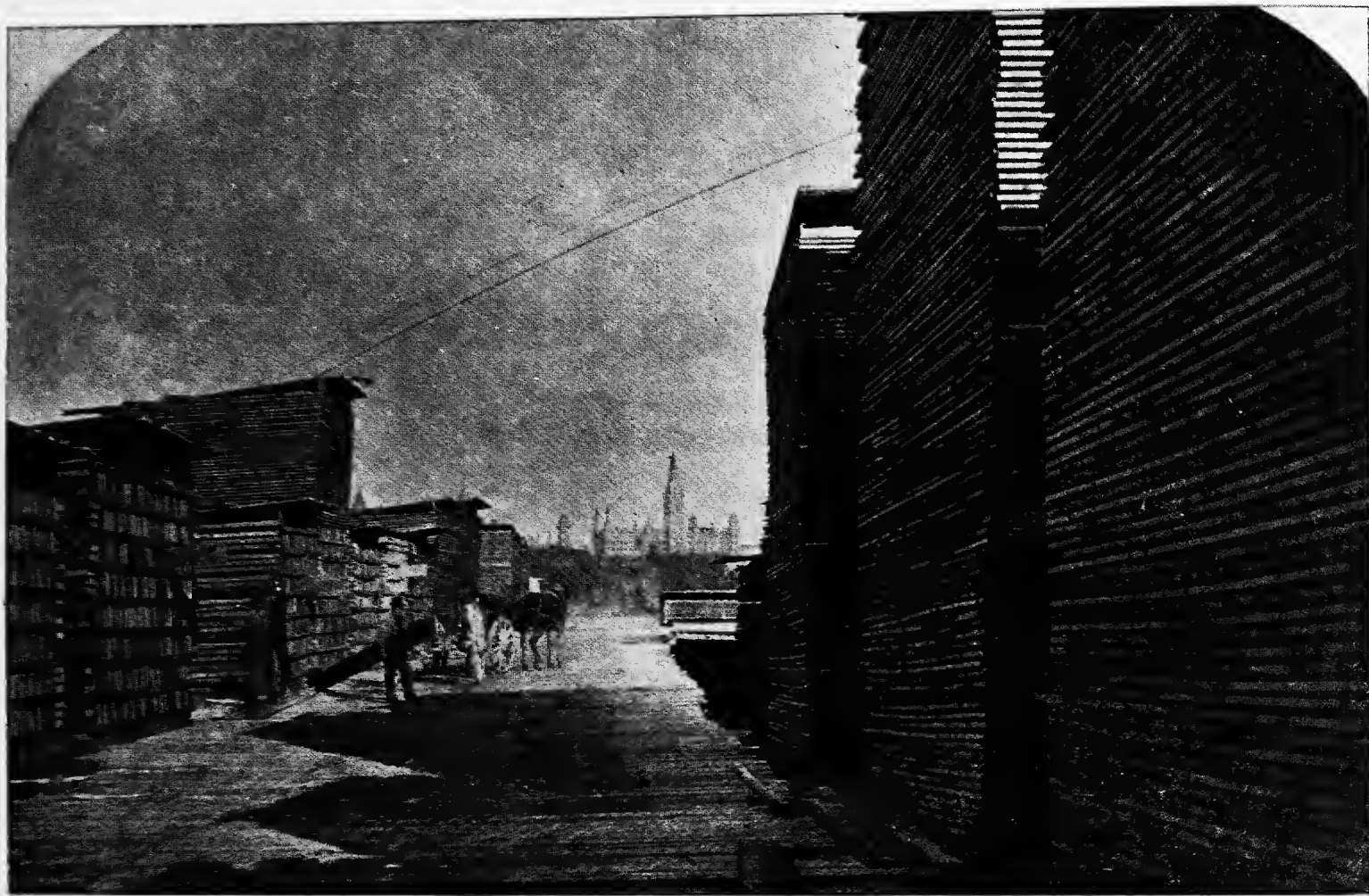
has come for another forestry convention in this province. The season is well chosen—from the 2nd to the 5th of September, inclusive. As the secretary of the Association points out, Quebec is always worth seeing, and for those who are not so happy as to dwell there, the trip is sure to be a pleasant and instructive one. A reception committee will see that due courtesies are paid to strangers, and the railroad companies will as usual be generous. Those who wish to read papers or who desire to know what the programme is likely to be, can obtain all the information they require from Dr. H. M. Fisher, 919 Walnut street, Philadelphia.

THE CALGARY AND EDMONTON RAILWAY.

In our issue of June 28 we had the pleasure of announcing that the contracts had been completed for the construction of the railway from Calgary to Edmonton, and from the same centre to McLeod. It may be recalled that, in addition to a land grant of 6,400 acres a mile, the Government made a money grant of \$80,000 a year, to be paid in transport out of the cash subsidy, in the carriage of mails, Indians, Mounted Police, and other supplies—the Government retaining as security one-third of the land grant. Mr. James Ross, who undertook the work, succeeded in placing the bonds of the company and completed all preliminary arrangements with the Dominion Government and the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, which is to operate the new road for six years. It was decided to begin the work of construction with the least possible delay, and the 21st of July was fixed for the ceremony of turning the first sod on the line from Edmonton to Calgary. The event was appropriately made the occasion of a public holiday—the laying of the corner-stone of the pumping station of the Calgary waterworks combining with the inauguration of work on the road to constitute an unusual and significant attraction for the people of Alberta. Calgary was in gala costume, the leading streets and public buildings being gay with decorations, while flags floating in the breeze testified to the loyalty and enthusiasm of the townspeople. The visitors were from a wide range of territory—Edmonton, McLeod, Banff and Medicine Hat being represented, as well as considerable portions of the intervening districts. The Hon. Mr. Dewdney took the principal part in the ceremony, to that gentleman, as Minister of the Interior, being committed the task of turning the first sod in the new line. Mayor Lafferty presented addresses both to Mr. Dewdney and to the president and directors of the road, and the replies manifested the utmost confidence in the future of Alberta. Besides the Minister of the Interior, Mr. James Ross and Mr. Nicoll Kingsmill, who spoke officially, the Rev. Leonard Gaetz, of Red Deer, whom some of our Montreal readers have not forgotten; Mr. D. W. Davis, M.P., Mr. Smith, of Edmonton, Dr. Brett, of Banff, Mr. Tweed, M.L.A., of Medicine Hat, Mr. Superintendent Niblock, and Major James Walker, one of Calgary's earliest pioneers, gave interesting and cheering addresses. We devote a considerable share of our pictorial pages in this issue to the illustration of the scenes connected with this important event. Our readers who have already been made acquainted with the history, progress and aspirations, natural charms and central advantages of Calgary will, we hope, appreciate this fresh instance of its enterprise and prosperity. The entire celebration was full of promise, and that promise will turn into fulfilment no person who has studied the site of Calgary and the character of the region of which it is the metropolis can entertain any doubt.

A Compliment to Canada.

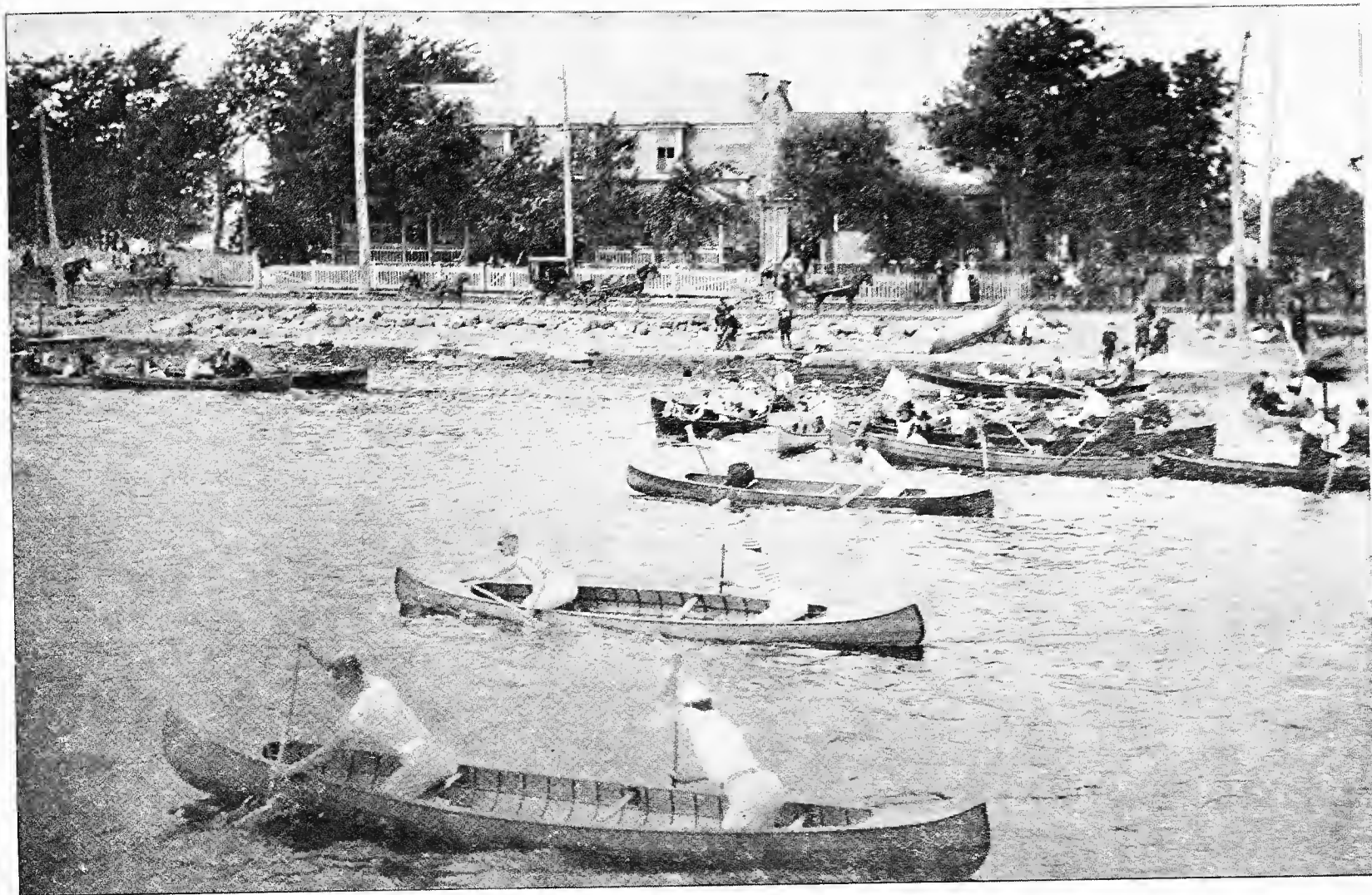
The national song, "My Own Canadian Home," music composed by Morley McLaughlin and words by E. G. Nelson, of St. John, N.B., has been chosen by the military to be sung at the great meeting of riflemen on Surrey Common, England, the accompaniment to be played by the Band of the London Scottish Regiment.



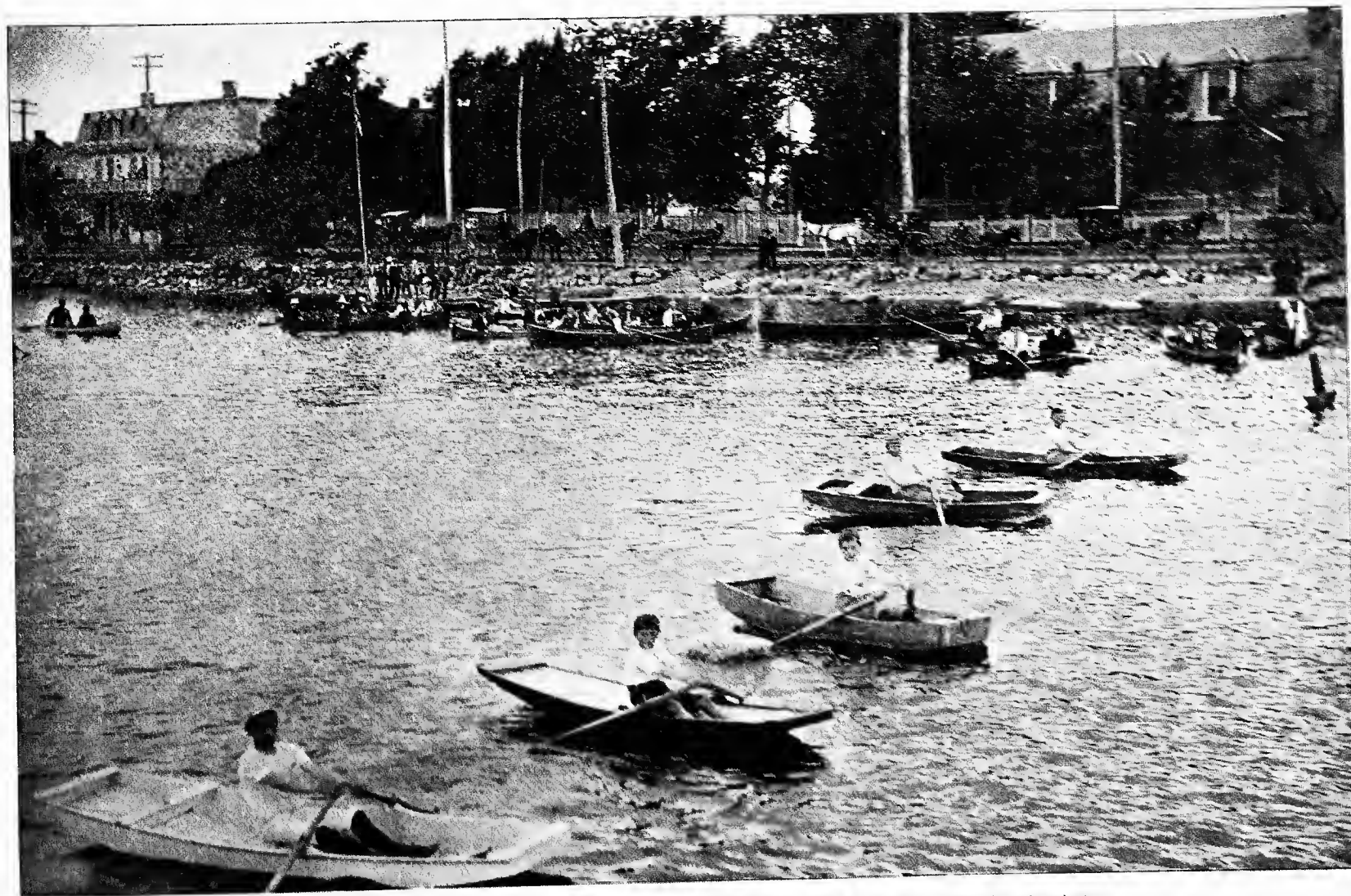
J. R. BOOTH'S LUMBER YARD, OTTAWA.



LOADING BARGES FROM J. R. BOOTH'S LUMBER YARD, OTTAWA.



LAKE ST. LOUIS CANOE CLUB REGATTA: TANDEM GREEN RACE. (Cumming & Brewis, photo.)



LAKE ST. LOUIS CANOE CLUB REGATTA: BOYS' PUNT RACE. (Cumming & Brewis, photo.)



CALGARY VIEWS.—INAUGURATION OF THE CALGARY AND EDMONTON RAILWAY.—Our readers will find in this issue a series of engravings of scenes connected with the initiation of the Calgary and Edmonton Railway. A short time ago we gave some particulars about the line, the contracts for which were completed in the latter part of June. Not a moment was lost in getting to work, and on the 21st ult., with much rejoicing on the part of the townspeople and their neighbours for many miles around, the first sod was turned by the Hon. E. Dewdney, Minister of the Interior. The occasion was very properly made a general holiday—the laying of the corner-stone of the Water-works pumping station combining with the inauguration of the road to make the day forever memorable in Calgary's annals. Most of these views interpret themselves. The more important are fully explained in the letter-press that follows. The decorations showed enthusiasm and taste. Those of Messrs. G. C. King & Co.'s store were much admired. The handsome spruce trees ranged along Stephen Avenue and taking in the Post Office—with the mottoes: "Success to the Calgary and Edmonton Railway," "Calgary welcomes Hon. E. Dewdney, Calgary's friend," etc.—are shown in one of our engravings. Messrs. Parrish, Seabury, and others, had shown considerable ingenuity and taste in doing honour to the occasion. The national flag was conspicuous everywhere. Those of the King building and of the Fire Hall attracted much attention. The concert at the Opera House gave general satisfaction. Our readers have already made the acquaintance of the Fire Brigade's Band, in whose aid the concert, to which it contributed not a little, was given. Many of the notables of the place were present, including the railway officials and their wives and daughters. The dance was also well attended, and was kept up till the small hours.

CALGARY VIEWS.—LAYING THE CORNER-STONE OF THE PUMPING STATION OF THE NEW WATERWORKS.—The ceremonies at this event were Masonic—the officers and brethren of Bow River Lodge A.F. & A.M., with Right Worshipful Brother Campbell, of McLeod, as Acting Grand Master, forming a grand lodge for the purpose. The other Masons associated with R.W. Brother Campbell were R.W. Brothers Rowe, acting deputy; Lindsay, grand senior warden; Murdoch, grand junior warden; Bowen, treasurer; Bernard, secretary; Rev. A. Cooper, chaplain; E. N. Brown, pursuivant; Worthy Brothers La Penotière and Allan, deacons; Ellis and Bland, stewards; J. H. Grierson, director of ceremonies; Child, grand principal architect, and Lineham, senior master mason. A procession of Grand Lodge and Master Masons, being formed, marched from the hall up Stephen Avenue and north to the site of the pumping station, on Reimach Avenue. The procession was in the following order:—The Grand Director of Ceremonies; the Tyler with drawn sword; Master Masons of Lodges under the banner of Bow River Lodge No. 28 and visiting Brethren; the Fire Brigade Band; Acting Grand Secretary and Treasurer; Bible, Square and Compass borne by the Senior Master Mason; representative of the Grand Chaplain; Masters and Wardens; Past Masters; Junior Grand Warden carrying a Silver Goblet with oil; Senior Grand Warden carrying the Silver Goblet with wine; Deputy Grand Master carrying a Silver Goblet with corn; Past Master carrying the Book of Constitutions; Architect with Square, Level and Plumb; Grand Pursuivant; Grand Master. Among the concourse of citizens and visitors present were Mayor LaSberry, the Hon. Mr. Dewdney, Senator Longbeed, Mr. George Alexander, Col. Irvine, Rev. Mr. Leach, Councillor Reilly, ex-Mayor Marsh, Mr. T. C. West, Mr. G. R. Rogers, and other persons of note. Mr. Alexander, as president of the Water Works Company, then presented the Minister of the Interior with an address, in which the importance of the Works being inaugurated—the first of the kind between Winnipeg and the Pacific—was emphasized, and complimentary reference made to the interest which Mr. Dewdney had always taken in Calgary as in the whole North-West. The Masons then, having deposited in the stone a copy of the annual communication of Manitoba Grand Lodge for 1889, a copy of the Winnipeg *Free Press* of June 12th, 1890, containing the first day's proceedings of the Grand Lodge session of this year, copies of the Calgary papers and a memorial card of the turning of the C. & E. railway, Mr. Dewdney took the trowel and applied the mortar and the stone was dropped into its proper place. The usual masonic ceremonies for the occasion having been concluded, Mr. Dewdney delivered a brief but suitable speech, which was enthusiastically applauded. The gathering then dispersed, the masons returning to their hall in the same order in which they had marched to the site of the station.

CALGARY VIEWS.—TURNING THE FIRST SOD OF THE CALGARY AND EDMONTON RAILWAY.—The laying of the corner-stone of the pumping station of the Calgary Water Works had, with its masonic ceremonies, given an impulse to the enthusiasm of the townspeople and their many guests from near and far. The next great event in the programme was the turning of the first sod of the Calgary and Edmonton Railway. The proceedings began by the mayor read-

ing an address to the Hon. E. Dewdney, to whom, in conjunction with Sir John Macdonald, it was mainly due that the road was made practicable. The Government were heartily thanked for having made the aid so liberal that its construction could be immediately begun. The Hon. Mr. Dewdney made a suitable reply, giving the credit to Sir John Macdonald. He dwelt on the advantages that the road would bring, not only to Calgary and the North-West, but the whole Dominion would be especially instrumental in building up the industries and trade of Alberta. The Hon. Mr. Dewdney concluded by commending the ability and public spirit of the gentlemen who had undertaken the construction of the line. An address was next read to the president and directors of the company, to which Mr. James Ross replied. He pointed out the difficulties in the way of the project, with so many other claims on the Government from all parts of the Dominion. They had triumphed, however, and Alberta was entering on a new era. His success in England he attributed to the aid, sympathy and counsel that he had received from Mr. Dewdney. He was greatly pleased with Calgary's progress, which, he hoped, would be increased sevenfold in the next few years. Mr. Nicoll Kingsmill gave a vivid outline of the history of the project. It was only on the 24th of April, 1890, that the Governor-General gave the royal assent to the Calgary and Edmonton bill. Within two hours after the company met and money was put up, and within two weeks Mr. Ross was on his way to England. In a month from that time the bonds were floated and Mr. Ross was back in Canada. Mr. Kingsmill assured his hearers that the line would be built with corresponding expedition. He gave much credit to Mr. Davis, M.P., Alberta, to Mr. A. W. Ross, M.P. (Lisgar), for the great interest they had taken in the road. With a tribute of thanks to the Government, and congratulations to his hearers, he brought his stirring speech to a close. The moment had now arrived for the significant ceremony which was to mark the beginning of a new era of prosperity for northern Alberta. A path was made for the Hon. Mr. Dewdney through the crowd to a spot marked by a flag. The plank way was all prepared, the spade and wheel-barrow were placed in position, and Mr. Dewdney, putting some spadefulls of earth in the barrow, wheeled it to the indicated point, where he dumped it amid much cheering. The multitude of spectators showed their interest and satisfaction in various ways, and a more animated, hopeful gathering could not be brought together. Our engraving shows the critical moment when the Hon. the Minister of the Interior is about to discharge his exemplary task, thus setting in motion a work that is fraught with far-reaching importance. It is expected that before the end of the year the line will be completed to Red Deer, and the more sanguine expect that in the fall of 1891 the crops of the Edmonton district will be carried by rail.

CALGARY VIEWS.—ROASTING THE OX.—The arrangements for feeding the multitude on the 21st ult., when the turning of the first sod of the Calgary and Edmonton line brought strangers from far and near to Alberta's capital, were most elaborate. Messrs. Hull Brothers had generously furnished an ox (a gift which they subsequently duplicated), and, after gracing the procession (duly decorated, after the traditional barbecue fashion), it was carved and partaken of by some 1,500 convives. Long counters had been erected, at which all sorts of refreshments were freely dispensed—cakes and ale, ice-cream, lemonade, etc. A more *recherché* banquet was reserved for the distinguished guests, which comprised champagne and all the choicer fruits, claret, coffee, etc. The great tent was filled with ladies and gentlemen thoroughly enjoying themselves. It was not till 5 p.m. that the sound of the bugle reminded the throng of banqueters that the feast of reason was not yet concluded. Owing to the lateness of the hour, it was at first proposed to postpone the remaining speeches till all who honoured the day should meet in the Opera House in the evening, but this plan not being received with favour, the Mayor said that the speeches would be delivered at once. The Rev. Leonard Gaetz, formerly of Montreal, now of Red Deer, Alberta, Mr. D. W. Davis, M.P., Mr. Smith, of Edmonton, Dr. Brett, of Banff, Mr. Tweed, M.L.A., of Medicine Hat, Superintendent John Niblock and Major James Walker, one of the oldest of Calgary's old timers, then addressed the people, briefly but hopefully and to the point, leaving excellent impressions of what the road would effect for Alberta.

OUT-DOOR LIFE IN ALBERTA.—This engraving is a sequel to the series of views illustrative of open-air life in the ranching country, which we published on the 28th of June last. Like the others of the series, it demands no further explanation than the mention of its whereabouts. Prof. Fream, in his oft-quoted treatise on agriculture in Canada, says that the prairie, whether flat or rolling, is less uninteresting than might be imagined; that its healthiness as a place of abode is beyond doubt, that the children who grow up there are the hardiest of young people, pleasant to look at and frank and winsome in their manners. No one has written with more enthusiasm on this subject than the Marquis of Lorne, who seems to think that the out-door life of Western Canada is, for the lover of nature, the sportsman, the artist or the seeker of health, the next thing to the existence of the millennium. We have already given long quotations from his description of the prairie. "What a variety!" he exclaims, referring to the bird-life. "The most common are blue-wing, teal, shoveller, dusky duck, and mallard. Certainly there is no easier way of having wild fowl shooting than by a visit to

the North-West." Of the scenery and atmosphere he writes: "You gaze and the intense clearness of the air is such that you think you have never seen so distinctly or so far over such wide horizons before. Plateaux, hollows, ridges and plains lie beneath you, on and on, and there is nothing to keep the eye and mind from the sense of an indefinite vastness." But the scene changes before the tourist has penetrated far into Alberta, and as he advances he gradually escapes from the monotony of the prairie, and, at sight of the mountains, finds a new life thrill through his veins. The out-door life in such a country must be simply glorious.

LUMBER SCENES.—In this week's issue we present our readers with two further scenes illustrative of lumbering on the Ottawa. One of them shows Mr. J. R. Booth's lumber yard, Ottawa; the other, shows the lumber in process of being shipped. These scenes are in continuation of the series on the same subject which were published in this journal some time ago.

LAKE ST. LOUIS CANOE CLUB ANNUAL REGATTA.—Our readers who love aquatic amusements will enjoy the series of engravings of the Lake St. Louis Canoe Club regatta, which took place on the 19th ult. The arrangements, which had been carefully made, were admirably carried out, and, though the weather (as far in the first place as King Æolus, and later, Jupiter Pluvius, were concerned in it) was not altogether what all those entered for the races would have desired, the regatta was very far indeed from being unsuccessful. For some of the events the wind was just suited, and on the whole, barring the dispersing down-pour at the close, there might have been more reason to complain. Our engravings show the Lachine Boat House (a familiar sight to some of our readers), the boys' punt race and the tandem greeu race.

POINTE CLAIRE REGATTA.—In this issue will be found some striking illustrations of the Pointe Claire regatta, which took place on Saturday, the 2nd inst. Nothing was wanting to make the occasion enjoyable. The weather, though excessively sultry in the city, was delightful on the lake. The village of Pointe Claire, always attractive in summer, was in its gayest gala costume. The gathered throng was of ample variety. A good many were present from the city. Ladies were in force, adding, by their beauty and spirits, to the glory of the scene. Our engravings show the special race for sailing skiffs and canoes; the single scull race (start); the boy's double scull race (finish); and the boat-house and grand stand. The boat-house, if not technically faultless, is acknowledged to be a fine structure of its kind, the interior arrangements being very convenient and the spacious piazzas forming an admirable point of view. The scene here depicted was full of life colour and manifold charms.

BAND OF THE 13TH REGIMENT, HAMILTON.—This engraving gives the *personnel* of one of the finest, if not the finest, of our Canadian military bands. Before critical audiences in the States as well as in Canada, the band of the 13th has been recognized to be of a completeness and efficiency unsurpassed on the continent. Illustrations of the officers of the regiment have already appeared in our columns.

HARVEST SCENE NEAR ST. JEROME.—This engraving is a characteristic illustration of the agricultural capabilities of our great North, of which St. Jerome is the gateway. For hundreds of miles through the back country, in rear of this thriving industrial town, there is farming land that is not surpassed in the Dominion. Apart from its economic suggestiveness, the picture is, as the title indicates, a very pretty harvest scene.

How M. Got Saved His Life.

M. Got, the *doyen* of the Comédie Française, has given to the public some interesting and amusing anecdotes of his life as an actor. In 1894 he will have completed his fifty years of service in the House of Molière. At the expiration of that period he intends to leave the stage altogether and pass the remainder of his days in the quiet village of Boulaivilliers, where he has lived for a considerable time. M. Got has all the appearance of a rural curé—white hair and a clean-shaven face. This ecclesiastical aspect nearly cost him his life once. It was during the Commune. He was living in London, whither the members of the Comédie Française had fled for safety, but found it necessary to go to Paris for a day or two to arrange some private affairs. This done, he was about to leave the French capital again, when he fell into the hands of the Communists. "Who are you?" they demanded. "I am Got, the *doyen* of the Comédie Française, and I am going to London." "You Got? Go along with you! We know you very well. You are the curé of Sainte Marie of Batignolles." Got denied the impeachment energetically, and pointed out that he had no tonsure, but all to no purpose. He was marched off with others to a cellar to await the decision of a court-martial. In the evening an officer and several soldiers took him out of this pestiferous den, and told him, "Since you are a strolling player you can amuse us a little. Give us a recitation!" Got did his very best, and so pleased his captors that the officer said, "Ah, you may be Got after all! You can make off as soon as you like." Got took the hint, and managed to get back to London. The officer in command of the soldiers was an Italian, and M. Got attributes his deliverance partly to the fact that he was able to converse with him in his own language.



For two weeks a pretty little island in the Lake of Two Mountains has been the scene of unwonted mirth, and where before reigned silence, broken only at intervals by the steaming leviathan of commerce, now arose a sleepy murmur of voices. What before was undulating emerald, relieved by the darker green of the trees and undergrowth, was now dotted with sparks of glistening white in every design known to the tentman, while the more gorgeous patterns in stripes looked like gigantic blazes dropped into a colony of white flannelists. The monotonous lowing of the kine was heard no more; it had given place to the sounds of merriment and the rollicking camp song. For had not the northern division of the American Canoe Association settled on Ile Cadieux as their home for their annual meet?

There is something primitive and poetical about the canoe, and canoeing is one of the few pastimes which has not yet degenerated like many of its fellows. A writer some time ago put it aptly when he said: "All gentlemen are not canoeists, but all canoeists are gentlemen." It is, perhaps, due to this fact more than to any other that a canoe camp is invariably a delightful place, where all meet on terms of equality; and, although the majority of campers may never have met before, there is very little formality, and before the sun sets on the first day that tents were pitched everybody is on terms of jolly good-fellowship with everybody else, and the friendship formed often lasts a life time.

Of course, the primary object in the formation of the A.C.A. was the advancement of canoeing, and perhaps the best way to bring that about was the course pursued in organizing camps. These meetings have invariably been successful, and the Northern Division has been in no way behind the rest. Hitherto this division's meets have always been held in the West, and it was only when a few enthusiastic spirits, who saw what a favourite pastime canoeing was along our lake front, put their heads together and formed the Montreal Canoe Club, that there was an opening for us in the east. There was considerable opposition at first, but the commodore of the M.C.C. and other gentlemen equally sanguine eventually overcame all the difficulties; their efforts were crowned with success; Ile Cadieux was fixed upon, and two weeks ago yesterday the camp was opened.

Of course it was a new institution in this vicinity, and a great many canoeists who knew not the pleasure of the annual camp took comparatively little interest in it. A pleasing feature, however, was the large number of canoeists from Ontario—Galt, Toronto, Ottawa, Lindsay and other places being well represented. Pointe Claire, too, sent up a good contingent, but it was surprising that with such a large membership the premier canoe club in this vicinity (the Lake St. Louis) should not have taken more interest in the meet. It is true that everybody cannot take two weeks' holidays at one particular time, and that may account in a great measure for the paucity of Lachine's delegation. Valois, too, might have spared a few more of its summer residents, and few better canoeists can be found anywhere than in that charming little village. The only thing to be sorry for is for the gentlemen themselves who did not go into camp. They missed two weeks of thorough enjoyment, and when next the Northern Division holds a meet near Montreal they will think better of it and be among the first to pitch their tents.

The camper-out could not have all his own way at Ile Cadieux. True, he might be pastoral or piscatorial, or natatorial, or just as lazy as he pleased, but he could not be dyspeptic. He could no more keep away the pangs of hunger than he could avoid putting on a healthy coat of tan, and he could not help wondering why six meals were not served out in the caterer's tent instead of three per diem. Fellows who at home would growl at their *pâté de fois gras* or swear their green turtle was made out of calf's head and gelatine would devour with avidity everything from fresh caught black bass and sucking pig down to cold corned beef—in no uncertain quantities, either—and then wonder why there was not more. Old Æolus, too, seemed to be displeased at so much human happiness being crowded into one small island, and he did his best to spoil it. He made five or six fierce assaults upon the citadel, and with the assistance of Vulcan and Jove nearly razed it, but not quite. The ordinary routine of camp life was diversified by several pitched battles with the elements, and the latter retreated in good order.

There were several very ludicrous incidents connected with these skirmishes, and whether a man was planted on the top of his tent pole, like the deck hand who held down the safety valve on the Mississippi, or clung desperately to canvas or guy ropes, he rather enjoyed it—after it was all over. Then there was an involuntary parachute ascension, in which a somnolent barber took part, and a few little casualties, in the shape of running aground, helped to diversify the routine of camp life. The first week of the camp, as is usual, was devoted to "simply camping"; the second week was enlivened by the record races and other events. These were keenly contested, but the entry list was rather small, and the Western men captured about everything worth having. There was one occasion when things became very serious, and that was on Tuesday night, when some canoes were caught in the storm and capsized.

Fortunately, no one was drowned. On Thursday the general meeting was held, and yesterday the party broke camp, having experienced as jolly and as stormy a time as anybody could wish for. There were two gentlemen, however, whose outing was not much of a holiday; the whole burden fell on their shoulders and they bore it manfully. They were the commodore and purser.

The lacrosse struggle, from the actual number of games played, seems a moral certainty for the Cornwall club. Of course, even now, with the decided lead which that club has, it is quite within the possibilities that another set of players may carry off the championship. But there is one very unknown quantity to which it might be well to direct attention, and which seems to have been forgotten by a great many admirers of our national game, viz., the number of protested games that have to be taken into consideration. For all purposes, it is not necessary now to go into the merits of the case and say whether Mr. Leroux, the protested player, is a professional or not. That remains for the executive committee of the C.A.A.A. to decide, when that much-respected but very slow-going organization think it worth while to move in the matter. There is simply an injustice being done the Cornwall club; because, if the first protests had been pushed and the executive had attended to their business with anything like promptness, the matter would have been settled long ago. Suppose Leroux is declared a professional, then all the Cornwall matches will have to be played over again, and it is very doubtful if there would not be another match in the snow recorded, something that is entirely unnecessary under the league agreement. Why have not the Shamrock, Montreal and Toronto clubs pushed their protests? And if they have done so, why does not the C.A.A.A. attend to them? The formation of the Athletic Amateur Association of Canada was a good thing in its way, but during the last few years it seems to have grown about as unwieldy as the circumlocution office. It is all very well to say that gentlemen have not time to spare from their private business to attend to the interests of athletes. Then these gentlemen should never accept an office, and keep the whole athletic world of two provinces awaiting their pleasure.

There is another serious point to this question. If not exactly probable, it is well within the range of possibilities. Suppose the Cornwall club should refuse to play its matches over again. Suppose the members say they have been unjustly treated. It may be answered that Cornwall would then be out of the league; but the Factory Town team is too good a drawing card to do without. Then, again, all the Cornwall games have been played but one, so that Cornwall's financial loss by refusal would be comparatively trifling. It is not likely that such a course would be taken, but if it were so, considering the laxity of the other clubs and of the powers that be, there would certainly be some excuse for it.

The lacrosse match between the Montreal and Cornwall clubs was in many respects a disappointment. There is nothing surprising in the fact that the latter should win by four goals to one, but the class of play was much below the mark. What some of the Montreal club lacked in skill they endeavoured to make up for by rough work and fouling. The disposition of the men on the field, too, seemed to have been made with bad judgment, as in previous matches with practically the same men in different positions much more effective work has been done. There was another feature in this match of which the less said the better, except to condemn it. One player succeeded in disgracing his club, and an impetuous crowd of spectators helped him to disgrace the city. If this kind of work is to be continued much longer the sooner the national game is handed over to the keeping of professionals the better, for gentlemen cannot afford to have anything to do with it.

The Toronto Lacrosse Club met with no slight surprise when they visited the Capital. The Ottawas had by a great many been looked upon as not in the race with either Toronto or Cornwall, and that even for third place they would have a hard struggle; but, after one of the best fought matches of the season, they outstripped the fast-playing Torontos, thus throwing them back well into second place and making Cornwall's chance virtually a foregone conclusion. It was another proof of the uncertainties of lacrosse, and the impossibility of predicting results from what in other sports is denominated "form." But even with these facts staring one in the face, it is difficult to understand how a team which played so comparatively poor a game as the Cornwalls did on Saturday should have been able to defeat the Shamrocks. Perhaps it was the exigencies of the occasion that made the Cornwall men shine in a much brighter light when they played the Shamrocks. If the wearers of the green jersey come anywhere near playing such a game over again, especially with their old goal-tender, Reddy, back between the flags, there seems no valid reason why they should be defeated in a single match. The senior series will have a sort of holiday rest until the 23rd inst., and then the struggle will be renewed.

In the district championship series there seems nothing but one club—the Crescents. They are keeping up their record of last year and winning nearly everything in the slashing style of "three straight." It will be remembered, however, that last year they were defeated in one match by

one of the weakest clubs in the series; and it is to be hoped that the boys will not permit the flush of continuous victory to make them careless and meet with a like beating this season. On the former occasion there were some nasty rumours about a couple of players. It is very doubtful if there was any foundation for them, but a like defeat at this stage of the game would set them afloat again.

The interest taken in the doings of the junior league is unflagging, and the rising generation are playing such lacrosse that a few years ago would have been creditable to more pretentious clubs. Space just now does not permit of any lengthened notice of their doings, which are well worth chronicling and commenting on, but this journal in future will devote more attention to the young men on whom will fall the brunt of upholding the honour of the national game.

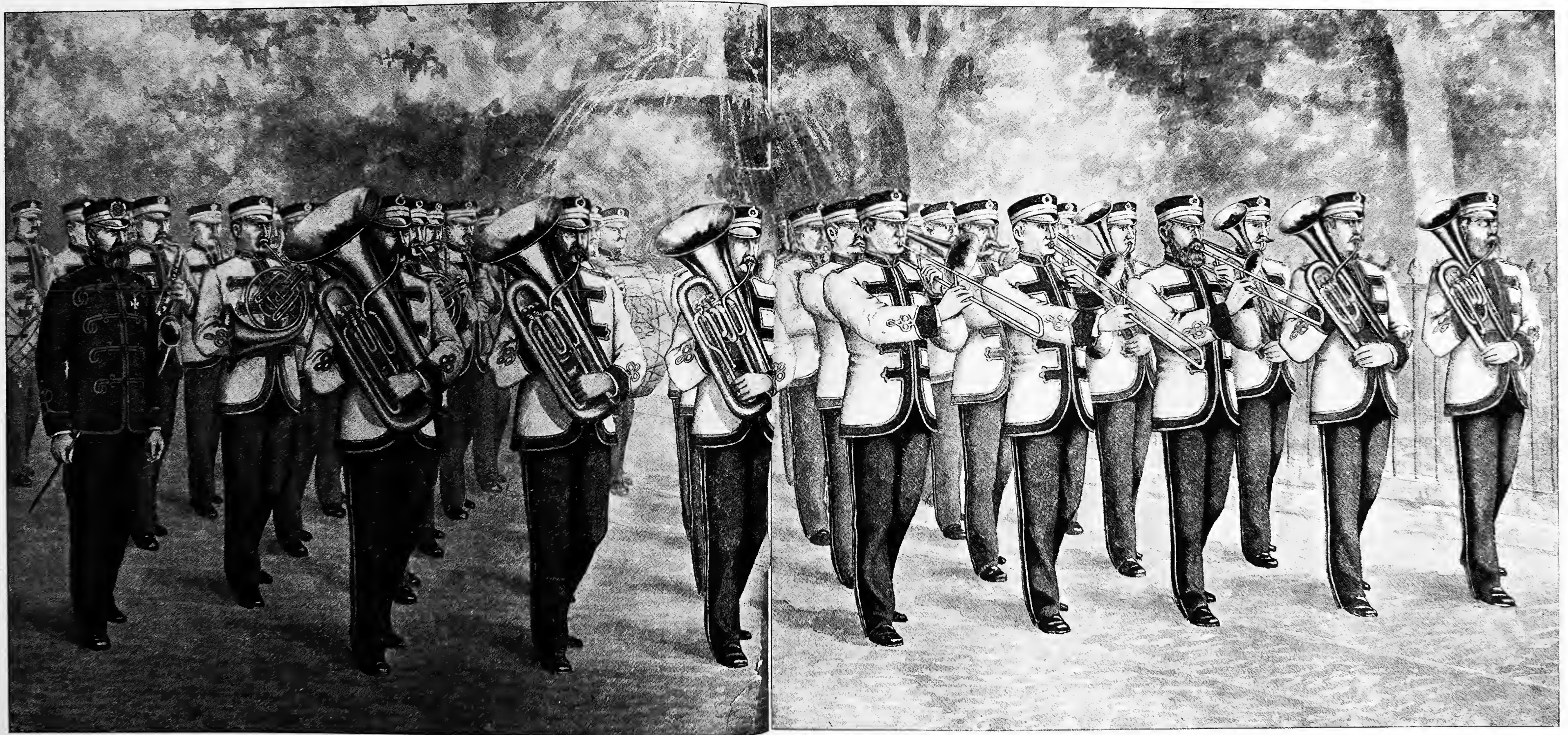
To-day (Saturday) the annual regatta of the Canadian Association of Amateur Oarsmen will be held at Lachine. It is some years since this most important of Canadian aquatic events was held here, and we all remember how the representatives of Montreal covered themselves with glory. That was the year when the magnificent "big four" of the Lachine club won the senior fours. Then there was enthusiasm, and aquatics met with a fair share of attention; but as soon as a few of the leading spirits neglected to take an interest in the sport, it seemed practically to drop into oblivion. It is true that Montreal sent away a few contestants to the regattas, but it was only in a half-hearted way, and the prizes drawn were blanks. Even this year, when the regatta is held in Lachine, the fact of only a junior four being entered is not particularly creditable. Verily, there is need of a leading spirit at Lachine. The Grand Trunk Boating Club has done somewhat better. The reason is simply a want of interest among the club members, and even those who have the courage and pertinacity to go through a hard season of training do not receive the encouragement they deserve. If the Lachine or Grand Trunk men should win, and it is to be hoped they will, then, of course, they will be the best fellows imaginable, and they will be cheered and hurraed until throats are hoarse. They will receive any amount of encouragement after it is all over, but a little of this beforehand would do a great deal more good and give the boys some spirit in their work. A look at the list of entries from Toronto, for instance, ought to make our water men hang their heads. It is true that rowing water in Toronto is more convenient and the open season is somewhat longer, but the difference is not so great as the showing made by both cities. Let us hope for better things in the future.

Two years ago a very sensible movement was set on foot, and, although nothing came of it, it is never too late to mend, the present time being particularly opportune. It was suggested that a rowing association, to embrace the whole of Montreal island and the south shore, be organized. The object was to form an association, something after the style of the Schuylkill navy, which would hold an annual regatta. Such an institution would be found to give an impetus to aquatics and tend, perhaps more than anything else, to make Montreal take the position in the sport which she should occupy than anything else. There is no reason why this should not be so. We have splendid rowing water all along the lake front, and from Victoria Bridge to Ste. Anne is crowded with young men all through the summer months who will give ground to nobody in the matter of athletics—good oarsmen and canoeists, too—and why should we be behind hand in aquatics? With the stimulus that the C.A.A.O. meeting should give to this branch of sport, we would suggest that someone take the initiative and request a meeting from the different clubs, looking towards the formation of such an association as referred to above. With a small subscription annually and a fair membership, which would no doubt be had, the greatest difficulty in the way, that of purchasing racing craft—would be soon overcome. The suggestion is, at least, worth considering.

R. O. N.

Killing an Albatross.

Colonel Nicholas Pike tells the Brooklyn *Standard-Union* an interesting story which illustrates the superstition of sailors regarding the killing of the albatross. "When I was en route to Port Louis, Island of Mauritius, as American Consul," he says, "the albatross and petrel were always around our vessel, the United States steamer Monocacy, and the sailors tried for a long time to get one of the former for me, but were unsuccessful. But at the last one was caught, and after great resistance was drawn on board, but not before his strength and skill were taxed to the uttermost. In about half an hour another one was taken, and we let them go about the deck together. They were fine birds, but looked very droll waddling along the deck together. I was instructed to procure one for the Long Island Historical Society, and was anxious to get it without injuring its plumage, and so gave one of these birds a dose of cyanide of potassium, and in a second he lay over on his side without a struggle. Following this incident we had continual squalls, when I found, to my utter astonishment, that to me was attributed a good deal of the contrariety of the elements. The sailors averred that it was all owing to my having killed the albatross. When the storm was at its height they entreated me not to kill any more of these birds, as they are considered to be the spirits of seamen lost in the ocean."



BAND OF THE 13th REGIMENT, HAMILTON, ONT.

Old Jimmy's Quandary, and How He Settled It.

BY SARAH ANNE CURZON.

Mr. James Hazeldean, farmer, Fourth Concession of Maple, in the flourishing county of Queen, or "Old Jimmy," as he was popularly styled, sat thinking. Apparently his cogitations required great freedom, and to that end he had laid down his old straw-billy, the brim of which was on the point of parting with the crown, had loosed his braces an inch or two, had unbuttoned his shirt collar and had put his feet, encased in long top boots, upon the window sill near him. He was a rather tall man, slim and brown, his eyes were set deep in his head, and his curly hair, rapidly turning grey, shadowed a good square forehead. His neighbours called him a "well-lookin' kind of a man," though they seldom saw him in any other attire than his present, of blue home-spun pants, red flannel shirt, stained white braces and a straw-billy—a shapeless sort of a wide-brimmed hat made up by his wife from straw he had grown and plaited himself, as other farmers at that time did.

Old Jimmy, then, sat thinking, each hand held hard to the arm of the patchwork-cushioned rocking chair in which he had esconced himself; his pipe was in his mouth, and furnished evidence by the frequent puffs of blue smoke it emitted that the smoker's thoughts were somewhat perturbed. Apparently, his old collie, which lay under the chair between the rockers, thought something was amiss, since, at short intervals, he would carefully disentangle himself from the perils on either side of him, and, after stealing round to the front, would scan his master's face, and, by way of sympathy, would thrust his cold nose under one of the brown hands, and then retire to his former situation.

After these manifestations of perturbation on the one side and of sympathy on the other had lasted some time, the farmer suddenly withdrew his feet from their elevation, took his pipe out of his mouth and laid it upon the top of the door-jamb, banged his billy on his head, and, with a reassuring pat to the collie, which had risen as hastily as his master, descended the steps of the stoop and, saying to himself, "Golly, I'll do it; an' to-morrow, too!" took his way to the barn.

The low of cattle and the whinnying of a horse which followed the opening of the door betokened the welcome that dumb creatures never give but to those who are kind to them, and a glimpse of the interior whence proceeded the subtle and agreeable odour of cows and sweet hay, gave ample assurance that plenty and comfort reigned within.

The sound of the bustling of straw and the short command to "Haw" or "Gee, now!" or to "Git up!" told the farmer's errand to his barn and stables, which were all under the same roof, and when he emerged once more and shoved the great wooden bolt into place across the doors not a doubt of a comfortable night for the cattle could be entertained.

The farmer had apparently left all comfort behind him, for his countenance was even more troubled than it had been under the trying ordeal of thinking, and instead of going straight indoors, the early April night having fallen, the farmer stood still, hands in pocket, and viewed the sky. The young moon was just rising over the east, the breath of the early spring night was sweet, if cold, and more than a consciousness of tender young life was visible upon the elm and beech that bounded the farmer's vision on all sides but one. On that side the mellow farm-land lay, some in fallow, more under plough, and a good deal in fall wheat. Near the house a small orchard stood, and immediately before the kitchen door lay a rough space covered with the chips and knots of the wood pile, now much reduced in dimensions from its generous amplitude at the beginning of the winter. Passing across the lot to the end of the house, which was a pretty large one, having its four small windows, its little parlour and its immense kitchen, all on the ground floor, Old Jimmy, still accompanied by his collie, proceeded with slow steps and head bent towards a little hill at about a hundred yards distance, clothed with bushes, and looking at that season of the year somewhat unkempt. A wimpling creek ran at the foot of the hill, across which the farmer stepped with one long stride and the collie with a leap. A well-worn path through the bushes looked as if it had long been customary for some one to visit the hill, and certain signs visible at the top showed the reason why. A sort of plateau had been cleared, which, though covered with rough brown grass and a few bushes of syringa and lilac was divided off into rows, by what the farmer called "tomb-stuns." These were slabs of wood, mostly unpainted, rounded off at the top and set upright into the ground. Letters roughly and irregularly cut upon the face of each, showed that survivors had not been unkindful of the claims of the dead upon their remembrance. There were ten of these "stuns" of different dates and sizes, but upon most of them lichen and moss had done their embroidering so richly that the inscriptions were undecipherable. The newest and largest "stun" had received a coating of white paint, and the sunk letters were picked out carefully in black. A little bit of garden stood in front of it, in which the budding of a few roses was apparent. Before this Old Jimmy stood, and after contemplating the inscription for a few minutes proceeded to read it aloud:—

Here lyeth the Belie

of June,

the Beloved Wife of

JAMES HAZELDEAN.

In sure and certain promise of second appearing,

Died Nov. 29, A. D. 1839.

Aged 57.

Weep not for me—tears are in vain—
Some day you'll see me come again.

"Seems to me," he soliloquized, "when poor Jenny writ that epitaph she might ha' left out about 'second appearin'." She was always good at posie-verses, but when she took to epigrams and writ that 'fer herself, as she said, I never meant any harm laffin at her, fer how could I think she would be 'took and me left," as says Scripture. I allays counted on us livin' together all 'ur lives and dyin' of old age and bein' buried side by side. I didn't think much about 'second appearin' when she was first took, fer often and often it seemed to me Jenny was there a-helplin' me to git my hits o' meals. But it looks different o' late. I've bin so lonely. 'Taint easy to get through the winter when the thrashin's all done, an' the snow's a foot deep; an' if the little gell hadn't been took when she was gittin' handy 'twould ha' been different. I praps she never thought, poor thing, that there wa'n't nobody when she was took; an' I'm hanged if I can get on by myself. Them hired gells aint any good, and Jenny allays hated havin' 'em round, an' I've done my level best to keep things goin' as she used ter. But I can't do it, to say nothing of havin' to get somebody else's woman to bake yer bread and do yer bit of washin', and gettin' yer meals yerself after a hard day. An' now the summer's a comin' on fast, and the men'll ha' to be fed somehow; an' if I get a gel in for the time, goodness knows what sort o' goins-on there'll be. How can I help it, spite o' 'second appearin', and all that! Jenny never was spiteful, an' I guess she'd reither I'd have a good woman as 'ud take care o' things; 'n go on as this 'ere. Poor Jenny! I certainly liked her a lot!" Old Jimmy took a turn round the "buryin' lot" as if in search of some token of comfort, and stopping at an old half fallen "stun," his old dog at his heel, muttered, "Mother, what do you say 'bout this here? O, mother, if ye were only here yerself 'twouldn't be to ask, for I wouldn't be lonely an' shifless." And a little patter on the stiff brown grass at his feet awakened a tiny grey-bird that had been prospecting for nest-building.

CHAPTER II.

"Teemorrer" came; but what with milking, cooking, ploughing, bed-making, in which latter he only indulged himself three times in the week, it was again evening before Old Jimmy had time to "do it." His preparations for action were elaborate, if few. He shaved himself at a bit of broken glass placed in the kitchen window, and after putting it carefully back on the top shelf of the dresser and throwing out the cold water in his shaving tin, he proceeded, the latter still on his face, to hunt up a white shirt; then he laid out his black suit; it had been new at his wedding, and he had only worn it once (at the funeral service) since his deceased wife's burial. The memory struck him with a certain awe, and the words "second appearing" were written upon his retina in white flame. Then he set upon his bureau a stiff black satin stock, and took out a spotted red handkerchief for his pocket—he had but one white one, and it was nowhere to be found. Then, in the seclusion of his summer kitchen he "tubbed," for the ice was not all gone out of the river, and it was yet too cold to bathe. Next he proceeded to dress himself, and lastly, after combing his hair, which was still curly and thick, though getting grey, he blacked his boots, his highlows, not the top-boots.

During these elaborate preparations his mind was busily occupied. He had quite made up his mind to "do it," and the next thing was to choose the lady. He knew that everybody had foreseen his present fix and had selected the Mrs. Hazeldean No. 2 time and again. There was the most industrious creature in the village, Miss Mollic Smith, but she had a cross eye, and old Jimmy liked to know when he was being looked at. And the Widow White, a good manager, everybody said, but with a tongue like the clapper of a bell. And the minister's wife, poor as a church mouse, and to whom a good home would be a novelty, but Jimmy wasn't marrying to give any woman a home; and there was the squire's eldest daughter, Miss Henrietta, that would have been a *parti* of so honourable a connection that even Jimmy would not object, he thought, but Miss Henrietta had no heart or she might have been married long ago, and he hated women that didn't love little children. Then there was the cooper's widow down at the village, Susie Wright that was. What a time that poor thing had had! How her man used to drink, to be sure, and leave poor Susie without either food or clothes enough for herself or her four children, and yet she kept 'em so clean, and had given 'em all a bit of education. Why, there was that eldest son of hers, Walter, able to keep the miller's books, though but a lad of sixteen, and as steady as if his father had been a minister! And that little lame gell, Ria, poor thing, so pale an' pretty, an' the two little fellers. How did the poor mother manage for them all—though he had heard Jenny say more than once that the cooper's widow was better off without her man than ever she had been with him, if she had to go out chorin' an' doin' a bit of sewin' at quiltin' time? Couldn't do any harm to go an' see the widow, and surely Jenny wouldn't put in any "second appearin'" if it wur the widow. Second appearin' was queer things, anyhow; but he'd heard of 'em, to be sure, an' they had allays seemed to him awful.

Merely saying to the collie as he closed his door, "Watch, Nelson!" old Jimmy took his way to the village in all the glories of feathers and war-paint, but with anything but a warrior's boldness at his heart. He did not walk, for that would have spoiled his boots, the roads were so muddy, and, moreover, the village was fully seven miles distant, and no farmer is good for a long walk, it is so much easier to drive. Old Jimmy therefore took his buggy,

into which he had hitched up the young mare Polly, and with a "Gee-up, little one!" drove off through a somewhat tumble-down affair of a gate towards the village. At an interval in the thick growth of trees that skirted the road-side, Jimmy looked across lots to the hill whereon lay his burying-ground, and saw glaring very plainly at him the white "tomb-stun" with the dread inscription. For a moment he hung his head as though in shame, but picking up courage as he went along, his soliloquies grew more and more governed by the reasonableness of his intention than the ghostly threat of the defunct. "Taint in nature that a man should live alone. I've heard Jenny herself say so many and many a time; and hoo in the name o' reason a man is to cook for ten or a dozen men, and look after his harvestin' at the same time beats me. To be sure, I might get the widow, Susie Wright as was, to bring her little girl Ria and come and keep house for me till harvest's over, but there'd be nobody to mind her house and cook and wash for her, and the little fellers might get into mischief, there's no tellin', while mother was away."

It did not occur to Old Jimmy that "Susan Wright that was," or any other woman, would have to be taken into council and her consent gained before any conclusion could be come to. But at last it dawned on him that "folks" might expect it of him, to show that their opinions, which they had taken good care should reach his ears, were not entirely disappointed. So, as he had to pass the house, he made up his mind to call on Miss Molly Smith, the "industrious model of the village." Accordingly, he drew up at her mother's door, dismounted and knocked. Then his heart gave a great bound, for he didn't want to marry Miss Smith, and if he gave her the opportunity to say yes, and she said it, what a mess he would be in.

Miss Smith opened the door herself, and said, "Good evenin', Farmer, won't you come in?"

"Reyther not, Miss Smith, if you don't mind. I called to ask if Mrs. Smith wants to sell the brindle cow?"

"O, indeed! yes. Mother'll sell her if she gets her price—it's twenty pounds she asks. Did you want her for yourself?"

"Well, yes, Miss Smith, and I'll take her at the price, but I can't stop now, hevin' to g' to the post office. Will to-morrer do?"

"Yes, Mr. Hazeldean, to-morrer'll do."

"Good evenin'," Miss Smith.

"Good evenin', sir."

"Couldn't stand that ooman's eye no how! Lucky I thought on the cow," soliloquized Old Jimmy, as he mounted his buggy. "Big price, too, I give."

"That man's a-goin' a courtin' as sure as my name's Mary Ann Smith, an' its my belief he cum here with that intent," remarked Miss Smith as she recounted the visit to her mother. She evidently "knew the signs," notwithstanding crooked vision.

As Jimmy turned the road corner into the village street, he heard the sound of loud voices, and found that it was the Widow White in high altercation with her hired man, who had left the pasture gate unfastened and thus allowed the oxen to stray down the road. With a quick nod the farmer jerked up the mare to a gallop, saying to himself as he did, "Ef there's one thing I hate it's a scold. Jenny, my lass, no 'second appearin'" 'ud be necessary to make me miserable wi' such a ooman as that. My gracious! Why, what's that?"

"That" was merely two little boys of seven and nine staggering under the load of half a tree which they were endeavouring to get home for firewood. Being just half way across the road, their unusual aspect startled the farmer's young mare, and it was with difficulty he prevented her from running away. The boys saw the mischief and tugged valiantly, but the great log was only to be moved an inch at a time.

"Gracious me!" cried Old Jimmy, "whose boys be ye? Where's yer father—he ought to be doin' that kind of work, not lettin' little uns like you pull yerselves to pieces at it. What's yer names?"

"Tom and Jackie Williams, please, sir," replied the elder, as he pushed back his straw-billy to look at the speaker.

"God bless me! so it is," cried the farmer.

"Here, boys, git up and show me where yer mother lives, and I'll see that the log gets him all right."

A few minutes later the Widow Williams, "Susie Wright that was," looked out of the small window of her little log house to see where the sound of a man's laugh came from. It was Old Jimmy, one boy on his knee and another at his side, who was driving up the rough road that lay between two little bits of pasture where a young heifer was cropping the dry brown grass.

"Mother! mother!" cried the boys in chorus, "Mr. Hazeldean says he'll fetch the wood home, and he wants to see you about work. An' he says if you'll let us he'll fetch us up to Hazeldean farm to see the new cow and get some apples."

Farmer Jimmy had already begun his courting, it was very evident.

"I want to see you, Mrs. Williams, very paticler, so if you'll let the little boys mind the mare, I'll be glad; her's safe."

"Yes, Mr. Hazeldean. Will you walk in?"

The visitor walked in, and was glad to find the little kitchen vacant, but he hardly knew what to say, so he looked about him. There was a settee, a table, three chairs and a bench in the room, and that was all, with the exception of a bit of crockery on a couple of shelves, a tray against the wall, a curtain on the window and a couple of candlesticks

on the shelf over the open fire-place, where a few sticks were burning, yet the aspect of the little room was very home-like.

"I suppose ye are not very busy, Mrs. Williams, are ye?"

"I've always got plenty to do, Mr. Hazeldean, but I might find time for more if I had it."

"You can milk an' make butter, and bake an' wash, and them things, I reckon, ma'am?"

"Oh, yes, Mr. Hazeldean, most women can do all that."

"An' mend clothes, an' feed hens, an' make quilts an' rugs for winter, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir, all of us have those things to attend to."

"Well, Mrs. Williams, I can't do none o' them things, 'cept the milkin', an' that I allays did do for poor Jenny, an' I come to ask you if you'd be the ooman to do 'em?"

"Mr. Hazeldean, I've my four children to look after, and my poor Ria most of the time lyin' down, as perhaps you know, and it would be impossible for me to do all you want. Besides, it is too far from the village for me to get backwards and forwards, even if other things served."

"You don't understand me, good ooman," said Old Jimmy, blushing like a girl. "I've been thinkin' it all over, an' I can't do without a ooman in the house, an' I counted on getting you to be that ooman, havin' concluded that I didn't want none o' them others. I knowed you when you were 'Susie Wright that was,' and I allays regarded you as a purty and clever little body, and neither you nor me's as young as we was, and the fact is I'm so lonely I can't go on living as I have done this year 'n a half an' I want to know if you'll marry me and bring all the young uns with you. There's room enough an' plenty to eat, and that poor Ria might get stronger if she was in the country, and them little fellers is such capital little chaps, they could do lots of things that 'ud help me after comin' from school. It's only the 'second appearin' that bothers me, an' that you've heard of as well as all the rest o' the folks, I reckon, and if you'll risk it *why I will*."

The little woman, in her black print gown, with her hair neatly coiled at the back of her head, looked to the lonely man very attractive as she sat gazing at him with great grey eyes full of astonishment and doubt.

"I know it hurried," the suitor continued, finding that the little woman did not speak, "an' I don't ask you to say yes or no to-night, I only tell you that I mean what I say, and if you'll have me I'll do right by you an' the young uns, and Walter, too, and they sha'n't none on 'em ever say they hadn't a good home at Hazeldean, if so be their mother 'ull be the missis."

"Indeed, Mr. Hazeldean," at length replied the widow, "you must give me time to think about what you have said. I never expected so much from any man, and I don't know how to take it."

(To be continued.)

An Indian Robin Hood.

Jhunda, the notorious dacoit, who was recently killed in an encounter with the Indian police, appears from the accounts of his life given by the papers to have been a kind of Indian Robin Hood. He began his career in the native army, but soon left the service for the more congenial occupation of robbery. In 1874 he was captured and sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment. After breaking his arm in an attempt to escape he remained in Meerut Gaol till 1888, and became the most expert carpet weaver in the prison. On his release he collected a band which soon became the terror of Meerut and the adjoining districts. His usual course of operations was to pounce upon a village and call upon the local shroff, or banker, to produce his bonds and receipts, which were then publicly burned, while the shroff himself was plundered. This style of proceeding made Jhunda popular with the indebted classes, who from a large proportion of the Indian rural population, and by their aid he succeeded in defying the police for the last two years. Like his English prototype, he is also said to have often been charitable to the poor. There was at first some doubt whether he was actually killed; but his identity is now placed beyond question.

The "Tourist's Note Book."

We are glad to see that an enlarged and revised edition of Mr. J. M. LeMoine's excellent little handbook of "Quebec and its Environs" has just been issued. To Mr. LeMoine Quebec owes a debt which all lovers of the dear old city must help to discharge—a debt of grateful recognition. For undoubtedly there are thousands of persons in both hemispheres who have derived from Mr. LeMoine's delightful and instructive volumes all the knowledge they possess of the venerable fortress and its manifold historic associations from the days of Champlain to the present. The "Tourist's Note Book" was the happy thought, we believe, of the Princess Louise, to whom it is dedicated. At any rate it was Mr. LeMoine who escorted the Marquis of Lorne and his illustrious consort through the storied streets of the ancient capital and showed them all its points of interest when they first arrived in the country. The "Note Book," of which the fifth edition is now published, was the welcome result. It contains some new chapters that add to its value. The publisher is C. Darveau, Quebec.



MILLET'S "GLEANERS."—The Louvre is happy in the acquisition of Millet's "Gleaners"—the picture which is believed, with his "Angelus" and "The Sower," to mark the summit of his achievement. It has been handed over by the executors of the late Madame Pommery, the Champagne Queen, of Reims, whither an officer of the institution was immediately sent to take possession of it.

THE MEN WHO MADE BARBIZON FAMOUS.—The men who were to begin to give fame to Barbizon, Corot, Barye and Rousseau, came in 1832, though they had been to the forest to study before, while staying at the White Horse in Chailly. October, November and December were their favourite months. The noisy crowd had gone and the peculiar charms of forest and plain were putting on their richest effects. The scraggy old apple-trees, of which there were hundreds, stood out in all their eccentric nakedness, the habitations of man and beast wore a retired and sombre expression, and the wild boar and deer could be easily seen and studied. All nature was open and untamed.

THE LATE SIR JOSEPH HERON'S DRAWINGS.—The choice collection of water-colour drawings formed by the late Town Clerk of Manchester has lately been on view previously to being sold. Sir Joseph Heron was a man of excellent taste, and he confined himself almost entirely to the drawings of the older English masters—Turner, De Wint, David Cox, and their contemporaries. Of Turner the collection includes no fewer than 20 examples, though, to be sure, nearly all of them are early works, painted before the artist had shaken off the influence of Paul Sandby and Gurtin and had learnt to use colour with freedom. By De Wint there are five sketches and two important drawings, of which one, "On the Yare" (59), is distinguished from almost all other drawings of the master by bearing a genuine signature and date. De Wint, as is well known, disliked writing his name upon his drawings; his one answer to purchasers who asked him to do so was that the works were already "signed all over." The small "Road across the Moor" (42) is a perfect example of David Cox, and "Calder Bridge" (23) is about as good a Gurtin as could be found. A farmhouse interior (17) is an example of William Hunt, unusual in subject and of exceptional quality, and there are few better examples of John Varley than the beautiful drawing called "The Thames at Blackwall" (12).

THE ARTIST'S PENCIL AS A DETECTIVE.—It is curious to read in Mr. W. P. Frith's "Reminiscences" how photography, now used so extensively by the police in the detection of criminals, was anticipated by the pencil. Mr. Frith gives two examples. The first relates to an experience of Mulready, who, while walking down the Bayswater Road in 1805, was stopped by a foot-pad armed with a pistol. The artist had no choice but to comply, and, on reaching home, drew the man's face very carefully, taking the drawing to Bow Street. Within a fortnight the man was captured, his apprehension being due entirely to the picture. The second instance relates to Mr. G. B. O'Neill, who was robbed of his watch while looking at the time under a gas lamp near Kensington Church. The time for observation was very short, but the artist was able to make a drawing, which he gave to the police. The man was soon after caught, and at his trial the drawing was produced, and the likeness, together with Mr. O'Neill's recognition, was sufficient to convict him. Mr. Augustus Egg, R.A., also made a drawing in connection with a robbery at his house. Unfortunately, the drawing was not that of the thief, but of his dismantled room, with himself standing ruefully gazing at the scene. —*Photographic News*.

THE ENGLISH LOVE OF BAD ART.—It is always an uncomfortable position to be extremely radical, and to go in defiance of popular opinion is an unthankful task, but it is not popular opinion which gives the Academicians a high place among contemporary artists; it is simply popular indifference and that *laissez faire* and the snobbish and unquestioning recognition of the powers that be which characterizes the ordinary Englishman in regard to all matters outside those which concern his personal dignity or his pocket. For the rest, Englishmen are singularly unable to form any sound judgment on matters artistic; they really like bad art, and they have not had the advantage of being educated and directed by critics who can help them to see aright. In France the critic is the complement of the painter. The great critic's toe comes so near the heel of the great painter he is able to follow in his footsteps and to lead others along the same path. In England we turn on the first man we meet in the street to do our art criticism, and he naturally finds it safest and easiest to praise that which has the assured position which academic honours carry with them, for it occurs to but few to remember that these honours are merely self-bestowed, and have no more significance than appertains to the membership of an exclusive club; forgetting, too, that this club is wholly discredited outside its own little set and *entourage*. —*London*.

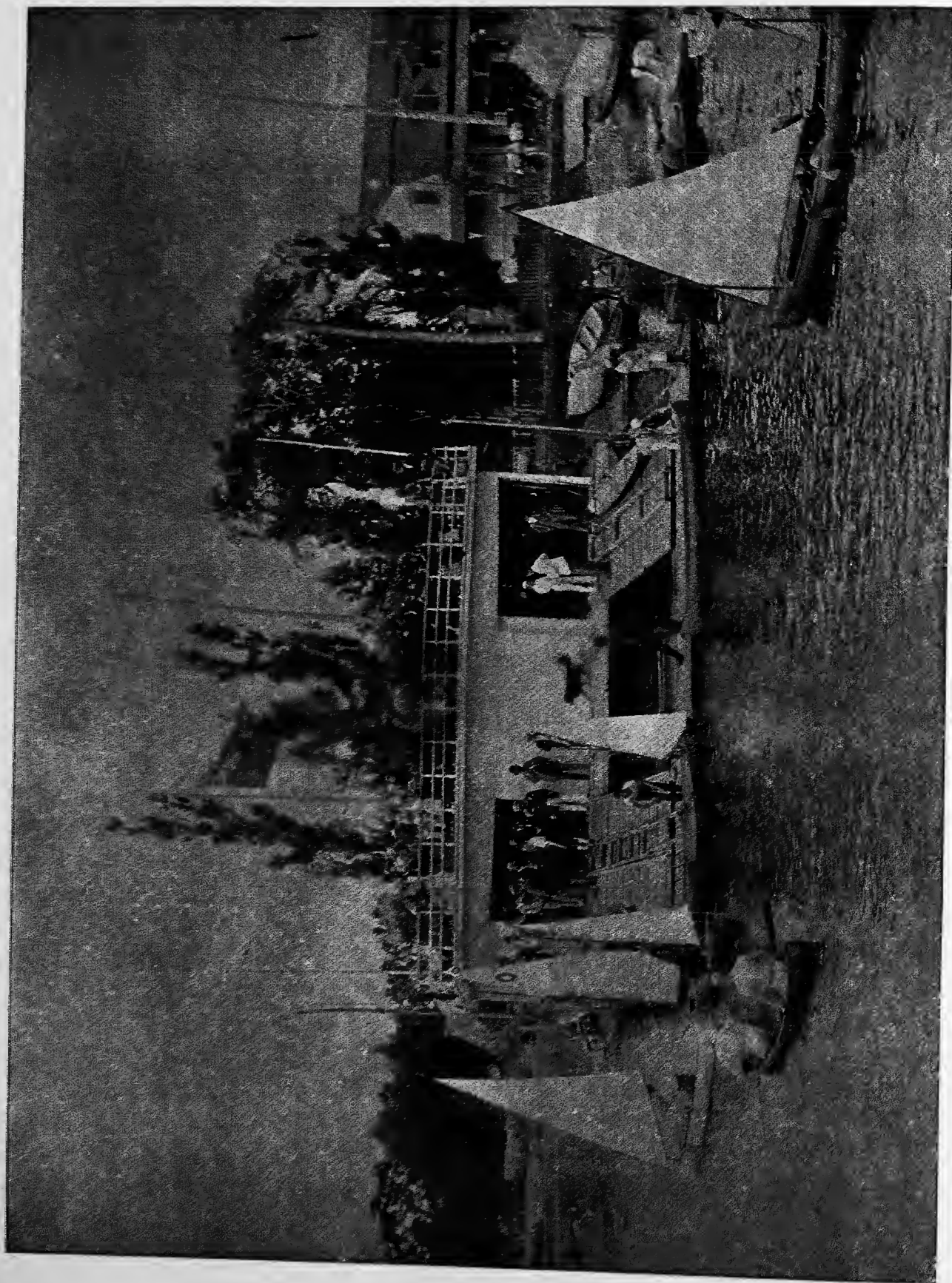
SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.—One of the most interesting exhibitions that has been on view in the Suffolk street galleries for some years is opened to the public. It

consists of "sketches, studies and decorative designs;" and in these the bulk of the exhibitors show to much greater advantage than in more ambitious works. Such painters as Messrs. R. B. Nestlé (55), A. W. Weedon ("A Sussex Common," 87), W. H. Pike (211), R. W. Rouse ("A Wet Evening," 243), Dudley Hardy, and the President, Mr. Wyke Baylis, send effective and clever sketches in their different styles. Mr. W. A. Breakspeare shows his admirable draughtsmanship in the nude study which he calls "By the Seashore" (424). But the chief interest of the exhibition lies in the large number of sketches by Sir F. Leighton, Mr. Burne-Jones, and Mr. Watts, and in a few by the late Cecil Lawson, which the council have secured. Mr. Burne-Jones sends a full-size study for one of the Briar-rose series, and many smaller designs for the same; Sir F. Leighton a number of studies for "Greek Girls" and other pictures; and Mr. Watts several, including a fine and elaborate design for a mural decoration—"an introductory chapter to a proposed mural pictorial history of man." Mr. Watts's imaginative qualities are never more happily shown than in these visions of the primeval world. —*London Times*, June 30.

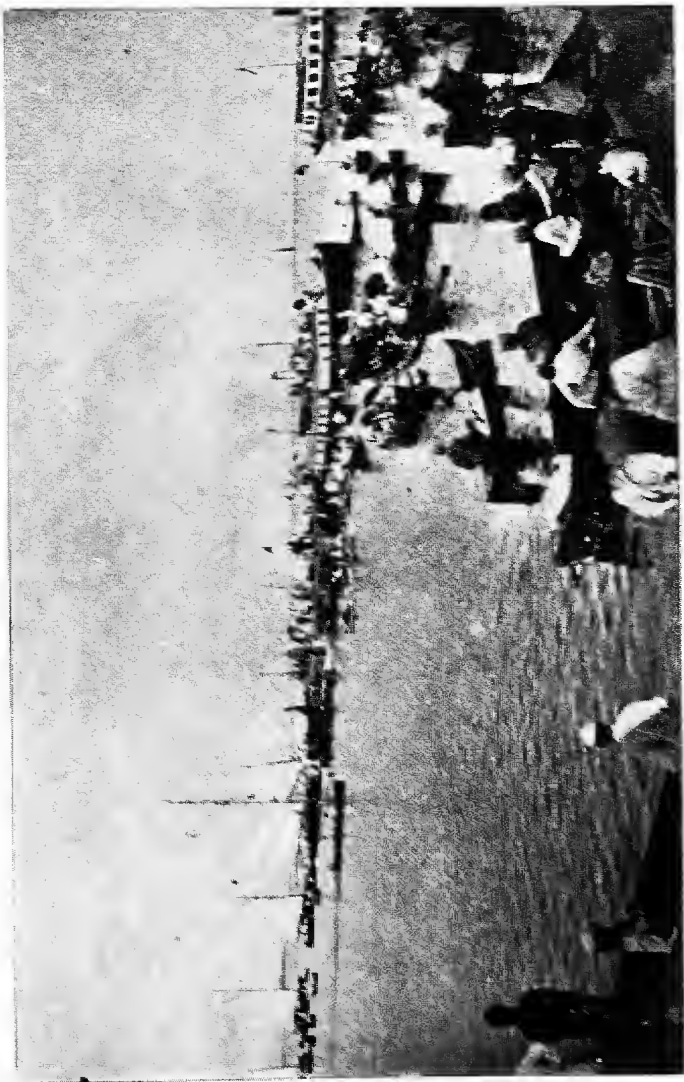
WHY AMERICAN ART LAGS.—A leading American artist was asked why he confined himself to portraits, small pictures and foreign ideas, instead of undertaking something that would really make a sensation in art circles—some big American subject that would be worthy of his talent. He replied that he would do so gladly if he could, but he could not afford it. To paint such a picture would cost, allowing himself carpenter's wages, from \$1,200 to \$2,000. Models must be hired, researches undertaken, and costly material purchased. Then, when it was done, the chances were, he thought, that everyone would admire it and no one buy it. This would mean the loss of a year's time and considerable money, which he could not afford. On the other hand, the wealthy artists are not spurred on by necessity. They either don't have to paint at all or their reputation brings a ready sale for anything whatever which they wish to paint. He averred that every painting of the kind of recent years has been either painted to order or with a tacit understanding that some patron was to see the artist through. There is no stimulus to original American art except the few rewards offered by art associations, which are almost universally carried off by Salon pictures or pictures with foreign treatment. This artist referred to has a great picture that he wants to paint. He cannot do it unless some man of wealth stands sponsor for it. To do so without aid or encouragement would be as reasonable as for a Market Street merchant to embark all his goods on a sailing vessel and take a voyage to the cannibal islands in the hope of a lucrative trade. Artists without capital or patrons won't undertake big work. Artists with capital and reputation have no reason to. Why don't some of our wealthy men undertake to encourage art by agreeing to stand sponsor to some of our rising artists? The Government fosters art in France. Here the Government ruins it: for once in a while it buys a bad picture at an enormous price and is so overcome with its virtuous action that it has to rest several years before trying again. —*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

Marie Bashkirtseff.

Some interesting facts about Marie Bashkirtseff will be found in this month's *Woman's World*. The writer—"D. H. E."—first saw Marie in the autumn of 1880. She appeared one morning at the studio, dressed in a white cotton blouse shirt, a dark skirt, and with her hair twisted carelessly in a knot. At that time she had lost some of her first beauty, but she was still a most intellectual and remarkable-looking girl. Not above the middle height, she had a finely moulded, rather plump figure; her hands, wrists and feet were admirable. Her hair was fair—a peculiar shade of warm flaxen—her complexion an opaque white, while the expression of her fine grey eyes was haunting. One of the first things Marie said on entering the dingy atelier that morning was that she was painting the portrait of a "jeune homme du monde" in her own studio, a statement which sent a pious thrill of horror through the ranks of the French pupils. The next day the simple student in the blouse had disappeared, and Mlle. Bashkirtseff, dressed in a Worth gown and priceless Russian sables, stepped in on her road to some private view or afternoon party. That was her way: one day the most Bohemian of Bohemians, with her lunch in a basket, her hair twisted in a knot, and a joke for everybody that she liked in the atelier; the next an exquisitely dressed young lady, discoursing of last night's ball or a *promenade* at the Français. But it must be owned that the studio saw far more of the hardworking Bohemian than of the fashionable young lady. Sometimes she would bring her mandolin and play, while the model rested, to amuse her fellow-students, in the pretty fashion which obtains in Parisian studios. Marie Bashkirtseff's was the most true-ringing laugh that I ever heard in a grown-up person. A single instance will suffice. One day, when M. Paul de Cassagnac was calling on Mme. Bashkirtseff, the lady wished to keep him to dine, and whispered to her little black page to ask the cook what there was for dinner. Meanwhile, the room being full of visitors, M. de Cassagnac proceeded to tell very seriously a story about the Empress Eugénie and the Prince Imperial. He had just concluded, when the little page threw open the door, and in a profound silence said in a loud voice, "Madame, c'est un canard!" Marie's laugh, even in the midst of the general mirth, was a thing to hear.



LACHINE BOAT HOUSE. (Cumming & Brewis, photo.)



SCENES AT POINTE CLAUDE REGATTA. (From photos by Geo. R. Ughthall, N.P.)

LITERARY NOTES

The title of Mr. William O'Brien's novel is "When We were Boys." A French translation from advanced sheets is brought out by Calmann Lévy.

"Nym Crinkle" (A. C. Wheeler) has just come before the public as the author of a remarkable story of New York life, entitled, "The Toltec Cup." It is published by the Lew Vanderpoole Co.

The second series of "Les Bourgeois de la Compagnie du Nord-Ouest," a review of the first part of which appeared in this paper about a year ago, has just been brought out by Messrs. A. Côté & Co., Quebec.

The various poems contributed on the occasion of the Beatrice Exhibition at Florence (the English portion of which was got together through the exertions of Miss Black) are, it seems, to be published in a volume.

Messrs. Jarvis & Son, promise new editions of "Queens of Society" and "Wits and Beaux of Society," by Philip and Grace Wharton. Each book will be in two volumes, with a preface by Mr. Justin Huntley McCarthy, M.P.

Early in the autumn Messrs. Macmillan & Co. will begin publishing in monthly volumes the new and complete edition of the works of James Russell Lowell, uniform with their recent edition of the works of John Greenleaf Whittier.

So rapid has been the development of the public library movement that Mr. Greenwood has found it necessary to re-write the whole of his book on "Free Public Libraries" in preparing for a third edition, which is now passing through the press.

The correspondence between Maximilian II. of Bavaria and the philosopher Schelling will shortly be issued under the editorship of the learned archivists Leitz and Trost. The work is intended to form part of a documentary history of the king's reign, written by the editors of the correspondence.

Mr. S. Lane-Poole's memoir of Sir Richard Church, Generalissimo of the Greek army during the War of Independence, was concluded in the July number of the *English Historical Review*. Mr. Poole is sanguine that the facts adduced will go far to disprove Finlay's unfavourable judgment of the general's conduct of the war.

Mr. Edmund Gosse has set forth his recollections of Robert Browning in a volume of "Personalia." The preface contains a letter of the poet's, and a frontispiece portrait shows Browning in his early manhood. The body of the work is divided into two sections, "The Early Career of Robert Browning" and "Personal Impressions."

A number of wealthy French Jews wish to buy the Vatican copy of the Hebrew Bible from the Pope for £40,000. The Venetian Jews offered half that sum for it to Julius II. I fancy (writes the Paris correspondent of the *Daily News*) that His Holiness could not legally sell it, as he has only a life estate in the Vatican and its wealth of rare books, pictures and furniture.

Mr. Barrett Browning, writing to a correspondent as to a poem with the refrain "Sometime, somewhere," which has been attributed to Robert Browning, says:—"The poem in question is not by my father. It may interest you to hear that only last November he received a letter from a stranger thanking him curiously enough for having written this particular poem. He wrote and explained that it was a mistake."

Mr. Justin H. McCarthy, M.P., is following valiantly in his father's footsteps, both as a prose-writer and a novelist. The anniversary of 1789 suggested the attempt to deal afresh with the hackneyed, but always interesting, theme of the French Revolution. The first volume of Mr. McCarthy's work has just been published by Messrs. Harper Brothers, of New York. It is pleasantly written. The first volume does not get beyond the *Annus Mirabilis*, 1789.

The second volume of Mr. John S. Farmer's "Slang and its Analogues" has been issued. The whole work is so far forward that the third volume is expected to be ready early in November. Since the publication of vol. i. Messrs. Chatto & Windus have generously placed at Mr. Farmer's disposal the whole of the slang MS. collected by the late Mr. John Camden Hotten. Mr. A. P. Watt is the agent for the work.

The first two volumes of "Lothar Bucher's Leben und Werke," edited by Ritter von Poschinger, are expected to be published very shortly, if they have not already appeared. Herr Bucher, who was called "the right hand of Bismarck," had a remarkable career, and very few German journalists equalled him in elegance of style. The time of his political exile he mostly spent in London. Later on he became a member of the Bismarck ministry, from which he retired in 1886.

The library and collection of autographs of the late Mr. F. W. Cosens, which were sold recently, were of exceptional interest. The library included a large number of scarce and valuable Spanish books, first quarto editions of Shakespeare's plays, first edition of Shakespeare's poems, the original drawings by H. K. Brownie and Cruickshank to

illustrate many of Dickens's works, also a remarkable series of works relating to wine. The autographs included an unusual number of Dickens's letters.

Professor Campbell Fraser's new monograph on Locke, in Blackwood's "Philosophical Classics," is an introduction not merely to Locke, but through him to the intellectual philosophy of Europe during the two hundred years that have elapsed since the publication of the "Essays." Professor Fraser has been able to add fresh materials for the study of Locke from the papers in possession of Lord Lovelace, and also from the large collection of letters belonging to Mr. Sandford, of Nynehead.

A Welsh Dialect Society, with Prince Lucien Bonaparte as president, has recently been established in connection with the University College of North Wales at Bangor. The first report shows that local branches have been organized in all the counties of North Wales for the purpose of collecting material for the study of Welsh dialects, and prizes are offered by the society at the next national Eisteddfod for the best collection of the kind. The secretary is Mr. J. Morris Jones, Welsh Lecturer at the University College.

A movement has been started to buy Dove Cottage and the orchard garden where Wordsworth lived, and which remain almost untouched as they were in his time. It is proposed to put the place in trust, and to keep it as a memorial of Wordsworth's work. The whole may be acquired for £650, and an additional sum would set up a museum. A full account and other reasons for the purchase are given in a little book by Mr. Stopford A. Brooke, called "Dove Cottage," and published by Messrs Macmillan & Co., to whom communications and subscriptions may be addressed.

The Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language in its annual report prints some statistics supplied by the Commissioners of National Education, showing the progress of the study of Irish in the national schools. Irish is taught in forty-five national schools, and the number of pupils who passed has risen from twelve in 1881 to over five hundred in 1889. With reference to intermediate education the Council have also to report highly satisfactory progress. The results of the recent examinations show that the number of boys who passed in Irish amounted to 273, while in 1881 it was under fifty.

"Nym Crinkle," who has a pungent way of putting things, thus characterizes Mr. Howell's latest incursion into the field of dramatic criticism: "He is a combination of lawlessness in judgment and affectation in manner which reminds me of an anarchist in a dress coat pretending not to like beer. He invariably approves of what is formless, commonplace and disconnected. Something in him is aggravated beyond measure by purpose symmetrically sustained. The organization of life into ideals under the laws of beauty, which is, indeed, the nature and essence of drama and of all art, is the one thing that he will not have."

The sale of the magnificent library collected by the late Lord Chancellor of Ireland, Sir Edward Sullivan, has been to bibliographers one of the most interesting events of the present season. Lovers of rare editions of the classics find abundance of attractions in the catalogue, notably in two richly bound volumes issued in 1567, and containing select plays of *Æschylus*, *Sophocles* and *Euripides*, with Latin translations in prose and verse. Many Aldines of the end of the fifteenth century and some curious black-letter productions delighted the eyes of collectors whose tastes lay in these directions, while for those most strongly inclined to modern first editions there were many jewels of price. Yet another variety of the *genus* collector was specially attracted to the books embellished with plates by Rowlandson, Blake, Bewick, Cruickshank and other famous illustrators.

The Angel of Sorrow.

(LUKE 22, 43 and 44.)

He came from a far-off land of light,
The Angel of Sorrow in garments white.

And with heavenly pity he stirred again
The water of life in the hearts of men.

But the multitude cried as he held his way,
"The shadow of Death on his forehead lay."

"He shall not dwell in our valley here
When the blossoming vine doth crown the year."

So he pass'd away—tho' his face was sweet
With a glory caught at the Saviour's feet.

In a lowly cot he is standing now,
And his hand is laid on a woman's brow.

But his touch hath balm that no words can bring,
As the tears of love in her eyes upspring.

O! men ye have scorned in his high behest,
The Angel of Sorrow who giveth rest!

For the woman arose with a vict'ry won,
And a whisper low: "Thy will be done!"

And peace lay shining within her breast,
Like a dove at eve that hath found its nest.

Montreal,

JOHN ARBORY,

Extraordinary Finger-Nails.

When we travel to the far East, we find the form of the finger-nails proclaiming unquestionably the claims of their owners to rank and fashion, and are astonished that any people should be willing to submit themselves to the inconvenience which such distinction necessitates. We are all more or less acquainted with the extraordinary manner in which the feet of Chinese ladies of the upper ranks are disfigured during infancy, so that in after life they are of little or no service as organs of progression, but become mere mummied records of what they have been. So also we find both men and women belonging to the upper classes permitting the finger nails to attain an enormous, and to our eyes a hideous, development under the same influence of the *mode*. Chinese belles and dandies are in consequence often to be seen with the nails projecting from an inch to an inch and a half beyond the finger tips; and these unseemly appendages are pared and tended with the utmost care, and are regarded with pride and gratification by their happy possessors. But it is in Siam, in Annam, and in Cochin China that this extraordinary custom is carried to its greatest development. The nobles of Annam, for instance, permit their nails to grow to such a length that the hands are absolutely useless for any practical purpose. The nails on the second, third and fourth fingers attain a length of from four to nearly five inches. They are straight, with a slight inward curve, and present the appearance of immense claws or talons; which we could imagine might be of use to man in his most savage state, for scratching up the ground to find roots or seeds, but certainly do not appear adapted for either use or ornament under any of the ordinary incidents of life. The nail of the thumb is hardly so long as those of the other digits. It at first grows nearly straight, with also a tendency to curve inwards, but presently takes the form of an elongated spiral, and must almost entirely prevent the use of the thumb as an organ of prehension. On the first finger alone is the nail kept within reasonable bounds, and with this only must be performed all those innumerable trifling acts which, taken together, add so greatly to our comfort and well-being. It sometimes happens that the nails are allowed to grow to a great length to indicate that the wearer leads a religious life, and has forsworn at once the labours and the frivolities of the world. The hand of a Chinese ascetic, leading such an indolent and wasteful existence, presents the most extraordinary spectacle. The nail of the first finger is indeed, as in the case of the Annamese already described, left sufficiently short to render the finger of some practical service. The other fingers are, however, disfigured by immense horny growths, which can scarcely be called nails, which reach the enormous length of from sixteen to eighteen inches. These hideous excrescences do not grow straight and claw-like, as do the Annamese nails referred to above, but in a curious irregular spiral curve, the nails of the second and third fingers interlacing in an extraordinary and particularly ugly fashion. The nail of the little finger, after projecting for some distance almost straight, with a slight upward tendency, makes a sudden bend, and reaches with a regular sickle-shaped curve across the nails of the two neighbouring fingers. The thumb is furnished with an almost flat nail, which assumes a spiral form from its immediate junction with the fleshy part of the organ.

This extraordinary development of the finger-nails is supposed to be produced by hypertrophy of the horny tissues, induced doubtless by some special agency or mechanical irritation for the purpose of obtaining a plentiful secretion of the horny material. But that any state of society should exist in which to render the hands thus utterly useless and hideous was regarded as a virtue, cannot but strike persons unaccustomed to such vagaries of fashion as remarkable in the extreme. So essential as a mark of nobility, however, are long nails regarded in what is known as the Trans-gaunetic Peninsula, that Siamese actors and actresses, when playing the parts of "lords and ladies," usually appear with long silver horn-shaped ornaments attached to the ends of the fingers, not to represent the nails themselves of the aristocracy, but those long silver cases with which the *beaux* and *belles* either protect these valuable appendages when they are there, or make believe that they are there when in reality they are absent. Though it is in Siam and the neighbouring States that the custom of wearing these prodigious appendages reaches its most ridiculous height, yet long finger nails are more or less fashionable in many other parts of the world. Gentlemen in England and in France may often be found taking a pride in the exuberant development of these organs, while throughout the East it is more or less the fashion to permit one or more of the nails to attain what may be regarded as an abnormal growth. Thus ambassadors and visitors of distinction from Asiatic States to Europe are often observed to permit the excessive growth of the nail of the little finger, and this is also a common occurrence with many of the people in India and other parts of Asia. With whatever feelings of disgust the appearance of hands thus furnished may fill us, we should, however remember that for the anatomist and physiologist not a little interest is attached to this excessive development of the finger nails. For by this it is seen that certain growths of the nail hitherto regarded as abnormal and extraordinary, are in reality indications of the normal growth of the nails when carefully preserved from all retarding influences. Nevertheless, it cannot be supposed that the nails upon our hands and feet were ever intended to attain such extraordinary length, for it can only be by becoming entirely dependent upon the service of others that these aristocrats of the half-civilized countries of the East are enabled to proclaim their miserable superiority to their fellow-men.

The Evolution of Bird-Song.

Mr. C. A. Witchell, writing upon the voices of British wild birds in a recent number of the *Zoologist*, contends that all birds possess the power to emit a cry of distress—that is, an exclamation caused by bodily pain, or by fear, and this cry seems to be the first utterance of the young of most species. It is presumed that a cry of distress was the earliest vocal utterance within the ability of the bird or its progenitors; and it may have been originally produced accidentally by contortion of the body during combat, in which event it might have tended towards the preservation of the individuals by whom it was uttered. If an outcry increased the chance of victory in combat, the inclination and ability to exclaim would become permanent, and the cry would be habitually uttered in the tone most easily produced, or most effectual in its result. It would thus become a definitely formed cry, and would soon be uttered in circumstances of danger as well as in combat. In most birds of limited vocal compass, the distress cry is merely an exaggeration of the ordinary call-note or signal of assembly, as, for example, in the mallard, crow and rook; but fear may induce in the call-note inflections unappreciated by the human ear. It is a curious fact that among birds of limited vocal power the call-note resembles the danger-cry (or alarm) much more than in birds of varied song. The mallard, crow, rook and bullfinch may be mentioned as typical of the former class; and the blackbird, starling, redbreast and nightingale as typical of the latter. This tends to prove that the call-note and the danger-cry had a common origin, namely, the cry of distress. This distress-cry became modified in different species, and for different occasions, and developed into a cry of dismissal as well as into a call of assembly. The house sparrow utters a characteristic note to indicate the arrival of a hawk, at the sound of which house sparrows within hearing secrete themselves. This bird has another danger signal, which is employed as a call-note to the young. Several species silence their young by a note of warning. I have known a blackbird utter different notes to announce the presence of a cat or a human being. The common fowl (whose notes generally have withstood the influence of artificial selection) utters different alarm-cries to signal the approach of a dog or cat or that of a hawk. It may be fairly suggested that certain alarm notes are onomatopoeic, and are intended to suggest the presence of the seemingly most dreaded enemies of the bird.

It is believed that the call-note, being more or less the result of imitation, is influenced by sounds familiar to the bird, and of these the most pleasant are those resulting from or associated with the act of feeding or of obtaining food. The sounds produced by eating would probably seem loud to the birds making them, just as with us the noise made by masticating dry toast is more noticeable to the eater of it than to his neighbour at table. In the course of time persistent sounds might, in consequence of the involuntary or voluntary imitativeness of a bird, modify its call-note, in the same way as they have undoubtedly affected the character of the song of at least one individual wild song-bird subsequently mentioned. It is also possible that certain call-notes may have been intentionally modified to a resemblance of the sounds made in obtaining food, and for the purpose of suggesting those sounds to other birds; but often there is certainly, from whatever cause arising, a great similarity between the call-notes of birds and the sounds which are occasioned by their obtaining food or eating it. Instances of this may be found in the hawks, whose call-notes are screams, like those of their victims; in the common butcher-bird, which has a note resembling the distress-cry of the frog, on which it preys; in the blackbird and thrush, which at times makes a clicking sound that is the foundation of the reiterated alarm-notes of the former bird.

Among birds, as among men, leisure is necessary to the development of song, and may to some extent induce it. The cause of the frequent imitativeness of captive birds may perhaps be found in their security and idleness. It is not contended that leisure would make a bird of harsh voice musical; but no one will dispute that if a song-bird be constantly harassed it will not sing. The constant employment of the brain in detecting and avoiding danger, or in the occupation of getting food, hinders any tendency to develop song. It is possible that want of leisure, and a feeling of insecurity, may have prevented the elaboration of song among birds of torrid regions, where they are continually pursued by enemies, engaged in battle among themselves, or are labouring to obtain food, and where their increase is checked by violence rather than by the climatic influences that in temperate zones periodically lessen their numbers. If the suggestion that leisure is necessary to song be correct, we should find limited voices in birds that are much occupied either in obtaining food or avoiding enemies. Such is the fact. Of the former class are the *Raptors* and *Phalacrocoracidae*; of the latter the *Rasbora*. The *Anatidae* may belong to both.

The author says he has made a large number of records of song in the Stroud district. The tables show that the thrushes (about 50) sang 1,120 phrases, each of which comprised one or more notes resembling the sounds made by other species, and 450 other phrases that had not a like recognisable similarity. The redbreasts (about 65) sang 1,316 tabulated phrases, 905 of which were recognized as containing an imitation, and the larks (about 31) sang 345 imitations. From his observations, he contends that bird-song originated in a cry produced by bodily contortion. This cry was developed by use in times of danger. It then became a warning note that was elaborated into a call-

note. This note was repeated by males in varied tone and pitch, and several influences tended to make it a reproduction of surrounding persistent sounds. The call-notes were repeated by the males to the females; and in this manner arbitrary phrases were constructed. Further efforts on the part of the males induced greater variety, which took the form of imitation of other sounds.

The Bell of Justice.

Comes o'er the sea from Italy
A story quaintly sweet;
Nor minstrel's tale of lovers frail
Nor jousts where brawlers meet.
No lute-swept air to beauty faire,
That hard or harper sings,
Doth sweeter chime; to scented thyme
No richer fragrance clings.
To guide the State, a kindly fate
A noble prince had crowned
Italy's king, while liegemen sing
His praise the champaign round.
In all things just, in sooth, needs must
That vassals homage pay.
Where Love doth reign, no galling chain
Constrains his gentle sway.
Through Italy the King's decrees
By heralds blazoned wide:
"Twixt man and man," the mandate ran,
"Let Justice always bide,
Nor fear that I, when any cry.
For succour at my hand,
Shall close mine ear, nor deign to hear
The humblest in my land."
"Here in yon tower, my kingly power
Decrees a bell shall swing;
The meanest one may hither run
And loud for Justice ring.
When grasping might shall claim as right
What Justice ne'er allows,
Nor fear that he shall spurned be,
Nor we his cause espouse!"
Such role benign, like mellow wine,
All heart's warmed through the land,
And, man to man, each warring clan
As banded brothers stand.
The Justice-bell ne'er pealed its knell;
The frayed rope useless hung:
A creeping vine doth, brabbling, twine
The rotting strands among.
When, lo! one morn, a sound was borne
Across the busy mart,
And, as the knell of passing bell,
It pierced the city's heart.
The long-hushed clang like clarion rang
Amid the echoing walls:
The elbowing crowd demand full loud
Who thus for Justice calls!
The King and Court, with hurried port,
Assemble in the square.
"Who thus doth ring? The plaintiff bring!
Deny his claim who dare!"
No answering sound, while far around
The bell's loud clangour tolls:
And awe-struck, dumb, the rabble come
As breaking tide-wave rolls.
"I faith, perdy, a mystery!
Ho! varlets search the place
And hither bring whose'er doth ring
And crave our royal grace?"
The minions sped, with hasty tread,
And, hurrying through the crowd,
Urged on his course a *worm*, *lean horse*,
"Mid laughter long and loud.
The poor, starved beast, that fain would feast
Upon the tender vine
That tempting hung, the bell had rang!
And Justice owned the sign.
"Now by my crown!" with haughty frown,
The King cried lustily,
"The brute doth pray for help to-day,
Nor pleads in vain to me!"
"Let no one stir: bring forth the cur
That left yon beast to die!"
Now, sirrah! see with my decree
You hasten to comply!
Thy faithful friend thou'lt kindly tend,
Serve him as he served thee:
Shalt house and feed thy toil-worn steed
Till death shall set him free!"
With cheeks aflame, and tears of shame,
The catiff meekly swore
To keep the trust, and owned it just.
Then with a lusty roar
The crowds divide on either side,
For horse and man make way:
Loud plaudits ring: "Long live the King
Who justly rules this day!"

Montreal.

SAMUEL M. BAYLES.

Early Colonization in Canada.

It may be said that the healthy social life and industrial progress of the Canadian people were due, in the main, to qualities which the founders of families brought with them from their homes in Northern France, developed and fructified by the discipline of the climate and the example and ministrations of a devoted clergy. Interesting it is to follow step by step the career of Champlain and the colony under him, and to share in the enthusiasm of Chomedy de Maisonneuve and his pious company, as with holy rites they laid the foundations of Ville Marie. Rapid, indeed, under those brave explorers of the 17th century, was the march of conquest. Once the foundations of the colony were fairly laid, they shrank from no difficulty, no danger. Missionary zeal, ambition, commercial enterprise, enlightened curiosity and love of adventure, all combined to make their successes rarely paralleled in boldness, range and usefulness. In less than a generation from the establishment of the first pioneer (Louis Hébert, 1617), that is, in the year 1645, we find, on the authority of M. Sulte, that the progress of colonization is represented by 122 *habitants* or settlers, all of whom but three are married, while one of the three is a widower. We know their names and places of birth. Thirty-four of them came from Normandy, twenty-seven from Perche, four from Beauce, three from Picardy, five from Paris, three from Maine. Of the whole number eighty were from north of the Loire. As to the wives, it is probable that the eighty north-country men were balanced by eighty north-country women, the families that supplied the former also supplying the latter. Eight years later, that is in 1653, M. Sulte reckons the settled population at 673 souls, of whom 400 were at Quebec, 175 at Three Rivers and 100 at Montreal. Among the founders of Canadian families may be mentioned Louis Hébert, Guillaume Couillard, Abraham Martin (Mgr. Taché and Mr. Taché are descended from all three of these brave pioneers), Jean Coré, Pierre Paradis, Bertrand Fafard dit Laframboise, Christophe Crevier (ancestor of Ludger Duvernay, founder of the *Mission* and of the Société Saint-Jean-Baptiste), Pierre Boucher (ancestor of the de Boucherville family), the three Godefroys, Guillaume Couture (ancestors of Bishops Turgeon and Bourget), Joseph Gravelle, Toussaint Toupin (ancestor of Charles de Langlade), Charles LeMoine (ancestor of the most distinguished families and personages in the colony), Jacques Archambault, Gabriel Ducloux de Celles (ancestor of M. A. D. de Celles), Guillaume Pepin dit Tranche-Montagne (from whom have descended several men of mark, including Sir Hector and Bishop Langevin). There was also a floating population, consisting of fur-traders and speculators, soldiers, military officers and members of the civil service.

After 1658 the provinces south of the Loire began to contribute a considerable proportion to the population, while the immigration from Perche and Normandy declined. But, as M. Sulte points out, the first arrivals exercised a deep and lasting influence on the character and usages of the people.* A patriotic sentiment had gradually taken root, as a new generation grew up. The born Canadians looked upon Canada with the same affection that their fathers had felt for France. Some old usages were preserved, but they, as well as the songs that were brought from across the Atlantic and even the spoken tongue were somewhat modified in the course of years. The French Canadian was being developed.

J. R.

*In his *Histoire de la Littérature Canadienne*, M. Lacombe (whose death at a comparatively early age was a grave loss to Canadian letters) lays stress upon the fact that the traditions, songs, tales, proverbs and superstitions of the French Canadians are all Norman or Breton.

The Song "Scots Wha Hae."

Recently, at a meeting of the Town Council of Edinburgh, the Lord Provost said that at present there was for sale the original manuscript of "Scots Wha Hae," and it was in danger of going away out of the country, but the Council could purchase it for £70, and he thought it would be a great pity that it should be lost to Edinburgh. It would be a great shame that the great war song of Scotland should pass to other hands, and he moved, therefore, that the Council should authorize the purchase of the song. Councillor Auldjo Jamieson said he thought it was just that it should be known that that monument of history had been purchased by a Scotchman (Mr. Kennedy, banker, New York), who desired that, before removing it to America and placing it in a museum there, the metropolis of Scotland should have the opportunity of purchasing it at the money he paid for it himself. The Lord Provost said he thought they were extremely indebted to that gentleman. It was then agreed to purchase the song.

A Relic of Browning.

Browning was at dinner at the house of a friend when he saw a phonograph for the first time. He was greatly interested in it, and started to repeat to it "The Ride from Ghent to Aix." When half through he stopped suddenly and exclaimed, "Good gracious! I've forgotten the rest!" The phonograph dutifully repeated all he had said, including the exclamation at the end, and the film upon which the poet's language was impressed is now preserved as a precious relic.



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HERE AND THERE.

A South Kensington professor has produced an apparatus for registering the heat of the moon. It thus appears that the warmth received from the moon is equal to that given out by a candle at 21 feet distance.

Cardinal Manning's aversion to strong drink in every form is so great that twice in articulo mortis he has refused stimulants, and he alludes triumphantly to the fact that he got well each time as a proof that stimulants are never necessary.

The Canadian survivors of the war of 1812 are rapidly passing away. They receive an annual pension from the Dominion Government. The applications for the forthcoming payment only number thirty-seven in all Canada. Last year seventy drew pensions. At the present rate the pension list will be extinguished in a few years.

It is stated that an Australian gentleman claims to have discovered a sure specific for rust in wheat. He is about to submit his process to a series of experiments to be conducted at his own cost, in the presence and under the control of agents of the Australasian Colonies. Should the result of these trials be favourable, he is willing to sell his secret to the United Governments of Australia for \$50,000, and it is reported that in such a case the price would be forthcoming.

A neat application of electricity to domestic uses is a miniature pumping plant. With the use of no more current than suffices for a couple of incandescent lamps, it will pump one hundred gallons an hour or so, and keep the house tank full without a particle of attention. These little electrical devices to lighten labour in the household are particularly commendable; and as the electrical light and power becomes more widely available, will doubtless increase in number and utility.

"The largest fee Sir Astley Cooper ever received," says "The Hospital," "was literally thrown at his head. He operated very successfully on a millionaire, by name Hyatt, and so delighted was the old man with his recovery that he gave three hundred pounds to

each of his attending physicians. 'But you, sir,' cried the patient to Sir Astley, 'deserve something better. Take that, sir!' With that he flung his nightcap at the surgeon. Sir Astley replied with dignity, as he picked up the cap: 'Sir, I will pocket the affront.' And well for him that he did, for the cap was lined with a draft for a thousand guineas."

Fun at the Table.

An Austin man read in a paper that the family should always be the scene of laughter and merriment, and that no meal should be passed in the moody silence that so often characterises those occasions. The idea struck him so favourably that when his family was gathered around the table that evening he said, "Now, this sort o' thing of keeping so mum at meals has got to stop. You hear me? You girls, put in an' tell stories, an' keep up agreeable sort o' talk, like; an' you boys, laugh an' be jolly, or I'll take and dust your jackets with a grapevine till you can't stand. Now begin!" The glare that he sent around the table made the family feel anything but funny.

Carlyle and the Queen.

An unpublished letter of Carlyle gives an interesting account of a conversation between the Queen and the philosopher in Westminster Deanery. Carlyle was telling Her Majesty, whose interest he keenly excited, about Nithsdale and Annandale, and of old ways of human life there in the days of his youth. Among other things, he told her that his father had occasion once to go to Glasgow on some urgent business, and that, arriving about eight in the morning, he found every door shut. Neither himself nor his horse could have entrance anywhere, "for, 'twas the hour of family worship, your Majesty, and every family was at morning prayer." The Queen had never heard anything so astonishing. "But it was the case," went on Carlyle, "and that explains why your Scottish subjects have the place of trust and honour they occupy to-day in every portion of your Majesty's dominions."

HUMOROUS.

A TENDER HEART.—He: I have three thousand a year. You could certainly live on that. She: Yes; but I should hate to see you starve.

AT BREAKFAST.—Daughter (to father with morning paper): Have you read the weather indications, pa? Pa: Yes. Daughter: What is the weather going to be? Pa: Don't know, my dear; haven't looked at the sky.

After a serious quarrel, two small school-mates ran to their teacher for redress of grievances. The one most fleet of foot was first served, and said vehemently, "Miss Mabel, Belle Baldwin hit me right in the lung!" "Well, and what did you do?" "Why, I never did nothin' at all, only just by accident I pulled her hair!"

In reciting his nursery rhymes before a family party, a little fellow of five was having a hard struggle with his memory; and his elder brother, with an air of superiority, had several times prompted him. When it was to be endured no longer, the little one drew himself up, saying, "Now, you Fred, I'm a speakin' this piece!"

A LITERARY DISPUTE.—At a late meeting of a Scotch mutual improvement society the works of Shakespeare formed the subject of the evening, and a doctor admirer of the bard read a highly eulogistic paper on his plays. After the meeting had dispersed, a tailor approached the doctor and remarked, "Ye think a fine lot o' you plays o' Shakespeares, doctor." "I do, sir," was the emphatic reply. "An' ye think he was mair clivir than oor Rabbie Burns?" "Why, there's no comparison between them!" said the medico indignantly. "Maybe no," was the cool response; "but ye tell us the night that it was Shakespeare who wrote those weel kent lines, 'Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.' Noo Rabbie wud never hae written sic nonsense as that!" "Nonsense, sir?" thundered the indignant doctor. "Ay, juist nonsense! Rabbie wud hae kent fine that a king, or a queen either, disna gang to bed with the croon on their head." "They hang it ower the back o' a chair."

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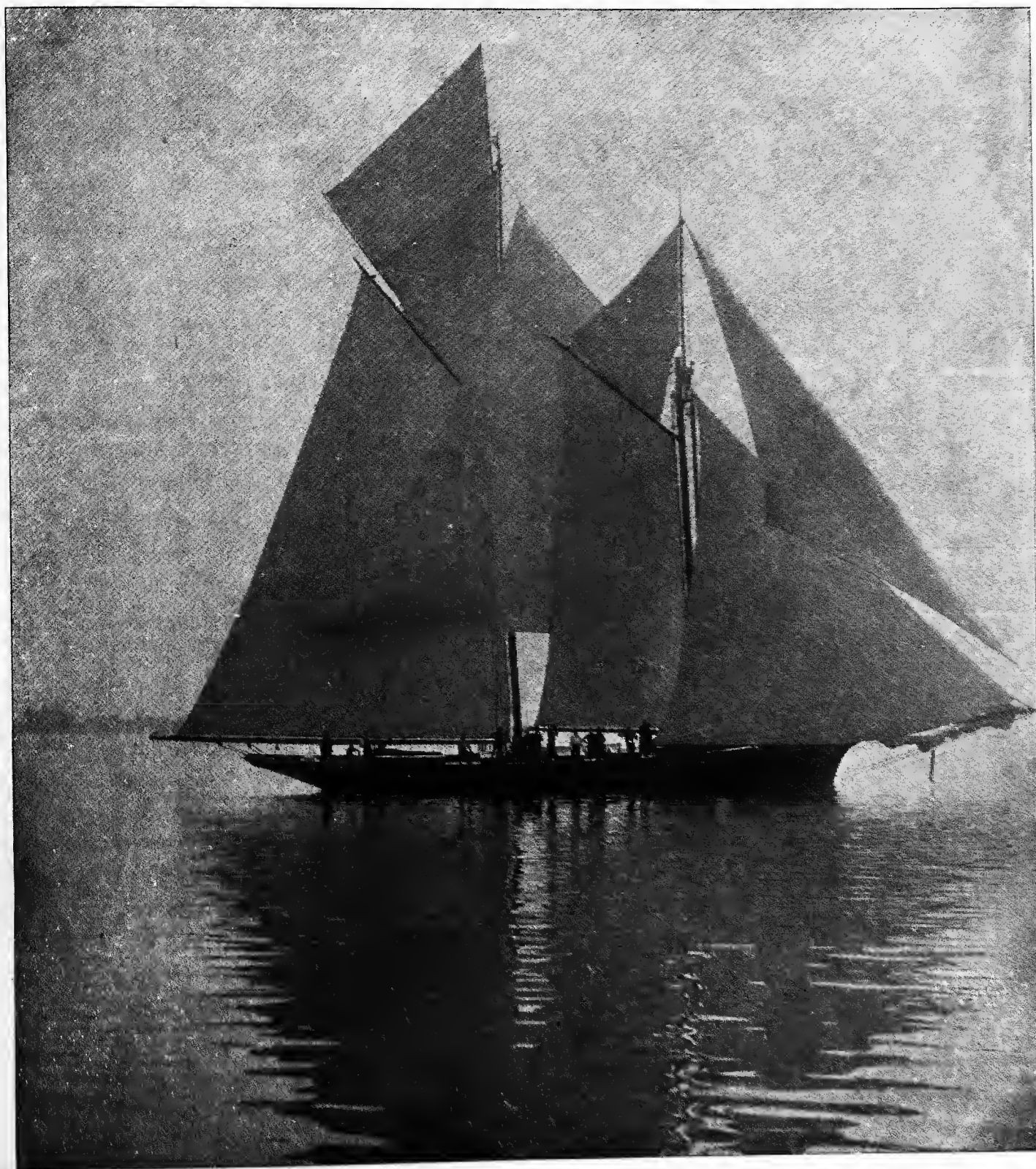
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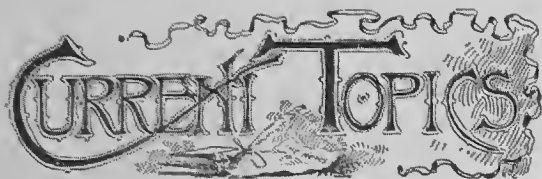
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Some time since we learned that there was some likelihood of Ontario taking up the beet sugar enterprise, which had failed in this province, and pushing it to successful completion. According to the *Toronto Globe*, it is in a fair way of taking definite shape. No person, who observes and reflects, can, indeed, conclude that there is in Canada any insurmountable barrier to the triumph of such an undertaking. Neither in soil nor climate is there any radical obstacle. Mr. Carl Frostorff, who represents a German firm engaged in the manufacture of machinery and implements used in sugar factories, was in Toronto recently and gave some valuable information as to German methods and the character and cost of the required plant to gentlemen interested in the Ontario scheme. On his return from California, whither he has gone to set in operation two large factories established by Mr. Claus Spreckles, the "Sugar King," Mr. Frostorff will test the result of experiments, now in progress, in the growth of different kinds of sugar beets. The promoters of the business seem to be enthusiastic as to its success.

Australia is not going to rest satisfied with two routes (which are practically four) to the motherland. For some months we hear occasional rumours of what is called the overland route. Such an enterprise may at first sight appear more of a dream than the long vexed question of the North-West passage. Those who have faith in the future, nevertheless, maintain that its creation is only a matter of time. Had the advice of some far-seeing men been taken, England would, years ago, have utilized the influence that the Berlin Congress gave her in Asia Minor to push to completion the railway to India through Turkey, Persia and Beloochistan. Constantinople, which a couple of years ago was placed in direct intercourse with Paris, would be connected with the Indian system at Kurrachee. That scheme has not been definitely abandoned yet, though rival schemes have started up. One of these contemplates a line from Singapore to the Johore States; a line from Johore to Burmah and thence to Calcutta; a line along the south shore of the Caspian to Askaba, and a short stretch of rail from Bokhara to British Indian territory, would make the route practically complete. A traveller would then leave London, cross the channel, traverse the continent to Bitlis on the Caspian, thence through Persian and Russian territory to Michaelovitch, to Bokhara and Cabul and over India to Calcutta, and so on by Burmah, and the Malay country to Singapore. From that city it is six days' voyage to Port Darwin, at the northern extremity of Australia—so that the whole journey could be made in less than twenty-four days, of which six only would be by sea. If, however, a line were built across Sumatra to Java, there would be only three days of ocean travel. Sir Edward Watkin, so long identified with schemes for a British North American route across the continent, has another project in his

head, of which the channel tunnel is the primary stage. That great work accomplished, there would be continuous communication from London to Gibraltar, whence a huge broad-beamed vessel would transport an entire train to Tangier. From that point the line would move easterly through Northern Morocco, Algiers and Tripoli, to Egypt; from Cairo it would cross Syria by way of Jerusalem and keep on till Russia was reached, and from there it would follow the eastern shore of the Persian Gulf to Kurrachee, where it would make junction with the Indian lines. These great schemes may not be carried out in the present century, but no person who has watched the course of events during the last twenty-five years can say that they are impracticable. Railroading may yet reach a stage of development from which our actual attainments may be regarded as the day of small things.

Nearly two thousand years ago Horace wrote to Mæcenas of the August weather in Rome in language that might have been used by poet or courtier, professional or business man, of our own summer heats during the last fortnight. The little Sabine bard, not feeling very well, or, perhaps, glad of an excuse to escape the thrall of a too exacting friendship, had retired to the country for change of air. Before leaving the city, however, he had assured his patron that he would not be absent longer than five days. But instead of returning at the end of his furlough, he enjoyed the reviving breezes of his rural retreat till August was over. The reasons that he gives for his prolonged absence are forcible enough. August is the month that brings custom to the undertaker; the month that makes parents grow pale with anxiety for their children; the month when overwork is a source of deadly peril and fever is always imminent; the month when frequent deaths keep lawyers busy in opening wills. Is it any wonder that he preferred the grateful coolness of his villa to the discomforts and risks of the torrid season and pleaded with his generous friend for a still longer respite? Those who have lived through the last fortnight will understand the poet's reluctance to forego health and safety even to gratify his generous though petulant protector. And yet, oppressive as the weather was during that sultry spell, it was comfort compared with what is the normal temperature in some other countries. If Canada is subject to extremes of heat in summer and of cold in winter, it will be admitted that temperatures which cause actual discomfort are seldom of long continuance. Our winters are marked by a considerable share of bright sunshine, which not only mitigates the severity of the cold out-of-doors, but is also exceedingly cheering and favourable to health. To the well-to-do classes it is, on the whole, an enjoyable season, and if the labourer were more thrifty and provident, the cases of destitution would be few. As it is, there are not many who fall victims to the severity of our winters. If some of our cities (Montreal, for instance,) are not so healthy as they should be, it is not the weather that is to blame. Dr. Hingston, who has devoted special attention to the subject, looks upon our climate as the healthiest in the world, and more likely to produce a vigorous, long-lived and enduring race than any of the countries from which its population has been supplied.

Belgium boasts of an industrial guild, the name of which Canada might appropriately borrow. It is known as "The Companions of St. Lawrence." It is not of yesterday, for some of its usages, as shown during the recent jubilee festivities, have been handed down for many generations. But it would profit us little to have the name and nothing more. Belgium has set Europe and America a good example in founding industrial museums. One of King Leopold's functions during the recent fêtes was to inaugurate the great arcade in front of the museum building. The façade will have an extent of 475 metres; the arcade will be 56 metres in width and 75 in height, including the quadriga that will crown it.

Behind it will be a monumental court surrounded by colonnades, forming a covered way to the three museums and the great machinery hall. These museums, which have just been installed, constitute the only complete illustration of the progress of industrial art and invention since the dawn of civilization. The Museum of Ancient Industrial Art takes precedence in chronological order. The nucleus of it was formerly in the Musée de la Porte du Hals. The objects, which are extremely curious, enable the student to trace back the products of modern skill to their first rude beginnings. The second in the series is the Museum of Decorative Art, which is said to be already one of the finest of the kind in Europe. It contains copies of the master-works of decorative painting, glass windows, examples of wood-work, metal-work, and, in fact, all that the name of the institution implies. It is a favourite resort of art students, to whom it is a constant inspiration. The third of the museums is educational, in a more than technical sense, for it is concerned mainly with apparatus for school teaching—Musée Scolaire—and a comprehensive collection it is. We have already given an outline (with illustrations) of the work accomplished by schools of the Board of Art and Manufactures in this province, and have also referred to the results of like movements in other parts of the Dominion. Our readers cannot, therefore, be under the impression that Canada has made no provision for this kind of training. We may say, however, without fear of contradiction, that as yet we have nothing corresponding to this great Belgian enterprise. William Morris, in a handbook prepared some years ago for the use of those who desired guidance on the subject of art-workmanship, said that it was scarcely possible to estimate the amount of influence for good that had been exercised on English workmen by the galleries of the South Kensington Museum. Thousands who had been impelled thither by mere curiosity had carried away knowledge and a stimulus to improvement that had borne fruit in many directions. The movement has begun in Canada, but it will not do to let it languish, for there is still great room for improvement.

If our neighbours to the south persist in holding incorrect notions of Canada, its constitution, its resources and its people, it must be because they decline to be instructed. Certainly during the last few years there has been no lack of Canadians to hear witness for their own country in the press of the United States. Mr. Brynner, Dr. Bourinot, the Rev. Dr. Grant, and several others of our leading men, have lectured before audiences eager to learn what manner of people we are of. "Pastor Felix," in the *Portland Transcript*, Bliss Carman, in the *New York Independent*, Dr. Fréchette, in the *Arena*, Mr. Scott and Mr. Lafleur in the *Atlantic*, Mr. LeMoine, in *Forest and Stream*, and Mr. Watson and Dr. Bender in the *Magazine of History* (not to speak of several others in a large number of publications), have been trying to let the world know what we are not as well as what we are. Dr. Bender's latest revelation concerns "The French-Canadian Peasantry," of whom he has much to say that is of interest to ourselves as well as to outsiders. There is one reproach often brought against our French-speaking fellow-citizens, mostly by new arrivals from over sea—that of using a barbarous patois instead of intelligible French—which Dr. Bender justly shows to be unfounded. "It is true," he writes, "that the uneducated speak ungrammatically and inelegantly, use old words belonging to the dialects of Normandy, Picardy and Brittany, and often employ words in their old relation instead of the new; but this does not constitute a *patois*, such as we hear in many of the provinces of France, where people of one district cannot understand the language of those living in an adjoining one." He then shows, by an example taken from the common speech of the Breton peasant, what a *patois* really is, and how wholly unlike it is to anything in the ordinary language of French Canada. In fact, a Parisian would have no more

difficulty in understanding one of our *habitants* than an educated American the dialects of the country people of the United States. Of the peculiar use of words he instances—"Il mouille" for "Il pleut"; "butin" for "effets"; "il me tanne" for "il m'impatiente," and "Embarquez à cheval" instead of "Montez à cheval." These and other expressions are of historic interest, as they point back to a state of society when property was often really booty, and when canoes were more abundant than beasts of burden.

Of course, Dr. Bender has something to say of the wondrous increase of the French-Canadian people. Two prominent officials of the Province of Quebec are, he tells us, twenty-sixth children, and so of families, entitled to profit by the law that allots a hundred acres of land to each parent of twelve living children. He tells a story of a farmer who, on the birth of his twenty-sixth child, took it to the *curé* as part of the *dîmes*—a twenty-sixth part of all natural productions being the legal portion of the Church. The reverend father took the gift in good part, only stipulating that its mother should be its provider till it was able to eat. After that he would attend to its education. Mr. H. Lamothe, in his *Excursion au Canada et à la Rivière Rouge du Nord*, mentions this gift to the *curé* of the twenty-sixth child as a usual custom, and, as an instance of it, says that one of the leading officials of this province, an ex-premier, received his education in that way. The story is repeated by M. Antoine Chalmet in *Les Français au Canada*. Both authors give the name of the Church's child.

A CASE IN POINT.

When an Englishman counsels his Government to give up Gibraltar—no mere radical, but one who aspires to the rank of a diplomatic adviser—we may reasonably begin to think that changes are at hand. English Heligoland, we are told, was a long continued injustice, a standing eyesore and insult, first to Denmark, then to Germany. It never was of any use to Great Britain. It was taken from Denmark by force, without any plea that a statesman, who cared for equity, could defend. Even when Hanover was under an English sovereign, the occupation of the islet by England was an anomaly—serving no purpose but to hurt Teutonic susceptibilities. But if there was a certain appearance of fitness in England holding it, while the King of Hanover was King of England, there was no excuse whatever after the Queen's accession, and still less, if possible, after the effacement of Hanover—unless, indeed, to punish Prussia for that act of injustice. Thus argues Mr. Collet, in the *Diplomatic Fly-Sheet*. He gives Lord Salisbury credit for getting rid of a *damnosa haereditas*—an heirloom fraught with danger, and for the adroitness with which he discharged the task. There was always the possibility of the demand being made for its restoration in a tone which England could not fail to resent, and then even to imagine a war between two great nations for such a plot of ground is enough to inspire horror. While Heligoland remained English, Russia would be always watching for the chance of making it a pretext for a quarrel—a quarrel which would advance her own ends most unmistakably.

But Mr. Collet goes further. He directs our attention to Gibraltar, and suggests a parallel and a contrast. Gibraltar costs a good deal to keep up as a British fortress. Yet it is of no more military value to England than Heligoland was. As a source of annoyance to a proud and patriotic people, it is much worse. Heligoland was at least in the ocean. But Gibraltar is actually part of the Spanish mainland. The British flag waving from those heights is a perennial slight to a people with whom we are at peace and supposed to be on terms of friendship. "Let Lord Salisbury," says Mr. Collet, "take heart of grace and restore Gibraltar to Spain." We have already spoken of Malta, which stands in pretty much the same relation to Italy as Heligoland did to Germany.

The inference is obvious in that case also. England's duty there is alike clear. But what of the Channel Islands? Is England to give them up too? It is true that they have been English for many centuries, but the evidence of the map is all for France. Mr. Collet thinks that by continuing this gracious policy of surrender, England would be setting an example to civilization. He is especially interested in the lesson which the giving up of Heligoland, and (if his advice be taken) of Gibraltar would teach to Germany in the matter of Alsace-Lorraine. But his logic halts there; for it was just on the ground that Elsass and Lothringen were old German possessions that the policy of 1870 was enforced. Nevertheless, the restoration of those provinces would conciliate French sentiment as no other boon that Germany could offer would do. England, however, has done very well, for a beginning. It is some other power's turn now. Mr. Collet might have given a thought to his unhappy fellow-countrymen in Newfoundland in this connection. In another page of the same issue of *Diplomatic Fly-Sheets*, he insists with much point and force on Newfoundland's rights. The question is not one, he says, for arbitration or mediation. The Newfoundlanders are the only community vitally interested in the question, and justice demands that all foreign rights on that island must be abrogated. That is hardly the tone that is likely to prevail with France, but undoubtedly there could not be a finer opportunity of following up the example recently set by England than that of Newfoundland. By relaxing the hold that treaties, framed under circumstances wholly different from those that prevail to-day, give her over the "French shore," she would deserve the respect of civilization and win the lasting gratitude of the people of Newfoundland. As far as Lord Salisbury's policy tends to bring about such an act of justice, it merits the approval of every British colonist, and, especially, of every Canadian. Unfortunately, France, instead of looking upon the surrender of Heligoland to Germany as an act to be admired, is rather disposed to consider it part of a policy of hostility to herself.

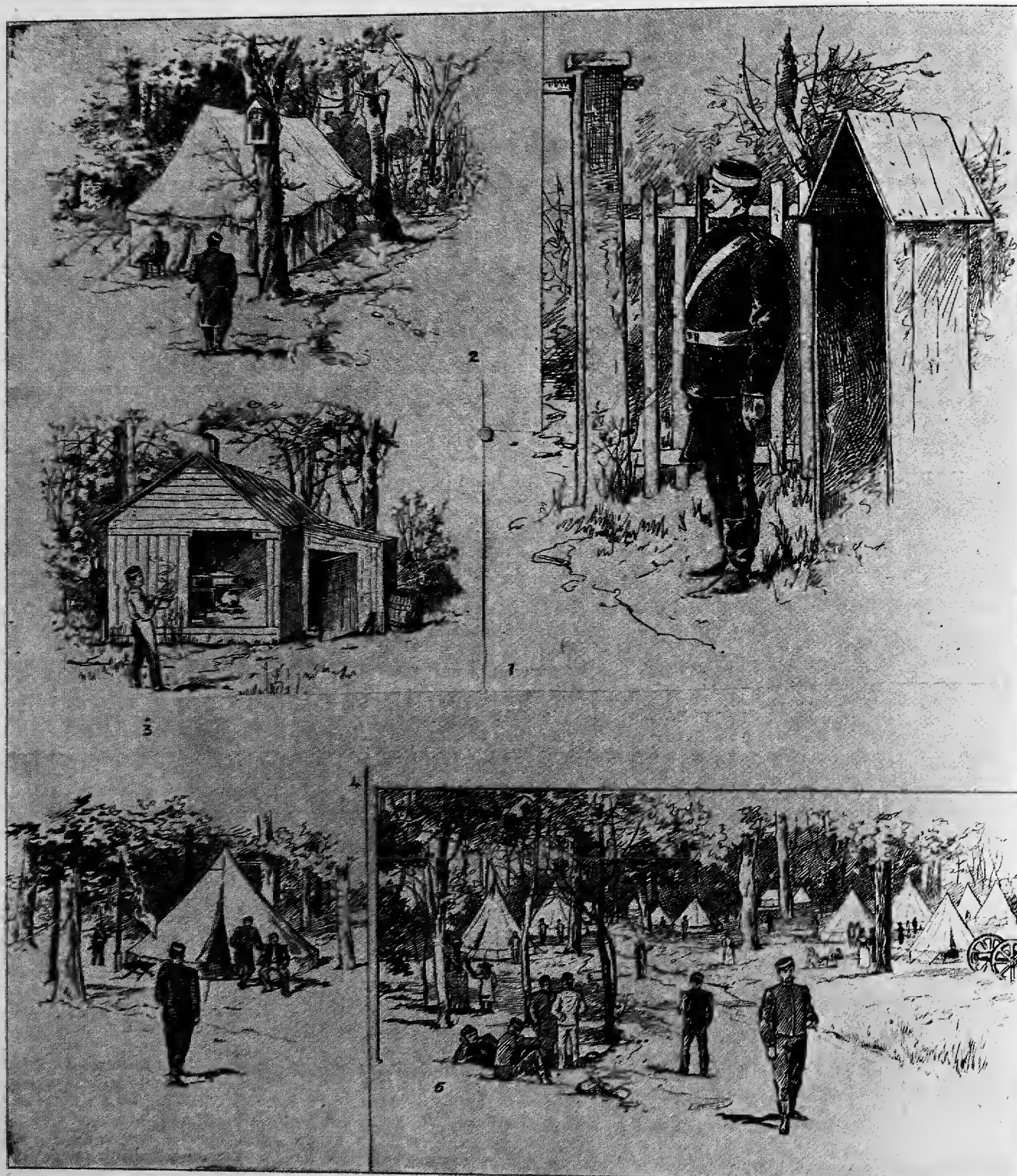
THE OLD NOR'-WESTERS.

We have already made some reference to the second series of the Hon. Mr. Masson's admirable record of the North-West Company and its leading members. A little more than twelve months ago we gave an outline of the treasured lore of the first series, with its masterly introductory sketch. Therein the author sets before the reader a concise, and yet comprehensive, narrative of the progress of trade, adventure and exploration under the Old Régime and in the early years of British rule. Even before the Conquest, something had been done both from Hudson Bay and by the Great Lakes towards the opening of Western Canada. The Sieur de la Verendrye and his sons had penetrated far into the prairie region—crossing nearly the whole of the great steppes. Some years after New France had been settled under English auspices, traders from the Old Country—Frobishers, McGillivrays, McTavishes, Frasers, McKenzies and others, whose names have long become household words—set out on the route towards the "Southern" ocean and journeyed far into the recesses of the sub-arctic wilderness. Montreal was the chief emporium of the fur-traders, and many reminiscences of their days of power are found in the writings of the early travellers through North America. Mr. Masson has in his first volume portrayed the characters and described the adventures of those hardy fortune-seekers—Henry and Cadotte, the Frobisher brothers, Unifreville, Pangman, Quesnel, Peter Pond, Grant, Leroux and the McKenzies. He tells how the greatest of this last name made his way, through every obstacle, across the continent, till the sight of the mighty Pacific rewarded his patience and fortitude. He gives animated pictures of the jealousies and quarrels of the rival companies. He sheds light on the schism that gave birth to the vigorous but short-lived "X. V." and explains how, on

McTavish's death in 1804, the way was cleared for reunion. But the healing of that breach only made more bitter the struggle between the Hudson Bay Company and the Nor'-Westers. The Astoria episode was prophetic, for, in spite of its failure, it created in the minds of our neighbours that longing to possess the lower Columbia, which ultimately deprived the fur-kings and, through them, the Dominion, of a precious portion of its western domain. Lord Selkirk's self-imposed mission—a forecast of what has taken place in the present generation—and the unhappy collisions that at last made the North-West too small for both companies closes the record.

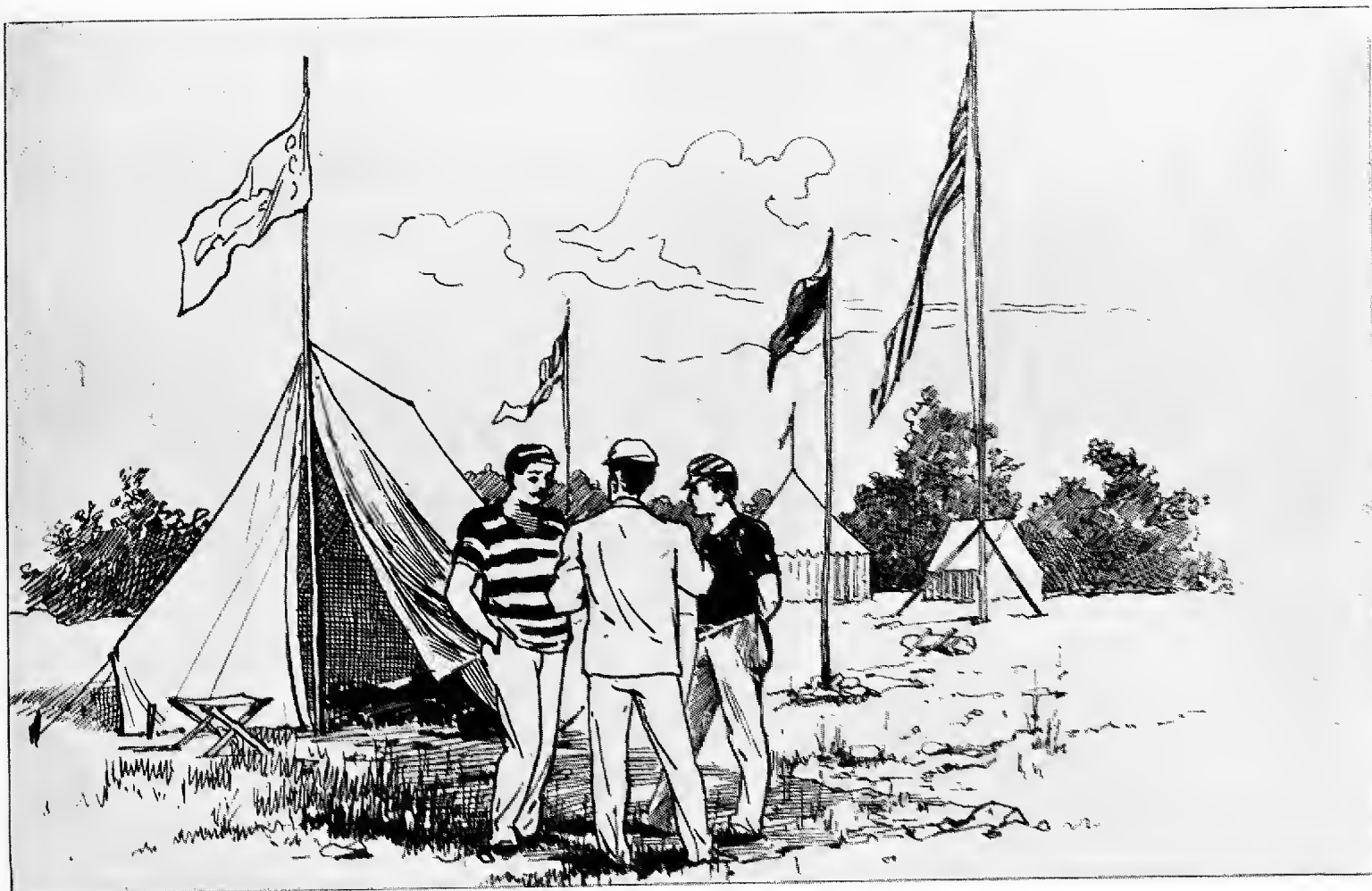
In the first volume there are, besides the *Esquisse Historique*, a collection of documents in the form of journals, letters or narratives of the utmost interest. The Hon. Roderick MacKenzie (cousin of Sir Alexander), from whom Mr. Masson inherited a whole series of papers; Mr. W. F. Wentzell, a Norwegian in the company's service; Mr. Simon Fraser, M. F. V. Malhiot, Mr. John McDonnell, Mr. F. A. Larocque and Mr. Charles MacKenzie were the writers of these manuscripts.

In the second series, these valuable contemporary documents are continued. Mr. John McDonald, late of Garth, Gray's Creek, Gengarry, who was in the North-West from 1791 till 1816, wrote for his son, Mr. de Bellefeuille McDonald, while in his 89th year, a series of "Autobiographical Notes," covering the period of his service, and these interesting reminiscences are, by permission of the writer's grandson, Mr. de Lery McDonald, included in this second series. The letters of Mr. George Keith to the Hon. Roderick McKenzie, cover the ten years from 1807 to 1817. They give much valuable information regarding the far northern departments of Mackenzie River and Great Bear Lake. The account of Lake Superior, written by Mr. John Johnston, father-in-law of Schoolcraft, the historian of the Indians, deals with explorations conducted from 1792 to 1807. A valuable contribution, which throws a lurid light on the war of the Nor'-Westers against the Hudson Bay Company and Lord Selkirk, is Mr. Samuel H. Wilcooke's "Narrative of Circumstances attending the death of the late Benjamin Frobisher, Esq., a partner of the North-West Company." The scenes here depicted mark the last agony in the conflict, as the companies were amalgamated two years later. Mr. Duncan Cameron, writing in 1804-1805, sketches the "customs, manners and way of living of the natives in the barren country about Nepigon." Mr. Peter Grant, about the same time, describes the Sautaux Indians. Mr. James McKenzie discloses the policy of the company in its dealings with the tribes, and also adds to our knowledge of the relations between the rival corporations. The record comprises some deplorable facts, but will be extremely valuable to the historian. From the same pen we have an account of a region nearer home—the King's Posts—and a "Journal of a canoe jaunt through the King's Domains" in the year 1808. This is of special interest for the light it throws on the early history and condition of the Saguenay and Lake St. John region. The narrative abounds in data of exceptional value, the writer's observations extending as far north as Lake Mistassini, on which body of water both companies had small posts. The vast dimensions of the lake were then, as until recently, an article of popular belief, which Mr. McKenzie confirms. The "North-West Agreements," which, as the editor informs us, were the only constitution of the company, bearing date 1802 and 1804, respectively, are given in full, with the names of the signers. These documents, less known but for Canadians, not less interesting than the charter of the Hudson Bay Company, close the second series. The annotations help the reader very materially. Indeed, Mr. Masson has clearly made his task a labour of love. The publishers, too (Messrs. A. Côté & Co., Quebec), have evidently taken a patriotic pride in doing worthily their share of the work. We hope in future issues to give our readers some examples of its value and interest.



SKETCHES AT CAMP OF MONTREAL FIELD BATTERY, ST. HELEN'S ISLAND.

1. Sentry on Main Gate. 2. Sergeants' Mess Tent. 3. Cook-house. 4. Commanding Officers' Tent. 5. Off Duty: Taking a Stroll.



SCENES AT CAMP OF AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION, ISLE CADIEUX.



The championship regatta has come and gone, and been a disappointment in nearly everything but the number attending it. Perhaps the faulty management was due to the fact that such important aquatic events are not sufficiently familiar to Montrealers. But, whatever the cause, everything was faulty and an excusable source of amusement for the gentlemen from the West, in whose cities things aquatic are managed with much greater skill. I do not wish to write in a fault-finding spirit, but the scant number which attended the second half of the regatta ought to sufficiently prove the disappointment of the thousands who were present the first day.

It is true the water was not fit to row on at the advertised time; but, even if the lake had been as smooth as a mirror, the races could not have been started then. In the first place, the starting boats had not been placed in position, and the starter had to add to his duties by anchoring them in place. But if the weather was good and flags had been out at noon, even then a start could not be got at 2.30, because the train which carried the umpire arrived over half an hour late. Everything had a slipshod air of delay not at all creditable. Another grievous error was that no time was taken in the second race. This was not the fault of the timekeepers. The umpire's boat, on which these gentlemen were, was not half way to the starting point when the men were sent off. The result was unfortunate; neither the umpire nor anybody else on board knew who was leading or who won the race until long after it was over, and, although all these races are looked upon as record events, the legend of "no time taken" will have to be put down on the official report. It was very kind of the owner of Our Club to place his steam yacht at the disposal of the committee, but the number to be accommodated on board was too large and the boat not sufficiently powerful in such water and wind to adequately fulfil the duties of umpire's and press boat.

The mere results of the regatta are already known to every one who reads the daily newspapers; but it may not be out of place to write down some of the impressions given me at Lachine. In the senior four-oared race it seemed to me as if a direct but unintentional injustice had been done the Ottawa crew. The umpire is all-powerful on such occasions. The position is a difficult and thankless one to fill, and there will always be more or less dissatisfaction expressed by some of the contestants if a ruling is called for. Still, Mr. Slater's decision in this race will bear some consideration. The ruling was evidently given with the intention that an innocent crew should not lose its chance in the race, and from that point of view, even if faulty in judgment, it is not censurable. The ultimate result, I think, will bear out the idea, however, that it was faulty in judgment. Immediately after the start the Don crew became hopelessly entangled with an inconvenient spar buoy that lay directly in the course, and were to all intents and purposes out of the race. Almost at the same moment the Argonauts and Torontos came into collision and were obliged to stop rowing. The Ottawas were the only men straight in their course, and had every prospect of winning, when the umpire called them back. This was the most fortunate thing that could have happened the Don crew. It gave them a second chance where before they had none, and took away from Ottawa a clear chance of winning and replaced it by one of losing. A great many people are of the impression that the fairer way would have been to let the race be rowed out; then Ottawa would probably have been in first; Argonaut would have protested Toronto, and if the Argonauts were in second place, the race could easily have been rowed over between the two crews who, on the first trial, showed winning form. If Toronto had finished first the result would have been the same, as Toronto would have been deservedly disqualified. If I mistake not, there is a precedent in the C.A.A.O. annals for such a course as this.

There is another feature in the second day's racing that is particularly worthy of mention. On account of that same spar buoy that caused so much trouble all through, the Grand Trunk asked the Ottawa Juniors to give them a little lee way, and supposed the Ottawas would have been courteous enough to comply. Instead of doing so, however, the crew from the capital stretched a point the other way, with the result that the Grand Trunk fouled them. The action did not reflect the smallest bit of credit on the visitors, and the railway men were disqualified; but just for fun they rowed over the course and beat their competitors out of sight. There is just one suggestion I would like to make, and that is—that when next time the C.A.A.O. hold a regatta here there will be somebody connected with it who has some pretensions to know something, because frequently there are some people who want to know, you know. Nobody knew on Saturday whether the regatta was going to take place or not; nobody knew on Monday morning until what time the races were postponed in the afternoon. To use the ungrammatical but pointed words

of one disgusted individual at Lachine on Monday morning—"Nobody seems to know nothing nohow!"

Every true sportsman should be an advocate of game protection, and most of them are. One of the reasons why the advent of a new fish and game club should be hailed with delight is that, practically speaking, such institutions are the best protective of our native game. Of course, the primary object is to kill; but the killing will not be done out of season, and the pride of a sportsman—a big bag or a well-filled creel—is only achieved a few days in each season. During the rest of the year, on leased properties, the natural increase is not interfered with, and the result is that in such places fish and game abound. They have not come under the hand of the pot-hunter, who shoots everything indiscriminately, simply because it is shootable. It may be said that the woods, the rivers, the lakes, and the inhabitants thereof, are public property. So they are in a certain way; but if this were law, we should soon have our streams depleted of game fish. There was no protection on our prairies, and where now will a solitary herd of bison be found? These things were suggested by the formation of a new club called "Club de Pêche et de Chasse," whose headquarters are situated on a pretty little island in the upper channel of the St. Lawrence, seven or eight miles below Sorel. The formal opening of this club took place on Monday last, when a large party of sportsmen and their friends spent a very pleasant day on the island. It was not exactly a good time for shooting and nobody wanted to break the game laws; but a glance at the country and the flocks of wild duck rising from the moorland and circling overhead was sufficient to convince anyone that it was a veritable sportsman's paradise. The programme of the day consisted of shooting and fishing tournaments. The latter contest was so arranged that whoever caught any fish at all was nearly sure to get a club prize of some sort or other. There were prizes for the biggest fish, prizes for the greatest aggregate weight, prizes for the largest number, prizes for the most successful in landing perch and sunfish, prizes practically for everything and for everybody who was there, and the competition was as keen as if a fortune was in the balance. It was even suggested that the gentleman who took first prize for the biggest doré had hooked it with shelds instead of a minnow: but this is doubtless a slander, even if the fish looked more than a few hours dead. There was one feature, however, to which I strongly objected. It was the shooting of live pigeons in the gun tournament. The objection is not taken on the ground of cruelty, because everybody who shoots knows that death by shot is at least as merciful as the poulterer's way of supplying the market; but the scouting was something outrageous. When a bird was missed at the traps multitudinous guns from all parts of the field, and even across the river, blazed away indiscriminately, and showers of small shot fell everywhere; I felt a few myself, but their force had been spent and they were harmless. It was more good luck than good judgment that there were no casualties, for certainly the gentlemen who were not at the score and who did the extra shooting were about as sensible as a canine with a tin-can caudal attachment. The club cannot be blamed for the wanton stupidity and avarice of men who go to a shooting match with the sole object of knocking over a stray pigeon, for which somebody else has paid, but its officials ought to be able to find some way out of the difficulty by clearing the ground of alleged sportsmen, whose ideas of sport seems to be about fifty per cent. lower than those of the average pot-hunter. With this exception, the excursion of the club was a marked success. A word, however, may be said which possibly may benefit the club, and it was suggested by one of its prominent members. Few people know the advantages for fishing and game in this portion of the St. Lawrence. If such a spot were at the disposal of some of our American cousins the club membership would be large to unwieldiness; but here it is small. "Of course," said the gentleman referred to, "the club has a French name and a great many are apparently of the opinion that it is simply for Frenchmen. This is a mistake. An infusion of Anglo-Saxon blood would do us a great deal of good and make our club not only a sporting one, but one whose influence would be beneficial in the protection of woods and waters. After all," he continued, "a black duck quacks the same in English as in French, and a black bass is not particular whether a frog or a minnow is of the Gallic or Saxon persuasion."

There is practically very little doing in the way of lacrosse just now, and the senior clubs are supposed to be taking their holidays. The C.A.A.A. are apparently in the same easy-going, lotus-eating way, as far as lacrosse is concerned. Nothing has yet been done in the matter of those protests against the Cornwall club. At the present rate of going they will probably be adjudicated on after the series is played out, and another specimen of lacrosse in the committee room will disgust the people who patronize the national game and make big clubs paying institutions.

In one of the leagues last week there was a default, and, in connection with that default, there is a very pretty story going the rounds that it was caused by the non-appearance of the verbally agreed on salary. Verily the ways of some rising lacrosse players are devious and dark.

The Kingston Kennel Club are leaving nothing undone

to make their Bench Show a marked success. The dates set apart are September 3, 4 and 5, and a very large list of entries is assured. Mr. Floyd Vail, of New York city, and Mr. J. Otis Fellows, of Hornellsville, N.Y., will act as judges. All arrangements have been made for the free transportation of dogs.

This seems to be a record-beating season, and one more has fallen in athletics. Malcolm Ford, who is about as good an all-round athlete as any country has produced, until recently held the record for a running hop, step and jump. His mark was 44 feet 13 3/4 inches, and many have been the attempts made to beat it; but it remained for John H. Clausen, of the Boston Athletic Club, to accomplish the feat. The record is now 44 feet 5 inches. When the limits of athletic powers and endurance will be reached it is difficult to see, as day by day extraordinary feats lessen time and increase distance records.

Speaking of athletics, it might be as well to call attention to the championship games which this year will be held at the M.A.A.A. grounds. It will be remembered that two years ago the grounds at Cote St. Antoine were practically opened at the championship meeting, and it will also be remembered how the American competitors complimented the M.A.A.A. on the excellence of their track. But the grounds and track at that time are not to be compared with those of to-day. Everybody knows they are the best in Canada, by long odds, and second to none on the continent. The meeting of athletes, which will be held here on the 27th of September, should be a marked one in the history of Canadian athletics. There is only one uncertainty. That is the weather. With the latter fair, with a splendid cinder path, one-third of a mile, and with the large number of athletes who will undoubtedly compete, it seems well within the probabilities that some records should go under. Montreal should also be well up to the front in several events, and the M.A.A.A. ought to be rewarded by seeing its colours carry off at least a couple of championships. At the beginning of the season, when the services of a professional trainer were secured, there was a much increased interest taken in athletics generally, and considerable improvement in style and speed was noticeable at the weekly handicap games; in fact, the improvement was so marked that the veterans at the games freely prophesied almost unlimited success in the coming championship struggle. But these expectations are perhaps a little too sanguine. Judging from what has already been done, there might be two championships come this way, and if Moffatt is in condition the half mile ought to be a certainty, although there will be some flyers from among our American cousins. Of course, at the present time, a great many of the likely competitors are taking their holidays and will have to wear off a good deal of adipose tissue when they get back; but it is necessary to call attention to one fault, which is especially noticeable among the "stars," and that is that towards the end of the season a few became noticeably lax in their training. There is plenty of time to remedy this between now and the date of the meeting, because this will be by no means a club affair. All the cracks and champions of the big American athletic clubs will be in Montreal, and it behooves the Canadians to let not even the shade of an opportunity slip. *Verb. sap.*

Comparatively little is heard of the St. Lambert Rowing Club outside the boundaries of that south side municipality, but for all that a greater interest is taken in aquatic sports than more pretentious clubs can boast of. To-day their annual regatta will be held and a more interesting meeting is promised than that of last Saturday at Lachine.

The Swimming Club races ought to attract the attention of every one who admires that useful art and is ambitious to know enough to get out of the wet in an emergency. There is at present only one championship race held in Canada. This is the thousand yards, held at present by Mr. Benedict, of Montreal, who in all probability will leave his competitors behind again this year. But why should we only have one recognized championship? Why not have sprints and long distances the same as in all other sports? It is true we have no amateur swimming association to make rules and regulate championships, perhaps because the number of swimming clubs is too small. But why should not the C.A.A.A. take the matter under its wing. It is a comparatively easy-worked organization just now, and maybe the introduction of a new branch of sport would help arouse it from its present somnolency.

It looks as if the present might be an opportune time to revivify interest in the trotting horse. Hitherto trotting in Montreal—and, in fact, everywhere not governed by the rules of one of the recognized large associations—has been looked on with more than a shade of suspicion by advocates of honest sport; and deservedly so. For years the patron of the trotting track has been classified with the gambler and the blackleg, for honesty dwelt not there; but a change for the better is becoming gradually more noticeable, and proprietors and leasees of tracks are beginning to see that incorporation with either the National or American Associations is a necessity, if public patronage is to be depended on. The Longueuil Trotting Club took the initiative and proved that it is possible to hold good races and conduct them in such a manner that the mere spectator

knows he is looking at a race and not at a "hippodrome." The Mont Royal Park proprietors followed suit, and it is rumoured that the other proprietors in the vicinity of the city will also take the hint and become incorporated. The Longueuil Club will hold a three days' meeting on the 27th, 28th and 30th insts., and a feature of the races will be a flat and a hurdle for running horses. Running races on a half mile track, with sharp turns especially, are not to be approved of, and a hurdle race should not be thought of. If there are no accidents these two events may add to the interest of the day's sport, but the precedent is not a good one.

* * *

Few enjoy all the comforts of what may be called inland yachting more than the dwellers on the shores of Lake Ontario, and few people appreciate their advantages more fully than the Torontonians; a fact that is self-evident to all who have ever been in the Queen City during the yachting season, which is now at its height. Everybody who is anybody either owns or has an interest in some sort of sailing craft, and not a pleasant day passes but the shimmering surface of the lake is dotted over with specks of white glistening in the sunshine. Probably no yacht club on the inner lake is so well known as the Royal Canadian Yacht Club and certainly no club has so fine a fleet of boats. In this number of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED are given some pictures of a few of the best known yachts, and it is intended shortly to lay before them some glimpses of the regatta held under the auspices of the above club on the 15th and 16th August. The R. C. Y. C. has a beautiful club house on the Island of Toronto, and also a town club house, as well as its own steam yacht, which runs for the convenience of the members to and from the island club. The yachts of the club cruise away each Saturday, either to the hop at Niagara, or to Hamilton, Oakville or Port Dalhousie. No better set of fellows than the members of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club are to be found on a cruise. Thorough sailors and good friends, all unite under their genial commodore, Mr. A. R. Boswell, to promote—first, the interests of yachting and, second, a feeling of good-fellowship. Each yacht has its crew, and all are well and favourably known in ports near Toronto, from Mr. Gooderham's grand schooner Oriole (whose rival does not float on the inter-lakes) down to Mr. Bruff Garratt's dashing little skiff, Chute.

A few words regarding the most typical of the craft on the lake will interest the readers of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED:

The schooner yacht Oriole, which is owned by Mr. Geo. Gooderham, is really so well and favourably known that description seems useless and criticism out of place. A yacht that has won all she entered for must needs be a flyer, and such is the Oriole. Built over three years ago she has taken part in all the principal races and won them, too, among her victories being that over the famous Idler, of Chicago. She is in every way a credit to the art of boat-building in Toronto, and her fittings are of the most luxurious and costly kind, everything being in keeping with the generosity of her owner.

The cutter Verve was designed by Mr. Geo. L. Watson, of Glasgow, Scotland, and she was put together on the Clyde. Her length over all is 45 ft.; load water line, 37 ft. 6 in.; beam, 7 ft. 7 in., and draft, 7 ft. 3 in. She was brought to Canada in 1881 by Messrs. Cochrane & Cassils, from whom she was purchased in 1886 by her present owners, Messrs. Norman Dick and M. D. Thompson. Since her arrival on fresh water her success has been considerable, winning at different times all the cup prizes in her class, and now holding the Lansdowne cup for the second time in three years. The crew of the Verve are a jolly good lot of fellows, and their skipper, Mr. N. B. Dick, is probably the best yachtsman in the R. C. Y. C.

The Merle is, perhaps, after the Oriole, the best known boat in the R. C. Y. C. fleet, and last year in the International racing cruise won five first places in the five regattas and the Lansdowne cup. In construction and beauty of finish the Boston flyer is probably excelled by no boat on fresh water. Designed by Edward Burgess, the author of the champion yacht of the world, she was turned out of George Lawley's yard in South Boston, Mass., in the spring of 1887, under a contract for Mr. Allen Ames, the commodore of the Oswego Yacht Club. Mr. Ames sold the boat to Mr. Dugald MacMurchy in May, 1889, and the little white cutter has since often carried the R. C. Y. C. flag to victory. The Merle has among her crew some of the most popular sailors in the club, including Mr. Hume Blake, last year's captain; Mr. George Evans, the genial honorary secretary of the Lake Yacht Racing Association, and Mr. Herrick Duggan, the commodore of the St. Lawrence Yacht Club, who comes West to join in the races. Mr. MacMurchy is a true Corinthian yachtsman, and makes a popular skipper. After this year's cruise the Merle goes to Cleveland to sail against the City of the Straits, the champion yacht of Lake Erie, on the 4th, 5th and 6th of September. The race is looked forward to as a most interesting contest. The Merle is 34 ft. 8 in. water line, 12 ft. 4 in. beam, 5 ft. draft without centre board, and 42 ft. on deck.

The Rivet, which is of cutter design, is built of iron throughout, and is now as solid and ship-shape as when first commissioned some thirty or forty years ago. Her present owner, Mr. H. Blake is a well known and popular yachtsman, and general regret was felt when it was learned that the Rivet would not be in commission this season. Mr. Blake was captain of the Toronto Yacht Club last year. The Rivet is a fast boat, especially on a wind, and

has from time to time carried off the honours of well contested races. It is to be hoped that the season of '91 will bring Mr. Blake's cutter to the fore once more.

The Escape, owned by Mr. F. A. Turner, was originally a yawl of some 10 tons, but a few years ago she was altered and is now cutter rigged. The Escape is one of the oldest sailers in Ontario waters; and, give her a stiff breeze, well aft, and she can hump along in good old style and make some of the flyers look to their laurels.

The Cygnet is a sloop rigged yacht of 45 tons, 43 feet in the l.w.l., and 48 ft. 12 in. over all. She is owned by Mr. Thos. McGaw, of the Queen's Hotel, Toronto, and is probably the fastest sloop on Lake Ontario, bar the Atalanta, and perhaps the White Wings. She has in different races beaten all the cracks, and in light weather is a match for any of them. She is a beautiful boat and as comfortable for cruising as one could wish. She is usually to be seen off Niagara-on-the-Lake on Sundays, to which place she cruises on Saturdays. She is sailing in good style this season, and great things are looked for in the coming regattas.

The cutter Aileen registers 40 tons. She is 55 ft. l.w.l., and 58 ft. 4 in. over all, and is owned and captained by Mr. W. G. Gooderham. This beautiful craft is considered the prettiest yacht under canvas in any of the inner lakes. She is drawn on full lines, is a most perfect model, very fast, and in heavy weather can go to windward of anything. Yachtsmen are talking about the new flyer from England, the Vreda, being able to beat her, but give the Aileen her day, and it is doubtful if even the Oriole can show her heels.

The yacht Condor was built on the banks of the Don in 1883 by Melancton Simpson, of Toronto. Her dimensions are as follows:—Length over all, 44 feet; beam, 13 feet; length water line, 39 feet; draught, 7 feet 3 inches. The hull is of white oak, and her ballast (all on the outside) about 7½ tons. The main cabin is 15 feet long, with sleeping accommodation for eight. There is every possible convenience for comfort, including all toilet requisites. The fittings are of cherry, oiled and varnished, the effect being bright and cheerful. The rig is that of the cutter, and she is allowed six feet more hoist for racing; but being built for cruising purposes, her owners have preferred the easy rig. For some years she has been merely regarded as a cruising boat; but last year some changes were made in the ownership, and being placed in the racing events of her club, she has developed a considerable amount of speed, and out of the eight events entered for has taken seven prizes, viz.: two firsts, three seconds, and two thirds, in all of which races there were a large number of competitors. She is a flag ship of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club; her skipper, Mr. C. A. B. Brown, being the captain of the club. The syndicate owning her is composed of Messrs. C. A. B. Brown, S. J. Bull, Fred. J. Starling, Harton Walker, Herbert R. Walker, H. V. Moise and Wm. C. Thomson. She is sailed by her owners, who are all Corinthian yachtsmen. A word should be said about the skipper. He is the most popular yachtsman in the Royal Canadian Yacht Club. He tells a good story, sings a good song, and is a jolly good fellow all round. His appointment as captain of the club was universally appreciated.

The cutter Kelpie is now in her second year, being built by Stanton, of Pictou, in 1888. Her length is 27 ft. 6 in.; l.w.l., 21 ft. 3 in.; beam, 8 ft.; draft, 5 ft.; corrected length, 25 ft. 6 in. She was built for cruising, but stood such good footing, that she has been successfully sailed in her class in the club races, winning recently the Cosgrave cup (which she now holds) from the Samoa and the Wona, both boats with good heels. The Kelpie is owned by Messrs. Campbell, Dallas and Drew.

R. O. N.

How Coleridge Lived.

Mrs. Henry Sandford, in her book, "Thomas Poe and His Friends," gives the following account of Coleridge's fantastic scheme of life: "We determined to live by ourselves. We arranged our time, money and employment. We found it not only practicable, but easy—and Mrs. Coleridge entered with enthusiasm into the scheme. To Mrs. Coleridge the nursing and sewing only would have belonged; the rest I took upon myself, and since our resolution have been learning the practice. With only two rooms and two people—their wants severely simple—no great labour can there be in their waiting upon themselves. Our washing we should put out. I should have devoted my whole head, heart and body to my acre and a half of garden land, and my evenings to literature. Mr. and Mrs. Estlin approved, admired and applauded the scheme, and thought it not only highly virtuous but highly prudent. In the course of a year and a half I doubt not that I should feel myself independent, for my bodily strength would have increased, and I should have been weaned from animal food, so as never to touch it but once a week; and there can be no shadow of a doubt that an acre of land, divided properly and managed properly, would maintain a small family in everything but clothes and rent. What had I to ask of my friends? Not money—for a temporary relief of my wants is nothing, removes no gnawing of anxiety, and debases the dignity of the man. Not their interest; what could their interest—supposing they had any—do for me? I can accept no place in State, Church or Dissenting meeting. Nothing remains possible but a school, or writer to a newspaper, or my present plan. I could not love the man who advised me to keep a school or write for a newspaper. He must have a hard heart.



THE MONTREAL FIELD BATTERY.—In this number we present our readers with an engraving of this fine corps as it appears in camp on St. Helen's Island. The Montreal Field Battery was organized in 1855, when the Militia Act came into operation, and was gazetted in September of that year. Major W. F. Coffin (since deceased) was the first commanding officer. The officers are six in number—Major, captain, 1st lieutenant, 2nd lieutenant, surgeon-major, and veterinary surgeon; non-commissioned officers and men, 74; in all, 80. The armament consists of four nine-pounder muzzle-loading rifle guns. The present officers are:—Lieut.-Colonel A. A. Stevenson, commanding; Captain, John S. Hall, Jr.; 1st Lieutenant, Geo. Robertson Hooper; 2nd Lieutenant, Richard Costigan; Surgeon-Major, G. E. Fenwick, M.D.; Veterinary Surgeon, Chas. McEachran. The Battery has visited several cities in the United States at various times. In 1857 they went to St. Albans, Vt.; in 1858 they took part in the celebration, at New York, of the laying of the first Atlantic cable, and paraded on the right of the famous 7th Regiment; in 1859 they visited Boston and Portland and received the greatest kindness from their military friends in the United States. This Battery is the only military corps that has carried the British flag through the streets of New York and Boston since the American Revolution. In November, 1862, the Battery went up to the top of the Mountain and fired a salute at the time when it was proposed to take the Mountain for a public park. At that time there were no roads to the top, and a very general opinion prevailed that the Mountain Park scheme was impracticable; but the ascent of Mount Royal by the Battery settled all doubts on that point, and helped greatly the Park scheme. The Battery have often been called out to suppress local disturbances, and have always been ready at a moment's notice for any duty. The motto of the corps is "Always on hand," and its members have ever been true to it. In 1866 and in 1870 the Battery did duty on the Hemmingford and Huntingdon frontier during the Fenian Raids in these two years. The scenes in our engravings are from sketches taken on the island, and show the sentry at the main gate, the colonel's tent, the sergeants' mess, the cook house, and a general view of the camp.

CANOE CAMP, ÎLE CADILLAC.—Our readers have already been introduced to the camp on this picturesque island. These engravings will give some notion of the ways in which the campers enjoy themselves. More on the subject will be found in another part of the issue.

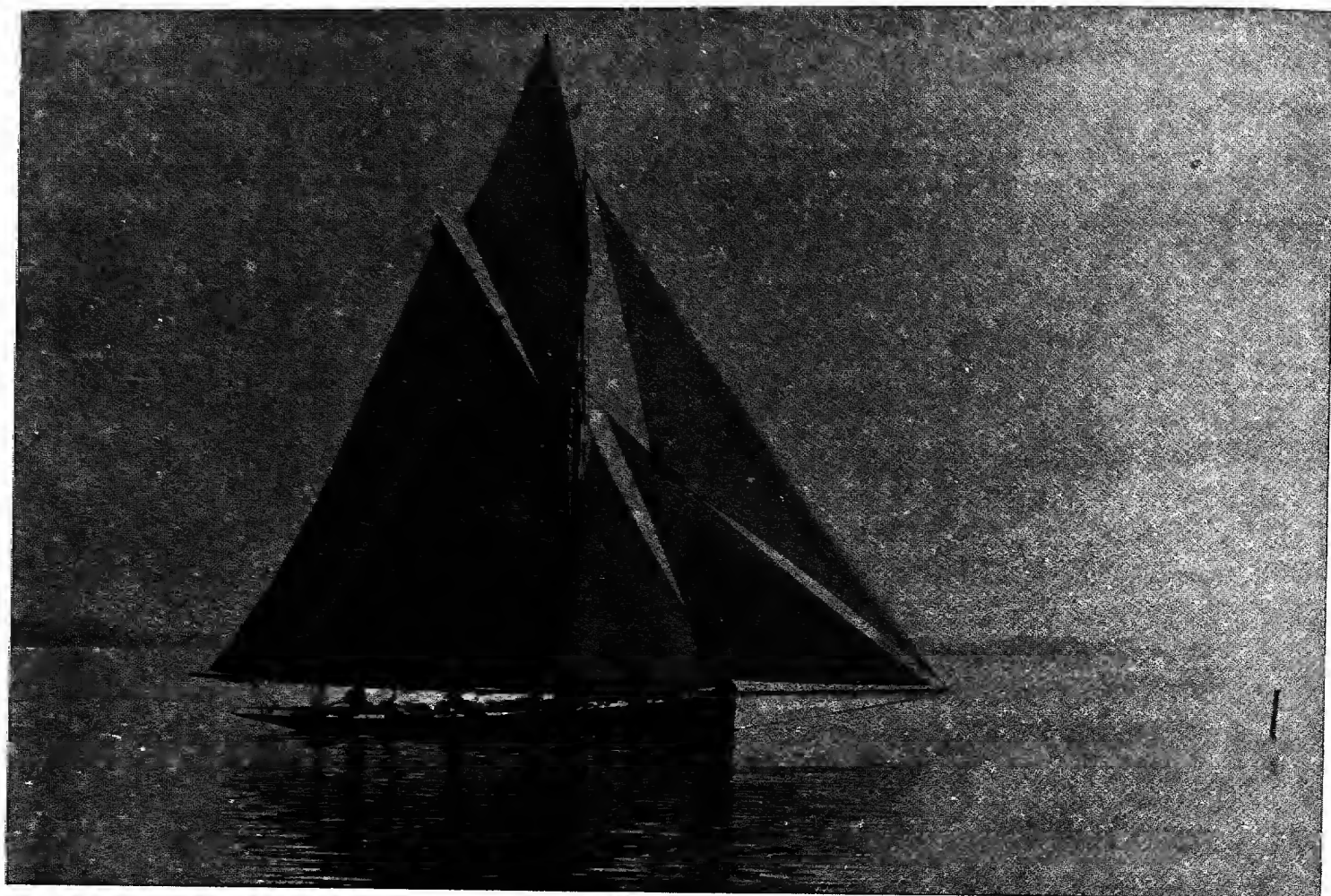
TORONTO YACHTS.—On our pictorial pages will be found several engravings of the most noteworthy Toronto yachts, the Cygnet, the Condor, the Aileen, the Oriole, etc. Particulars relating to their style and record will be found under the heading of "Sports and Pastimes."

REGATTA OF C. A. O. A.—For particulars on the subject to which these engravings relate, our readers are referred to the article headed "Sports and Pastimes."

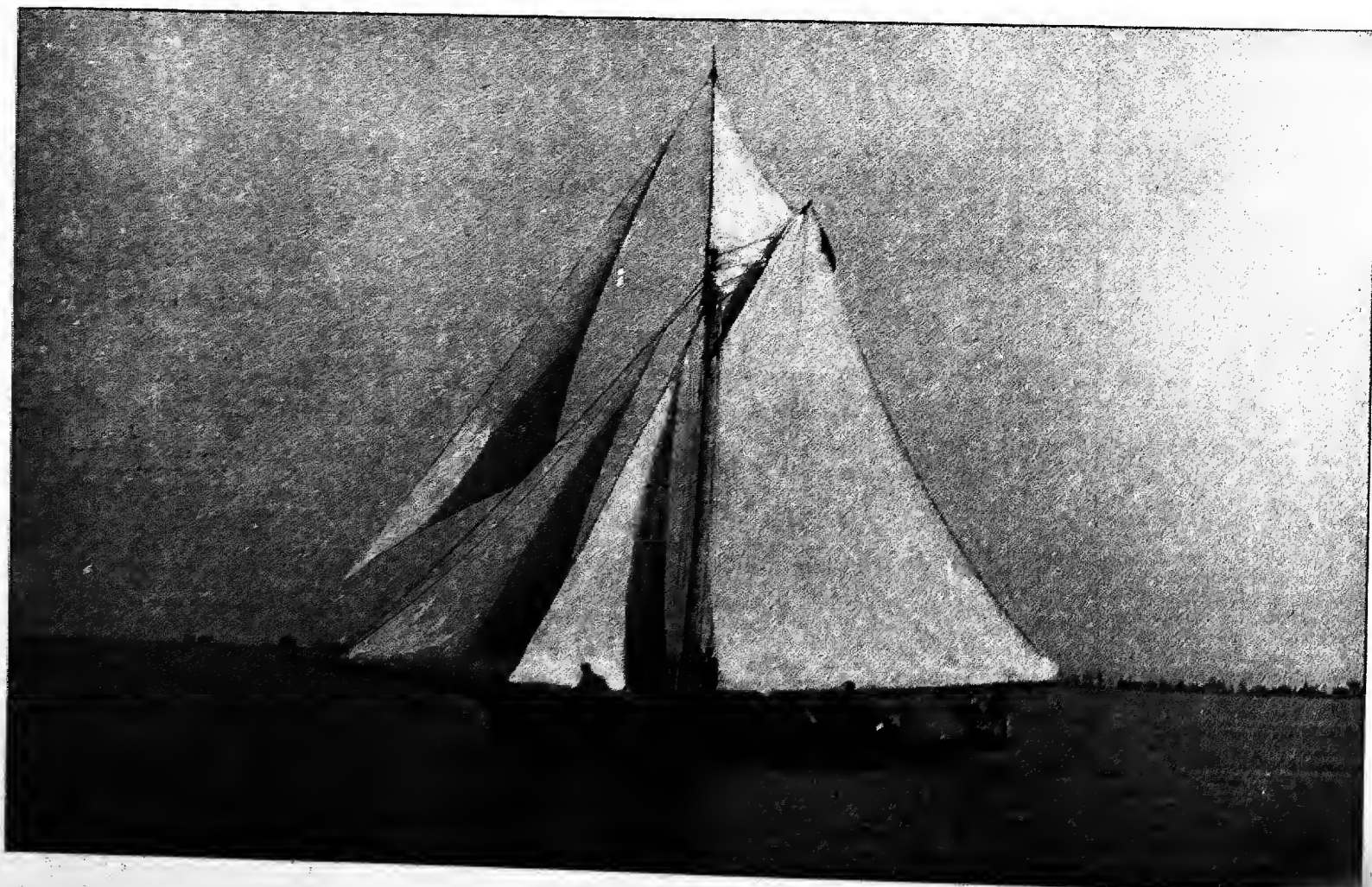
The Age of Trees.

Of late years, says Prof. Putnam, several writers have brought forward many arguments showing anew, what every archæologist of experience knows, that many of the mounds in the country were made by the historic tribes. This has been dwelt upon to such an extent as to make common the belief that all the mounds and earthworks are of recent origin. So writers even go so far as to imply that tree growth cannot be relied upon, and state that the rings of growth do not represent annual rings. As I am firmly convinced that many of the mounds and earthworks in the Ohio Valley examined by Dr. Metz and myself are far older than the forest growth in Ohio can possibly indicate, it matters little about the age of the trees growing over such mounds. However, as such a forest growth gives us the minimum age of these ancient works, it is important to know what reliance can be placed on the rings. In his report for 1887, Prof. B. E. Fernow, Chief of the Division of Forestry in the United States Department of Agriculture, discusses the formation of the annual ring, when speaking of tree growth. In a letter recently received from him, in which he points out the probable cause of error in counting the rings of prairie-grown trees, he states that he considers "anybody and everybody an incompetent observer of tree growth who could declare that, in the temperate zones, the annual ring is not the rule, its omission or duplication the exception."

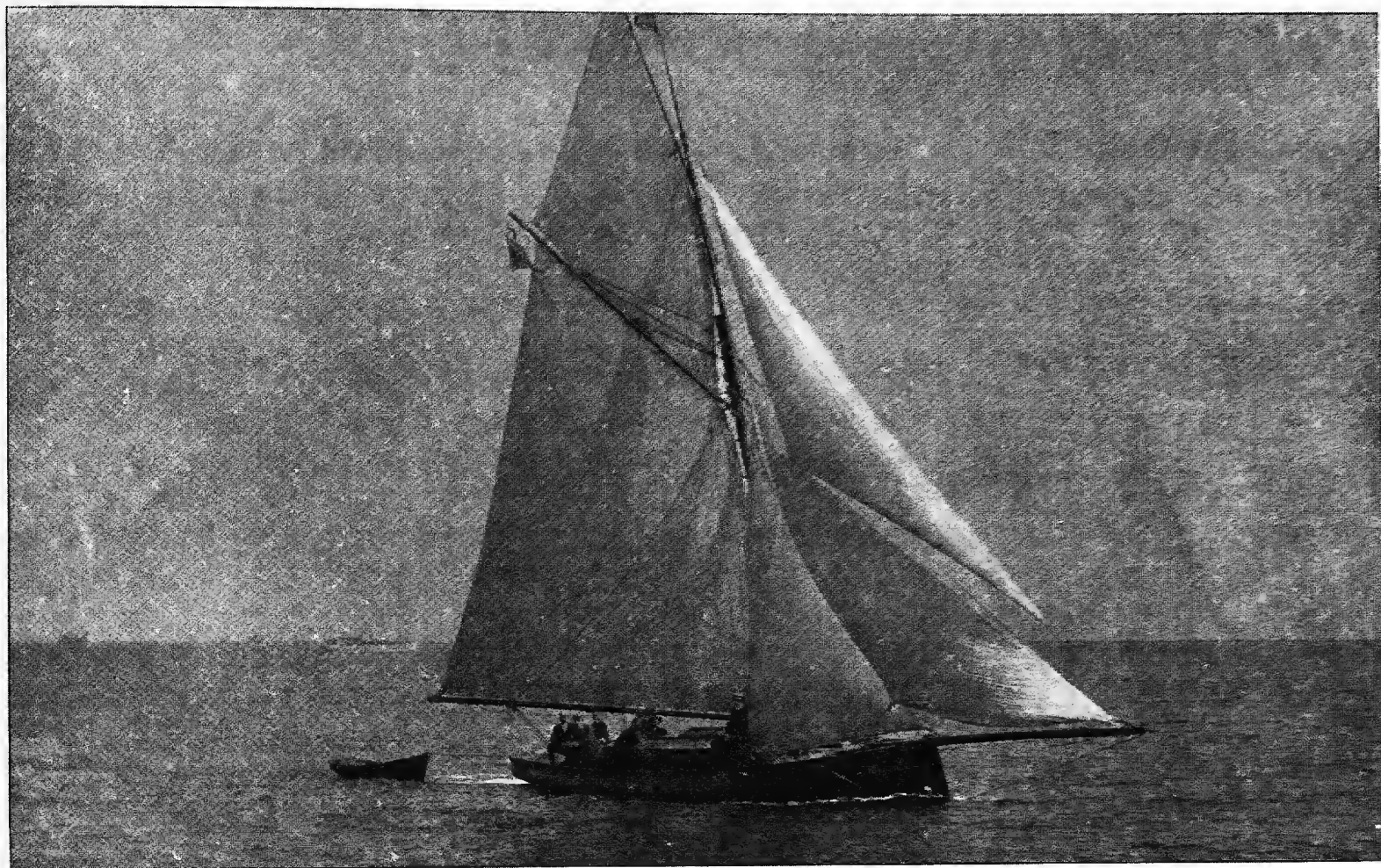
Having received repeated assurances to this effect from other botanists, I recently again asked the question of Prof. C. S. Sargent, Director of the Arnold Arboretum, from whom I received the following reply: "I have never seen anything to change my belief that in trees growing outside of the tropics each layer of growth represents the growth of one year; and as far as I have been able to verify statements to the contrary, which have appeared of late years, I am unable to place any credence in any of them. The following sentence, quoted from the last edition of Professor Gray's 'Structural Botany,' covers the case: 'Each layer being the product of only a year's growth, the age of an exogenous tree may in general be correctly estimated by counting the rings of a cross section of the trunk.' I believe, therefore, that you are perfectly safe in thinking that Dr. Cutler's tree is something over four hundred and fifty years old."



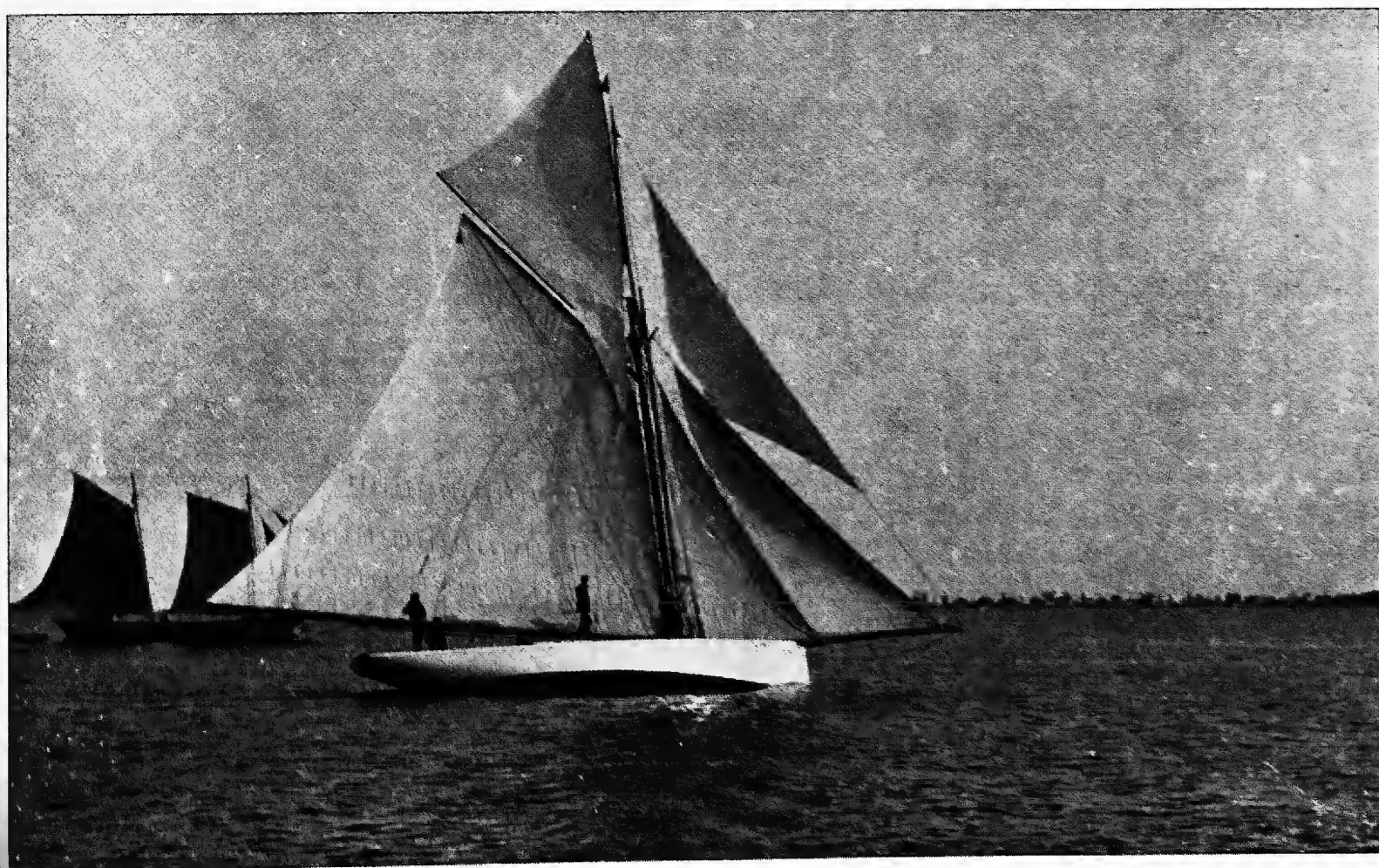
TORONTO YACHTS: VERVE.



TORONTO YACHTS: CONDOR.



TORONTO YACHTS: ESCAPE.



TORONTO YACHTS: KELTIE.

Old Jimmy's Quandary, and How He Settled It.

BY SARAH ANNE CURTIS.

"Well, of course, it's only natural you should want to think about it, it's took me a goodish bit myself; but if you say yes I shall want to have ye all at the house in time to get ready for harvest, so make up your mind as quick as you can." And then, as a second thought struck him, he cried, "Was you ever at Hazeldean farm, ma'am?"

"I've been past, but never there," replied the widow.

"Then I'll come an' fetch you an' Ria to-morrow afternoon, ma'am; it ain't reason that you should buy a pig in a poke. Good evenin', ma'am. To-morrow at four o'clock I'll come for you and the little gel to see the place, an' if Walter likes to come over any time, he's welcome." And Old Jimmy backed out of the cottage like an awkward lout, not even offering his hand.

But the little boys made up for everything by shouting to their mother that they were "going back with the farmer to get the log of wood," he having promised to help them. And he did help them nobly, tying his horse to a tree and lifting up the log bodily and carrying it to the widow's apology for a wood-pile, where he told them to leave it until he came again to chop it.

Polly went home quickly, probably stimulated by the prospect of supper, as well as by the light handling of the reins, a consequence of her master's light heart; for Old Jimmy was certainly happy for a man who had no ground on which to build his hopes, save, perhaps, a good impression on the hearts of two little boys—he did not know whether to count on having made the same impression upon their mother or not.

At the opening in the trees that gave a view of the "tomb-stun," Old Jimmy naturally gave a look. He started violently; a cold perspiration burst out all over him; the mare jumped at the jerk he gave the reins and nearly threw him out; for there, on the brow of the "buryn' hill" was the second appearin'! There was no mistaking it; Jenny it was, in her long, white night-gown, as she had been laid in the coffin; her fair hair loose, as it had wot been at that time, to be sure, but there is no accounting for the toilets of ghosts; her eyes looking as large as they used to do when she was angry. Poor, poor Jimmy! he trembled so that he could hardly hold the reins, and to add to his discomfiture the moon was nearly down, and the road was very dark. What to do he did not know. If he stayed there he could not bear the sight, and the mare would not stand long. If he went on home, where might he not meet the angry wraith! Oh, why was she angry! Did she not know how miserable he had been that long year of two winters, and how wretchedly unhomely the house had got to look? To be sure, one kind-hearted body after another had "put it to rights" at various times, and he kept the scrubbing done himself, for he hated dirt. Still, he acknowledged the boards looked very black, and the windows were smudgy. Why, oh why, was Jenny so angry. Because he had asked a tidy little good-tempered, industrious woman, who could do everything, to be her successor?

The mare settled the question by turning in at the gate and cantering up to the stable door in fine style. Jimmy looked, but no ghost was to be seen, either at the house door, where he had expected her to confront him, or yet about the premises. He put the mare up as well as his disordered senses would let him and ascended the three steps of the kitchen stoop, intending to shut himself in without making any further investigation. But the collie was faithfully on guard, not having even risen from his place at the sound of the returning buggy, and his quiet movements, forgotten as he was by his master in his absorption, so startled Old Jimmy that he jumped backwards, and barely saved himself from falling down the steps again. Recovering himself, and receiving courage from the fact of company, though but that of a dog, the farmer thought he would take a look at the top of the hill, if only to confirm his fears. So, giving the collie the signal, the two set off for the end of the house, whence the fatal spot could be discerned. But nothing could be seen; the stars shone brightly overhead, but their light did not penetrate the thickets below, and with a heavy sigh of relief Old Jimmy returned to his house and went to bed.

CHAPTER III.

A lovely April sunrise greeted Old Jimmy when he awoke the following morning. A soft gold haze suffused the light. The brisk call of the robin fell upon his ear and aroused a sympathetic energy in his blood. The caw-caw of the crows as they deliberately flapped their great black wings over the ploughed fields was like what the crow of Chanticleer had been to him before he had sold his poultry for want of a wife to look after it. For a minute or two he lay quiet, not immediately realizing the day it was—or was likely to be to him. Then with a bound he jumped out of bed, and, like the forlorn hope of an attack on a fortress, proceeded to assault the labours he had set out for himself to complete before four o'clock of that afternoon.

He milked and let out his two cows into a bit of pasture whence he could readily call them, for the bush was not fit for them so early in the year. He skimmed yesterday's milk, set the tin of cream ready for the little boy to fetch, whose mother chided it for him, and set the "milk hus to rights a bit" by placing all the pails he owned upon the settles, putting the long unused churn in a prominent position, and then sweeping up the floor. Luckily, there was

little to sweep up. Next he proceeded to the delf and filled two pails with water, which he set inside, as he had heard that water cleared the air, and that the "milk-hus" wasn't altogether right he knew, though what ailed it he did wot know. Being hungry, he got his fire lighted, the kettle boiled and made himself some tea. What a long time it was since he had eaten buckwheat cakes and maple syrup. Pork and bread had to serve. Then he tried to put the house in order. He went into each bedroom, and though all struck him as dull and dreary, he didn't know what to do to alter things, so he let them alone. The parlour puzzled him, too; he set the chairs a little closer back to the wall and pulled the rocker a little further out, and he fetched in a log to replace the dusty one that lay on the brass dogs in the hearth, and he nroled the rug and laid it before the little settee of his own making, wondering if Jenny would think he might as well 'a let it alone, and then he shut the door and went into the kitchen, wondering "what in nater ailed everywhere? nowhere looked right." He had thought of scrubbing the kitchen floor, but the ploughing had to be attended to, and the horses were already showing their eagerness to be at work by stamping and whinnying. So he gave that up and swept instead, and then he placed his few dishes as neatly as he could upon the dresser, the corner cupboard wherein were Jenny's dearly prized china and glass tumblers, he dared not touch, the occasion seemed too personal, somehow.

At noon Old Jimmy could hardly eat, he felt as though he expected a dinner that would make up for present denial at some near period, and it was not worth while bothering now. But he set out a very pretty repast, nevertheless; first he covered the kitchen table with one of poor Jenny's best cloths—not without a faint feeling at heart lest the "second appearin'" might make herself evident. Then he fetched a basket of fine rosy apples from the "root-hus" where also were stored many things besides roots, even some jars of maple syrup of his own boiling two years previously, and some raspberry jam, of which he took a crock, again wondering if poor Jenny's wraith would protest. All these he set in the middle of the kitchen table, and beside them he placed knives, plates and cups for five. He had no cake, but he intended to call at the village store and get biscuits on his way to fetch the widow, and of bread he had a sufficient supply for his purpose.

Four o'clock saw him all dressed as the day before, with his backboard and team, driving up the path to the widow's little house. The little boys, Tom and Jackie, were waiting for him; within, the widow and Ria were waiting, too, and the farmer's heart gave a great bound as he received a welcoming smile from each. He was glad to find that no widow's bonnet disfigured the little woman's head, but a neat black straw had the preference. Ria, indeed, had a pretty blue ribbon on her coarse, broad hat, and her helplessness seemed no trial to her as the farmer lifted her in his strong arms into the waggon. The little boys were accommodated on a heap of clean straw at the back of the backboard; but the widow, of course, had the place of honour by the farmer's side.

It would be tedious to narrate all that passed on this memorable journey, saving that Old Jimmy did not fail to cast a furtive glance at the buryn' lot as he passed the fatal gap, but saw nothing to disturb his equanimity, for which he was undoubtedly thankful. The farm was explored from end to end by the little boys, while Ria sat in the large old rocker on the front stoop with the collie, who at once "took to her," as her body-guard, and the widow, under the guidance of the farmer, saw the house and all its belongings, within and without, listening patiently to the long list of excuses for shortcomings which, to the farmer's anxious eyes, had never been so numerous and important before. Under the widow's superintendence, who insisted on doing the housekeeping, the meal that Old Jimmy had hoped would be at any rate a pleasure to the little hungry boys and a makeshift, at least, to the widow, became a symposium. And, though with gentle courtesy the farmer forbore to press his suit until the widow should have had time to think it over, uninfluenced by his presence or surroundings, hope grew strong, and the evening dew fell on a happy, if remarkably quiet, group as the team trotted along the road towards the widow's little cottage. Within, the widow's eldest son, Walter, was resting himself, for the miller kept him busy at out-door work when accounts were few, and though he sprang forward to meet his mother as she entered, followed by the farmer bearing poor 'Ria, who was very tired by the unusual excitement and travelling, in his arms, yet the boy, influenced more by fears born of the memories of the sad past than hopeful for a happy future for his mother, was barely more than civil, and the farmer had not sufficient confidence in the success of his suit to the widow to be genial; the combined result was, therefore, a stiff formality between the two men.

But Jimmy's heart felt light again as he drove off towards Hazeldean, for the little boys had kissed him, thus awakening a glow of affection that had slept for years, and the widow had acceded to his request to be allowed to come for his answer the following evening. He drove home fast, for it was ten o'clock, and four in the morning must see him up and at work to make up for his little holiday.

About mid-way home he saw, with much surprise, a man toiling along the heavy road with a weary gait, as though he had come far. Putting the team at a trot, he soon came up with the traveller, and at once knew by his appearance that he belonged to the Lower Province. His black hair and eyes, his dark complexion, and the striped knitted leggings he wore above his boots looked either Indian or French, or both. It was seldom that a man of either

blood was seen near Hazeldean, and as the farmer remarked, he looked "onnaterel"—his only word for unaccustomed sights. But the man was evidently tired and Jimmy's kind heart prompted the offer of a lift. To his surprise, the man responded in Scotch, but as it was strongly tinged by Gaelic, it was all Jimmy could do to understand him.

To his question if the man was going far, he replied:

"Tiss, indeed, lang enaf, tiss to the Lake Huron to tak ther oersight o' a rait for the gude firm of Cockburn, till Quebec."

"And where do you sleep to-night?" asked Jimmy.

"Tiss in a barn or the bowdy iv a cart, likely, or the tawvein."

"No tavern or hotel is within ten miles' reach, and you can sleep wi' me and take a good rest," said Old Jimmy. "I have a farm a little way on."

The man looked at him in surprise for a minute and then replied, "But 'tiss a kind man it iss. The womans will na be to likin' that."

"There is no woman at my house; the wife is dead, and and I am all alone—at present," he added, thinking it due to the widow that he should not ignore his hopes, even to this stranger. But at this point the gap in the trees had been reached, and a glance showed Jimmy that the "second appearin'" was not only there, but aggressive, for she was slowly descending the hill, white night-gown and all, and Jimmy gave a great gasp that aroused the attention of the stranger; the horses, checked by the sudden pull on the reins, began to dance, and for a minute things looked bad.

"An' what wuss the matter, freend?" asked the stranger.

"Man, it's the "Second appearin'," and she's coming to punish me!" moaned Jimmy.

"Wass it the ghaist or the second-sight? Man!" he cried with energy, "What ha' been at?" for Jimmy was trembling so that he could hardly drive, and the perspiration stood in drops on his forehead.

"Oh, but it's Jenny! and she's angry wi' me for thinkin' o' marryin' another ooman and she's makin' her second appearin'; it says so on the epitaph. O Jenny, ooman, 'tis a lonely man I've been, and things is spoilin' all to mischief, but I won't hurt yer feelin's, Jenny, I'll make it up to the poor little widow, and ye shall rest in peace."

The horses had walked in at the accustomed gate, and as they proceeded towards the stables Old Jimmy ventured a look ahead, and there, sure enough, was the "second appearin'" standing like an accusing angel ready to condemn. The stranger saw it, too, but it awakened no fear in him, for he said:

"Tiss the first Indian woman I've set e'en on this fower week, her lifts here, na doot, wi' her fowk i' the summer makin' the creels?"

Jimmy now took a look at the wraith with the power of a freed mind, and saw that it was indeed an Indian woman, and one that he knew. She was clothed as usual in a blanket, one that had once been blue, but exposure to the weather had spoiled its gay tint and turned it almost white, so that in the low moonlight and at a distance, as when he had just seen her, it looked ghostly both in colour and outline, and might easily be mistaken for the wrappings of the grave. Wawasa was no ghost, however, but an Indian woman to whom Jenny had been kind. She had not been near Hazeldean during the preceding summer—at any rate, that Jimmy knew of positively, though he had more than once thought that he had seen indications of other care than his own at Jenny's grave. She now came forward smiling and holding out to the farmer a couple of baskets for his acceptance.

The tears came into Jimmy's eyes, for his wife had been fond of the Indian's pretty baskets, and had many of them in the house.

Telling the woman to wait while he put up the horses, he accepted the help of the stranger, who told him to call him Angus-dhu, and the two soon joined the Indian woman at the door of the house, where Nelson was, as usual, on guard. Then they all went in and had a bit of supper, the woman taking hers on her lap, sitting on her heels just within the door.

But there was a difficulty yet to be overcome. Jimmy had seen the "second appearin'" at the grave the night before, and it was as certainly descending the buryn' lot hill when he saw it as he passed coming home. Things did not fit to his satisfaction, and he was decidedly nervous. Angus-dhu told several weird stories of wraiths and "appearances," but happily for Jimmy he could not understand half his guest said, and the two went to bed, leaving Wawasa to choose her own couch, according to Indian ideas.

In the morning Jimmy rose early, but Wawasa was up before him, and as he opened the door to go out she went first, saying, "Come? Wawasa show." Wonderingly, Jimmy followed where she led, and it was to the buryn' lot, indeed to the very grave of which he had come to have such dread. His fears vanished at once when he saw what the poor heathen had to show him. She had planted a tall stick, beautifully carved, opposite the centre of the "tomb-stun," and by means of a little cross-bar that, indeed, gave it almost a symbolic aspect, had fixed a thick wreath of immortelles, those soft, pretty, silvery flowers that grow in such profusion on clear or open ground, and now she signified to Jimmy that it was an offering to the memory of Jenny, and she wanted him to be pleased. Her command of English was very small, but her soft words, "Kind—Wawasa—white lady—white man," and the caressing action of her brown hands upon the wreath and tomb stone spoke more eloquently than any words would have done.

Old Jimmy bowed his head and tears fell, his heart was lightened of a heavy load, for he saw in the early morning light how easily, to his imagination, the spaces open in the wreath crossed by the wood could, in the fading moonlight, appear like eyes, and the "tomb-stun" itself, so overtopped, appear like a long white garment.

Wawasa saw his tears and gently touched his sleeve, saying, "White lady gone—no cry—happy she—good," and at once descended the little hill, followed by Old Jimmy. At the creek she would have left him, but Jimmy insisted she should have breakfast, and she again entered the house.

But a great change appeared to come over her as she viewed the farmer's laboured efforts to lay the table neatly, and a constant succession of grunts of displeasure marked his every action. She took up the cups and replaced them on the table in better order; plates, knives and forks underwent her re-arrangement, and at last Jimmy concluded he had offended her, and she was angry. He did not know how to propitiate her, and at length asked her if she was displeased with him.

She laughed in his face, and at length said, "Why Bon-ish not take other woman?—he like bear not wake—white lady gone—she not have thing so," and a gesture of evident contempt which included the whole house pointed her meaning very clearly.

"Me take another wife, Wawasa! White lady not like that perhaps." At which Wawasa laughed again, and then threw herself on the ground in the very attitude of profound indifference, nor could the farmer get another word from her.

Angus-dhu came into the kitchen and saw her there; but, being evidently well-used to Indian ways, took no notice of her. The men began breakfast, and no urging to come and eat on the part of Jimmy elicited any reply from Wawasa, but immediately before the close of the meal she suddenly jumped up and again laughed contemptuously. The truth flashed upon Jimmy's mind—the Indian woman meant him to understand that his dead wife was now indifferent to his actions. It was not a very flattering conclusion of the matter, but Jimmy accepted it as the best that could be arrived at—and was happy.

CHAPTER IV.

A dozen jolly farmers sat round the Hazeldean supper-table during the second week in August, as merry a crowd as need be. It was Old Jimmy's turn of the "Harvest Bee," and the wheat was nearly all carried; he and Walter Williams could finish the remainder. Mrs. Hazeldean, "Susie Wright as was," and three or four young women, daughters of some of the farmers present who had come in, according to the custom of "bees," to help the mistress provide meals for the hearty men at work in her husband's fields, were busy pouring out boiling hot tea and handing it round, when one of the farmers, an old friend of Jimmy's, suddenly exclaimed, elevating his great jorum of a tea-cup, half an inch thick, above his head:

"Let's make a housewarmin' as well as a 'bee' supper! Here's to Old Jimmy and Mrs. Hazeldean No. 2, and may they both live long and be happy!"

"Hip, hip, hip, hooray! Hip, hip, hip, hooray! And a hip, hip, hip, hooray!" resounded through the kitchen, and with such vigour that the old collie set up a series of short barks. Jackie and Tom ran in to see what was the matter, poor lame Ria took up her crutches to follow, and the three were mightily astonished to see their mother rosier and merrier than she had ever looked in their remembrance, shaking hands with every man present, each of whom left the table in turn to go through the hearty operation with due courtesy. Meanwhile, the farmer, whom they had learned to call "Father," was bobbing his head violently in reply to the congratulations and compliments heaped on him and Susie by the women. Wawasa was there in all the glory of a crimson wrapper, having laid aside the blanket for the time, and was smiling blandly on the group from her favourite spot, the door-jamb. And Angus-dhu was shouting orders to the men on a four shanty raft that was being worked from the Georgian Bay to Quebec, but by no means forgetful of his Hazeldean host, on whom he purposed another call in a year or two. And if the "second appearin'" was present she was agreeably invisible, save, perhaps in the Spirit of Home Love that pervaded the scene.

THE END.

The Old Canadian Noblesse.

Though Frontenac was not permitted to make the three estates an engine of polity, they were in full force under the social system of the old régime. In a *mémoire*, presented by M. Talon, intendant, to the Minister Colbert, in 1667, on the state of Canada, the author says that there are only four ancient nobles and four other heads of families whom the king had honoured by his letters during the previous year. He thinks there may possibly be some other noblemen among the officers of the army, but he looks upon an estate so numerically weak as insufficient for the maintenance of the king's authority, and advises the addition of eight more to the number, the space for the names being left blank to be filled up in Canada, according to usage. Another *mémoire*, composed long after (attributed to M. Hocquant, intendant, in 1735), enumerates fourteen noble families, which it may not be without interest to mention, as some of them are still represented in Canada. They are the Gardes (with four branches, Repentigny, Courcelle, Tilly de Beauvais, St. Pierre); Denys,

(with three branches, Denys de la Ronde, de St. Simon, Bonaventure); Daillebout, (with four branches, Périgny, Manthet, Dargenteuil, Des Mousseaux); Boucher (established at Boucherville, and the head of which, ninety years old, had more than 190 children, grand-children, brothers, nephews and grand-nephews); Contrecoeur, La Valérie, St. Ours, Meloises, Tarrieu de la Péraie (all of whom came to Canada with the de Carignan Regiment in 1669); Le Moyne (the family of the de Longueville); Aubert; Hertel and Godefroy (both very numerous), and Damours. There were, besides these, the noblemen connected with the troops. Afterwards the writer mentions incidentally, in referring to the eagerness of actions of noble families to enter the king's service that they are mostly poor and would gladly increase their resources. As for the condition of the rest of the people in the latter half of the sixteenth century, the former of the *mémoires* from which I have been quoting says that there were some well off, some indigent, and some between both extremes. J. R.

The Ashburton Shield.

Of this contest, one of the most interesting of the Bisley matches, which came off on the 24th ult., the correspondent of the London *Times* writes:—

"It must not be imagined that because I deal with the schoolboy competitions first this course is taken because the Ashburton Shield is comparable, from the point of view of importance with the Elcho. It would be idle to suggest anything of the kind. Nevertheless, the 21 entries for the schoolboy event show that there are eight times 21 houses in the country in which the result of the Ashburton shooting is awaited with anxiety, and that there are, upon a rough estimate, between six and seven thousand schoolboys to whom the issue of to-day's contest appears a matter of supreme importance. It has often been said that the public schools send up to the annual meeting of the National Rifle Association the most soldierlike persons who appear at that meeting. The average volunteer, as he appeared at Wimbledon, was, and as he appears at Bisley is, a person of by no means military appearance. For certain competitions the wearing of uniform is insisted upon by the rules. The volunteer accordingly wears uniform, but as little of it and that for the most part as dirty and untidy as may be. One cannot blame him. He shoots in the clothes which are best suited to the purpose, and the conditions of shooting are not always cleanly. Still, the advent of the public-school boys, smartly equipped, and their parade in the morning near the offices of the association are among the most pleasant of the scenes of the meeting.

Twenty-one teams appeared on parade this morning. There were the Glenalmond boys in their familiar and picturesque Highland uniform, these were boy Engineers, boys in black, in invisible green, in every shade of gray, and in scarlet; and very well they looked as Colonel Montgomery, who is taking a keen interest in the affairs of the camp which is under his command, inspected them shortly before they proceeded to the 200 yards firing-point. Probabilities seemed to be in favour of a close competition. The Rugby boys were known to have had the advantage of instruction at the hands of the Gold Medallist of the year. Charterhouse were known to have precisely the same team as last year, save for one member who, although still in the school, had been eliminated in favour of another and presumably a better shot. The omens, therefore, seemed to be in favour of last year's winners. On the other hand, Winchester, were well spoken of, and their chances appeared to be all the better by reason of the fact that on their own range at Teg Down they had, a few days before, encountered the Charterhouse boys in a match in which they had beaten them at 200 yards. Now, 200 yards happens to be a range at which the Charterhouse boys constantly excel. Hence came it that the hopes of the Wykehamists ran high. When the boys took up their position at the firing point the conditions of shooting were difficult, for the wind was blowing so hard as to render it more than usually hard to hold the rifle steadily in the knee position, and there were some notable failures. For example, the man whom the Winchester captain had selected to represent the school in the competition for the Spencer Cup was one of the first to fall to pieces. His seven shots only realized 18 points. There were failures recorded everywhere except upon the Charterhouse board. There excellent and steady shooting was recorded, with the result that after the shooting at the first range was over Charterhouse, with 214, were well above the rest of the competitors. Next to them came Whitgift, with 192, and then, all close together, Wellington, Winchester, Bradfield, Barrow, Marlborough, Haileybury, Dulwich and Cheltenham. Passing over the intermediate competitors, it may be observed that University College School were a bad last with 119, the next men above them being Oxford Military College with 152. The 500 yards shooting did not come on until the afternoon, and then the result was very soon placed beyond all doubt. It was a case of Eclipse first and the rest nowhere. The Charterhouse boys, shooting in a manner which almost made one regret that some of them had not been competitors for the Queen's Prize, rapidly increased their lead, and finally completed, amidst much applause, the really magnificent aggregate of 450, which eventually left them exactly 50 points ahead of the rivals who approached nearest to them. There was a good fight for the second place between teams each and all of which played a losing game with great courage and spirit, but, when all is said and done, Charterhouse were the heroes of the day.



The Walford Company have published a new edition of Sterne's "Sentimental Journey."

"Classic Gems of English Literature" is one of the latest issues of Messrs. T. Nelson & Sons.

Felix Pyat's "Ragpicker of Paris" has been translated and published by Benj. R. Tucker, of Boston.

"Looking Further Forward" is the title of a book by Richard Michaelis just published in Chicago.

Henry Sweet's "Primer of Spoken English" is the last addition to practical grammar. MacMillan & Co. are the publishers.

Mr. Edgar Fawcett's novel, "Fabian Dinty," has been brought out in a cheap edition by Rand, McNally & Co., of Chicago.

"Church and State Under the Tudors," by Gilbert W. Child, has just been published by Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co.

Stanley's record of the quest of Emin Pasha, "In Dark est Africa," is published by Charles Scribner's Sons, and is sold only by agents.

Mr. G. Washington Child has favoured us with a copy of his "Recollections of General Grant," to which we shall make reference in a future issue.

"Aryan Sam-myths, the Origin of Religions," by Sarah E. Titcomb, has been brought out in Boston by the author, with an introduction by Charles Morris.

Mr. William Garratt is the author of a work, just issued by the Catholic Publication Society, entitled, "Loretto, the New Nazareth; or, the History of the Holy House."

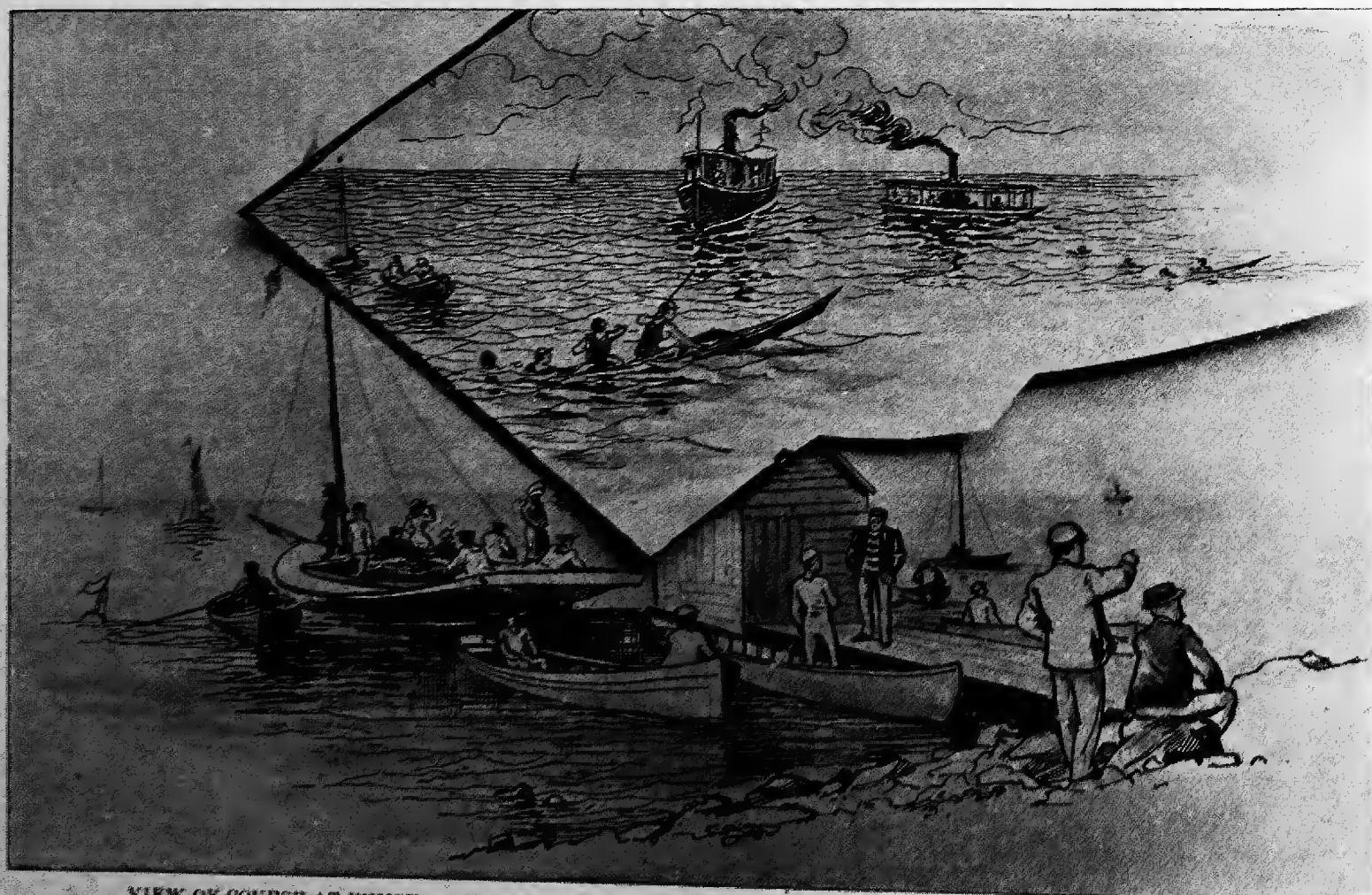
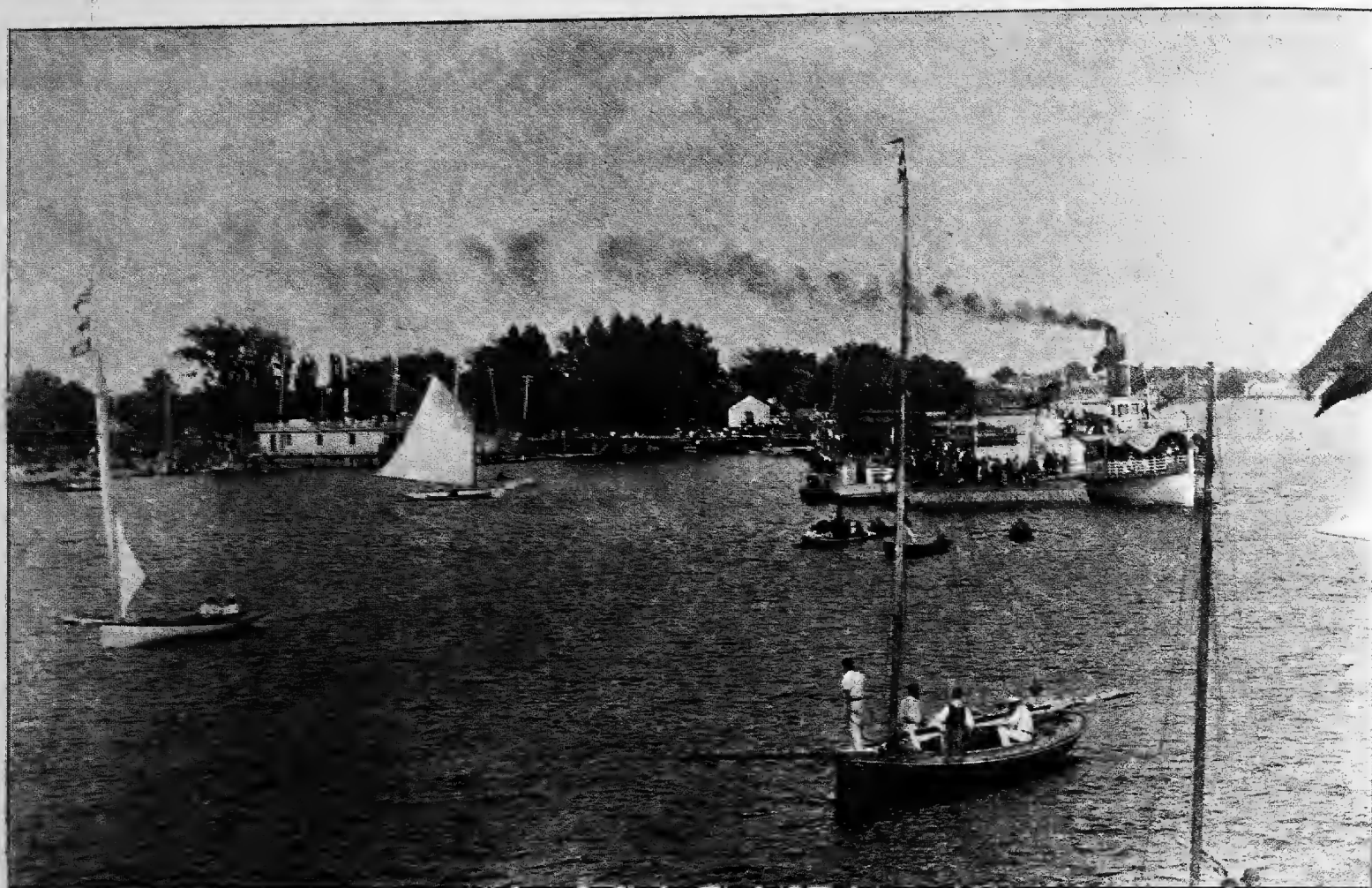
"Were They Sinners?" is the title of a novel by Charles J. Bellamy, who is a different person from the author of "Looking Backward." It is published by the Authors' Publishing Company, Springfield, Mass.

Miss Sara Jeanette Duncan's book, published by Messrs. Appleton & Co., "A Social Departure: How Orthodoxy and I Went Round the World by Ourselves," has been most favourably reviewed in the United States, as well as in England and Canada.

The literature of health and of exercise in relation to it has of late considerably expanded. The most important of recent volumes on the subject is Dr. F. Lagrange's work on the "Physiology of Bodily Exercise," published in the International Scientific Series (Appleton, New York). Messrs. Stokes & Company have recently brought out handbooks on skating and wrestling, and other like manuals are in preparation.

Douglas Sladen arrived from Japan on the 19th of July in the steamship China, the greyhound of the Pacific, at San Francisco, where he is staying at the Palace Hotel. He was interviewed by no less than five of the gentle craft before he had been twenty-four hours in California. He will go by sea to Vancouver, stopping off to see the boom cities of Puget Sound, and will proceed slowly across the Canadian Pacific Railway, to reach New York towards the end of October. The interval he will spend at Harrison Springs, the Glacier House, on the shores of Lake Superior, in the Ottawa Valley, at Ottawa, Montreal, and perhaps Quebec. He brings with him four or five hundred stereoscopic slides for photographs, taken by himself, to illustrate the series of lectures in the life of the people in Japan, which he will deliver in the fall. He is contributing a series of illustrated articles on Japan to the Sunday issues of the San Francisco *Chronicle*. His "Younger American poets" may be expected out any time now that he has come back to America. Mr. Sladen says it is quite like getting home to be back in North America, and that he does not intend to leave it for about a year.

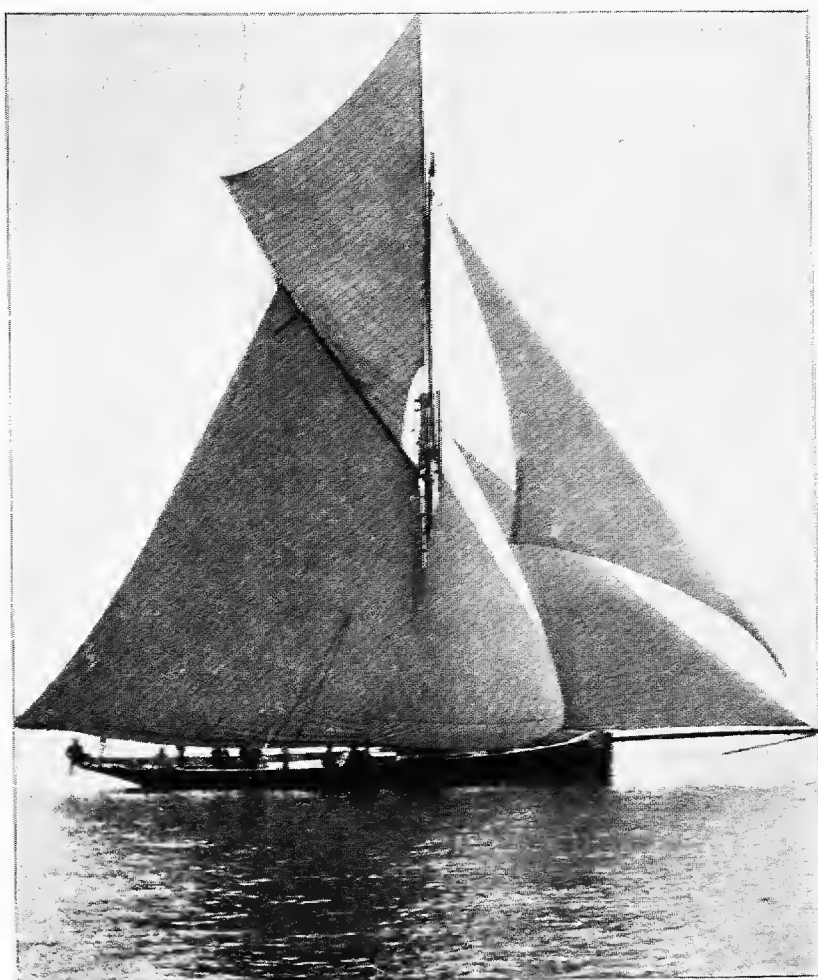
We are glad to see that our venerable and esteemed contributor, Mr. G. W. Wicksteed, has supplemented his "Waifs in Verse" with a volume of "Waifs in Prose." In a few introductory remarks he explains how the contents came into existence. On his retirement from the public service early in 1888 (being at his own request placed on the superannuation list), he was still allowed to occupy his seat in the office assigned to him as Law Clerk of the House of Commons, and he could not help taking a deep interest in public and especially in parliamentary affairs. He has now collected the several articles on various subjects of current interest, written from time to time during the last few years, for those of his friends who may wish a memento of their old acquaintance "W." Some of them relate to important decisions and considerations touching public matters. More than one of these interesting papers appeared in this journal. The largest contribution is a series of reviews of Mr. Kingsford's History of Canada, written on the appearance of each of the three volumes; versions of Dr. Fréchet's poems, "Les Excommuniés" and "Le Drapeau Anglais," while the rest of them deal with political and constitutional questions from an impartial standpoint.



VIEW OF COURSE AT FINISH. UPSET OF ARGONAUT AND OTTAWA CREWS. SKETCH NEAR FINISHING BUOY.
REGATTA OF THE CANADIAN AMATEUR OARSMEN ASSOCIATION, HELD AT LACHINE, 9th AUGUST.



CYGNET.

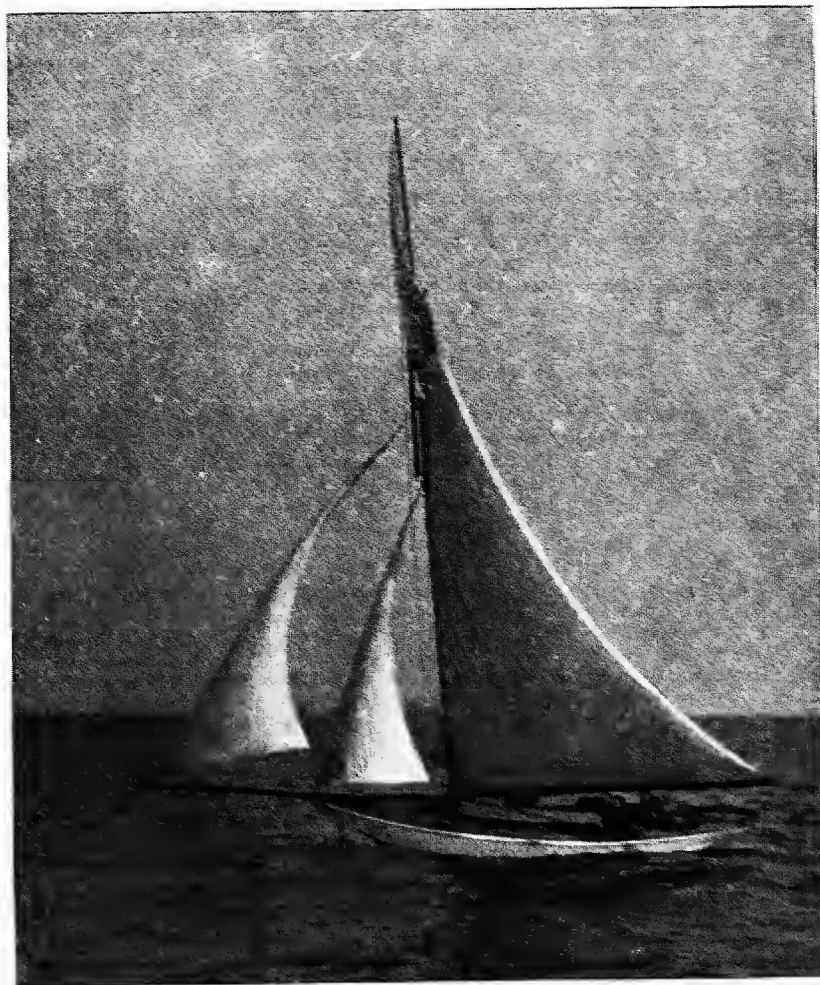


AILEEN.

TORONTO YACHTS:



RIVET.



MERLE.

TORONTO YACHTS:

RED & BLUE PENCIL

Of the English poets of the circle of his personal friends, there was none of whom Mr. William Sharp, on his visit to this city, spoke with more kindly feeling than the late Philip Bourke Marston. There is a peculiar pathos in the story of his life. It was to him that Miss Mulock (Mrs. Craik) addressed that sweetest and most inspiring of tributes to the royalty of babyhood:

Look at me with thy large, brown eyes,
Philip, my king;
For round thee the purple shadow lies
Of babyhood's royal dignities.

"Alas!" writes his American biographer, "for the large brown eyes!" When he was only three years old an accidental blow received while he was playing with some other little boys caused inflammation, which resulted in the loss of sight. His was an intense love of nature, and he never forgot the joy of seeing the waving trees, the pageant of the sunset and the faces of his friends. His childhood was haunted by the visions of the poet—the vision and the faculty divine—and dreams of fame were with him in his loneliness. Socially, he was highly favoured. Philip James Bailey was his godfather, Miss Mulock his godmother. The house of his father, Dr. John Westland Marston, was "the resort of men like Browning, Dickens, Thackeray and all the group of intellectual giants of that time." The doctor himself, like his namesake of the Elizabethan galaxy, was a dramatist. His mother was a cultivated woman, well fitted to be the wife and mother of a poet. One of his sisters also became a poet's wife.

Philip was fourteen when he first met Swinburne, whose first series of "Poems and Ballads" he already knew by heart. Both the author of "Atalanta" and Dante Gabriel Rossetti, with whom he became acquainted later, did much to encourage and develop the blind boy's genius. But sorrow sat beside his hearth. When he was twenty he lost his mother, and then "a nearer one yet and a dearer one," his betrothed, passed away and left him desolate. He was blessed with the intimacy of a young man, gifted like himself, a painter of promise and an author of more than promise; but him, too, he was destined to lose. Not, indeed, that he had not many friends, American as well as English. For several years before his death (February 13, 1887) he was well known to American lovers of poetry. The venerable Whittier, Paul Hamilton Hayne, Richard Watson Gilder were among his admirers and correspondents. Louise Chandler Moulton was the friend of the family and was destined to edit his poems and to write one of the most touching tributes to his memory. His portrait is before us. "He had," says Mrs. Moulton, "a wonderfully fine brow. His brown eyes were still beautiful in shape and colour. His dark brown hair and beard had glints of chestnut, and all his colouring was rich and warm. His was a singularly refined face, with a beautiful expression when in repose, keenly sensitive, but with full, pleasure-loving lips, that made one understand how hard his limitations must be for him to whom beauty and pleasure were so dear." Mr. Sharp has edited a collection of Philip's tales, in the preparatory Memoir to which he speaks of his friend as being "possessed of an occult, magnetic quality of attraction which few people could resist." He gave some interesting details of his intercourse with the young poet, his household and the literary circle therewith associated, which were recalled to my mind some months ago when I read of Dr. Marston's death.

In a codicil to his will, John Westland Marston devised that some of his books should be taken by each of a number of friends whom he named. He also bequeathed a letter from Elizabeth Barrett Browning and all the type-written or other compositions of his son, Philip Bourke, to Louise Chandler Moulton, of Boston, Massachusetts, together with £200, a legacy from his son, which Mrs. Moulton had insisted on leaving to the testator. In the list of friends who were to receive sets of books from his library is the name of Philip James Bailey. Fifty years ago, on the publication of "Festus," Dr. Marston wrote thus: "I know no poem in any language that can be compared with it in copiousness and imagery. The universe is as rife with symbols to this poet as it is with facts to the common observer. His illustrations, sometimes bold and towering as the mountains, are at others soft, subtle and delicate as the mists that veil their summits. But better than this, with a truth, force and simplicity seldom paralleled, we have here disclosed the very inmost life of a sincere and energetic mind. Metaphysical and physiological speculation are, so to speak, actualized and verified by the earnestness and passion of the writer. There are few books in which what is so profound in its essence is rendered so familiar in its exposition." Nor was this enthusiastic judgment exceptional. From critics like the late Lord Lytton, R. H. Horne, W. H. Ainsworth and others of rank no less exalted in the hierarchy of letters, tributes of felicitation poured in upon the young author of "Festus," who was greeted by no trivial consensus as among the first, if not the very first poet of the age. I can well recall when I shared in the aftermath of this fervid admiration.

As an example of Philip Bourke Marston's style and thought, and also as being in harmony with the fleeting

season through which we are passing, I give the following poem:

SUMMER CHANGES.

Sang the Lily and sang the Rose
Out of the heart of my garden close:
"O joy, O joy of the summer tide!"
Sang the Wind, as it moved above them;
"Roses were sent for the Sun to love them,
Dear little buds, in the leaves that hide!"

Sang the Trees, as they rustled together:
"O the joy of the summer weather!
Roses and Lilies, how do you fare?"
Sang the Red Rose, and sang the White:
"Glad we are of the sun's large light,
And the song of the birds that dart through the air."

Lily and Rose and tall green Tree,
Swaying boughs where the bright birds be,
Thrilled by music and thrilled by wings,
How glad they were on that summer day!
Little they recked of cold skies and gray,
Or the dreary dirge that a Storm-Wind sings!

Golden butterflies gleam in the sun,
Laugh with the flowers, and kiss each one;
And great bees come, with their sleepy tune,
To sip their honey and circle round;
And the flowers are lulled by that drowsy sound,
And fall asleep in the heart of the noon.

A small white cloud in a sky of blue;
Roses and Lilies, what will they do?
For a wind springs up and sings in the trees.
Down comes the rain; the garden's awake:
Roses and Lilies begin to quake,
That were rocked to sleep by the gentle breeze.

Ah, Roses and Lilies! Each delicate petal
The wind and the rain with fear unsettle—
This way and that way the tall trees sway;
But the wind goes by, and the rain stops soon,
And smiles again in the face of the sun,
And the flowers grow glad in the sun's warm ray.

Sing my Lilies, and sing my Roses,
With never a dream that the summer closes.
But the Trees are old; and I fancy they tell,
Each unto each, how the summer flies;
They remember the last year's wintry skies;
But that summer returns the Trees know well.

And as a specimen of one mood of the elder poet after whom Philip Marston was named I add this invocation from "Festus":

England! my country, great and free!
Heart of the world, I leap to thee!
How shall my country fight
When her foes rise against her,
But with thine arm, O Sea!
The arm which thou lent'st her?
Where shall my country be buried
When she shall die?
Earth is too scant for her grave:
Where shall she lie?
She hath brethren more than a hundred,
And they all want room;
They may die and may lie where they live—
They shall not mix with her doom.
Where but within thy arms,
O sea, O sea?
Wherein she hath lived and gloried,
Let her rest be!
We will rise and will say to the sea,
Flow over her!
We will cry to the depths of the deep,
Cover her!
The world hath drawn his sword,
And his red shield drips before him:—
But, my country, rise!
Thou canst never die
While a foe hath life to fly;
Rise land, and gore him!

A friend (D. J.) asked me not long since who it was that was said to have had bees settle on his lips during infancy. It was Plato (himself also called the Attic Bee). Pliny mentions the fact as a portent of the eloquence to which he should attain in maturity—"Suavitatem illam prædulcis eloquii portendentes." Aelian gives the legend in a fuller form. He says that, when Aristo and Perictione were sacrificing to the muses on Mount Hymettus, the former laid down the infant Plato among a clump of myrtles near by. The babe fell asleep there and, as he slept, a swarm of bees settled on his lips.

Among the odes attributed to Anacreon there is one pretty piece (No. 40 in the Leipzig edition of Weise, with Brunck's notes), in which Cupid, while sleeping among the roses, is represented as having been stung by a bee. Being only a child, he cries and goes to his mother, complaining that a little serpent had bitten him, the same that the country people call a bee. But Aphrodite replied: "If so much suffering can be caused by so small a creature, just arrows?" This ode is translated by Moore, and forms No. 35 of his "Odes of Anacreon." Theocritus has a pretty idyll on the same subject (No. 19). He makes Eros (Cupid) to be stung as he is stealing honey. He blows his

fingers and stamps and jumps. His mother draws the same moral as before.

Virgil has devoted the fourth book of his Georgics to bees and bee-keeping. Of the poets who have written descriptively or didactically of the bee's wondrous skill and industry the name is legion.

J. F. H.

The Victims of the Electric Wire.

The Board of Trade have not been successful in their efforts to obtain from the Government of the United States an official return of the fatal casualties that have resulted from electric currents in that country, no complete data having as yet been collected. On the other hand, a transcript has been received of entries in the official registers of the Health Department of the Municipality of New York relating to such occurrences in that city during the three years 1887-9. A short time since a striking description of an accident of this sort to men and horses in the public streets, forwarded to us by our correspondent in New York, and published in our columns, was received with some incredulity, and excellent *a priori* reasons were in some quarters put forth to show that nothing of the kind could possibly have occurred. Nevertheless the accuracy of our correspondent's startling narrative was speedily and fully established, and since then the public eye has become accustomed to announcements of a similar kind. The schedule of "deaths from electricity," furnished by the New York Health Department, must fully dispel all doubt, if any still exists, of the fact that the application of electricity to illumination and the supply of power on the scale to which it is being applied in America brings with it serious perils. The uses of electricity are constantly multiplying, while the habit of employing it is extending in America—as it appears likely to do here—with an amazing rapidity, and it is painfully significant that of the sixteen accidents recorded in the paper to which we have referred, three only occurred in 1887, while five came within 1888, and eight within 1889. The casualties have thus, as will be seen, increased in the third year nearly threefold. The victims are not confined to electricians and employees of the Electric Light and Power Companies. They include a clerk, a peddler, a buyer, a sailor, an engineer, a labourer, and a fireman. The poor peddler was found dead on the pavement in Broadway. He is supposed to have inadvertently touched a wire hanging loose from one of the overhead networks, which had come in contact with an electric wire. One was struck dead while engaged in the simple act of cutting a wire during a fire; another through tumbling on a wire in a cellar of a house. The labourer was at work in a shaft in Tenth Avenue when an electric-light wire touched the back of his neck. The sailor is stated to have been standing on an iron awning in the street, when he incautiously grasped an electric wire with a like fatal result; the "buyer" was simply handling a metal show case which happened to touch a live electric wire. In one case the shock brought down the electric light pole which the man was repairing, causing a fracture of the base of the skull; and in another the burns are recorded to have been found in the right hand as well as in both knees. Generally, however, the register adds to the date, name, and cause of the accident, nothing but the lugubrious note, "Body found at —." Of the horses which have lost their lives in New York streets from the same cause no account is forthcoming. Such is the note of warning conveyed by what is, as far as we are aware, the first official list that has been published of the victims of the electric wire.—*Daily News*.

How Sea-Urchins Live.

Some sea-urchins are known to live in cavities in rocks. And the diameter of the cavity is often wider than that of the entrance, so that the animal could not leave its home or be taken out without injury. On the French coast of Croisic (Lower Loire) may be seen thousands of urchins thus ensconced in the granite rock which is rich in felspar and quartz. The animal, it is not doubted, make and widen the holes for themselves; but the question how has not been satisfactorily answered. Chemical solution of the rock seems excluded, considering both the nature of the latter, and also that no acid which could be thus used has been proved to exist in the urchin. The matter has been studied lately by M. John, and in an inaugural dissertation (*Arch. f. Naturges.*) he explains the effects by mechanical action. With the so-called "lantern of Aristotle" the animal probably bites the rock; the sucker feet are also attached, and a rotatory motion is imparted to the body, the prickly points, with the lantern, gradually wearing down the surface. These cavities afford a shelter to the urchins against the action of the waves. An attempt is made to conceal them by means of mussel and other shells. The rocks in which the cavities occur are in general thickly covered with calcareous Algae. It has been thought that possibly these decompose the rock, and so facilitate the work of the urchins. M. John, however, finds no such chemical relation, but atmospheric agencies, he considers, may help the work of boring. A number of other animals are known to penetrate rock, and it is supposed that they do it also in a mechanical way. Recently, M. Forel described to the Vaudois Society of Natural Sciences how in the hard limestone of Constantine, Algiers, *Helix aspera* was found in holes four to five inches in depth.



A recent discussion about the height of trees in the forests of Victoria, brings from the Government botanist the statement that he has seen one 525 feet high. The Chief Inspector of Forests measured a fallen one that was 485 feet long.

A San Francisco doctor delivered a lecture before the Cooper Medical College, in which he entered into an eloquent defence of the pun from a medical standpoint. He claimed that it produced laughter, which is antagonistic to nearly all diseases.

Powerful little magnets are now used for the special purpose of extracting iron and steel filings from the eyes and skin of workmen engaged in ironworks. These magnets are of the horse-shoe shape, nickel-plated, with thin rounded poles, only a few millimetres thick.

MEASURING THE OCEAN WAVES.—An interesting feat has been accomplished by the Hon. Ralph Abercromby, who has succeeded in measuring the height of ocean waves by floating a sensitive aneroid barometer on the surface, and in gaging their width and velocity by timing their passages with a chronograph. As a result of these experiments he supports Admiral Fitzroy in the conclusion that waves occasionally reach an altitude of sixty feet. The highest wave measured by Mr. Abercromby was 46 feet high, 765 feet from crest to crest, and had a velocity of forty-seven miles per hour.

An interesting novelty in the application of electricity has been introduced on the Southern Railway, England. It is an electric reading lamp, situated just over the passenger's head, which can be lighted by the introduction of a penny into the box, and by the pressure of a knob. The light is of five-candle power, and will last for half an hour, at the end of which time it is extinguished automatically. If the light be required for an indefinite period, a penny every half hour will suffice. A special feature of the invention is that, if the instrument is out of order, the penny is not lost, but can be easily recovered.

There has been discovered in the forests of India a strange plant, which possesses to a very high degree astonishing magnetic power. The hand which breaks a leaf from it receives immediately a shock equal to that which is produced by the conductor of an induction coil. At a distance of six metres a magnetic needle is affected by it, and it will be quite deranged if brought near. The energy of this singular influence varies with the hours of the day. All-powerful about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, it is absolutely annulled during the night. At times of storm its intensity augments to striking proportions.

Terra cotta ware that is broken upon a slant, either outward or inward, can be mended by roughening the broken surfaces with a chisel or hammer, then placing the pieces together and pointing them with a mixture made of 20 parts of clean river sand, 2 parts litharge and 1 of lime, made into a thin putty with linseed oil. If the terra cotta is very red, the putty can be coloured with Venetian red. If other colours are desired, yellow ochre or Spanish brown will give the desired shade. Two pieces of stone, brick or similar material can be united with this cement. Sometimes it is used for covering the outside of brick buildings to make them look like stone of different kinds. Used for this purpose, the cement is called mastic.

A paper recently published by M. Denza, an Italian astronomer, treats of the sand showers which occur frequently in Southern Europe. In many parts of the Ligurian Alps and of Lombardy a short time ago, not only vegetation, but the roofs of houses, terraces, etc., were strewn with fine particles of dust after the occurrence of showers. This dust is readily collected. The writer's protracted observation of the phenomenon confirms the opinion already advanced by him, that the sand showers have their origin in the North African deserts, whence they are borne by strong southern gales as far north as the Alps. Two cases observed support this conclusion. About the beginning of May, atmospheric waves of low pressure advanced from West Africa across the Mediterranean to South-west Europe, causing a heavy rain-fall as far north as the British Isles. In Sicily and Piedmont, the showers were mixed with sand; and, in other cases, the foliage was covered with a layer of dust. On May 12, a violent sand-storm raged in the North Sahara, and this was soon followed by sand showers in Northern Italy. The phenomenon is popularly attributed to the effects of the April moon.

transcontinental road. While the Canadian Pacific crossed the territory from east to west, the new railway will open up the country from north to south. There is a grand country awaiting settlement between Calgary and Edmonton, through which the road will pass, while the contemplated southern extension of the road from Calgary to McLeod will also be through an excellent country. The entire region north and south is a country where stock-raising, farming, dairying, etc., should reach the climax of perfection, while the territory is not without mineral and timber wealth, there being great opportunities in both of these industries. The road from Calgary to Edmonton will at once become the highway to the great Peace River country, and along this highway in time will flow the great commerce which will eventually be built up in these vast northern regions. It is to be hoped that the flourishing young city of Calgary and the rich territory of Alberta will gain every expected advantage from the construction of this railway. The business men of Calgary have worked hard for the road, and they are to be congratulated upon the movement now made to carry out their desires. The people of Edmonton and northern Alberta generally are also to be congratulated upon the fact that their isolation will soon be broken. Those who had the courage to go into these northern regions with the belief that the value of the country would soon attract settlement and bring in a railway to them, will soon have their hopes realized. Flourishing settlements will grow up all along the line of the railway, and general development may be expected to follow the building of the road.—*Commercial* (Winnipeg), July 28.

Canada in 1844.

The Canada that met my view when I first sailed up the St. Lawrence was little advanced and sparsely peopled. Shortly before my visit Lower and Upper Canada had been united as one province, having two parts—Canada East and Canada West. There was little intimacy between those parts: but the province was one, as having one administration and one parliament. The Governor was also Governor-General of British North America; but in peace this was an honorary distinction. The region below Quebec made the same impression that it does now. There were the same lines of whitewashed houses, parish churches, with roofs of glittering tin, and the same abundance of coasting craft laden with fish, staves, or sawn timber. This is the most unprogressive district of the country, and though the Grand Trunk now runs along the south shore for more than 100 miles below Quebec, and many more steamers ply than at the time of which I speak, the *twelve* *ensemble* is really unchanged.

Quebec, too, was as it is to-day, indeed, rather more important, both as a commercial depot and military stronghold. The trade was in great prosperity; and as vessels of large burden could not reach Montreal, Quebec held large stocks of imported goods, which were forwarded in barges to Montreal, and thence despatched farther into the interior. The citadel was occupied by the Royal Artillery, and two regiments of foot.

Montreal was a city of about 50,000 inhabitants, many of whom lived in long straggling suburbs, of small wooden houses. Its fine river wall and excellent wharves were already constructed, and gave to Montreal, then as now, a striking superiority over Quebec; but there was no canal to connect the harbour with the navigable waters above; there were no railways; there were no bridges; no university, not even a high school; and no manufactures. Nevertheless, Montreal was then the chief seat of commerce and banking. Mr. Moffatt and Mr. Peter McGill were at the head of the mercantile community, and as fine specimens of the honourable British merchant as one could wish to see. The trade was the import of groceries and manufactured goods from Great Britain and sugar from the West Indies; the export of wheat, flour, pearlsh, butter and aed pork, bought in the interior, and shipped by them to Liverpool, Glasgow, and London, on advances by their correspondents. Montreal, like Quebec, had a garrison of British troops. The route from Montreal to the West was one of considerable difficulty. A passenger from Montreal to Toronto made his start in a heavy lumbering coach, which conveyed him eight miles to Lachine. There he embarked on a small steamboat, which took him to the Cascades. At this place he took a coach for about twelve miles; then another steamer. Again a coach, or an open wagon, when the roads became almost impassable, and again a steamboat; till on the afternoon of the second day the passenger, with jaded limbs and battered luggage, arrived at Kingston, the seat of government. This so-called city had about 11,000 inhabitants, and contained few buildings of any size. But it had an active business, chiefly in transshipment of cargoes from and for Lake Ontario. It was also the military headquarters for Canada West, and held a garrison second only to that of Quebec. Fortifications were in progress.

At Kingston the traveller westward embarked on a steamboat of stronger build than those which had conveyed him up the river, because compelled to buffet the often stormy waters of Lake Ontario. Skirting the Canadian shore, and calling at several ports, he reached Toronto in about fifteen hours. This town was the old capital of Upper Canada, now the capital of Ontario. At the time we speak of it had only about 22,000 inhabitants. The harbour could never be an inferior one, but there were only a few shabby wooden wharves. The town had but one important street—King street, across which ran roads at right

angles, irregularly built. Toronto, however, had a manifest destiny to increase, having the support of a rich agricultural region, as well as an excellent position for commanding the traffic of the west. It also possessed educational institutions superior to those of any other Canadian town; although the principal institutions were under a close ecclesiastical influence; and the great emancipation of public instruction from such control had not then been achieved.

Westward of Toronto stretched a sparsely settled region, with many small towns or ambitious villages. Hamilton was a place of wide roads and spaces, and a population of 9,000. Dundas, St. Catharines, Galt, Guelph, Brantford, Woodstock, London, and Chatham, were small towns, connected by roads unblewied of Macadam; dreary tracks of mud, patched with what was called "corduroy," or logs laid across the worst places; roads over which even the royal mail could not make better speed than five miles an hour. It was easy to foresee, however, the future prosperity of this fertile district. Its annual yield of wheat was wonderful, and its mills turned out vast quantities of flour for shipment to old England. The route westward was available only from May to November. During the remainder of the year navigation was closed by ice, and the traveller was obliged to journey on a sleigh over snow roads and frozen waters. The only piece of railway was from Laprairie to St. Johns, on Lake Champlain, to facilitate travel from Montreal to the United States. The only public works of any consequence were the Welland Canal, connecting Lakes Ontario and Erie; and the Rideau Canal, connecting Ontario with the Ottawa—leaving the former at Kingston and entering the latter at Bytown, then quite a small town supported by the lumber trade, now transformed into the capital of the Dominion. The political atmosphere of Canada, ever since I have known it, has been keen. At the period to which I revert the two provinces had been but recently united. There was little sympathy between them—the one being British and Protestant, the other French and Roman Catholic. Legislation could seldom be applied to the whole country. Indeed it was not easy for the legislators to understand each other, the debates being indiscriminately in French and English. The Governor-General was Sir C. Bagot, who had succeeded Lord Sydenham. Sir Charles was followed by Sir Charles. Afterwards Lord Metcalfe, in whose days the seat of Government was removed to Montreal. Political feeling ran high, and a strong agitation spread on the subject of responsible government, or the transfer to Canada of the British system, instead of the old Colonial Office regime. The political leaders of that period are now dead: Draper and Viger on the one side, Baldwin and Lafontaine on the other. Sir Allan McNab was with the Draper party. John A. Macdonald, of Kingston, and John Hillyard Cameron, of Toronto, were just beginning to be known. Sir George Cartier and Mr. Cauchon were two Canadian lawyers entering on political life as supporters of Lafontaine. Sir Francis Hincks edited a newspaper in Montreal, and he and the late Judge Drummond were favourites with the Irish. George Brown had but arrived in Canada, and was engaged with his father on a newspaper in Toronto. The present Chief Justice Dorian, of Quebec, and Mr. Mackenzie, ex-Prime Minister of the Dominion, had not yet become public men. McGee did not arrive in Canada for a good many years after the date I indicate. Sir John Rose was just called to the Bar, and sprang into large practice; but many years passed before he went into parliament and took a seat in the Government. Sir Alexander Galt was sitting at a desk in the office of the British American Land Company; and men like Sir D. L. McPherson, Holton and Young were busy merchants; none of these gentlemen having given any sign of the active part they were to take in public affairs. But the increasing range of political questions soon drew in all these and other men. Responsible Government was firmly established; the Clergy Reserves were secularised and all shadow of a Church Establishment removed; the seigniorial tenure altered; public education in the West put on a very efficient footing; and great public works—canals and railways—were established.

The Maritime Provinces had in those days little connection with Canada. They had the parallel political and commercial questions, but there was little knowledge of these beyond their own borders. A single mail steamer—the *Unicorn*—plied during the time of open navigation between Quebec and Halifax; and a traffic in provisions between Quebec and the Lower Ports was carried on in petty schooners, but long years passed before the great idea of federating the provinces took hold of the public mind.

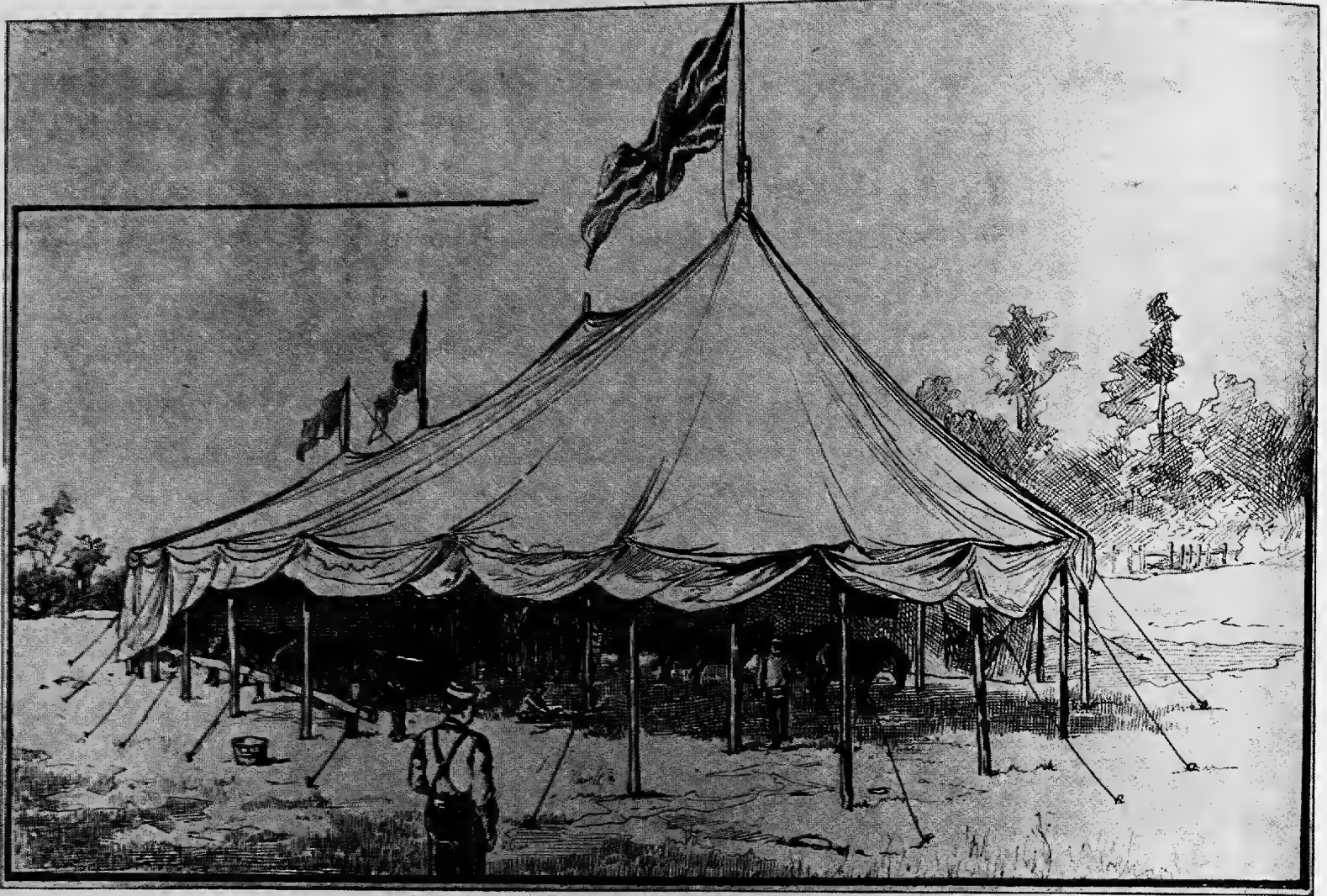
D. F.

Perfumed Linen.

Everything is perfumed save the handkerchief. Custom stamps a scented handkerchief as vulgar. If you wish your linen to have a particularly fresh, wholesome, old-fashioned odour, buy one of those lavender bags now in the market. They are filled with the crushed lavender flowers, and the pangent odour will last much longer than *essence de lavande*. One cannot imagine the task it is to prepare these bags for the market. I was talking with a girl who does this work, and she told me that when at work she is forced to cover her hair completely, wear gloves, cover her neck carefully and her gown with huge aprons, and even then the fine dust of flowers will fly up, lodge in the eyebrows, ears and nostrils, causing unlimited discomfort. But one-half the world must have the luxurious appointments of the toilet. The other half must prepare them.

The Calgary and Edmonton Railway.

The first sod of the Calgary and Edmonton Railway was turned at Calgary on Monday, July 21st, by Hon. Mr. Dewdney, amid much enthusiasm on the part of the people. This important event marks a new era in the history of Calgary and the great territory of Alberta. The first great event in the history of that territory was the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway. The construction of the Calgary and Edmonton Railway is a matter of little less importance so far as the territory of Alberta is concerned, than was the building of the great



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HERE AND THERE.

Pasteur is a dreamy, absent-minded man, and it is said of him that he would never think of dining unless reminded of the necessity of taking food. On the very morning of his marriage he forgot all about the approaching ceremony, and went off to his laboratory in Strasburg University. The bride and her attendants went to the church, but no Pasteur turned up. A search was instituted, and Pasteur was found deep in chemical experiments, and utterly oblivious of the fact that he was to be made a Benedict that day.

Mr. Sydney J. Hickson, an English naturalist who has spent some time on the island of Celebes, has made some extensive observations of the corals of the Malay archipelago. In regard to the food of corals, he is inclined to the belief that many of them may be vegetable feeders. No doubt, the water in the vicinity of mangrove swamps is full of the debris of leaves and wood, which, sinking to the bottom, must enter the mouths of the coral animals. It is suggested that this may explain the vigorous growths often seen near extensive swamps.

Old London relics continue one by one to disappear, and the time cannot be far distant now when the few remaining must have come into the hands of the "enterprising builder." The latest victim in this respect is the little cottage close to Shepherd's Bush-green, where Syndercombe arranged his plans for the assassination of Cromwell in 1657, on the Protector's way from Hampton Court to London. This interesting relic of the Commonwealth, which is annually visited by some thousands of people, has now been acquired by a local firm, and will shortly be demolished for the purpose of enlarging the purchasers' present premises—a brewery.

MOTHER.—More and more as we grow we appreciate the finer traits that are in human nature. Men going out into life never forget the mother who stays at home, and who has presented to them a nature with reason dominant, with a high moral sense, with refined and sweet affections, with taste, with patience, with gentleness, with self-sacrifice, and with disinterestedness. A man may go through all

the world, he may run through every stage of belief and unbelief, he may destroy his fineness in every respect, but there will be one picture that he cannot efface. Living or dying, there will rise before him, like a morning star, the beauty of that remembered goodness which he called mother.

The Curiosity Shop.

Every one has noticed the cobwebs which hang upon each shrub and bush, and are strewn in profusion over every plat of grass on a fine morning in autumn; and, seeing, who can have failed to admire? The webs, circular in form, are then strung thick with tiny pearls of dew that glitter in the sun. No lace is so fine. Could any be wrought that would equal them in their filmy delicacy and lightness, it would be worth a prince's ransom. But for such work man's touch is all too coarse. It is possible only to our humble garden spider, known to scientific people by the more imposing name *Epeira diadema*. These spiders belong to the family of *Arachnida*, and the ancients, who were great lovers of beauty, observing their webs, invented the pretty fable of *Arachne*.

Arachne was a maiden who had attained to such expertness in weaving and embroidering that even the nymphs, leaving their groves and fountains, would gather to admire her work. They whispered to each other that *Minerva* herself must have taught her, but *Arachne* had grown vain as she grew dexterous, and overhearing them, denied the implication with high disdain. She would not acknowledge herself inferior even to a goddess, and finally challenged *Minerva* to a trial of skill, saying: "If beaten, I will bear the penalty." *Minerva* accepted the challenge and the webs were woven. *Arachne's* was of wondrous beauty, but when she saw that of *Minerva* she knew that she was defeated, and, in her despair, went and hanged herself. *Minerva*, moved by pity for her vain but skillful opponent, transformed her into a spider; and she and her descendants still retain a portion of her marvellous gifts of spinning and weaving.

HUMOROUS.

"It's very kind of you, old fellow, to come down to see me off." "Not at all, Bolus, I am only too glad to do it."

"No," said he, "I never took a sea bath in my life." "Ah!" was the rejoinder, "that explains why the ocean is salt."

RATHER AMBIGUOUS.—I see by your sign that you are a dispensing druggist." "Yes, sir." "What do you dispense with?" "With accuracy, sir." "I was afraid you did."

PASTOR: I should like to see you taking a more active interest in religious things, Miss Bessie. Miss Bessie: I—I'm afraid it wouldn't do, Mr. Goodman. I couldn't be spared from the choir.

NEW BOARDER: But I can't lie on such a bed as that. I've always been used to a spring mattress. Landlady: Well, we dress our beds to suit the seasons. This is a summer mattress; if you had come here in the spring you could have had a spring mattress too.

LITTLE BOBBY: Don't you want to take me up to the toboggan slide with you some day, Mr. Jinks? Mr. Jinks: I never go to any toboggan slide, Bobby; never even saw a toboggan. Bobby (a trifle nonplussed): That's funny; I heard pa say something about your going down-hill at a furious rate.

A RISING QUESTION.—Teacher (to boys in back part of the room engaged in earnest conversation): Boys, what are you talking about? Confusion on the part of the boys. Teacher: Boys, I demand an explanation. One of the boys (reluctantly): Please, ma'am, Ike says his whiskers are beginnin' ter push. —Grip.

RELICS OF ANTIQUITY.—Visitor at National Museum (A.D. 1890): "What queer-looking things are these?" Venerable custodian: "The one on the right is a specimen of the lamps they used in railroad cars in this country 100 years ago." "And what is the one on the left?" "It is a sample of the lamps supposed to have been used in lighting Noah's ark during the flood." (Mystified)—"Why—they—they are exactly alike!"

THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

TRADE MARK

ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF PARLIAMENT OF CANADA, IN THE YEAR 1889, AT THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.

REGISTERED

Vol. V.—No. 112.

MONTREAL AND TORONTO, 23rd AUGUST, 1890.

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MAIN GATE OF OLD FORT AT CHAMBLY, P.Q. (Camming, photo.)

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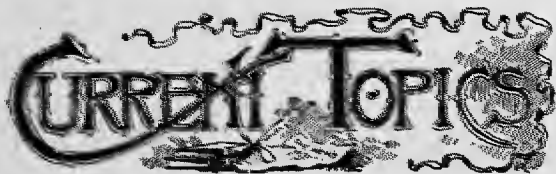
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23rd AUGUST, 1890.



It is an unhappy coincidence that, just when there seemed a possibility of France and England coming to a satisfactory settlement on the Newfoundland question, the Government of the Republic should have been offended by the Anglo-German agreement. Instead of serving as a precedent that might be cited as applicable to the French shore, the surrender of Heligoland only aggravates the supposed slight of the Zanzibar protectorate. Nor is that the only new point raised by the agreement. The French wish to have their sphere of influence on the African continent defined on a basis as favorable as the new settlement is, in their opinion, to England and Germany. M. Deloncle, who has constituted himself the champion of French interests in Africa, has been telling the world that it was France that first opened the interior; that it was France that sacrificed most men and spent most money there; that it was her missionaries who defied danger and endured hardships more than those of any other European country. Whatever becomes of the East Coast, he insists that the basins of Lake Tchad and the Niger must belong to France. "We ought," he says, "to be at home from Lake Tchad to the Egyptian frontier on the east, the Tripolitan frontier on the north, the Tunisian frontier, the Algerian frontier, and the Morocco frontier on the north-west. All the Sahara ought to belong to us. It is, strictly speaking, all the Touareg region included between South Morocco and Adrar on the west, and the Tripolitan Fez, Tibesti, and Borku on the east." M. Deloncle's protests and claims have not been fruitless, and for extent of sovereignty and suzerainty (as far as Europe has the right to grant it) France will not be greatly behind her rivals. The desert of Sahara will, of course, detract from its value; but, whether M. de Lesseps' inland sea be made an accomplished fact, or the great wilderness be traversed (as some propose) by railways, France seems determined to be mistress of the wild. But in seizing the desert she does not relax her hold on Newfoundland.

It is satisfactory to have the assurance that the harvest this year will be above the average both in yield and excellence. We have already given what may be considered a modest estimate of the North-Western wheat crop. Latest advices favour the opinion that the Manitoba crop is more likely to be over than under the 15,000,000 bushels of our previous forecast. The farmers of the prairie province may safely be congratulated on profits that will amply compensate them for their toil and anxiety. From Ontario the reports are, on the whole, most encouraging. Fall wheat has done remarkably well, and spring wheat better than the average in recent years. There are, as might be expected, complaints from less favoured localities, the rust having affected some crops. Fear of the McKinley tariff deterred some of the more far-seeing farmers from sowing the ordinary extent of barley. Last year the barley exported from Canada to the United States was

valued at \$7,721,000, so that it is vain to ignore the gravity to our farmers of the projected change. Those who look to the English market may, however, succeed with the two-rowed variety, of which a considerable quantity has been sown. The weather of the last week or so has not been without an element of danger, but we hope that the crops will have had vitality enough to pass through the ordeal unscathed.

Mr. Swinburne's latest production, "Russia: an Ode," written after reading the account of Russian Prisons in the *Fortnightly Review* for July, is not likely to further his candidacy for the Laureateship. Tennyson did, indeed, call the Czar Nicholas a "giant liar," but when "Maud" was written the Czar Nicholas was England's enemy. Besides, the relations between the royal family and the house of Romanoff were not as yet cemented by those marriages which make the younger members of both so near akin. When questioned on the subject in the House of Commons, Sir James Ferguson, representing Lord Salisbury, said that the Government could not undertake to be responsible for Mr. Swinburne's ravings—a reply which he could hardly have made if Mr. Swinburne had been an officer of Her Majesty's Household. To make him court poet now would be taken as a deliberate insult to the Czar.

It is not the first time, however, that the author of "Atalanta" has taunted the tyrants of the North. "The White Czar," written years before the assassination of Alexander II., has all the force to-day of a prophecy fulfilled. It appears that in 1877 an English magazine published a translation of some "insolent lines" addressed by a Russian poet to the Empress of India. This insult to his Queen stirred Mr. Swinburne's indignant loyalty, and he replied to it by a sonnet addressed to the Czar and beginning with these lines:

"Gehazi by the hue that chills thy cheek
And Pilate by the hue that sears thine hand,
Whence all earth's waters cannot wash the brand
That signs thy soul a manslayer's though thou speak
All Christ, with lips most murderous and most meek."

A supplementary sonnet contains a seeming forecast of the Czar's terrible fate:

"Call for clear water, wash thine hands, be clean,
Cry, What is truth? O Pilate, thou shalt know
Haply too soon, and gnash thy teeth for woe
Ere the outer darkness take thee round unseen
That hides the red ghosts of thy race obscene
Bound nine times round with hell's most dolorous flow
And in its pools thy crownless head lie low
By his of Spain who dared an English queen."

In a few words of explanation touching these sonnets, Mr. Swinburne says: "The writer will scarcely be suspected of royalism or imperialism; but it seemed to him that an insult leveled by Muscovite lips at the ruler of England might perhaps be less unfriendly than unofficially resented by an Englishman who was also a republican."

After he had gone over to the Church of Rome, the late Cardinal Newman liked to think that, even in his boyhood, and while under influences widely different from those which afterwards swayed him, his future course was foreshadowed by an incident, of which at the time he could not have understood the significance. "When I was at Littlemore," he writes in his *Apologia*, "I was looking over old copy-books of my school-days, and I found among them my first Latin verse-book; in the first page of it there was a device which almost took away my breath with surprise. I have the book before me now and have just been showing it to others. I have written on the first page, in my school-boy hand, 'John H. Newman, February 17, 1811, Verse-book'; then follow my first verses. Between 'Verse' and 'Book' I have drawn the figure of a cross upright, and next to it is what may indeed be meant for a necklace; but what I cannot make out to be anything else than a set of beads suspended, with a little cross attached. At this time I was not ten years old. I suppose I got the idea from some romance, or some religious picture; but the

strange thing is how, among the thousand objects which meet a boy's eyes, these in particular should so have fixed themselves in my mind that I made them thus practically my own." It was the rare candour of self-revelation of which this passage (which betrays a fatalism observed more frequently in men of action than in men of thought) is a striking instance, that won for Dr. Newman the esteem and, to a certain extent, even the sympathy of persons whose convictions diverged *to toto caelo* from his own.

But this candour, which is so charming when it concerns only his personal feelings, reflections and struggles, became a weapon by no means safe to wield when applied to the combats of polemics. For instance, in one part of his autobiography, he confesses that he "came to the conclusion that there was no medium, in true philosophy, between Atheism and Catholicity, and that a perfectly consistent mind, under those circumstances in which it finds itself here below, must embrace either the one or the other." Having made his choice and his faith being (as he deemed and as his life proved) unshakable, he does not hesitate to enumerate the weak points—seeming self-contradictions and absurdities—in the Bible itself, by way of showing that only the supreme authority of the Church can make it worthy of acceptance. Protestants, he argues, may consider the Fathers credulous and reject modern miracles, but do they find no difficulty in "the serpent that tempted Eve and the ass that admonished Balaam?" Dr. Newman must have forgotten that he was tempting many of the brethren, from whom he had separated himself and who were not likely to accept his admonitions, to cruel doubt. At a later stage in his career he was equally outspoken in matters that concerned his fellow-believers. But he survived his protest twenty years, during more than half of which he held, with the goodwill of his beloved England and of universal Christendom, the exalted rank of a prince of the Church, while living the life of the humblest of disciples. Cardinal Newman (apart from his place in the record of 19th century literature) will live in history as one of the most interesting results of the conflicting forces of an age of transition. He felt by the intuition of his sensitive spiritual nature that sweeping changes were coming to pass, the tendency of which he distrusted, and as he dreaded compromise, he sought to fix his feet above the reach of its allurements.

Though Athabasca is the largest of the four Western Districts—comprising some 122,000 square miles—it has since its organization as yet attracted comparatively little notice. For this its situation is doubtless sufficient reason. The valleys of the Athabasca and Peace rivers are, however, by no means unknown. Years ago Dr. G. M. Dawson and Prof. Macoun, of the Geological Survey, explored and described this part of the North-West. The climate is mild enough and the summer long enough to ripen wheat, oats and barley and all the ordinary roots and vegetables. Specimens of grain raised in the Peace river valley were exhibited at Philadelphia in 1876. The Athabasca and the Peace unite to form the Great Slave river, which, after passing through the lake of that name, forms the Mackenzie, which, from its source in the Rockies, near Mount Brown, to its mouth at the Arctic Ocean, has a course of about 3,000 miles. It is, indeed, the longest river in the British dominions. The banks of the Mackenzie proper are mostly high and clothed with pines. Just above the Arctic circle it narrows into a gorge, known as the Ramparts, about ten miles long, and which, with its fantastic turret-like cliffs, "seems to form a stupendous portal into the Arctic world." The basin of the Mackenzie is but sparsely inhabited by bands of wandering Indians, the dwellers in the Hudson's Bay posts and the self-denying occupants of the missionary stations. One of the posts, Fort Good Hope, is just at the Arctic circle. North of that latitude there are three posts—one on Peel river,

La Pierre's House, on Rat river, and the Rampart House, on the Porcupine. The heat of the summer sun in that far north country is more scorching than in the Tropics. The chief occupations are hunting and fishing. Minerals are not absent—iron, gold, coal, sulphur, petroleum and salt having been discovered at various points. Fur-bearing animals—fox, marten, beaver, lynx, otter, mink—are numerous. Among the larger fauna are bears, black and grisly, wolverines, wolves, moose, reindeer and (in the Barren Grounds) the musk ox. In the rivers and lakes there is no lack of fish, and the whale, walrus and seal of the Arctic seas are hunted by the Esquimaux. Birds also are found in considerable variety. Pine, birch, willow, alder and other trees exist here and there, but are of small size. Berries of all kinds grow in great quantities. In the extreme north the earth is carpeted with moss—the reindeer's food. How much of this vast tract may eventually prove suitable for colonization is only matter for conjecture. But it can hardly be doubted that Athabasca District, with perhaps a considerable margin on the eastern side, can be turned to account in the years to come. The northern boundary of the district is in the latitude of St. Petersburg.

It is satisfactory to see that in the impulse which the study of our history has received in recent years, that of our constitution and institutions is not neglected. "The Rise of Law in Rupert's Land" is the title of an interesting study begun in the June number of the *Western Law Times*, a meritorious legal magazine edited by Messrs. Archer Martin and J. T. Huggard, barristers, and published by the Stovel Company, of Winnipeg. Its object is to ascertain whether the grants of the soil of Rupert's Land and of privileges therein made to the Hudson's Bay Company in 1670 were valid; what was the area and extent of the plantation and what laws were introduced in the region by the provisions of the charter. As to the first of these points the opinions of able lawyers both in England and Canada are quoted in favour of the charter's validity; as to the second point, it is shown that the greatest part of the North-West Territories, Keewatin and the North-East Territories, with a portion of Ontario, were within the original grant, while the company exercised control over a still larger portion of the continent by royal licence, dated December 6, 1821, confirmed on the 30th of May, 1838. As to the laws in force throughout the company's jurisdiction, the common law of England was the common law of the plantations. English subjects, when they formed colonies and received the sovereign's protection through royal charters, carried with them the law of the United Kingdom. This is the opinion of several British lawyers, including the Irish Lord Chancellor, West, Attorney-General Pratt, Solicitor-General Yorke, Chief Justice (now Sir) F. G. Johnson, Mr. Sheriff Ross and Mr. Recorder Thom—the last three of whom held office in the Red River Settlement. Such, then, was the state of the law when Lord Selkirk, having acquired possession of the District of Assiniboine, appointed Captain Miles McDonnell governor, who, in turn, made John Spencer sheriff, of the district, and had notice to quit served on the agent of the North-West Company. The latter made strenuous opposition to the new governor's authority, and, after a stormy rule of less than three years, he was succeeded by the chivalrous but ill-fated Governor Semple. The tragedy that followed—the Governor and some twenty of his followers being slain at the "battle of Seven Oaks"—led to the institution of a commission of inquiry and to a fresh stage in the legal history of Rupert's Land. The trial of the offenders at York (Toronto) and Quebec, the condemnation at the latter place of Dr. Reinhard and his subsequent pardon, on the ground of deficient jurisdiction, the voluminous report of the investigating commission, and the reserving clause in the Fur Trade Regulation Act of 1821 (inserted at the suggestion of the Right Hon. E. Ellice) are then considered with reference to the company's rights within their own territories.

The delegates from the people of Newfoundland to the Mother Country have published a pamphlet setting forth their case as they laid it before their fellow-citizens of the Empire in the United Kingdom, and indicating the chief results of their recent mission. It is accompanied by an excellent map of Newfoundland, showing the "French Shore," and having seasonable annotations as to the resources of the island, the natural sphere of French influence and other topics of current interest. We hope to make fuller reference to this pamphlet, just received as we go to press, in our next issue. Meanwhile, we may hazard the remark that, before any settlement can be reached, it is indispensable that Newfoundlanders agree in the first place among themselves.

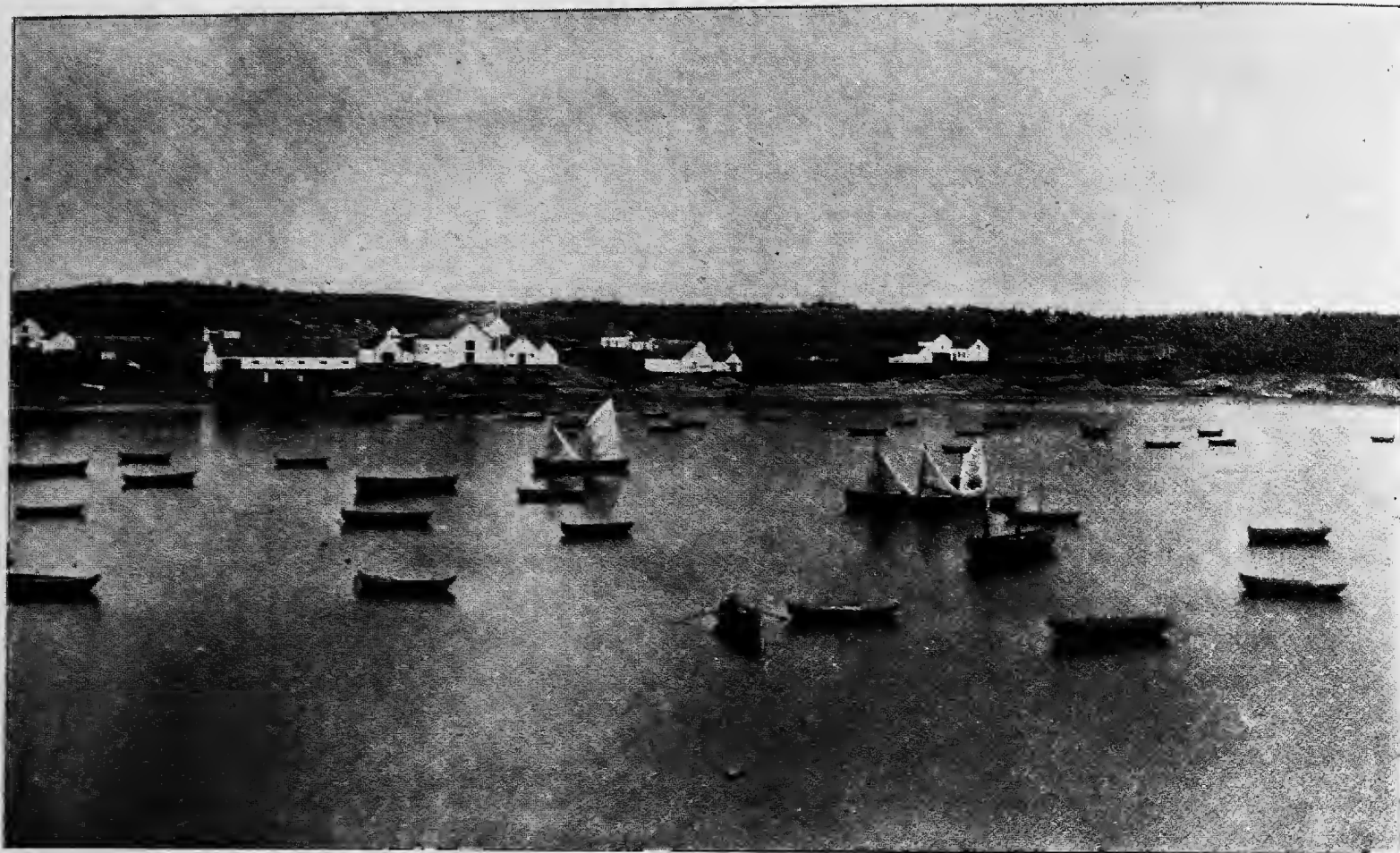
CANADA'S NORTHWARD EXPANSION.

While the movement of colonization has been impelled westward by the opening up of the region beyond Lake Superior, there has been a contemporaneous advance northward, which is beginning to show appreciable results. If we examine the map of this province, we shall have no difficulty in ascertaining that a vast area of habitable land lies north of the St. Lawrence and the Ottawa between Lake St. John and Lake Temiscaming. The portion of it that has as yet been occupied is but a small fraction of the whole. But at several points along the river front colonization has been pushed to a considerable distance beyond the narrow fringe that formerly represented the population. At the north-eastern extremity of the tract in question the course of settlement has been fitful, revealing a sort of intermittent fever of colonizing enterprise during the last two centuries. Tadoussac at the mouth of the Saguenay was one of the first spots to attract the attention of the early navigators. An expedition was organized in 1543 under de Roberval to make an exploration of the country, but nothing came of it that affected the course of our history. In the beginning of the 17th century Tadoussac again comes under notice as a centre of trade, and Champlain refers to it as a sort of aboriginal emporium. Subsequently it became the headquarters of missionary operations both along the shore and in the interior; and in the last quarter century of the Old Régime, the region of the Saguenay and Lake St. John was constituted the *Domaine du Roi* and was in part surveyed by M. Normandin, whose name has been given to one of the most flourishing of the lake townships. Chicoutimi was the chief trading-station, and as such became a place of some importance. After the Conquest, the Saguenay country was still held as the King's Domain, and was leased to the North-West Company. The Domain extended along the coast for seventy-six leagues, and up the Saguenay to Lake St. John and beyond it to Lake Mistassini. In the year 1820 the attention of the Quebec Assembly was called to the region, and Mr. Pascal Taché, who had spent many years there, was examined as to its resources and suitability for settlement. The result was a series of expeditions through the Saguenay, the St. Maurice and the Ottawa valleys, which may be deemed the starting-point of our northern colonization. M. Bouchette made the exploration of the central stream his peculiar task. Setting out from Three Rivers, he followed the course of the St. Maurice to the post of La Tuque, and ascending the Bastonnais, he crossed the interval between that river and the Ouïatchouan, which he descended to its mouth at Lake St. John. Having circumnavigated the lake, he traced the Chicoutimi to its junction with the Saguenay, completing a journey of exploration of some eight hundred miles in a simple bark canoe. Meanwhile Messrs. Hamel and Proulx, with their companions, Captain Nixon and Lieut. (afterwards General) Baddeley were not idle, and the published report of the triple exploration was made the basis for systematic colonization effort. It was not, however, until some twenty years later that the era of northerly expansion really began, and it has only been since

the inception of the railway movement in the back country that the value of this great northern region—a region as large as some old-world empires—has been realized by even our leading men. The most of our people are still in the dark as to the enviable wealth of territory and the multiplicity of natural productions that have thus been disclosed at our very doors.

Proceeding west, we can easily learn by comparing the maps of fifty or even twenty-five years ago how much the Ontario of to-day differs from the Upper Canada of the past. It seems only the other day since Lake Simcoe was regarded as the *ultima thule* of the province. Now the Muskoka district is one of the most prosperous parts of it, while Parry Sound and Algoma have been invaded by the pioneer, and every year adds new conquests still further to the north as well as to the west. Where the land is not fit for agriculture, it is found to contain valuable minerals, fertile valleys adapted for wheat-raising alternating with districts that yield copper, lead, iron, gold and silver. This may be said of the whole region north of Lakes Huron and Superior. The country between the latter lake and a circle cutting through Lake Long, Lake Nipigon and Lac des Mille Lacs is exceptionally rich in minerals, and Port Arthur, its metropolis, is destined to be one of Canada's great entrepôts in a future not very distant. The projected railway from Sault Ste. Marie to James Bay is the latest instance of the changed valuation which recent developments have put upon a region once deemed practically worthless. Between Port Arthur and Winnipeg is a tract which circumstances, as well as nature, have hitherto doomed to neglect, but it will doubtless share in its turn in Ontario's general progress. The railway movement of the great West, of which it is the gate, has taken it within its comprehensive sweep. The region between the Albany, James Bay, and the Height of Land, is not likely to be overrun with settlers for some years to come. But the prairie steppes traversed by the Pacific Railway are already showing a capability for a northward expansion to which it would be rash to set limits.

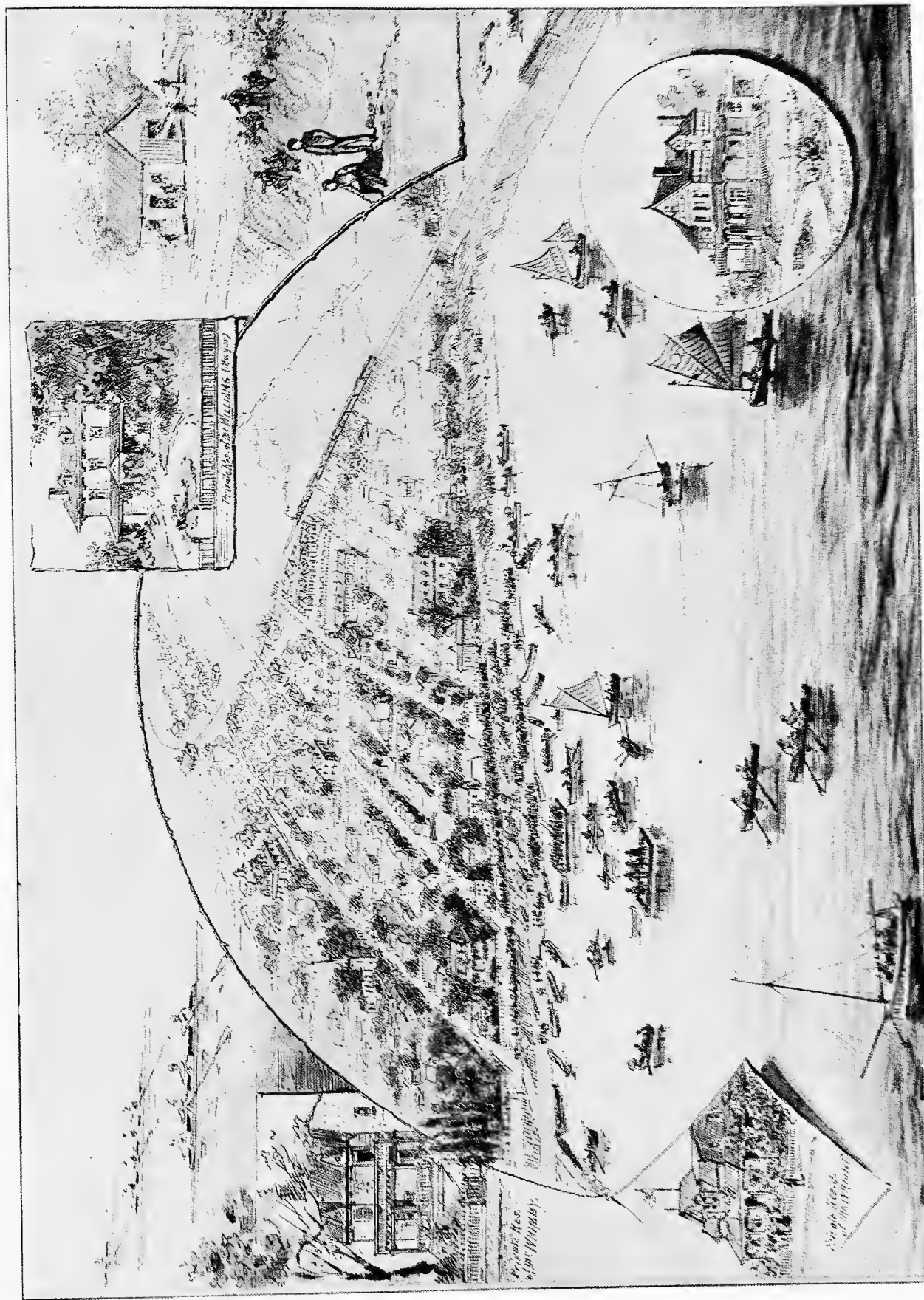
The initiation of new lines of railway from Winnipeg—still bent on reaching Hudson's Bay—to Calgary, looking hopefully to Edmonton, and with designs that embrace the Peace River valley, and even the great Mackenzie basin, abounds in promise which, in the nature of things, must be largely fulfilled. Indeed, when its natural attractions induced thousands of settlers to anticipate railways, the north of our great central plain may be allowed to have an assured future. Edmonton and Battleford will not long be the terminal points of the Alberta and Saskatchewan north country. Crossing the mountains, we find even greater than corresponding opportunities for extending northward the area of habitation. There we have a climate which (due allowance being, of course, made for the elevated tracts) resembles that of Western Europe rather than that of Eastern Canada. Unhappily the limits of our advance are political, not physical. But it will be long before the growth of population occasions regrets on that score. There is ample room for expansion northward, and, though an unsettled boundary may lead to complications (as, indeed, it has already done), it is the associated maritime control and the preposterous claims of which it has been made the pretext, which make the alien ownership of Alaska vexations to the Dominion. On the whole, however, we have no reason to complain of either the extent or the resources of that northern Canada which is our great reserve for the years to come. As it is, we would not be cramped for many generations, even if we had a boundary line (51° for instance) to the north as well as to the south. We should still be among the greatest land-owners in the world. But it is a comfort to know that we are provided with enough to satisfy the wants and afford scope for the enterprise, not only of our children's children, but of the superfluous millions of over-crowded Europe; nor can we show our gratitude more worthily than by occupying our heritage and making it ready for those who come after us.



J. & E. COLLA'S FISHING ESTABLISHMENT AT POINT ST. PETER, GASPÉ.



FISHERMEN SPLITTING CODFISH AT ANSE AUX GRIFFONS, GASPÉ.



THE REGATTA AT ST. LAMBERT, 23RD AUGUST. (By our special artist.)



Last week I spoke of St. Lambert being a comparatively unknown, but still an enthusiastic supporter of aquatic sports. How little justification that statement needs may be left to anybody who had the good fortune to be present at the annual regatta, which was held on Saturday last. In most other water front resorts, at a regatta, the rowing men, the canoeists and their lady friends turn out to see the sport. In St. Lambert it is different. Everybody, without exception, goes to the regatta there. The village is deserted for the water front, and an enterprising burglar, with three hours to spare, could have carted away as much of the family plate and household gods as he cared for without molestation last Saturday afternoon. It has been said that the Imperial Parliament was known to adjourn on Derby Day because most of the members had business of importance and a field glass waiting for them at Epsom. It has been suggested that even local legislatures in some benighted capitals in the States have let the laws go to the "demnition bow wows" when the greatest of all shows on earth pitched its canvas in their vicinity. And there are stories afloat of municipal councils and juries of twelve good men and true finding it necessary to take a respite of an hour or so because their attendance would add *décal* to the due celebration of a lynching bee or some other equally engaging pastime in the early days of the wild and woolly West. But St. Lambert does none of these things. The only day when St. Lambert forgets business and all its mortal cares is the day when the annual regatta is held. All the year round everybody in St. Lambert knows everybody else, but on regatta day the acquaintance is considerably enlarged, because a large number of north side citizens know where they can enjoy themselves on that particular Saturday afternoon, and the result is that if a census taker were to go round the river bank that day he would marvel that the population had been doubled.

There is another feature that is distinctly commendable in the regattas of this club—the officials work; the burden does not lie on any one individual, and the result is that even if the 3.15 train is waited for before the start, the whole programme is got through with in good time. It would be a good idea if a little of the same spirit actuated other clubs who have better facilities than the St. Lambert Boating Club. The races were most interesting and decidedly well contested. The programme began with the junior double scull for boys. This was nicely captured by R. Hunt and L. Thompson. The single scull was a splendid race, in which the Grand Trunk, St. Lambert and Longueuil were represented; the latter won by two lengths. Then came the double scull for lady and gentleman, the prize for which was taken by Miss Morris and Mr. J. Riley. A very sportsmanlike thing was done in the canoe race. There were only two starters—Lake St. Louis and St. Lambert. The latter swamped and the Lachine men stopped paddling until their opponents had righted and started again. This is the kind of generosity that makes amateur sport what it is. In the double scull there was a surprise in store, as everybody thought the race was a certainty for the Grand Trunk, but St. Lambert put on a spurt and won. The tandem canoe was won by the Routh brothers, of Lachine, easily. A. Irving had what is called a "cinch" in the hurry-scurry, and the fours were won by the Grand Trunk. Then the day was wound up by a most enjoyable hop, at which all the visitors and most of St. Lambert were present, the unanimous verdict being that once more the annual aquatic meet had been a decided success. The following table summarizes the events of the day:

President, W. Percival, Esq.; vice-president, A. J. Whimber, Esq.; treasurer, W. Beatty; secretary, J. C. Bowden; captain, A. Irving; committee, L. Betournay, Frank Riley, R. Steacie, John Beatty, Jr., Thos. Riley, A. Horsfall, T. Radford, J. Morris, Jr., A. Corner; judges, W. J. White, Esq., James Wright, Esq., W. H. Kirby, Esq., James Stewart, Esq., L. Gordon, Esq., president and vice-president of the club; starter, Norman Fletcher, Esq. The following is the summary of the events:

1. Junior double scull—	
L. Thompson, bow, R. Hunt, stroke.....	1
A. Horsfall, bow, A. Lockie, stroke.....	2
2. Single scull race—	
E. Elliott, Longueuil.....	1
L. Mitchell, G.T.R.....	2
A. Irving, St. Lambert.....	3
3. Double scull race, lady and gentleman—	
T. Riley and Miss Morris.....	1
F. Riley and Miss H. Furniss.....	2
4. Canoe race, four paddles—	
Lake St. Louis crew:	
F. W. Stewart, F. Fairbanks, H. Routh, C. Routh....	1
St. Lambert crew:	
W. Beattie, W. Cooper, J. Beattie, F. Riley.....	2
5. Double scull race—	
St. Lambert crew:	
A. Irving and J. Morris.....	1
G. T. R. crew:	
L. Mitchell, H. Henderson.....	2

6. Junior single scull—	
R. Elliott, Longueuil.....	1
R. Hunt, St. Lambert.....	2
George Furniss, St. Lambert.....	3
7. Tub race in costume—	
A. Snowden.....	1
L. Thompson.....	2
8. Tandem canoe race—	
H. and C. Routh, Lachine.....	1
F. Stewart and F. Fairbanks, Lachine.....	2
A. Irving and J. Morris, St. Lambert.....	3
R. Laing and W. D. Mason, G. T. R.....	4
9. Hurry scurry canoe race—	
A. Irving, St. Lambert.....	1
F. Fairbanks, Lachine.....	2
10. Four-oared race—	
G. T. R. crew, No. 2:	
Davis, bow; Kell, 2; Beattie, 3; Green, stroke.....	1
G. T. R. crew, No. 1:	
R. Laing, bow; H. Henrichon, 2; D. Brown, 3; W. Laing, stroke.....	2
St. Lambert crew:	
W. Cooper, bow; L. Betournay, 2; P. Thompson, 3; F. Kelly, stroke.....	3

There will be two great matches to-day in the lacrosse struggle—one of which may materially influence the ultimate positions of the clubs—that between Cornwall and Toronto; the other, between Montreal and Shamrock, will practically be the decider of last place. Leaving out the protest business, which, by the way, has apparently dropped from the memory of all the protesters, the shield will be fought for by the Queen City and the Factory Town, with one chance in favour of the latter. In the last few years it has grown to be a bye-word that Cornwall cannot play off its own ground, a bye-word which has frequently proved to be misleading, for the twelve have played and conquered on foreign fields, but certainly not as well as when at home. An instance, I might mention, was the recent Montreal match. Of course, they defeated the local team, but the play was not nearly up to the standard shown the previous week in the match with the Shamrocks. The Montrealeers were slow, out of condition, and, in many lacrosse men's judgment, badly placed; and, perhaps, it was because they were no match for the visitors and could not push them that the latter did not make a better showing. Cornwall will have to play better and faster lacrosse than they did here to beat the fast team of Toronto, especially on such grounds as the Rosedale, that is, if Toronto plays in anything like the same style as at Montreal. If they work as they did in Ottawa, then Cornwall will add one more laurel to its wreath of victory.

The Montreal-Shamrock match is one of even greater uncertainty. Both teams are erratic and what may be called in-and-outers; the only thing in which either appears at all consistent is the apparent ability to lose matches this season; in one match a magnificent scientific exhibition of lacrosse is given, in the next it is loose, ragged, and not at all interesting. In the first case bad fortune seems to have followed them,—when they played well enough to win the fates seemed against them; in the second case, when they played badly enough to lose they did it without difficulty, and at the present time the two clubs, which for years were the shining lights of the lacrosse world, are now hid under a densely dark bushel basket. One thing is certain, however, and that is that the match to-day will be a good one. There is a lacrosse legend to the effect that whenever playing against each other the Shamrocks and Montrealeers have shown magnificent lacrosse, even if they fell to pieces when playing with outside clubs, and the truth of this legend has been so persistently verified that there is no reason to doubt it now. Both clubs have been doing some wonderfully hard practice, and the Shamrocks have succeeded in defeating a combination team, the superior of which on paper it would seem difficult to find. To-day's struggle ought to be a hard one, with, I think, the chances in favour of the Shamrocks.

The lacrosse millennium seems to have arrived very close to Toronto. The Capitals, who are captained by Mr. Rose, a gentleman well known in lacrosse circles, have played practice matches with the Torontos, in order to fit the latter for the contest with Cornwall. This is so unusual a proceeding in the west that the *Empire* is moved to print the following sentence:—"Not for many years has Toronto had two clubs in the senior series that could meet for a friendly game, and now when the feeling is friendly let it remain so." Why, bless the *Empire's* dear heart, in Montreal the big lacrosse clubs have been doing that sort of thing for a long time. Toronto should not be so slow to learn.

The Crescent Lacrosse Club are making a wonderful record for themselves in the District Championship series. Last year they only lost one match. This year a match has not been lost so far and but very few games. The Crescents appear too good a team for the District Championship and should at least try for the Intermediate, if not course being the doubt whether Montreal is big enough for three senior teams. There are some men on the Crescent twelve whose team play could be imitated with advantage

by two or three big clubs, who would probably not condescend to attend a junior match; but the fact that such is the case remains the same. There was an exhibition of this branch of skill given on Saturday last.

The Glengarrigans, of Lancaster, are following closely in the wake of the Cornwalls and Crescents as far as the number of victories are to be considered. They have played six matches and won them all, and seem to have the championship of their district in safe keeping.

By the way, the default of one of the Orient teams should be a salutary lesson that a small club cannot run three lacrosse teams. There are too many irons in the fire. Ambition is a very good thing in its way; but it killed Cæsar, and an overdose has been too much for the Orient.

In the cycling world last week saw an important record broken. W. J. Gassler lowered the American time for a mile on a Safety to 2.37 2-5. This was made at Charter Oak Park. The mark previously was held by George Hendee, viz., 2.41 3-4. While cycling is being referred to, a word may not be out of place respecting a comparatively new club in Montreal, the Star Bicycle Club. This organization has been most enthusiastic since its formation, and several road races have already been held. On Saturday last there were two events—scratch and second class—and this afternoon the third race in the present series will take place. A club that makes such a beginning should receive all encouragement. There is plenty of room for two bicycle clubs in the city, and it is a pleasant thing to see the Star and Montreal Bicycle Club fraternizing and wishing each other well.

The American record for Safety, referred to above, does not come near the world's record, recently made at Pad-dington by McCredy. This gentleman, who is the editor of the *Irish Cyclist*, covered the distance in 2.26 4-5. This same flyer also sent all the records flying from 6 to 21 miles, and only stopped there because it was too dark to go on.

Next week the annual meeting of the Montreal Bicycle Club will be held at the M.A.A. grounds and a large turnout of wheelmen from all parts of Canada is looked for. There will also be several flyers from the United States, and already Gassler, Rich and Campbell have entered. As the entries do not close until the 27th, it is likely that other large clubs on the other side of the line will be heard from. If such is the case, our local talent do not appear to have much chance. If the track is in good condition, there is a possibility of Gassler lowering his own mark, as he is sure to go in for the mile; but it is doubtful if there will be any one in for the race able to drive him to his limit. In the Toronto tournament, not a single Torontonian got a first in the open events. Ilan-naford, of Montreal, got first place in the combination race, and W. H. C. Mussen was second to E. C. Anthony, of Taunton, Mass., in the five mile open. It looks as if the great bulk of trophies will be carried back by the American wheelmen. Some of our best Canadian riders will be represented at the big meet of the L. A. W. at Niagara Falls next week; but where all the cracks will be assembled, as in this case, it is almost too much to hope for any firsts, and the best that can be done is to wish them good luck.

The four-days' blue-rock tournament, held last week in Toronto, was perhaps the most interesting shooting event ever held in Canada, and in management was fully equal to the great competition held in the United States, while the shooting itself was much above the average. The system of rapid firing adopted also proved most successful. Rolla Heikes came out of the contest with the greatest amount of cash won, while the best average was made by Kelsey. Most of the American shots left Toronto for Corry, Pa., where the Keystone tournament has been in full swing all this week. This will be followed by a long succession of meetings for trap shooters, which are of almost continental interest. Harrisburg comes next, then the Bandle tournament in Cincinnati, and the shoot of the Middlesex Gun Club at Dunellen, N.Y. The success of all these competitions is due more than anything else to the system of guaranteed purses. In the Toronto tournament Ottawa was represented by Capt. Dalton and Mr. A. W. Throop; but Montreal did not have a solitary blue-rock breaker there, and still there was a time when there was keen shooting competition in this city.

Last week the readers of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED were given some idea of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club, together with pictures illustrating some of the leading types of craft. Since that time the second regatta of the Lake Yacht Racing Association has been held at Toronto, and in all the classes there was a total of 27 starters, a remarkably good showing. These races were under the auspices of the R. C. Y. C. The Oriole, apparently non-defeat-able, won from the Vreda and Aileen in the first class, with 37 minutes to spare on corrected time. The 46-foot class was captured easily by White Wings. The Yama won from the Merle and Psyche in the 40-foot class. The 35-foot class fell to the lot of the Vision, while the 30-foot class, in which there were eight starters, was won by Nancy, and the 25-foot class by Maud B. Again, in the

Hamilton regatta of last week and the Kingston regatta of this week, nearly all these boats took a prominent part.

The Fish and Game Protection Club seems to have taken on a new lease of life since Mr. Shewan has held the secretaryship, and the law-breakers and pot-hunters are beginning to find out that they have to pay dearly for their illegal sport. Not a week has passed but some offenders against the game laws have been prosecuted, and in the great majority of cases convictions have been secured. If a little attention were turned to restaurants and hotels another class of offenders would discover that they cannot break the laws with impunity, even if such things as partridges masquerade as the unassuming prairie chicken. Look at the opening of the shooting season and see if on the first legal day black duck with a few day's flavor on it cannot be found on some of the leading restaurant's menu cards.

At the Swimming Club races Benedict again proved what a magnificent middle distance swimmer he is, and, as was expected, he lowered the American record for 1,000 yards, which was already his own. Some of the other competitors showed excellent form, and it would not be a bad idea if Benedict were entered for the champion hip swimming meeting of the Manhattan Athletic Club, which will be held on the 28th inst., under the auspices of the Amateur Athletic Union, at Pierpont-on-the-Hudson. Of course this would entail some expense, but the Montreal Swimming Club could spend a little money to advantage by sending such a representative as Benedict to the meeting. It is well within the probabilities that he would bring back the thousand yard medal.

The Toronto oarsmen did not meet with the same success at Quinsigamond as they did at Lachine. In the latter place they had everything practically their own way, but the Baysides were the only ones to carry back American honours, and they did it from among five of the strongest double scull crews on the continent. There is a movement on foot in the N.A.A.O. to reduce the championship course from a mile and a half to one mile. It is hardly likely this will be adopted, and for the present it is under the consideration of the executive.

There has been a good deal of discussion in the ranks of trotting men over the victory of Keno F., a gelding with no pedigree worth mentioning, in the Flower City Stakes, when he was pitted against some of the most fashionably bred stock. Such phenomena crop up once in a while, but in this case the advocates of breeding alone will be as much in the dark as ever.

At a recent meeting of the Amateur Athletic Union, W. B. Curtis gave notice that at the next meeting of the Union he would introduce a resolution that in future all trophies be offered to individuals instead of to clubs. At the same meeting records were allowed for the recent performances of G. R. Gray, F. C. Puffer, A. H. Green, W. L. Condon and J. S. Mitchell.

The coming week will be a lively one at the nets, as the annual open tournament of the McGill University Lawn Tennis Club will open on Monday and be continued during the following days until completed. Large entries are looked for from Toronto, Ottawa, and other cities, and of course all local clubs will be represented. First and second prizes will be offered for both singles and doubles, and all defeated by the winner of the first prize will be eligible to compete for second. In the trials the best two out of three will count, and in the finals the best of five sets.

The memories have not yet died away of the pleasant days with the campers of the Northern Division of the A.C.A. at Ile Cadieux, and now we hear of the doings at the general meet at Jassup's Neck. To this spot have flocked canoeists from all parts of the United States and Canada, and several hundred tents are sparkling in the sun on what was before a comparatively unknown strip of land to the rest of the world. Canada is particularly well represented, the most prominent canoeists in the Dominion being present,—such men as Ford Jones, of the Brockville club, who last year held the championship in the sailing race and this year finished second. This trophy is a handsome silver cup with the name of every winner engraved on it. In 1886 and 1887 the winner was R. W. Gibson, of the Knickerbocker Canoe Club, New York, and in 1888 M. N. Brockaw, of the Brooklyn C. C., was the successful competitor. Then there is Alexander Torrence, Dr. H. E. Rice, W. F. Johnson, W. G. McKendrick, who was at the head of the record last year. Among the rest are Geo. Auldjo, of the Lake St. Louis, Ex Com. Rathbun, E. L. French, E. B. Edwards and H. C. Rogers, of the Peterborough Club, and Robert Tyson and H. Leip, of the Toronto Club. The Canadians have over a dozen tents in the main camp. Ottawa is represented, too, with its beaver pennant floating over the tent. The frog in a yellow circle is the headquarters of the Lindsay, Ont., delegation, at whose head is Mr. J. G. Edwards, who holds the honorable No. 5, of the A.C.A., if I mistake not. Kingston Military College is represented by D. F. Jones and Walter Douglass. The Ubique and Galt clubs have good spokesmen in J. N. McKendrick, H. F. McKendrick, R. Wilkinson and H. Tolton. D. P. Jacques, C. A. Baird, A. H. Mason and H. R. Tilley do the honours for the

Toronto club. One of the features of the first day's racing was the ladies' tandem, which was won handily by Miss McKendrick and Miss Sherwood. Canada apparently can depend on her canoeists abroad to do her honour.

If ever any cricket club was surprised it was the M.C.C. on Saturday last when the Ottawa contingent arrived and gave the home men some pointers about the grand old game that ought to last them a little while. The Ottawas were playing on strange grounds, and even if the wicket was uneven it should have counted rather against the visitors than the grounds team. But the Ottawa men were very generous and simply beat Montreal by an innings and 81 runs! There is material worth pondering over in this; but better luck next time.

Where outdoor sports may be generally called pastimes, commend me to last week's events at the Iroquois House, St. Hilaire. Here there was all the keen competition of sport and all the fun of a mere pastime. The races were arranged so that an unpleasant feature was an impossibility, and still the committees worked as hard as if the championship of the world depended on the results. It is a capital idea, too, having a lady coxswain in a gentleman's race. If the sterner scullers do not win, their gallantry will permit of no excuse for bad steering; and when the ladies are doing the hard work, the defeated one will be permitted to put the blame on the steersman. And the ladies, bless them, fully appreciate these advantages. To-day the week's sport will wind up with the tennis and bowling tournaments, and the arrangements for the past seven days have been so successful that many will be sorry they cannot be done over again.

The Montreal Hunt Club are just now getting ready for their annual season of kingly sport, and every day seems two until the season opens, when in all the refulgence of pink and ambition for the brush, the trying rail, the unknown wall, or the treacherous barb wire will be negotiated. But a commencement has been made, and this week cut hunting has begun. The time will soon be here and then there will be all the jollity of hunting breakfasts, hard runs, well-earned honours, appetising luncheons, coveted brushes, delightful dances, and every thing that makes to fill the huntsman's cup of happiness.

R. O. X.

Floral Texts from "Pastor Felix."

i.
Sweetbriar and delicious rose,
Wild rose of Maine,
Whose crushed hearts still retain
The perfumed breath that Nature's love bestows,
I prize you for the sake of him
Whose fingers pressed,
And tenderly caressed
Your beauty ere it languished and grew dim.

ii.
Wild rose and briar sweet,
Not long ago
You wanted in the glow
Of sun and breeze, and listened to the heat
Of your own hearts—a note of joy:
The gypsy bee
Took from your virgin lips his fee
For service done in Flora's chaste employ.

iii.
Fair exiles! here beneath my roof
Take rest, and take
My pity for your own dear sake:
Ah! spare your host your eloquent reproof,
Your dumb, pathetic questioning why,
For what offense,
On what unjust pretense,
He doomed you in a foreign land to die.

iv.
Listen, O honoured guests, I pray!
The kindly bard,
High seated in the world's regard,
But meant by your soft breathings to convey
A sense of truer song than any muse
Has ever sung,
Than any mortal tongue
Has ever uttered—could he wiser choose?

v.
Not poets only were you born,
But in you dwell
The fearless souls of Bruce and Tell,
Breathing on tyrant heads defiant scorn.
All this, and more than this, my friend—
A Druid wise
Made bold to symbolize
By those untutored charms that in you blend.

vi.
"A gracious argument, we grant,"
The flowers sighed,
Then added, with a touch of pride,
"Our wasted bosoms thrill again and pant,
For we have hope that in your lay
We still shall live,
And therefore we forgive
The hand that wrought us premature decay."

GEORGE MARTIN.

LITERARY NOTES

We have received the prospectus of the *Young Canadian*, "a high class illustrated weekly magazine of patriotism for the young people of Canada," to be published by The Young Canadian Company. "The *Young Canadian* firmly believes that it has but to announce its appearance and its aim to secure an enthusiastic reception, to open up for itself a patriotic record, and to inaugurate for Canada a work which has been too long neglected, and which will meet with a welcome and a response from every Canadian heart." It will consist of sixteen pages double demy, of fine paper, and clear type, with a cover embellished by a full-page design, specially drawn by one of our Royal Academicians. "The illustrations, from the life of the people, will be drawn by the very best talent in the Dominion, and no expense or trouble will be spared to secure and to maintain, in the matter and in the illustrations, the very highest literary and artistic standard." The *Young Canadian*, with every undertaking of like patriotic aim, has our best wishes, and we sincerely hope that its forecasts will be fulfilled. The Secretary of the company is Mrs. M. P. Murray, 111 Mackay Street, Montreal, to whom all communications should be addressed.

It is with sincere regret that we have learned of the death of Mr. Fred. W. Curzon, of Toronto, son of Mr. Robert Curzon, and of Mrs. Curzon, author of "Laura Secord," "In the Thick of It" and of other meritorious works in prose and poetry. Mr. Curzon, who was only in his 28th year, was a young man of more than promise and his death has left a sad void in his family and in the circle of his friends.

In the essay on Victorian and Elizabethan poetry, in his recently published "Essays Speculative and Suggestive," Mr. John Addington Symonds is credited with saying several strange things. He includes the Georgians under the head of Victorians, which is a quite unwarranted innovation, and can only lead to confusion. He includes under the head of 'idyll' the long narrative poems of Sir Walter, the tales of Crabbe, the *Endymion* and *Lancelot* of Keats. He might with equal justice have included the *Odyssey* and the *Paradise Lost*. From the idyll the critic passes to the Victorian lyric, which includes Wordsworth's sonnets, *The Ancient Mariner*, *Mend*, Thomson's *City of Dreadful Night*, Keats's *Ode to a Nightingale*, E. Jones's *Pagan's Drinking Chant*, Browning's *Dramatic Personae*, Shelley's *Ode to the West Wind*, Sharp's *Widow of Michael Seat*, and Gosse's *Chant Royal*.

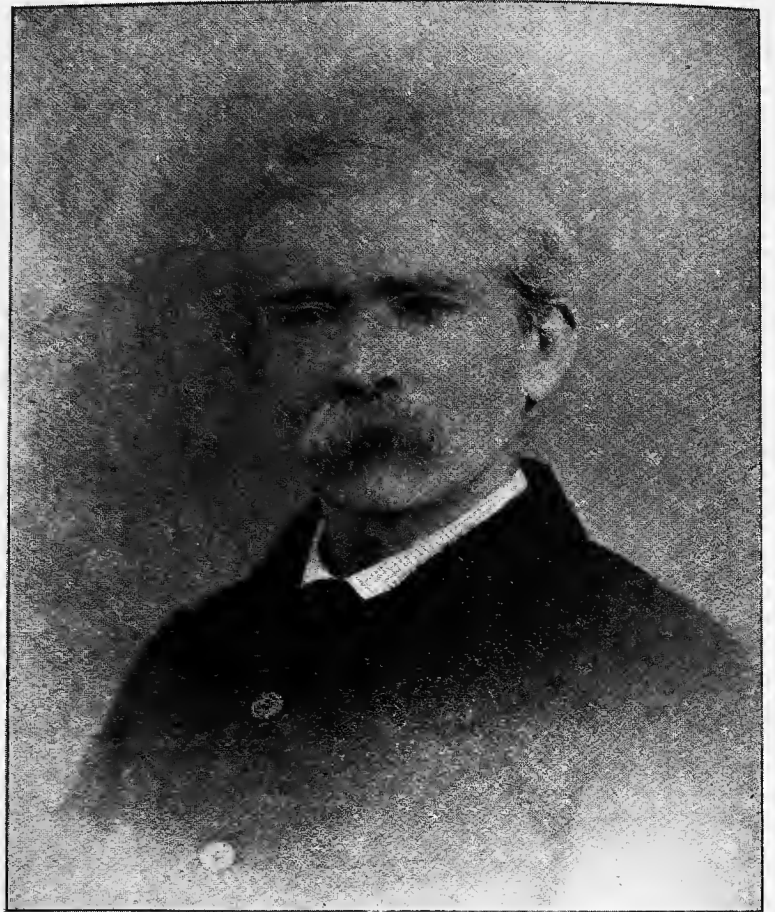
The *Scotts Observer* says of Mr. Henry James's "Tragic Muse": Length is the dominant characteristic of the romance. The number of pages is by no means excessive; and though there is a good deal in each, the number of words is probably not greater than in many a commonplace three-volume novel. But the stolidness of it! the commonplace reeling off of paragraph after paragraph pages long, made up of sentences like this: "Imitation is a fortunate homage only in proportion as it is delicate, and there was an indefinable something in Nash's doctrine that would have been discredited by exaggeration or by seal!" Of course the author occasionally permits the characters to speak to each other, but when they do they are as fluent, as refined, as circuitous, and as cryptic, if not quite as long-winded, as Mr. James himself.

The Author of "Alice in Wonderland."

It is, perhaps, not generally known that Oxford is the home of "Lewis Carroll," the author of "Alice in Wonderland," the queen of nonsense books. He is a senior student of Christ Church, and was for many years mathematical lecturer to the college, but retired from the latter post some few years ago, in order to devote himself more unreservedly to literary work. As might be gathered from his books, he is a genuine lover of children, and his beautiful suite of rooms in the north-west corner of Wolsey's great quadrangle, looking over St. Aldgate's, were at one time a veritable children's paradise. Never did rooms contain so many cupboards, and never did cupboards contain such endless stores of fascinating things. Musical boxes, mechanical performing bears, picture books innumerable, toys of every description, came forth in bewildering abundance before the child's astonished eyes: no wonder, then, that in childish years a day spent with "Lewis Carroll" was like a glimpse into a veritable El Dorado of innocent delight! For many years he was a considerable amateur photographer, and amused himself by taking his little friends in all sorts of odd and fanciful costumes, till his album became filled with Japanese boys and girls, beggar maids in picturesque tatters, or Joans of Arc in glittering armour. The smell of the collodion he used to pour on the negative, his small "subjects" watching him open-mouthed the while, lingers in the memory still, and the sight of the box in the dark room which used to be pulled out for them to stand upon, in order that they might watch more comfortably the mysterious process of "developing," served not long ago to remind one at the least of his quondam child friends, humorously if a little painfully, of the flight of time.—*Edith M. Arnold.*



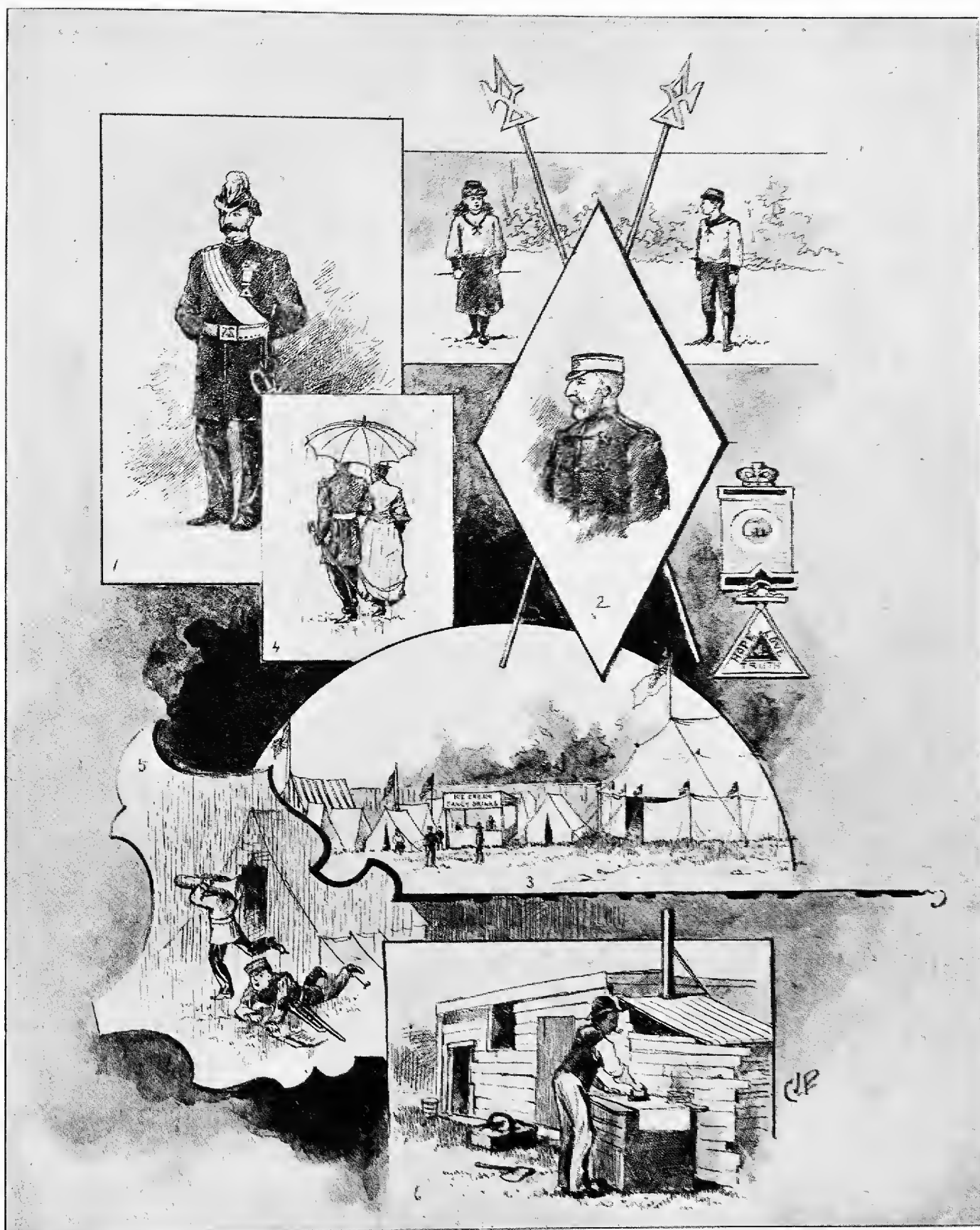
DOUGLAS BRYMNER, Esq., Dominion Archivist.



J. HUNTER DUVAR, Esq., Hernewood, Alberton, P.E.I.



THE OLD FORT AT CHAMBLY. (Cumming, photo.)



SKETCHES AT THE ENCAMPMENT OF THE ROYAL TEMPLARS, MONTREAL. (By our special artist.)

1. A. M. Featherston, Esq., Dominion Councillor. 2. Bandmaster XIII. Battalion Band. 4. Mars defying the elements. 3. A favorite spot.
5. Fun for the Band. 6. What is home without a father.



CHAMBLY, THE OLD FORT.—These views are sure to be appreciated by the students of our antiquities—the fort of which the ruins are here depicted having once been one of the most important strongholds of Canada under both the old régime and under English rule. A short account of it will be found elsewhere.

POINT ST. PETER, GASPÉ.—The fishing establishment of Messrs. J. & E. Collas, which is depicted in this engraving, is one of the most important of those centres of enterprise which are the life of the Gaspé coast. To those of our readers who have read the works of Mr. Le Moine, of Mr. Pancher de St. Maurice, of Mr. Stanislas Drapeau, or of Mr. J. C. Langelier, both Pointe Saint Pierre and J. & E. Collas will be familiar names. Of these writers, Mr. Drapeau was the first to do justice to the resources of the Gaspé region and its suitability for colonization. *La Gaspésie* heads the series of admirable studies which he published nearly thirty years ago on the development of this province. Twenty years later, Mr. Langelier devoted a valuable pamphlet entirely to the same maritime tract, and showed what progress it had made during the intervening period. Messrs. LeMoine and Faucher de Saint Maurice deal mainly with the scenery and romance of the Gaspé country. Of Point St. Peter the latter writes with rapture. It is one of the most picturesque spots on the coast, and the spectacle that it presents at sunrise he characterizes as superb. He describes the platforms for drying the fish and the white houses of the fishermen circling the rising ground in the rear, with the emporium of Messrs. Collas towering above the humbler structures of the village. The little islet of La Plateau, with its fantastic grottoes, is conspicuous in the foreground.

ANSE-AUX-GRIFFONS, GASPÉ.—The busy scene represented in this engraving is thoroughly characteristic of the Gaspé shores. Anse-aux-Griffons is in the township of Cap Rosier, just at that part of the coast where the river merges into the Gulf of St. Lawrence. "Following the line of coast from Fox River," writes Mr. LeMoine, "we come to Griffin Cove, thence to Cape Rosier, that Scylla of the St. Lawrence. An excellent lighthouse has been erected on the Cape to warn the mariner of his danger, and a gun is fired every half hour in thick, foggy weather." Those who would learn more of this portion of the Province of Quebec, will be gratified by consulting the eloquent pages of Mr. Le Moine's "Chronicles of the St. Lawrence."

ST. LAMBERT—THE REGATTA, ETC.—In this issue we give our readers some sketches of the regatta of Saturday last, to which fuller reference is made under the heading of "Sports and Pastimes." The village of St. Lambert is seen in the background, with vignettes of some of the noteworthy residences—those of Mayor Williams, of Mr. Whimby, secretary-treasurer; of Mr. Bourne and Mr. Wright. St. Lambert, which nature seems to have indicated a site Brooklyn of Canada, has made considerable progress in recent years. Thirty years ago it had a population of 530 souls. At the last census this number had grown to 750, and at present it cannot be less than 1,200. Thus, it has nearly doubled during the last ten years. St. Lambert is delightfully situated for a suburban community, and is destined to be a place of importance. It has long enjoyed excellent railway facilities, but these have been greatly enlarged since the operation of the Canadian Pacific, which, with the Grand Trunk, the Central Vermont and Delaware & Hudson railways, furnishes ample accommodation for all the demands of the place. There are at present about fifty trains daily arriving at and leaving the village. A system of water works has been organized; the plan is ready and construction will shortly be begun. It is also contemplated to introduce electric lighting. St. Lambert is well provided with churches and schools. Of the former there are three—a Roman Catholic church, built in 1856, an Anglican church and a Methodist church. There are also good schools, French and English, including a model school, which has three teachers, and is successfully conducted. St. Lambert had a stirring history in the early days of the old régime, and was the scene of an engagement in which the valiant Charles le Moyne routed the then savage Iroquois. In modern times it has long been noted as one of the termini of the world-renowned Victoria Bridge. Lying between Longueuil and Laprairie, face to face with Montreal, and at a comparatively short distance from the frontier at Rouse's Point, it is on the highway of communication with the older parts of this Province, with the United States and with Western Canada. It is more than probable that before long St. Lambert will receive incorporation as a town. We are indebted to Mr. Whimby, the secretary-treasurer, for these particulars.

ENCAMPMENT OF KNIGHTS TEMPLARS.—The presence in Montreal of the Royal Templars of Temperance has been among the important events of the past week. Their camp, of which an illustration is given in this issue, was pitched on the south side of the Shamrock Lacrosse Grounds, and was visited by thousands of persons interested in the work or attracted by the unusual and imposing spectacle. The encampment consisted of about a hundred private tents, in which the members lived during the week; a large marquee in which the meetings and concerts were

held; a large dining tent in which the cravings of the body were supplied, and various other canvas structures, such as a reading room and offices of different kinds. There was ample variety—white tents, striped tents, plain tents and fancy tents, and all arranged so as to conduce to the welfare and comfort of the campers. Four huge electric lights poised upon a giant pole cast their silvery rays at evening over the temporary homes of the knights, while two others lit up the large tent in which the meetings were held. The knights were accompanied by their wives, and some of them by their young people, and made up a very happy family. The arrangements were all very complete and satisfactory and reflected much credit upon the committee who had them in charge. We also give portraits of Mr. R. J. Latimer, Grand Councillor of the Order for the Province of Quebec; and of Mr. Edgar C. Waters, District Councillor, Montreal.

MONTREAL FIELD BATTERY.—In continuation of the views that we gave last week, we present our readers with a series of engravings from sketches taken by our special artist on the occasion of the annual inspection of the Battery. A historical outline of the career of the Battery since its formation in 1855 appeared in our last issue.

SHOOTING IN MANITOBA AND THE NORTH-WEST.—To sportsmen this engraving must be of great interest. It represents a picture taken from a photograph by Mr. Forbes, the artist, on his way back from the Rockies. Messrs. Ward, Warin, Small and Maughan, of Toronto, have shot together for 30 years. The picture represents a portion of the game they shot at Rush Lake, N.W.T., in 1886. Nineteen days to the four guns produced 2,620 ducks, 43 geese and 3 swans. The same party then went to Nepawa, Man., and shot 234 pinnated grouse, commonly called prairie chicken, in four days. In 1885 the same four sportsmen killed 2,826 ducks, 20 geese and some small game at Manitoba Lake in 29 days. To lovers of the gun and dog, the North-West is a perfect paradise, and the gentlemen named speak in very glowing terms of the beauty of the scenery all along the route of the Canadian Pacific Railway and the comforts to be had in the way of dining cars, etc.; in fact, to the kindness and attention of the officers and employés of that road they credit the whole success and pleasure of their trips.

SCENES AT THE FIRING POINT OF THE MATCHES OF THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC RIFLE ASSOCIATION.—These scenes, like those of the Field Battery, are sure to interest our readers. Some account of what took place is given in another part of this issue.

Chambly Fort.

The scene in our engraving, which has played an important part in the defence and wars of Canada under both the old régime and the new, is mentioned in all our histories from Charlevoix to Sulte and Kingsford. It is associated with events of interest to France, to Great Britain and the United States, as well as Canada, and, though fallen today from its proud estate, is still visited with eager expectancy by every tourist who finds himself near the Richelieu. On that noteworthy river—once called, the Rivière des Iroquois—Fort Chambly is situated, about twelve miles below the town of St. Johns. The earlier Fort Portchartrain, which was of wood, was erected in 1665, but in the beginning of the 18th century it had become dilapidated and useless. In 1809 the Governor of Montreal, fearing a surprise on the part of the New Englanders, obtained from the Superior Council at Quebec an opinion favourable to its reconstruction. Three years passed before this opinion was ratified by the court of France, and an order to this effect arrived in Canada in 1712; but, meanwhile, the colonists, impatient of delay, had completed the work, this being terminated in 1711 (which date is still to be seen over the ruined gate-way)—the soldiers being actively aided in their operations by the residents of Montreal. The plan was drawn by M. de Lery, engineer, of New France. As it was at this period built, it still remains, consisting of a very large square, flanked by four bastions corresponding to the four cardinal points of the compass.

Captain Jacques de Chambly, after whom the fort was named, was a captain in the Carignan Salières, the first regiment of regular troops ever sent to America by the French Government. It was raised in Savoy by the Prince of Carignan in 1644, but was soon employed in the service of France, where, in 1652, it took a conspicuous part on the side of the king, in the battle with Condé and the Fronde at Port St. Antoine. After the peace of the Pyrenees, the Prince of Carignan, unable to support the regiment, gave it to the king, and it was for the first time incorporated into the French armies. In 1664 it distinguished itself as part of the allied force of France, in the Austrian force against the Turks. In the next year it was ordered to America, along with the fragment of a regiment formed of Germans, the whole being placed under the command of Colonel de Salières. Hence its double name—Carignan Salières.

In 1666-67, Fort Chambly is mentioned in connection with an expedition against the Mohawks under Tracy and Courcelle. In 1709-1711 it bore no important part in affairs. Not alone was Quebec threatened by a British fleet, but a force of 2,000 soldiers and as many Indians, under command of General Nicholson, was to march upon Montreal by way of Lake Champlain, but in consequence of a recurrence of disasters the British retreated, after burning their advanced posts. In 1712 and 1726, we read of the old fort doing its share in opposing various expeditions against Canada.

In 1734, M. de Beauharnois, believing that hostilities could not be long averted, wrote a despatch suggesting means to be taken for the defence of the colony against invasion, and in 1740, when war was imminent, the Governor made "Forts Chambly, Frederic and Niagara as secure as possible." We hear little of Chambly and its fort from this time until 1758-59, when "the Fort of Chambly, which defended the pass by the River Richelieu to the St. Lawrence, was strengthened and garrisoned by a body of regular troops and militia;" and, although Chambly bore no share in the actual fighting during the contest of 1759-60, we read that the French commandant retired before the advance of the British troops under Colonel Haviland, and further, that after the fall of Quebec in the spring of 1760 M. de Vaudreuil seconded a bold attempt of Chevalier de Levis to wipe out the last year's disasters by the re-conquest of Quebec. The necessary stores and ammunition were embarked at Sorel, which had been drawn from the depots of St. Johns and Chambly. The fort, from its position, offered great advantages as a military station, and from the conquest of Canada by the English until the final withdrawal of the troops a few years back, Chambly was retained as one of the garrisons of the country. After a long period of inaction, the old fort sprang into notice once more during the rebellion of 1837, but in later years it was allowed to fall into decay.

MILITARY MATTERS.

The past week has seen the completion of two of the most important of the Provincial Rifle matches. The Quebec meeting closed on Friday, and was a success in every particular: fine weather, a large attendance of competitors, excellent management, and, above all, the pleasure arising from the meeting of a jolly lot of fellows from all parts of the two sister provinces—resulted in general satisfaction. The scoring was fully up to the average; but the men from this province did not show up as well as they should have done, explain it as they may. Out of twenty prizes in the Individual Aggregate, fifteen went to Ontario, that province also taking two of the three Team Aggregate prizes. This may possibly be due to the courtesy of our city battalions in not wishing to show too grasping a spirit on their own range; but somehow we fail to look at it in that light. *Palmarum qui meruit ferat.* The Carslake trophy was a brilliant exception to the prevailing order of things, and the Victoria Rifles deserve congratulation on their brilliant shooting in this match. It is very much to be regretted that the two Quebec corps (53rd and 54th), who have made such excellent scores in the Military League competition, were not more fully represented, in view of the criticisms recently made by the Halifax press.

* * *

The competitors at the Nova Scotia Provincial Association matches were much less fortunate on the score of weather, but in other points the meeting fully equalled that held concurrently in Montreal. For rifle-shooting Halifax is ahead of any other city in the Dominion proportionately to population; and last week's work shows no diminution in the skill of its marksmen. The public presentation of prizes on the range by Lieut.-Governor Daly in the presence of Sir John Ross, H.R.H. Prince George of Wales, and other notables, gave a brilliant wind-up to the proceedings. It is worthy of note that in the Battalion match the teams from the Imperial troops in garrison—one each from the Royal Engineers and the West Riding Regiment—were at the bottom of the list. This is an old story, but for the honour of the regular troops it should not exist; with regiments twice as strong as those of the militia, and with unlimited time and ammunition, our professional brothers-in-arms should not permit themselves to be beaten by amateurs at one of the most important branches of their profession.

* * *

An imposing ceremony took place at St. John, N.B., a few days ago—the trooping of the King's colour of the old 2nd Battalion N.B. Militia by the 62nd Fusiliers, and the stately ceremonial of its presentation to Trinity Church by the officer commanding that regiment. Such events are few in Canada, and deserve special attention whenever they occur. The address by which they were committed to the care of one of the most historic churches in Canada, and the reply of the officiating clergyman, were couched in words well befitting the occasion. An additional interest was given by the presence of Ensign Wishart, one of the officers who received the old colours 63 years ago.

* * *

It is a painful surprise to hear that the loyal and military city of Kingston permits the graves of its past defenders to fall into a disgraceful condition from sheer neglect; it is a blot on its fair name that the broken tombstones and uncared for mounds in the Ordnance-street cemetery should mark the resting-place of many of the garrison of which the city was once so proud.

* * *

By the death of Staff-Sergeant Curzon, of the 10th Royal Grenadiers, that regiment loses a faithful member and the Queen a loyal servant. He had served for 13 years, was an excellent shot, and had the honourable distinction of being recommended for the Victoria Cross, from which he was, however, debarred by the absurd rule which prohibits that honour from being conferred on members of the Colonial Service.

E.

Tom's Yarn.

A TALE OF ENTERPRISING YOUNG CANADA.

By SPRIGGINS.

To the enthusiastic yachtsman there are few feelings so utterly hopeless as those engendered during the monotony of a dead calm. The even roll of the vessel, the limp, dejected flag, the slack sail, each contributes its small quota in the vast accumulation of misfortunes that so vexes his eager soul. With our small party it was particularly noticeable; they were, with one sad exception, deep in rueful regrets—sweet vain longings for the unattainable. Most fond were the pictures recalled of distant homes and domestic circles, of friends and parents. The solitary exception was one who, on account of his being a landlubber and unused to go down to the sea in ships, had been written on the articles as General Utility Man, to wit: your humble scribe and servant! He was prostrate on a bunk in the cabin. The steady, ceaseless roll of the yacht had brought him to a state of most abject misery. He prayed vaguely for death—anything to end the horrible sufferings he experienced. Forgive him, gentle reader, for he was so reduced as to be but the shade of his normal self. Virtue, pride, manhood, all had gone out of him, and but the outer crust, the empty shell, of his former grand and wholly brave individuality remained.

The cook had brought a mattress and cushion out of the cabin, in defiance of orders, and lay thereon, puffing moodily at a disreputable corn-cob pipe. The able-bodied seaman reclined forward on a rug, his face upturned and his hands clasped behind the back of his head, staring vacantly at the sky in a state of shameless collapse.

The skipper alone bore up bravely through it all. He sat exposed to the hot sun, holding the tiller, more, as he was fain to confess, for the sake of example than because he had any hope of making the vessel answer her helm. Though he perspired freely, like a true sailor he stuck manfully to his duty.

There, you have the four who comprised the complement of souls on board the yacht *Spray*. Three stalwart Canadians, hale and hearty, and one ditto citizen of the Great Union, temporarily indisposed.

The three Canadians underwent all the tortures of blighted hopes and plans disarranged on account of the dead calm. The citizen of the Great Union also suffered, but he did not care a continental about their plans disarranged, etc.

Discipline was at an end. The skipper was not only regarded without due deference, he was openly reviled and threatened with vague but dire vengeance by the exasperated crew. He it was who had proposed the expedition, and inveigled us into joining it by anticipating, in glowing language, the pleasure and excitement in prospect if we consented to accompany him on board his yacht. Alas! we listened to his insinuating address, believed his sweet-spoken promise, and, in an evil hour, consented to come.

From the small village of Pointe-au-Pic, on the Lower St. Lawrence, we set sail one bright August day. There was a good westerly wind blowing, and the *Spray* moved out from her moorings near the wharf amid the plaudits of an admiring crowd, assembled there to witness the arrival of the Quebec steamer. Presently we responded to their salutations as we sped bravely off before the wind.

We proposed to reach Tadoussac during the night, spend the following day there, then cross to the south shore to visit Cacouna and Kamouraska before returning. How true is the saying, "Man proposes, but God disposes!"

In about two hours' time the wind died out, and the broad sheet of water quickly became perfectly smooth, save for a horrible undulating swell, which continued throughout, causing the little craft to roll with a sickening motion, much resembling that of the pendulum of a clock in its unchanging, ceaseless regularity.

The skipper was naturally rather discouraged; he felt the responsibility of his position. His eloquence had long since been exhausted, and so had his resources. The wind positively refused to be wooed. The cook darkly hinted at the possibility of a Jonah being on board, and suggested that the inoffensive and suffering scribe be subjected to a strict examination, but the libellous insinuation was not followed up.

But, and may Allah reward him for it, a bright idea occurred to the skipper.

"I say, Tom," he called out, "what was that story I heard about a queer experience you had on the Montreal boat? Give it us now, like a good fellow, to while away the time."

Tom, the cook before alluded to, was a youth of profound depths of dissimulation. His melancholy countenance and quaint querulous speech masked as gay, reckless and pleasure-loving a nature as was to be found amongst the many untamed young students of McGill University, Montreal. But withal he had an undercurrent of good in him struggling untruly to assert itself, though seldom succeeding, alas!

He puffed on at his pipe meditatively a moment before replying. Then, in a sad, plaintive tone he said: "Captain, that is unfair; it is even ungentlemanly? You seduce me into joining what promises to become an indefinitely prolonged cruise in this miserable little tub of yours, whence there is no escape. You have already degraded me by conferring on me a menial title which will involve my setting to at hard, un congenial manual labour. And now you would amuse yourself, forsooth, by having me reveal a cherished secret, and at the same time relate mine

own misfortune. I refuse sir," and he settled his head more comfortably on the cushion with an air of determination.

But the able-bodied seaman, roused to animation at the prospect of a yarn, basely forsook his fellow-rebel. Tom's stories were famous amongst his friends. He had a peculiar propensity for fitting in the most awkward situations, which was only equalled by the droll exaggerated account he gave of the same when he could be induced to gratify his friends.

The A. B. and the captain waxed persuasive, they begged and they threatened, all in vain! Despite their eloquence, Tom remained obdurate. Finally they resorted to force. His mattress was pulled from under him, the skipper threw himself upon his prostrate form and, unmindful of struggles and protestations, held his arms, whilst the able-bodied seaman belaboured him with the cushion. This stern treatment soon brought him to reason. Then a bottle of claret was procured and three glasses filled, one of which was offered as a bribe. Tom regarded the refreshment with a longing eye. He held out his hand, which was released for the purpose by his captor, but the glass was withdrawn. "Promise to give us the yarn, or not a drop do you get," declared the A. B. sternly.

"And this is friendship," quoth the unhappy prisoner, waving his hand skyward; but it was again seized by the skipper and pinioned down to the deck. "Well, I will tell you the story. Give me the claret first, though."

The invalid had been attracted to the deck when the scuffle begun. At least his pale, woe-begone face was visible peering at them above the companion-way, and, after a short palaver, he was prevailed upon to venture further, though not without misgivings. A strong dose of brandy was next administered, and the bulky son of Neptune stood over him with such a threatening crest that, recalling the treatment of the unfortunate cook, he rallied and declared quickly that he felt quite well.

Thereupon all prepared for Tom's yarn. I cannot hope to do it justice writing, as I do, from memory alone. His style was inimitable, and, of course, it is impossible to set down his manner and the whimsical seriousness of his expression, which at times grew so absurdly puzzling that, for the life of you, you could not say "here he jests, or here he is really moved to earnestness." Probably he could not have told himself. Tom is, in truth, just the man to be the hero of an adventure; he has the rare gift of telling a story well. His own words move him as he speaks, and he is carried away to such an extent that he enters into the spirit of them, casting from him all other thoughts, except that of telling and acting the part he has taken upon himself for the time. We quite forgot our disappointments and ills as the story proceeded. As he, in his clear, flexible voice, with his grotesquely impressive face, expressed himself moved, even so were we moved. For the time we were the servants of his will, and the servitude was by no means one at which the soul rebelled. Finally, at the conclusion, when we had recovered from the laughter into which we were thrown by the ridiculous *denouement*, a vote of thanks was tendered him with hearty unanimity. Truly a great art is that of the accomplished yarn spinner! And, O Thomas, my friend, thou wilt do great deeds some day, the world will certainly hear more of thee. When time has toned down that youthful frivolity, and the stern purpose of the man directs those keen wits of thine, will not that clear sounding voice be heard again, and yet again, and will not men listen unto it spellbound, even as we three did on board the *Spray*? I trow it will, I trow it will.

Tom sipped his claret a moment, regarding with mock reproach his grinning and expectant audience, then he began

HIS STORY.

"I was returning home from a trip up the river. Jack May, another McGill man, and myself had been off together spending part of the vacation among the great lakes. We saw that stupendous marvel of Nature's grandeur—the Niagara Falls. We lingered amongst the Thousand Islands, saw and admired, as others have done and will continue to do. And in our own peculiar way, according to our lights, we were happy and highly satisfied with our trip. But ere we reached the protecting shelter of our homes a misfortune befell us. We were obliged to wait over a day in Montreal, and there encountered some college men, who insisted upon helping us to put in the time. Their intentions were doubtless good intentions, and did credit alike to their hospitality and their regard for us as fellow-students on vacation. But they over-reached themselves; they entertained us too well. Indeed, I dare surmise that had it not been for their flattering attentions I should not now be relating this tale of woe. However, "*verbum sap.*"

In the evening we were escorted down to the Quebec boat, by which our passage was booked, and sent off in a most inspiring manner. I forget exactly what became of Jack. I know he was by my side on the after deck waving his hat in response to the farewell shouts of our late companions as the boat moved off; but after that he disappeared. Probably he retired, like a wise youth, to his stateroom.

I was, however, in a more wakeful and enterprising humour. Turning to observe my fellow-passengers, I was attracted by a pair of bright laughing eyes. The owner, a young girl, was seated opposite me. She made a beautiful picture, with the sinking sun for a background—an artistic setting of glorious light outlining her graceful little figure. There was a faint soft breeze blowing, which moved some loose tresses of hair about her temples. And

the gleam from the sunset, as it glanced from her small shapely head, seemed to form a halo of golden light behind it. I can see her now! Indeed I often see her, both in my dreams and when I am awake. But, ah! she will never, to my eyes at least, appear so irresistibly attractive as she was at that first meeting. Had I been an artist I would have longed to sketch her! Had I been a poet I would immediately have strung my impassioned lay to the fulfilment of those tresses of soft brown hair at her temples! Being neither artist nor poet, I struck an attitude. I tilted my hat the least bit over one eye, leaned against the deck railing, fingered my watch-chain with my right hand, caressed the down on my upper lip with my left, and smiled at her. The attitude was not exactly unstudied; but, as it had answered admirably on former occasions, I had great confidence in it. And apparently it was deserving of my good opinion, for she returned my smile. She beamed upon me, this bright goddess of the midsummer sunset!

It is useless to linger over that scene; it was indescribable. I don't think I am more impressionable than the ordinary man, but her glance did thrill me unpeepably. I gazed enthralled! Her face had a queer fascination for me, and it seemed, somehow, that I had known it before. Have you ever, in the dreary silence of a sleepless night, shut your eyes to hide the oppressive gloom which appeals your nervous senses with its dread impenetrable blackness, and then seen a loving and lovely face, familiar yet unknown? You stare at it enraptured, start up with wide extended arms and eyes glowing with responsive love, and behold it is gone. Have you, perchance, gazed upon some beautiful painting of a female face, and as you, admiring, shift your position to get it in a better light, you catch a glimpse of something that stirs you, you cannot tell what? A brief vague impression that has vanished before its presence is realized. In vain you seek for it again, it is gone. Have you experienced these conceptions? No. Well, neither have I. But, if I had, they would have affected me exactly as the girl's face did.

Judge then as to the feeling with which I gazed upon her. Were they, I ask, deserving of vulgar contempt? Alas! it shows how gross are the minds of men when that state of high wrought, sublime ecstasy but served to amuse such of the passengers as observed it.

One man in particular I noticed, at length, was regarding me with intense interest. He was laughing and it appeared, making vile brutal jokes at my expense. It was a great, fat, overdressed youth, and he was simply convulsed. His bloated cheeks were purple with suppressed mirth. I happened to meet his eye and, even to my entranced senses, the cause of his merriment was manifest. Down I came to earth with surprising rapidity; my head swam with the sudden shock of my descent, and my blood boiled with ire. I assumed instantly my most imposing air and frowned truculently. Would I not punish this insolent churl that dared to thrust his vulgar jibes in between me and one who was as far superior to me as I flattered myself I was to him? Most assuredly. No brave knight in the days of chivalry burned more ardently for the fray than I did for the oily gore of that stout scolder. For a space his fate hung in the balance, then my cooler judgment, with a regard for the fitness of things, triumphed over the honest indignation of a brave heart outraged. I contented myself with scowling my sentiments; and indeed the effect of that was enough. The fat youth became suddenly intensely grave and looked rather sheepish. He shifted uneasily under my eye. At length I released him from its magnetism and stalked off with a triumphant theatrical stride to a remote corner, where, seating myself on a chair, I leaned my elbows on the railing and stared moodily over it into the waters.

How unsympathetic people are! Oh, the world, the horrible, vulgar world! I yearned for the grand old days of belted knights, rearing war horses and distressed princesses. The progressive roar of the nineteenth century, with its steam engines, its factories, its electric marvels, and all the thousand and one other signs of advancement were, for the moment, to me as naught compared to those free, unfettered days of yore. Then, if a man offended you, you straightway cut him down with your own good sword, and there was an end to it. This train of thought led me on to speculate as to how I should deal with the object of my present wrath under such circumstances. In fancy, I had placed his generous figure on a vicious prancing steed, put a lance in his hand, and girt his fat proportions with a suit of armour. With the most bloodthirsty intent I pictured myself opposing him, also mounted, mail-clad, with lance in rest. I had just unhorsed him, and was proceeding with the utmost *sangfroid* to deprive the craven wretch of his unworthy life when a hand was placed softly on my shoulder, and a sweet voice murmured something, I know not what—sweet entreating, perhaps, to stay my avenging arm. I turned, and— Yes, it was she, the vision of benign beauty; the cause of my present combat! I arose all dazed, trying to collect my wandering wits.

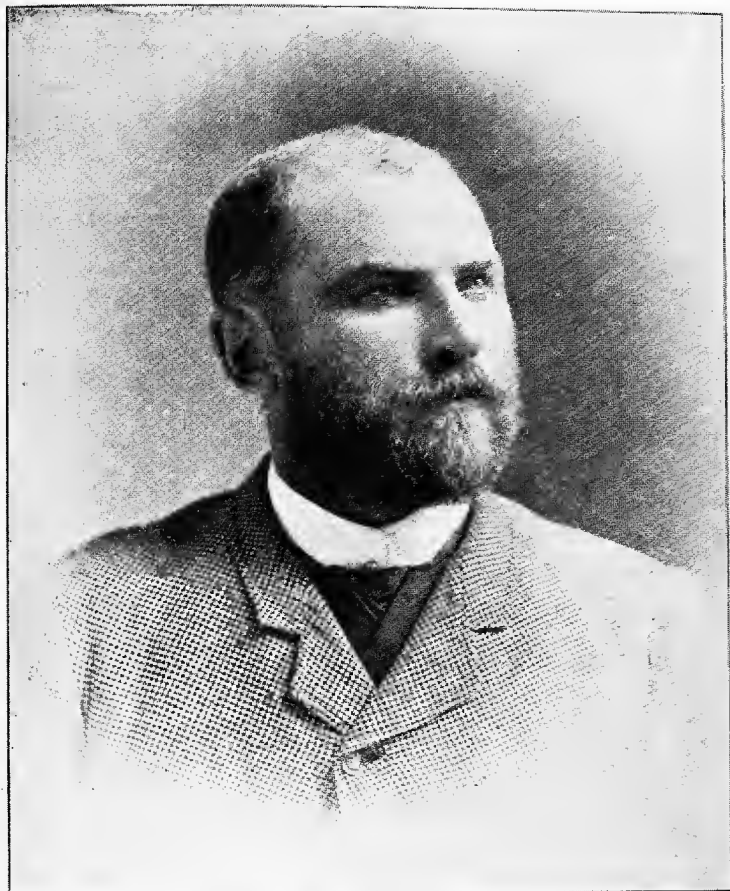
"So happy," I mumbled; "mercy is the province of the fair—that is, I mean, er—er—" and my voice died away in an inarticulate murmur as I realized that this was the nineteenth century, and that no foe man lay ignominiously humbled beneath my conquering blade. This revealed the state of affairs to me in another and equally dramatic light.

The young lady regarded me strangely a moment, came forward a step impulsively, then stopped short laughing as I retreated.

(To be continued.)



SCENES AT THE INSPECTION OF THE MONTREAL FIELD BATTERY, 13th AUGUST. (By our special artist.)
 1. A lay-off. 2. The Inspecting Officer. 3. Cleaning up. 4. The Colonel's experiment. 5. The Commanding Officer. 6. A Gunner. 7. After the parade.



R. J. LATIMER, Esq., Grand Councillor, Montreal.



EDGAR C. WATERS, Esq., District Councillor, Montreal.

ENCAMPMENT OF THE ROYAL TEMPLARS.



FIELD SPORTS IN MANITOBA.

RED AND BLUE PENCIL

CHERRYFIELD, Aug. 13, 1890.

DEAR EDITOR, —The Dodona groves give forth scarcely a whisper, and most of the many rills of Helicon are running dry in this parched season, wherefore the verse I send you may have a "ground out" quality, scarcely permissible, whether for trade or friendship. For you remember the sagacious and sage Mr. Wegg, who enlightened Boffin's Bower with this bit of wisdom: "When a person comes to grind off poetry night after night, it is but right he should expect to be paid for its weakening effect on his mind." When I dropped into poetry I should ask to be considered in the light of a friend.

P. F.

OUR DOCTOR.

It is time for recess! or, perchance, the nooning hour has come, for they are pouring out of the school-room with the gurgling glee of water out of a bottle. *They!* have I said, school-fellows? Are they not *enervates* that rush out, that leap, and fling their arms abroad, and whoop, and hurl the ball or stone? Hark! there is a rattle of wheels along by the roadside apple trees yonder, and those that droop over the fence from the Crowell farm, where we were glad to pick up the crabbedest knurlins, and then pelt the branches for more.

"Here come the doctor!" It is the general cry, and then they set off to meet the advancing carriage as soon as it is in sight. It is Dr. Brown,* our village Esculapius, and a venerable favourite among the boys and girls. He is a standing rebuke to all disease—that spreads its melancholy vials to be away on his arrival. A "noticeable man" is he, with a face and figure to command attention, at the hustings and in legislative halls, as well as in invalids' chambers. And he wins many a nod and smile as he sits stoutly erect in his buggy; for, though his place by right of years may be among the elders, wanting their tameness and gravity, he is likely as not to be classed with the boys—being a dear lover of all lovers of bat and ball. Under his seventy winters he stands, in his brown wig, without a visible sprinkle of frost or one flake of the snow that boreal Age commonly sifts upon us before our three score years are told; so he will assert his former boyhood and maintain a perpetual youth. And well he may do this, for under the aforesaid wig shines his sagacious and rubicund face—a very sun of good humour, whence little rays of cheerfulness come streaming wherever he goes. Tennyson describes the "busy wrinkles" round the face of his miller, and surely the wrinkles round our doctor's were busy and merry. He looks like a good piece of oak, well seasoned. Let him choose to alight, and, like the Farmer of Tilsbury Vale, face and figure will be like a pleasant medicine to the eye:

"Erect as a sunflower he stands, and the streak
Of the unfaded rose still enlivens his cheek.
Mid the dews in the sunshine of morn, 'mid the joy
Of the fields, he collected that bloom when a boy;
There fashioned that countenance, which in spite of a stain
That his life hath received, to the last will remain—
A farmer he was; and his house far and near
Was the boast of the country for excellent cheer."

Yes, he was brought up on a farm, and his lusty youth was nourished on fresh milk and brown bread, with sights and scents of barn and byre, and clover fields and breaths of spring mornings, and crisp November airs; farmer he still is, as well as doctor, and man of affairs; so he will, indeed, bloom brightly to the last, like an everlasting flower.

As he comes rattling up abreast the school-house, followed by his young body-guard in laughing commotion, he shakes—a very mirthful jelly—and cries out: "Oh, you whipper-snappers! you whipper-snappers! get on here if you can!" Then he starts up his horse, and the children stream after him in full cry, and he slackens his pace directly and leans over to banter them. In they climb, over the back or any other way they can, till the buggy is full, and he is happy. Why did he never have wife or children, while so many of narrow or shrivelled social natures are scowling on both? "Here, you rogues!" what are you doing?" he exclaims, as a copy of "Felix Holt, the Radical," that has been lying open on the seat, is thrust to the ground by his shuffling feet, when the wheels pass over it. It is restored; and, as he is already overloaded, he starts up again at a good pace, the rest running still behind, while he leans laughingly to snap his whip at the stragglers, slowly lagging at last, unable to hold on. "Get away! get away!" he exclaims, in an ebullition of buoyant spirits. "Get away; the old mare has enough of you." The little fellow with the straw hat, ragged and rimless, is helped to the seat beside him; and the little miss, a pert pet, is taken on his knee to be kissed, and to have him pull her ringlets and talk sweet, amusing nonsense to her. So I see him ride on through the village and down the descending road, where, from the hill's green brow, you may notice how Hantsport shows whitely and the bending river sparkles in the sun.

Dear, old bachelor doctor! You are among the unforgettable. Where you were and one other there was always reason for laughter. What if the joke were sometimes re-

*Edward Lathrop Brown, M.D., M.P.P., of Woburn, N.S.

torted, you were always ready when the time came round again.* But where is the face that shines like Katrine's morning mirror,† but sometimes it bears the shadow of a cloud? And so I have seen even upon *your* face, deemed by you unobserved, looks sadly serious enough. You could not cut brother-flesh nor stand by dying neighbours without emotion. Prompt, executive, when anything was to be done; a man of affairs, dealing closely with such as closely deal; not altogether without spotted garments or giving cause of offense; yet were you warm, friendly, companionable—yes, and generous, too. Dear, old bachelor doctor! my companion, friend and comfortable physician in many an hour that delighted and tried my soul! My host and mentor—often my charioteer—had I the pen of a genius I would make you immortal; you should shine with the Galens of the past, as worthy of them. I, at least, have not forgotten you; and to me your rosy face seems almost as real and present to-day as if I had seen it but yesterday. Whatever your faults—and I shall not disclose them—you loved children and the dumb and helpless things of the earth; with you dwelt the old humanities; the flavour of precious books was in your thought and speech, and to you "the poetry of earth was never dead," or the muse's tongue silent. In my breast you abide tenderly for you helped to awaken in me the slumbering desire of song, and you showed me where many a poetic treasure lay hidden. How you gloried in Poet Burns and in Poet Butler! How you exalted the masters, and alternately petted and scouted the poetlings! And when I recounted my childish gains and hopes, or poured my schoolboy sorrows into your ear, you encouraged, praised and soothed me, tenderly judicious. How you entertained me, and gave me the very quintessence of pedagogic lore! Through you I learned to know and love Goldsmith. That picture in your home of the Irish school-master, with upraised switch, and your familiar recitation of:

"Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace—,"

Are they not among the choicest of memory's treasures? Where shall I find in modern elocution the fine *clat*, the magnificent gusto, with which you endowed the matchless, immortal lines of "Tam o' Shanter," as we rode at evening in sweet solitude together by the red winding banks through which the Gaspereau debouches into Mines, and by the marshes of Avonport? With what gesticulations and wild peals of laughter did you do it! And how you would recite "Willie Brewed a Peck o' Maut," or other of the bacchanal rollicking strains of social, tipsy Burns! And now I hear you compliment Tom Moore and depreciate him almost in the same breath, by singing:

"Keep this cup, which is now o'erflowing,
To grace your revel when I'm at rest;
Never, oh, never its balm bestowing
On lips that beauty hath seldom blest.
But when some warm, devoted lover
To her he adores shall bathe his brim,
Then, then around my spirit shall hover
And hallow each drop that foams for him!"

Then, turning to me, and saying in a tone of mock disgust: "There! isn't *that* pretty nonsense. Sound! sound! not a rational idea in it." How often have I seen you flourish your whip, growing magniloquent, as did ever Wilkins Macawber, Esq., over some ludicrous screech from your favourite, Hudibras!‡ But this mirth dies in the distance, and a silence falls. It is not far from laughter to tears, and there is a spot at last where pure *bonhomie*, like animal courage, evaporates. Stay! stalwart form, mirthful presence! Did I ever see you sad? Sad for others you had often need to be, and even yours was the end appointed for all living; but where did I ever behold a face that could be so radiant, save one, on which the light of Heaven itself was then shining? When you return in memory how often it is with a semblance of Wordsworth's "Gray-haired Man of Glee":

"The sighs that Matthew heaved were sighs
Of one tired out with fun and madness;
The tears which came to Matthew's eyes
Were tears of light, the dew of gladness."

Surely the lines might have been written for you! Still, to me you remain as I used to see you, and as you were on this school-boy day of mine, your lips, your eyes gave no hint of the "speechless dust" to which they have since gone. Of late, I stood beside a mound named for you behind the little chapel upon that fair eminence overlooking the sylvan beauties of your home, and read a familiar symbol cut in marble. A white hand, with index finger pointing upward;—*Sic itur ad astra*.

"Can it be
That these few words
Are all that must remain of thee."

"'Ye'll find no change in me," he had said, humorously, to one who applied to him, as road-commissioner, for "a little change" to repair a bridge. "Faith, Doctor," was the reply, "ye've often changin' yer coat since I knew ye."

"Are you going to vote for me?" he asked an inconsequential coloured man, just before election, merely to hear him. "Nay, Doctor, I don't vote for no one; I jist stan' my mutual."

{Not Katrine, in her mirror blue,
Gives back the shaggy banks more true
Than every free-born glance could send
The galleass movements of her breast.—*SIOFFT*.
{Such for instance as:
"Who, pulpit-drum ecclesiastic
Was beat with fist instead of a stick," etc.

Indeed, I had learned from his lips a considerable part of the first Canto before he gave me the volume. He frequently talked with me about this poet and gave me much of his sad history.

But the wheels have rattled out of hearing; the doctor is away to his patient's; the children come trooping back; the bell calls, while from the shelter of apple trees and the Balm-of-Gileads, the humming human bees buzz, eddying into the hive.

PASTOR FELIX.

SONNETS.

I.

LESCARBOT.

While we followed on our course, there came from the land odours incomparable for sweetness, brought with a warm wind so abundantly that all the Orient parts could not produce greater abundance. We did stretch out our hands, as it were, to take them, so palpable were they, which I have admired a thousand times since.—*Marc Lescarbot's Journal*.

Old voyager! to Acadie's virgin shore
The forest-muse bade welcome! Sunny-soul'd,
The magic of thine eye turn'd all to gold;
Enriching the quaint, cheerful fancy's store,
Filling Port Royal with romantic lore,
After the length'ning sea, beclouded, dim,
The warm July with joy thy heart did brim;
Like climbing roses looked the breakers frore.
What odorous winds, incomparably sweet,
From wide woods hail'd thee, gladly sailing near,
Till thou didst stretch thy hands forth to receive
The palpable gift—the smiling coasts to greet,
Dressed in the gayest garments that the year
Doth from her bloomy wardrobe deign to give.

II.

MARY.

No man who has had the love and companionship of such a one as my dear saint for twenty years, can complain of not getting all, and more than all, he deserves in this world.—*From a brother's letter on the death of his wife*.

My love, so late,—my life's best ornament,
By whom my spirit out of dust was raised—*
The jewel of my dark. Now Heaven be praised,
By whom thy shining goodness was sent!
My lode-star,—for a little season lent,
Then soft withdrawn into thy guardian sky,—
Shed thy ripe influence on me silently,—
Sweet minister, with so benign intent!
The love I could not speak, the faith I meant,
I feel thou knowest, wheresoe'er thou art,
The undivided homage of a heart
Whose confined days in solitude are spent,
Is thine—thine only; while all thoughts are blent
With thee,—my love, my life's best ornament.

VISION.

Ever before us move the luminous shape
Of our Ideal,—as the column'd flame
Lighted their camp who out of Egypt came,
Rosy as sunset on some cloudy cape,
Let not the alluring form our eye escape;
Let us press to its mark, all girt and shod,
Wing-footed, as the young magnetic god—
The message-bearing Hermes. Who would ape
Or woo the past forever? Who would grope
In mouldy vaults, or ruin'd vaults explore,
Or gaze on deserts bare from side to side?
Beckon, thou bright Unseen!—give space and scope!
Men perish, visionless; celestial-eyed,
Lo! deep on deep, life's star-set portals ope!

ARTHUR J. LOCKHART.

A REGRET.

THAT TWO NATURE-LOVERS COULD NOT MEET WITH THE
AUTHOR AT OSSIFEY PARK, MOULTONBOROUGH, N.H.

I have just come up from the brook with two gallons of water better, I fancy, than the nectar of the gods. It is pleasant to go for this water, down through the alders and then through the pines, feeling the air grow cooler and seeing the woods grow dimmer,—down to the mossy brook, which makes a babbling music, and seems to be, except one's self, the only living thing. Whenever I am at the brook I think of Isaac Walton and the sweet little poem in which he says:

"These crystal streams shall solace me."—LETTER.

If they were here among those hills with me,
Then perfect here would my contentment be;
I long to-day for their society.

How much to me their absence has denied!
O, that they could have laid their oars aside,
And left awhile their galley to the tide.

I know their love of nature equals mine;
I know they see in Nature a design
To raise us up to that which is Divine.

I know they hold that God, with wise intent,
Created all, o'er which well pleased He bent,—
That beauty is no simple accident,

That unto them of quickened ear and eye
It does His love and goodness testify:
How dull the sense that does this creed deny!

*These beautiful words of Edmund Spenser apply most fitly to her whom this sonnet commemorates; who did, indeed, become the salvation of her husband, and as an ornament of gold about his neck.

And so I would that they were here to day,
To walk with me this winding, mossy way,
Wherein alone my noiseless feet delay ;

Assured that theirs would be the peace that fills,
On this fair day, the voices of these hills,
And all the gentle whispers of these hills.

But some may from the tasks assigned them rest,
While others must be doing His behest,—
Come, sweet Content ! I know His will is best.

Cragshire, Ossipee. RALPH H. SHAW.

Douglas Brymner, Archivist.

Douglas Brymner, historical archivist of the Dominion, was born in Greenock, Scotland, in the year 1823. He is the fourth son of Alexander Brymner, banker, originally from Stirling, where the family held for many years a prominent position.

The subject of our sketch was educated at the Greenock Grammar school, where, under the skilful tuition of Dr. Brown, he mastered the classics and higher branches of study. After leaving school, Mr. Brymner received a thorough mercantile training. He began business on his own account, and subsequently admitted his brother Graham as partner, on the return of the latter from the West Indies, where he had been living for some years. The brothers were highly successful, the younger filling, in later years, several important offices, such as justice of the peace for the County of Renfrew and chairman of the Sanitary Commission for his native town. He died in 1882 from typhus fever, contracted in the discharge of his duties as chairman, universally regretted by all. In 1853 Mr. Brymner married Jean Thompson (who died in 1884), daughter of William Thomson, of Hill End, by whom he had nine children, five of whom survive. The eldest of these is William, a rising artist of an excellent school, who has studied for several years in the best studios of Paris, and of whose merits our Montreal readers need not be told. The second son, George Douglas, is an accountant in the Bank of Montreal, and James, the third son, is in the North-West. One daughter and a son are at home. In consequence of ill health, induced by close application to business, Mr. Brymner was compelled to retire from the partnership in 1856. Complete withdrawal from mercantile cares for a year having restored him to something like his former self, he removed to Canada in 1857, and settled in Melbourne, in the Eastern Townships. Here he filled the office of mayor for two terms with conspicuous ability. On both occasions he had been elected without a contest, and without having solicited a single vote from any one, his belief being that an office of this sort ought to be conferred by the unasked suffrage of the constituency. He declined to serve for a third term, although earnestly requested to do so. While mayor, he introduced various improvements in the mode of conducting municipal business. Having, like other immigrants possessing capital, found his means vanishing before the financial crisis of 1857, Mr. Brymner drifted into what seemed to be his natural calling—literature, for which his early training and continuous study well qualified him. On the acceptance by Dr. Snodgrass of the office of Principal of Queen's College, the post of editor of the *Presbyterian*, the official journal of the Church of Scotland in Canada, became vacant. It was offered to Mr. Brymner, his fitness for the position having been recognized by the leaders of the church, he having been an active member of the Church Courts as a representative elder, and his numerous contributions to the discussion of important religious topics being esteemed and valuable. Under his guidance, the editorials being written in a straightforward, independent spirit, the paper at once took a high place. Many of Mr. Brymner's articles on ecclesiastical questions in particular were much admired, and leading religious journals often made lengthy quotations from them. About the same time he joined the staff of the *Montreal Herald*, where in a little while he was appointed associate editor with the Hon. Edward Goff Penny. Often, owing to the severe indisposition of Mr. Penny, Mr. Brymner had sole editorial charge of the *Herald*. He was noted as one of the most efficient and hard-working members of the Press Gallery, and in 1871 the presidency of the Press Association devolved upon him. A year later, in 1872, it having been resolved to establish a new branch of the Civil Service, namely, the collection of the historical records of the Dominion and its Provinces, Mr. Brymner, with the approval of men of all political shades, received the appointment. Before leaving Montreal for Ottawa an address, signed by leading men in the professions, in business and of the different nationalities, was presented to Mr. Brymner, accompanied by a magnificent testimonial. No better selection could have been made for the office of Archivist than that of Mr. Brymner. He had peculiar fitness for the task imposed on him. His extensive historical knowledge, unwearied industry, patience and love for research, his power of organizing and arranging materials for reference, etc., were all admirable qualifications, and these he possessed to a remarkable degree. His reports are models, and present in clear and terse language the result of his labours. The story of the origin of the office, and the important part played in its construction by Mr. Brymner will be found in the Archivist's report for 1883. In 1881 the Public Record Office (London) authorities republished the whole of Mr. Brymner's report as their own, owing, as the Keeper of Records, Sir William Hardy, said, to the importance of the information it contained. Every year since then copious extracts have been made

from Mr. Brymner's reports. Perhaps it will not be out of place to insert here the following excerpt from the preface to the admirably annotated publication of "Hadden's Journal and Orderly Books," by General Horatio Rogers, who says: "I cannot refrain from referring to the unwearied zeal and unfailing courtesy of Mr. Douglas Brymner, the Archivist of the Dominion of Canada, in affording me the fullest and most satisfactory use of the Haldimand papers and the other manuscripts confided to his charge. Would that all public officials in custody of valuable manuscripts might take a lesson from him!" Mr. Brymner is an adherent of the Church of Scotland, to which he has always belonged, and he has been one of the most formidable opponents of union. His evidence before the Senate Committee, on the 24th and 26th of April, 1882, which is substantially the argument of the non-contents on the union question, was presented with great power and skill. It can be found in a pamphlet of over forty pages, published by Hunter, Rose & Co., Toronto, 1883. The greater part of his literary work is anonymous. He possesses a fund of caustic humour, some of which found vent in his letters in Scotch, under the name of *Tummas Treddles*, an octogenarian Paisley weaver, original contributions on curling to the *Montreal Herald*, but afterwards extended to other subjects in the *Scottish American Journal*. These have ceased for some years, doubtless from the pressure of other and more serious occupations. His translations of the Odes of Horace into Scotch verse were happy imitations. A favourable specimen "The Charms of Country Life," is in the *Canadian Monthly* of 1879, the others having appeared in newspapers, and, so far as is known, have never been collected. He is another illustration of the fallacy of Sydney Smith's statement that it requires a surgical operation to get a joke into a Scotchman's head.

John Hunter Duvar.

In this issue we give a portrait of our esteemed contributor, the Master of Hernewood. The following brief critical biography of Mr. Duvar appeared in the *King's College Record* of February, 1889:

The first thought that strikes the reader of Hunter Duvar's poetry, is that, aside from its merits or demerits, here is a true Canadian, a man imbued with the true national instinct and aspirations of a Canadian. Working as a Canadian poet, to attain any eminence, one must always, or at any rate for the present, work on lines distinctively Canadian. Our friends at the south—the American humorists—whenever they have risen to real success, have held severely to the same principle. In accordance with this principle the poet lays the plot of his most important work in Canada.

John Hunter Duvar, the Bard of Hernewood, as he is called, was born on the 29th of August, 1830. He resided for a number of years in Halifax, N.S., whence he removed to Hernewood, his present place of residence, in Alberton County, P.E.I. He received a good education in Scotland, being as a student very fond of the classics and an eager reader of literature, the older English, French, Italian and Spanish being his familiar friends.

As is the experience of so many students, Mr. Duvar found several branches of study which he disliked intensely. Philological study is one of his especial aversions; he prefers "The Wisdom of the Ancients," without Lord Bacon's explanation; he never saw much fun in Euclid's etchings, but prefers Du Maurier's; and the starch of the verse of the era of Queen Anne is so intolerable to him that he says, "I am glad that she is dead."

He served for a good many years in the Canadian militia, from which he retired a short time ago with the rank of lieutenant-colonel. Of late years he has been engaged in the Civil Service Fishery Department, which occupies most of his time, but still leaves leisure to keep up acquaintance with literature, a literature chiefly of the fine old crusty and crusty kind. He has for a long time kept up a desultory connection with the literary press, being at one time a contributor to the defunct *Maritime Monthly*, of St. John, N.B., and an occasional writer to the *Montreal Witness*.

Mr. Duvar did not become a writer in *malice propense*, but drifted into that *notion* almost unconsciously; he has looked upon it more as an amusement than an art. His mind is Gothic—*flamboyant* Gothic—and his works show a strong tinge of medievalism in his taste. In some of his works we see his strength, bold and impressive; while in others the simple beauty, out-borne by aptness of imagery, is very charming. As a dramatist he is of no little power. He gives to his chief characters many contradictory qualities, which, as Macaulay says, is one of the chief aims of a dramatist. His shorter lyrics possess in an eminent degree those qualities which adapt them for song.

In 1870 "El Enamorado," a closet drama of the Spanish school, was published. There is a certain familiarity of address noticeable in this, which at times seems scarcely appropriate; but what strikes one most forcibly is the evident influence of the Shakespearean drama upon the genius of the author. Throughout the drama we find instances of the author, speech or trait of character. It is but this in scene, speech or trait of character. It is but natural, for any man who has "soaked" in Shakespeare, cannot fail to show traces of the Great Master in his work.

See the gates

Are swinging on the hinges of the east,
And out there rolls the flush of morning-red
That heralding the coming of the sun,

Encarnadines our lovely ladies' cheeks
Making them living roses."

This reminds one forcibly of a somewhat similar passage in "Hamlet."

"But, look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill."

In 1888 was published what is of more interest to us, and has gained for Mr. Duvar more notice than the foregoing. This is "De Roberval," a Canadian drama, the time of the scene being the first colonization of Canada by the French. The traces of Shakespeare's influence, though by no means absent, are not so strong in this drama as in "El Enamorado." It contains many passages of beautiful description. Mr. Duvar, while he may loiter somewhat upon a scene which has taken his fancy, yet does not enter too closely into these minute details, which so often make a writer wearisome; for the proverb of old Hesiod that "Half is often greater than the whole," is eminently applicable to description. It would not be easy to find a more powerful piece of description than the passage in which the poet depicts that wonder of ours—Niagara. Here are a few lines from it:

"Above the flame

And all along the stately rocking shore
The aged forests that, like sentinels
With their gaunt shadows dim and tenebrous
Shut in the world's wonder, echo it,
While leagues away, through all the sylvan shades,
Out borne by the vibrating earth and air,
The cause unseen, the deep toned murmur sounds
Like rolling of the Almighty chariot wheels."

"The sprays,

In spiral smoke-wreaths, rise in shifting forms,
More than the incense of a thousand fanes,
Until they mingle viewless with the clouds,
While, as reminder of the promise made—
Water should not again destroy the world,
Rainbow tiaras span the dreadful fall,
And through them flash the flung up water drops,
Making a rain of rainbows."

Of distinct style, but none the less striking, is the following, a sweet and captivating little madrigal. It is a true gem:

Question. The rain is dripping from the leads,
Cold, cold and dreary,
And the summer flowers in the garden beds
All hang their heads away,
Winter is coming on again,—
Shall we ever see those days again
When one heart beat between us twain,
Ever?
Answer. Never.

Question. "Ever" is a long, long time,
But not so long as "Never,"
For the vows we made in our summer prime
Were to last for ever and ever,
But they have not worn a year and a day:
Alas their memory! will it stay
How long time? nor pass never away,
Never?
Answer. Ever, for ever.

In "The Emigration of the Fairies," a lively and fanciful poem, which appeared in 1888 along with "De Roberval," is pictured the poet's home, Hernewood, and a detachment of English fairies domiciled there. "Prolegomena on the Nile," which appeared in THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED, December 15th, is one of the finest poems written by Hunter Duvar. To quote the words of the editor of the paper, "It would be hard to find a more skillful piece of workmanship than this picture of the Bard of Hernewood."

"The Triumph of Constancy" is a poem of some six hundred lines, written in blank verse. It shows most strongly the mediæval taste of the author. The following, apart from its being an excellent piece of description, is an example of the quaint diction of the poem:

"Ere long the dell grew wild and many-coved
Taking the features of a mountain glen,
Down which the brook, no more a mirror, flowed,
But leaped and fretted in the cloven rifts,
Making a sullen murmur 'mong the stones,
Which, as he followed up towards its source,
It led him to a hill of difficulty
All seamed and riven, with land-slips and dens
Where stunted pines hung grasping with their roots,
And plats of quaking bog beset the way,
Where the black newts swam wriggling, and the efts
Among the bulrush spears sat up and stared."

Mr. Duvar has just completed a work which is undergoing revision. It is "Bernesque," in Ottawa Rima, unlike anything that has been written in Canadian literature. Its name is Atlantis. A man of that country—namely, that part of Atlantis called Canada, wishes for a familiar spirit. His wish is granted in the shape of an *affreux*, Count Perdu, who proceeds to lead him through the range of the seven deadly sins. This will probably appear in the course of the year, and will no doubt be a valuable contribution to our literature.

Mr. Duvar has had no small share in building up the literature of Canada. He has gone about it in the right manner, for the surest way to raise our literature to the height which every patriot would see it occupy, is to make it thoroughly distinctive.

J. A. FAVANT.



P. Q. R. A. MATCHES, COTE ST. LUC: VIEW AT FIRING POINT. (Holbrook, photo.)

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HUMOROUS.

HIS MOTHER: What are you doing out there in the rain? The Terror: Gittin' wet.

It is an awful strain on a woman's patience to have a husband who thinks he knows how to cook.

HE: Is not that a fire-fly over yonder tree? She (wearily): No; It's the morning star, I should imagine.

"OH, DEAR!" said the hen when she got home and found three broken eggs in her nest. "This spoils my set."

SHE RECOVERED.—Wife (who is always ailing): You will bury me by the side of my first husband, won't you, John? Husband: With pleasure, my dear.

"WHY do you want your daughter sent to the reform school?" enquired the judge. "She has gone to writing society novels," groaned the stricken father.

GUS DE SMITH: I am head over ears in love with your daughter. Judge Peterby: I suppose those ears are the same ones over which you are in debt.

ONE JOB LOST.—Uncle Abner (entering): Say, is this a barber shop? The Artist: Naw; it's a tonorial studio. Uncle Abner: Studio, eh? Wa-al, if you're only studyin' I'll go further. I want a man that knows the trade!

CONVINCED.—Police Captain: Have you attended to that burglary at Mr. Goodman's house? Detective: Yes; been at work on it all day. Police Captain: What is your conclusion? Detective: A robbery has been committed. Police Captain: Very well. Now go to work on these cases.

DROWNING MAN: Help! I am drowning! Stranger (on bank, hastily divesting himself of his clothes): Horrible! can't you swim? Drowning Man (rising to the surface and the occasion for the last time): Of course! But don't you see that notice on the bridge: "Swimming strictly forbidden here?"

ACCORDING to a telegram, "lightning struck a man in Springfield, Ohio, killed him, burned the sign of a cross on his back and then dug a hole in the ground the exact size and shape of a grave." It is also rumoured that the electric bolt paid all the funeral ex-

penses, ordered a monument for his grave, and offered to marry his widow, but this report lacks confirmation.

It is a remarkable fact that when a financier discovers a good thing he at once advertises the fact, so that everybody who will may come in. And in order not to crowd those who have taken advantage of his kind invitation, the financier is the first to step out. The kindness of a financier is quite pathetic.

Murders in the United States.

In the absence of a central bureau of criminal statistics in the United States other than an incomplete arrangement in connection with the decennial census returns, an American newspaper, the *Chicago Tribune*, has, for some years past, made an annual collection of all the published announcements of murder throughout the Union. From these the following appalling list for the past six years has been compiled:—

Year.	Murders.	Legal Executions.	Lynchings.
1884	3,377	103	219
1885	1,868	106	181
1886	1,499	83	133
1887	2,335	79	123
1888	2,184	87	144
1889	3,567	90	175
Total of six years	14,770	558	975

Hence, of nearly 15,000 known murders, less than 4 per cent resulted in legal executions. Further, there were a large number of suicides, and doubtless many unreported murders. In only four of the States—viz: Rhode Island, Wisconsin, Michigan, and Maine—the death penalty does not exist. The lynchings chiefly occur in the southern and western States, where also the frequent habit of carrying weapons by private citizens is declared to be one of the principal causes of homicide.

Murder in England and Wales.

By collating the annually issued "Judicial Statistics" for the decade 1879 to 1888 inclusive, it is seen that during that period 672 persons were committed for trial in England and Wales for the crime of wilful murder. Of these, 299 were sentenced to death, whilst 373

were either acquitted or found insane—namely, 231 acquitted and 142 found insane. Of the 299 condemned to death, nearly one-half, or 145, had their sentences commuted, whilst 154 were executed. Of the 299 sentenced capitally 50 were women, of whom nine were hanged. During the same decade there were 1,766 verdicts of "Wilful murder" returned by the juries at coroners' inquests in England and Wales. Hence rather more than one third of the known murders resulted in arrests. In the above ten years, the convictions resulting from all cases of legal procedure, including summary convictions and fines, averaged 79 per cent. on committals; whilst the convictions arising from criminal trials or indictable offences only averaged 77 per cent. The capital convictions averaged 45 per cent.; but the actual infliction of the punishment of death was under 23 per cent. In the first year of the decade, 1879, there were 60 persons committed for trial for wilful murder, of whom 34 were condemned and 16 hanged. In the last year of that period, 1888, there were 90 persons committed, of whom 36 were condemned and 22 executed.

De Quincey's Great Fault.

One of De Quincey's great faults, it is said, was his inability to adapt his conversation to the intelligence of his hearer. He would address a servant-maid or a porter in the most extravagant diction. While stopping at Professor Wilson's he once gave the cook some directions as to the way in which he wished his meat cut, with the grain or fibre instead of across it, and he delivered himself as follows: "Owing to dyspepsia afflicting my system, and the possibility of any additional derangement of the stomach taking place, consequences incalculably distressing would arise—so much so, indeed, as to increase nervous irritation, and prevent me from attending to matters of overwhelming importance—if you do not remember to cut the mutton in a diagonal rather than in a longitudinal form." The humble Scotchwoman, in telling her mistress of it, exclaimed: "Mr. De Quincey would mak' a gran' preacher, though I'm thinking a hantle o' the folk wouldna ken what he was driving at!"

SHERBROOKE SPECIAL NUMBER.

THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

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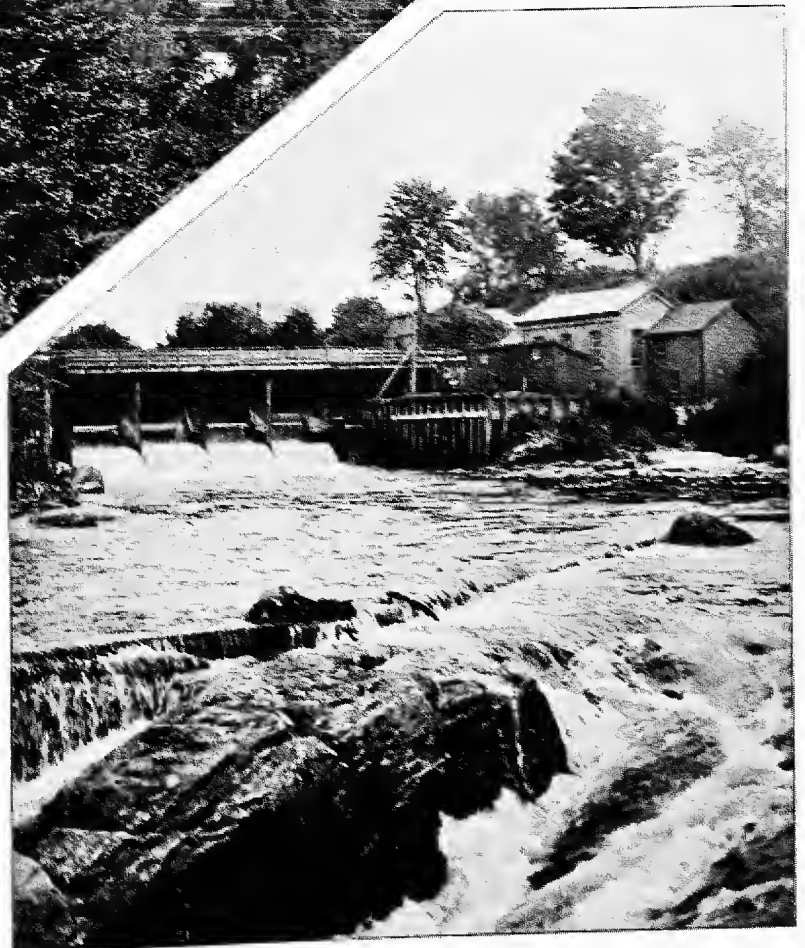
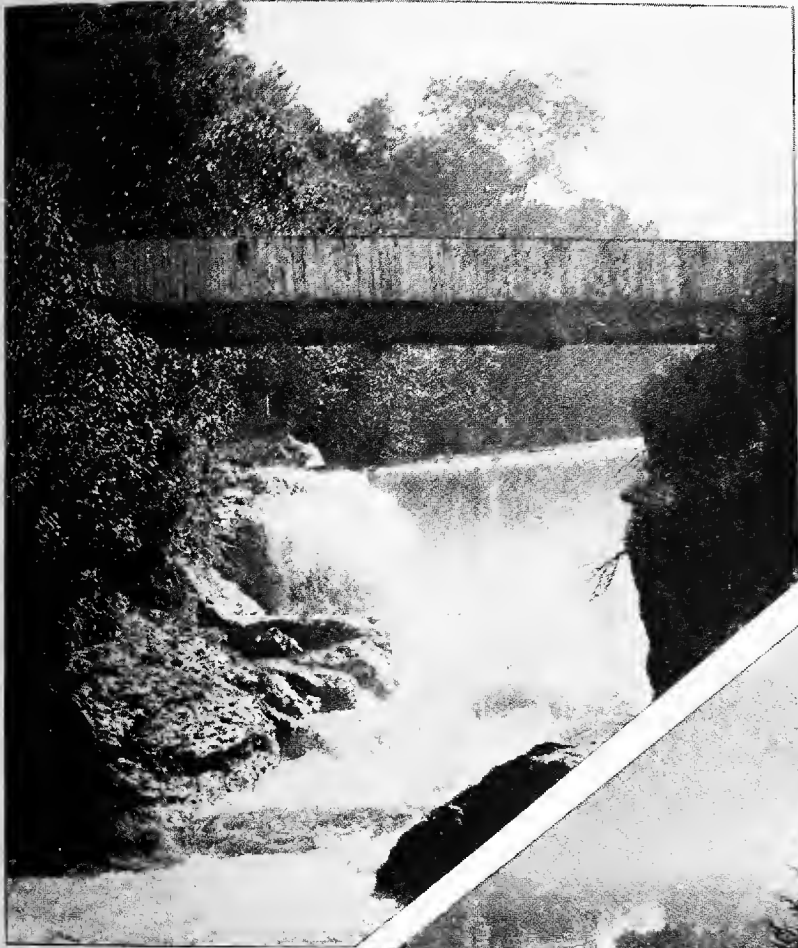
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REGISTERED

Vol. V.—No. 113.

MONTREAL AND TORONTO, 30th AUGUST, 1896.

\$4.00 PER ANNUM IN GREAT BRITAIN, 41S. 6D. BY POST. 10 PENCE PER COPY. BULLOCK



Second Falls, Magog River.
View on Magog River.

SHERBROOKE SCENERY.
View on St. Francis River.

Fourth Falls, Magog River.
View on Magog River.

The Dominion Illustrated.

\$4.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

THE SABISTON LITHOGRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING CO.

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30th AUGUST, 1890.

FROM HAMLET TO CITY.

In pursuance of a plan which, we trust, is destined to have far-reaching results in the fulfilment of the aims of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED, we devote the greater part of the present issue to the City of Sherbrooke, P.Q., and the district to which it is a centre of industry and trade. On succeeding pages our readers will find a valuable store of information, collected on the spot by our own agents and correspondents, regarding the history, progress and actual condition and prospects of the metropolis of the Eastern Townships. In its growth from the wilderness of the forest primeval to its present stage of development, that portion of the Province of Quebec has had its share of the romance of pioneer life. In natural charms it is surpassed by no region in the Dominion. Its lakes and mountains have long since attracted the tourist and furnished scope for the artist's pencil. Its wealth of soil—adapted both for agriculture and pasturage, the variety and richness of its mineral resources, the abundance of its timber, and the unexcelled advantages of its water power, renders it a grand field for the enterprise of the farmer, the business man and the capitalist. It might, indeed, be a cause of surprise to one unacquainted with the colonization system of the Old Régime that a land of such ample and varied resources should have lain so long a waste, traversed only by the wandering Indian. The tract in question was, until the close of the last century, as Bouchette points out, circumscribed by the seigniories in which the land was held by feudal tenure, save where the United States form its southern boundary. Hugh Murray, in his "British America," speaks of the Eastern Townships as "a large territory in the interior, reaching to the American frontier, and situated along the smaller rivers," and he adds that "notwithstanding occasional swamps, it forms perhaps the finest portion of Lower Canada." He then goes on to describe its "undulating surface, finely wooded and diversified by numerous streamlets, which render it particularly well adapted for pasturage." Even when Murray wrote, fifty years ago, the Townships had become noted for the finer breeds of cattle. But at the same time agriculture was not neglected. "There is also," he continues, "abundance of ground fitted for wheat; but being sown in spring, it is not equal to that of Upper Canada. Oats and Indian corn are good, and the potatoes are at once excellent and very plentiful." As yet, nevertheless, it was cattle and not grain that had formed "the staple produce and almost the only material for exportation." Mr. Murray then shows how well suited the rivers are for mills, but he indicates the obstruction of rapids and the execrable roads as the great drawbacks to intercourse with the rest of the world. The salubrity of the Townships was proved by their immunity from the cholera scourge of 1832.

Such testimonies to the value of the region of which Sherbrooke is the flourishing centre might be multiplied. Indeed long before either Murray or Bouchette had written on the subject, the general character of the country was well known both in the States and Canada. And, though it was not till after the passage of the Constitutional Act that definite steps were taken for the settlement of the district, attention had been called to it soon after the Conquest. It is, however,

to Mrs. Day's industrious patriotism that we are indebted for a connected record of its colonization. Her "Pioneers" and her "History" are monuments of the ardour with which she gathered the *disjecta membra* of memories and traditions that would soon have been irreparably lost but for her timely efforts. In the former volume she illustrates by documentary evidence the system in vogue for disposing of the land—a system, the abuses of which Lord Durham has so vigorously denounced. To the political economist those *pieces justificatives* are of very real interest. Still more precious from a historical standpoint are the biographical sketches of the "leaders" and other pioneers—the data for which she was at such pains to collect from sources that would soon have been inaccessible. Works of this kind must be a labour of love, and we cannot be too grateful to those who save such records of our past from destruction.

We know from Thomson's "History of Vermont" that settlement had been begun across the frontier before the first quarter of the 18th century had ended, and from that time forward hardy squatters had penetrated into those marches which were long the battleground between New France and New England. Some of these had doubtless crossed the present boundary line long before normal colonization, under government auspices began. But the deeds and even the names of those harbingers of modern progress are veiled in thick obscurity. In like darkness are involved the hardy backwoodsmen who first cleared land on the site of thriving Sherbrooke. It seems, however, to be established that David Moe built the first barn within the present limits of the town, and on one of the boards of that structure was cut the date of erection—1800. Samuel Terry is known to have dwelt at the same distant period opposite the mouth of the Magog, while Gilbert Hyatt put up the first grist mill on the Ascot side of that stream. Subsequently carding and clothing works were built on the same spot by Jonathan Parker, while on the Oxford side stood Jonathan Ball's saw mill. In those years the hamlet out of which Sherbrooke was destined to grow was known as the Lower or Big Forks, Lennoxville being distinguished as the Upper Forks. These points, Mrs. Day tells us, were even then centres of trade for the country around. Writing at and of a later date, Bouchette, after emphasizing the grave disadvantage of bad roads, and, consequently, of deficient means of communication with the chief markets of the province, says that the remarkable prosperity attained, notwithstanding those drawbacks, could only be attributed to the enterprise, industry and perseverance of the inhabitants. And, pointing to their cornfields of unrivalled luxuriance, their thriving farms and flourishing villages, he singles out Sherbrooke as an example of what Townships energy had already accomplished. "The town of Sherbrooke," he writes, "contains about 50 dwelling-houses; it occupies a high position on both banks of the Magog river, and its settlements are connected with a bridge; the old court house and jail are on the Ascot side. As the seat of jurisdiction of the district of St. Francis, it is a place of general resort; besides being, as it were, the emporium of the Townships trade or rather (as the head of the present navigation of the St. Francis) the place of transit through which the chief part of the Townships produce is conveyed to the market towns or elsewhere. The chief articles of trade are grain, pot and pearl ashes, and likewise horses, horned cattle, sheep and other live stock." He then pays a tribute of admiration to the scenery and to the delightful residence of the Hon. W. B. Felton, one of the original promoters of the settlement and an extensive land proprietor.

Mr. Bouchette has much to say of the people of the Townships—Americans, Irish, Scotch, English, Dutch and Germans ranking, as to numbers, in the order of their mention. But though diverse in origin, they are homogeneous in aim and spirit, in the pride which they take in the advancement of the country and in the harmony prevailing among persons of all creeds and races. This, as our readers know, is still one of Sherbrooke's

most marked characteristics. The foregoing enumeration has long been succeeded by that of English-speaking and French-speaking citizens—the two main, and, in fact, only recognized elements, of the population to-day. Indeed, the cordial good-will that distinguishes the relations between these two racial elements in the city and district of Sherbrooke is a practical rebuke to those who counsel the separation of our people into two antagonistic communities. We regret to find in some of those excellent accounts of the new settlements in the north country an injudicious exultation at the absence of any alien element to mar the "national" character of their progress. Surely in a country like ours this is sheer folly. There are none so wise that they may not profit by the lessons of others; none so completely equipped for the battle of life that they may not benefit by the suggestion and help of persons of different experience. The Townships would not be what they are to-day but for the diversity of the population. The American Loyalist settlers brought with them a knowledge of backwoods life which was of untold value to the British immigrant that came later, while the French-Canadian has had the benefit of learning from both these classes of pioneers. To stand aloof, in sullen disdain from the neighbours, in common with whom Providence has cast our lot, is a proceeding of which the condition of Sherbrooke furnishes a heavier condemnation than any words that we could use. For rarely has the policy of forbearance, sympathy and kindly coöperation been more fruitful of manifold good than it has proved in the Eastern Townships in general and in Sherbrooke, especially. Welcome evidence of its wisdom may be read in the sketches that follow. By what successive steps the little hamlet of the Lower Forks attained the proud position of achievement and promise that it has reached to-day our readers may learn from the ensuing pages of this number.

A TOLERANT COMMUNITY.

There is nothing more interesting to the student of human society than to watch the processes by which communities acquire the qualities that come to be associated with their names, as though they were distinct personalities. Paris, Manchester, New York, Boston, in modern times (as had Babylon, Athens, Carthage, Alexandria, in antiquity) have each a characteristic moral flavour, as clearly discernible as though they were so many individuals. To say so is, indeed, merely repeating a commonplace of millennial age. Long before Rome was founded, the faculty which groups of men possess of developing a sort of composite ethical likeness of themselves had been recognized by the moralists of the world's prime. National character is again made up of a composite of such composites. The Englishman is a type that includes the Cornishman and the native of the eastern fen country as well as the sturdy Yorkshireman and the Northumbrian borderer. So the Canadian is a medley of characteristics that range from peninsular Halifax and insular Charlottetown to continental Vancouver and trans-fretal Victoria. And proud though we all may be of our common name, no Vancouverite will tolerate being called Victorian; no Haligonian a Prince Edward Islander, still less will the Ontarian submit to be called Quebecker, or the Nor'-Wester an Old Province man. Yet some of these types—so emphatically insisted on—are of such recent creation that we might almost resolve them into their elements. Ten years ago, for instance, the Vancouver (city) type did not exist; yet, we believe, there is none more salient and unmistakable in this Northland of ours. Is it, then, the strong individuality of the founders, of the pioneers, that is impressed in *perpetuum* on the nascent community? In some instances this would seem to be the case. Sixty years ago Bouchette, writing of the Townships, said that there existed there little, if any, of that spirit of race or religious bitterness which pitted men against each other, destroyed the harmony of society and paralysed its powers of development. Now this is just the testimony that is borne by



G. VEKEMAN, ESQ., "LE PIONNIER."

L. S. STEVENS, ESQ., "THE EXAMINER."

C. H. BRADFORD, ESQ., "THE GAZETTE."

W. A. MOREHOUSE, ESQ., "THE EXAMINER."

E. AVERY, ESQ., "THE GAZETTE."

REPRESENTATIVE SHERBROOKE JOURNALISTS.

trustworthy witnesses to the state of society in Sherbrooke (the capital of the Townships) in the present day. The generation of which Mr. Bouchette wrote has gone the way of all flesh, but its example is still a power for good, and that large-minded and generous tolerance which won his respect still actuates the members of the community in their relations with each other. When a city has gained repute for such civic virtues, it is constrained by the principle that *noblesse oblige* not to act so as to endanger its heritage.

A GENEROUS POLICY.

The Anglo-German agreement has already had one result which ought to cause rejoicing through universal Christendom. On the first of last month the Sultan of Zanzibar issued an edict, apparently of his own motion, absolutely forbidding from that date the purchase, sale or exchange of slaves within his dominions; commanding the houses previously devoted to such traffic to be promptly and permanently closed; denouncing deportation and other penalties against slave-brokers who should persist in carrying on their odious trade; declaring to be forfeited all houses in which such business should be conducted; pronouncing free all slaves of masters who died without lawful heirs, children alone being authorized to inherit in such cases; making the ill-treatment of slaves a punishable offence and visiting also with the rigour of the law such persons as, after the date of the decree, may acquire slaves either for domestic or out-door work. In this case the slaves shall go free and the slaveholder shall be otherwise punished. Besides these provisions of the Sultan's decree, a Zanzibar subject who marries a person under British jurisdiction is debarred from owning slaves, and the slaves of such persons, actually serving as such at the time of the promulgation of the edict, have been declared free; any slave may purchase his or her freedom at a reasonable sum, and all freed-men are placed under the direct protection of His Majesty, and slaves are to have the same rights as Arabs to lodge complaints and prosecute claims in the courts of justice. The decree, though it took the people of Zanzibar by surprise, has been accepted with the proverbial resignation of the disciples of the Koran. Though the extent of territory in which it can be enforced is small, compared with the vast range of the Dark Continent to which it can have no application, its moral influence even beyond the Sultan's domain cannot fail to be considerable. That an Arab prince should of his own free will publish such an edict is of no small exemplary value, and the hearts of the thousands who have mourned over the sad lot of the degraded and cruelly treated thralls of irresponsible masters are lightened with hope of the coming day when no slave shall breathe on African soil.

Ontario Men and Matters.

[From our own correspondent.]

Toronto, August, 1890.

The consent of the Earl of Aberdeen to open this year's Industrial Exhibition, Toronto, will enhance the interest of the ceremony for the general public. The exhibition association seems to be guided by a bright star in the appointment of the annual day for this formality. Every year some great man is thrown right into our hands, and the Earl of Aberdeen is indeed a great catch. People who would not feel much of an interest in the coming of other noblemen are looking forward to do honour to this visit. Those engaged in benevolent work here who have heard of his activity in that sphere in the old land will be glad of the opportunity which the 9th of September will afford of seeing him and hearing him speak before an audience. The Irish in Ontario who remember with gratitude his excellent administration as Viceroy of Ireland, are now planning and arranging some suitable scheme of doing him honour. Prominent Irishmen in Toronto have been in correspondence with Rev. Dr. Burns, president of the Wesleyan Ladies' College at Hamilton, in regard to ways and means, and that gentleman favours the idea of a banquet. It is not proposed that the banquet should take place immediately after the arrival of the Earl of Aberdeen at Hamilton, but when he has had a good rest. If the affair should come off it will probably be at Hamilton. Judging from the manner in which the idea has been taken up in Toronto and in other centres throughout the province, it is a pretty safe presumption that the noble lord will be dined.

The finding by a coroner's jury of a verdict for manslaughter against Mr. Thomas Tait, General Superintendent of the Ontario and Atlantic division of the Canadian Pacific Railway, has given rise to no little comment in legal circles. A man and two boys were killed at Brock Avenue crossing by the London express. The time table under which the train was run was signed by Mr. Tait and the other officials of the company. On this fact the verdict is founded. The charge, if it should ever go before the Assizes, will make a precedent in Canadian cases, but some lawyers are of the opinion that an indictment may go to the Grand Jury. However that may be, County Crown Attorney Badgrow is regarded as having a delicate case on his hands.

The romance which has come over the heretofore uneventful life in the Orient of Halil Youssef, an Egyptian dragoman, has its pathetic side. Some people who have travelled in the East may think that the calling of dragoman is not a hot-bed of credulity, but the student of human nature must needs learn in many schools. Halil had a friend in the same business who went to England with a young lord whom he had engineered through Egypt and Palestine. When this friend came back to Cairo he told Halil how much more dignified, noble and profitable was the profession of butler to a mild lord than that of dragoman to the general public. Halil became excited, and the next party he attached himself to, Torontonians they were, he imagined to be all lords. He vowed he would travel to Canada and return as proud and as rich as his friend. Now Halil is a wiser man. He has not seen a butler since he crossed the western main. He has spent all his money and will be forced, as he must return to the East, to borrow a paltry \$50 and sell the last of his belongings. What utterly broke down his spirit was the discovery that his pipe and nap during the moonlight hour were esteemed, but as vices by his employer and prohibited as such.

Three years ago the residents of Centre Island formed an Island Amateur Aquatic Association, which increased in interest and membership year by year. The objects of the association were, (1) to encourage aquatic sports and familiarize the ladies with the use of boats; (2) to aid charity, principally the Children's Hospital and Fresh Air Fund, by the proceeds of annual sports, membership fees and so forth; (3) to encourage the social quality among

the young by means of weekly concerts and hops. In the present season three of these social gatherings have taken place at Mr. Gooderham's cottage and two at Mrs. Mead's. On Wednesday evening the closing event was held at the Royal Canadian Yacht Club House. At the concert songs were sung by several well known and talented amateurs, among them Mde. D'Auria, Miss Francis, Mr. Fred Warrington and Mr. D. E. Cameron. Mr. Giuseppe Lucelli played a cello solo and Mr. Grant Stewart gave a recitation. The accompaniments were played by Sig. D'Auria and Mrs. D. E. Cameron. At the close of the concert the prizes won at the annual aquatic sports, held on the 16th, were distributed by Mr. Henry Wade, Mrs. Wade and Mrs. Colonel Sweny. Dancing was then indulged in and kept up till the small hours. In noting the close of the season it will be but just to recognize the various amateurs and professionals who have contributed to the success of the concerts during the summer, all of which were held under the direction of Mr. D. E. Cameron. The principal singers were Mr. Schuch, Mr. A. M. Gorrie, Miss Annie Langstaff, Miss Norma Reynolds, Mr. C. A. Hirschfelder and Miss Elizabeth Massey. The members of the Island Amateur Aquatic Association and those who will be added to the membership for the next season will be glad to learn that negotiations are now in progress with the view of having a permanent building erected at Centre Island for the use of the association. Heretofore the hospitality of Mr. Gooderham and Mrs. Mead had to be almost entirely depended upon. With the increase of summer population on the island it must be otherwise in future. The colony have long had their pretty church, St. Andrews, of which His Lordship Bishop Sweatman is the rector. They now want only the club house to make them perfectly happy.

The chilly evenings which have set in sooner than usual this summer have already driven many of the cottagers of Muskoka and the islands of the Georgian Bay back from their retreats. During the week just passed the return tide of migration had set in, and by the 1st of September, which is even now upon us, only the veterans will be left to gather an additional stock of fish and other stories.

The lacrosse match of Saturday last between the Toronto and Cornwall clubs, in regard to interest and attendance, took the palm from all previous events of a like character held here. There were 7,000 spectators, contributed by many cities and towns throughout the province, as well as Toronto. The match was fairly played and the Cornwall team was fairly beaten by four games to two. The spectators declared that they witnessed the very best lacrosse, and there can be no doubt that the match accomplished much for the national pride in the game. Torontonians as a whole were as jubilant over the result as the club management, for whose exchequer the day proved a veritable bazaar.

The committee of the Philharmonic Society have decided to produce during the ensuing season Mendelssohn's "Elijah."

Two of Toronto's musical professionals, Mr. G. B. Fairclough, late of the College of Music, and Miss Alice Waltz, the soprano, have transferred their spheres of usefulness to Brantford.

The Canadian Pacific as a Military Route.

Lieut. Col. Chater, of the 91st Argyle and Sutherland Highlanders, who was formerly Comptroller of the Household with the Marquis of Lorne when Governor General of Canada, and who has just returned from Hong Kong to England by the Canadian Pacific route, purposes recommending, when the time of the gait is up at Hong Kong, that it be conveyed home and the relief regiment be sent out over this route. It is stated in Canadian newspapers that concessions are now agreed upon from the railway authorities which will remove the obstacle hitherto existing for military traffic arising from too high a price being asked for transporting large bodies of men and their equipments.

—*Canadian Gazette.*



RESIDENCE OF COLONEL KING.



RESIDENCE OF COLONEL GUSTAVUS LUCKE.



THE EASTERN TOWNSHIP'S BANK, SHERBROOKE; AND (1) RICHMOND (2) COWANSVILLE AND (3) COATCOOK
BRANCH OFFICES.

The Metropolis of the Eastern Townships.

ITS SITE, NATURAL ADVANTAGES AND PICTURESQUENESS.

(Contributed by Mr. F. C. THOMPSON.)

Situated exactly one hundred miles from Montreal, in one of those beautiful valleys for which the Eastern Townships are so justly famed, and at a point where the waters of the Magog and St. Francis rivers meet and together roll to the St. Lawrence, stands the enterprising young city of Sherbrooke. That it is young when compared with the ages of some Canadian towns, is easily established by the fact that the wilderness of woods and forests which formerly covered the ground upon which it now stands first saw the then rude light of civilization about the beginning of the present century, and that it is enterprising is thoroughly established by the tremendous strides which it has made during the last twenty-five years. That it is beautifully situated, and that the claim which its inhabitants make to it being the prettiest city of its size in Canada, only requires a visit to determine. Compactly built along the valley, which is formed here by the St. Francis river, with lofty hills rising up on either side, from the tops of which magnificent views can be obtained of the surrounding country and the young city, with its villas, its business streets and business houses, its banks and public buildings, and away in the distance the St. Francis river, winding its way by graceful curves to the St. Lawrence. Viewed from one of these elevated points on a bright, clear, sunny day, one cannot help being struck by the beauty of its situation.

THE EARLY SETTLEMENT OF SHERBROOKE.

The Eastern Townships, of which Sherbrooke is the commercial capital, consist, as is well known, of all that portion of the Province of Quebec which lies south of the River St. Lawrence, and which was unconquered at the Conquest. During the French occupation, and for at least ten years subsequent, it was one vast wilderness entirely covered with forest. In the year 1796 six brothers of the name of Hyatt, of the town of Arlington, Vt., owing to political causes, came to Canada and settled on part of the tract now known as the Township of Ascot. They subsequently obtained extensive grants of land for themselves and associates. These lands were organized into a township on March 5th, 1803. At this time the site of the present city of Sherbrooke was known as the "Lower, or Big Forks." The first settlers were, as far as can be ascertained, David Moe, Gilbert Hyatt and Samuel Terrill. The first named built a frame barn, the remains of which are still to be seen on the road to Lennoxville, just on the border of the present corporation limits, and on which was cut the date 1800. This is the oldest land-mark now in existence connected with the early history of Sherbrooke. The work of settling went on slowly, for in 1819 it is recorded that there were only seven log houses erected. The name Sherbrooke is said to have been given to the place on the occasion of a visit of Sir John C. Sherbrooke, then Governor of Canada, to "Belvidere," the residence of the late Hon. W. B. Felton. This gentleman, who was an officer in the Royal navy, was one of the first pioneer settlers of the district, and was afterwards appointed Government Commissioner of Crown Lands. "Belvidere," the residence of the Felton family, is situated a short distance from the present town. In 1822 the district of St. Francis was formed and Sherbrooke proclaimed the chief-lieu of the district. It was not, however, until 1852 that the Town of Sherbrooke was incorporated, with G. F. Bowen, Esq., Sheriff of the district, as its first mayor. In the same year the Grand Trunk Railway was completed through the district, and dating from that time onward the progress of Sherbrooke has been rapid. In 1871 the population was 4,450; in 1873, 5,500; in 1885, 8,400; while at the present time it is considerable over 10,000 people, with the taxable real estate as shown by the valuation rolls, amounting to nearly four millions of dollars.

SHERBROOKE AS IT IS.

Let us take a look at the Capital of the Eastern Townships, one of the youngest of the Canadian cities. Entering Sherbrooke at the Grand Trunk Railway station, after a few minutes walk, we arrive at Wellington street, the principal business thoroughfare of the city. It is well lighted, equally well paved and lined with numbers of fine stores, many of which will compare favourably with some of those to be seen in Montreal. Prominent amongst these is the large establishment, until very lately occupied by Messrs. R. D. Morkill & Co., importers, the first block built in the city. This firm was established in the year 1840, and may perhaps be called the pioneer of the dry goods trade in the Townships. The Odell block, built by the late Thomas B. Odell, is also a handsome building, and one of which any city might be proud. It is divided into a number of large and spacious stores, amongst which is the establishment of Messrs. Lucke & Mitchell, importers of hardware, wholesale and retail; Messrs. Dussault & Co., tailors and outfitters, and the extensive music store of Messrs. H. C. Wilson & Sons, the upper flats of the building being occupied by lawyers, notaries and insurance agents. Other fine buildings down the street are the wholesale and retail store of Mr. Walter Blue, the Winter block, the Tracey block, the fur establishment of Z. P. Cormier, the Central Hotel and the Banque Nationale. Continuing on further up and across the square we come to the McBain, Becket and McCarthy blocks and the Merchants Bank; on the right the offices of *Le Pionnier*. Besides these, there are on King street the warehouses of Messrs. D. McManamy & Co., J. H. Gendron, William

Murray, F. Codere, C. O. Genest, Lucke & Mitchell, and others. Crossing the Magog river by a handsome iron bridge, built by the Toronto Bridge Co., we come to the two finest buildings in the city—the Eastern Townships Bank and the new Government buildings. The present building of the Eastern Townships bank was erected in 1878, the old one which stood upon the site of the present post office, being found too small for the largely increasing business. It is built of handsome granite, brought from quarries in Stanstead, some thirty miles distant, and is a fine piece of architecture. It is splendidly finished inside, every convenience being introduced to insure the comfort of customers and employees, and it possesses one attribute, to which few Montreal offices can lay claim, namely, good ventilation and excellent light. The vaults and safe works are very fine, no expense having been spared to make them thoroughly burglar and fire-proof, the directors and general manager having no faith whatever in the not unfrequent practice of locking the stable after the horse has gone. The bank is the financial institution of the Townships. It was first established in 1859, with a small capital of \$300,000, and with an office in Sherbrooke only. It has now, mainly through the energy and push of its general manager, Mr. William Farwell, occupied all the suitable points for business in the Townships, having some nine or ten branches. The capital has been increased from the first modest beginnings to the handsome sum of \$1,500,000, with a reserve fund of \$500,000, and in point of commercial credit and financial strength, can compare "notes" with any bank in Canada. In addition to the Eastern Townships bank, Sherbrooke is still further supplied with banking capital by a branch of the Merchants Bank of Canada, and one of the Banque Nationale of Quebec, both of which are established here. The Government buildings, which are situated next to the bank, are built of the same kind of granite. Erected in 1885, after designs by Government architects, they present an exceedingly handsome appearance. The offices are remarkably well fitted up, the rooms being high and lofty, and the whole building heated by steam. Situated as it is, it forms a great addition to the architectural appearance of this part of the city.

HANDSOME PRIVATE RESIDENCES.

As we continue our quest, we come to numbers of fine streets, with handsome private residences on either side, with lawns and tastefully laid out gardens, great numbers of trees and foliage of every description, abounding on all sides. Prominent amongst the private residences in this part of the city are "Fairlawn," the residence of R. N. Hall, Esq., M.P. for Sherbrooke; "Mountfield," the residence of the Hon. Mr. Justice Brooks; "Rockmount," the residence of Andrew Paton, Esq., managing-director of the Paton Manufacturing Co. and president of the Board of Trade; the residences of Mr. William White, Q.C., Colonel Lucke, Mr. F. P. Buck, Mr. Stephen Edgell, Dr. Worthington, Colonel King, Mr. R. W. Heneker, Mr. T. J. Tuck and others; and "Prospect House," the property of Colonel Bowen, commanding a magnificent view of the Valley of the St. Francis. In East Sherbrooke there is now in process of reconstruction the residence of Mr. W. B. Ives, M.P., which, when completed, will, perhaps, be the finest private house in the Townships. There are also in East Sherbrooke a number of other private residences, amongst them those of Mr. William Murray and Mr. J. H. Gendron. In the South Ward there are many fine private houses with lawns and nicely kept grounds, notable amongst which are the residences of Mr. Z. P. Cormier, Mr. James Tracy, Mr. Archambault, Mr. Panneton, Mr. McManamy and Mr. G. G. Bryant.

SHERBROOKE'S MANUFACTURES.

Sherbrooke is essentially a manufacturing town. For such, indeed, nature intended it when it bestowed upon it the magnificent water power which is derived from the fall of the River Magog into the River St. Francis. This water power is second to none in the Province, or, in fact, in Canada, possessing the advantages implied by a descent of 120 feet within a distance of three quarters of a mile.

Amongst the principal manufacturing establishments of Sherbrooke is the Paton Manufacturing Company, manufacturers of woollen goods, principally tweeds. It is the largest woollen mill in Canada, has a paid-up capital of \$600,000, employs over 500 hands, and pays in wages annually over \$140,000. The annual output of the mills amounts to from \$600,000 to three quarters of a million dollars. They use annually 150,000 lbs. of Canadian wool, and over 100,000,000 lbs. of Australian wools, besides about as much more in fine wools from the Cape of Good Hope and South America. They have all the latest improvements in machinery made by the best makers of England and America. For several years they have been under contract with the Government of Canada for the manufacture of all the scarlet and grey cloths used by the militia. They are also the manufacturers of all the Pullman rugs for the Canadian Pacific Railway cars, as well as of those used by the Pacific Steamship lines and other steamboat companies, including the Richelieu & Ontario Navigation Company. The buildings of the company are very extensive, covering a large amount of ground, and the works are almost entirely run by the magnificent water power of the Magog River. They are under the management of Mr. Andrew Paton, a gentleman of wide experience in the woollen trade, and a man of first-class business ability. In connection with their Sherbrooke mills, the company have recently acquired the mills of the Quebec Worsted Co., at Quebec, where they manufacture all kinds of worsted for gentlemen's wear.

Not very far from the works of the Paton Co. are the woollen mills of the old established firm of Messrs. Lomas & Son. They manufacture extensively flannel of all kinds, employ a large number of hands, and have the reputation of turning out flannel of an excellence unsurpassed in Canada. They also utilize the water power of the River Magog. Still further on are the mills of Messrs. A. L. Grindrod & Co., who also manufacture woollen goods of excellent quality. At the head of the water power are the extensive saw mills of the British American Land Company. They employ some 50 men, and turn out annually about 500,000,000 feet of lumber. There are several machine shops and foundries, doing a large amount of business, the principal of which are the Jenckes Machine Company, whose trade is rapidly extending over all parts of Canada. They turn out all kinds of mining and milling machinery, steam engines, boilers, etc., and have successfully filled large contracts for these kinds of machinery amongst the mining and milling companies of the Eastern Townships, as well as in other parts of Canada. The company employ a large number of men, and pay from \$50,000 to \$60,000 annually in wages. The flour mills of the Macfarlane Milling Company, situated at the foot of Wellington street, do an extensive city trade, as well as being largely patronized by the farmers of the surrounding country. The mills are fitted with the most modern milling machinery. The furniture factories of S. Twose and Long Bros., the sash and door factories of G. G. Bryant and Long Bros. are extensive establishments, which further illustrate the extent to which the water power can be utilized. One of the most compact, neatly finished, well ventilated, well lighted and well managed factories in the Province, if not in Canada, is that of the Eastern Township Corset Company. The works are situated on a small rocky island in the centre of the Magog River. The business is under the management of Mr. Octave Gendron. The company employ some 150 girls in the manufacture of their goods, which are sold from Halifax to Vancouver. There are two breweries in active operation at Sherbrooke—one owned by the Messrs. Odell, the other by Messrs. Hopkins & Long. East Sherbrooke has also its share of manufacturing establishments, the principal of which is the carriage factory of Mr. Pamphile Biron. A large number of carriages, wagons, sleighs, and vehicles of all descriptions, of first-class make and workmanship, are turned out of this establishment every year and sold in all parts of Canada. In connection with this factory it may be said that there is an excellent opening in Sherbrooke and this section of the country for the establishment of a spring and axle factory. There is nothing of the kind at present in existence here, or in fact in the Eastern Townships, and a company for this special branch of manufacture might be insured a safe and profitable business. The works of the Canadian Edison Electric Light Co. are also located at Sherbrooke, where they form a most important industry, giving employment to a large number of men. This is one of the new industries of Sherbrooke, and strong efforts are being made at the present time by the people and corporation of the town to have the Canadian works and office of the company permanently located here.

SHERBROOKE AS A RAILWAY CENTRE.

Few places in Canada have such excellent railway facilities as Sherbrooke, which is directly connected with all points north, south, east and west. In fact it is the railway centre of this section of the country. There are four railways centring here as follows:—The Grand Trunk Railway, giving through connection to Montreal and all points between Montreal and Portland, Maine; the Canadian Pacific, affording another route to Montreal, about the same distance as by the Grand Trunk Railway, but through a different section of the country, and connecting Sherbrooke with another section of Maine, while each of these important lines offers a through route to the seaboard, and direct connection with the Maritime Provinces; the Quebec Central Railway, which supplies direct connection with Quebec, another route to the seaboard, and runs through a country rich in natural productions, minerals, lumber, etc., and the Boston and Maine Railway, giving direct connection with Boston, New York, and all New England points. It may, therefore, be readily seen that few places can lay claim to better advantages as regards railway connections for the shipment of manufactured goods, produce or any merchantable commodities.

MINERAL RESOURCES OF THE SHERBROOKE DISTRICT.

As is well known, the Eastern Townships are exceedingly rich in minerals, and Sherbrooke derives an immense benefit from the numerous gold, copper, phosphate and asbestos mines, which are being worked with profitable results all over the surrounding country. The asbestos mines on the line of the Quebec Central Railway are attracting a great deal of attention at the present time, as, with the exception of those discovered in Italy, they are the only asbestos mines in the world. The copper mines at Capelon, P.Q., some thirteen miles from Sherbrooke, are being worked more extensively than ever before in their history. Their pay rolls amount to some \$25,000 a month, which, with the large amount monthly paid by the other mining companies, all finds its way into Sherbrooke. The importance of these mining industries cannot be overestimated, as they are virtually, at the present time, only in their infancy. On the occasion of a recent visit to Sherbrooke and vicinity of the American Institute of Mining Engineers, it was stated by those gentlemen that the people of the Eastern Townships had little conception of the amount of mineral wealth awaiting development in the country.

JOURNALISM IN SHERBROOKE.

Sherbrooke is not lacking in newspaper enterprise. There are four newspapers published here—two in English, two in French. These are the *Gazette*, edited by Mr. Edwin Avery; the *Examiner*, edited by Mr. W. A. Moorehouse; *Le Pionnier*, edited by Mr. J. A. Chicoyne, and *Le Progrès de l'Est*, edited by Mr. L. Belanger. They are all first-class papers and ably conducted.

THE MUNICIPAL GOVERNMENT OF SHERBROOKE.

The city is divided into four wards—North, South, East and Centre. The civic administration of Sherbrooke is looked upon as a model one, yielding good public buildings, good streets, excellent gas and electric light. An efficient police service and fire brigade have all been provided. Nevertheless, to day the city's debt, amounting to \$160,000, represents only the aid which Sherbrooke has given to different railway enterprises running into the city. The present mayor is Mr. J. A. Chicoyne, editor and proprietor of *Le Pionnier*, and the present City Council consists of the following gentlemen:—Wm. Murray, Major Wood, H. A. Odell, D. McManany, Louis Dupuy, L. C. Belanger, G. G. Bryant, M. Read, Andrew Paton and S. Fortier. The following are the civic officials:—Mr. Wm. Griffith, secretary-treasurer; Mr. F. J. Griffith, assistant-secretary-treasurer. There are few cities of its size which can lay claim to such a well administered and capable fire brigade as Sherbrooke. Under the able management of its chief, Mr. Robt. Davidson, who is also Chief of Police, it has earned the reputation of being the best fire brigade in the province, excepting, of course, the cities of Montreal and Quebec. The department is divided into three sections,—West, Centre and East, having a fire station in each, so that each portion of the city can be rapidly reached in case of fire. The headquarters of the brigade at the central station are a model of neatness and order. The department possesses two steam fire engines—one of the Silsby make, the other manufactured by the Merry-weather Company; one chemical engine; a hook and ladder apparatus; four hose reels and a hose supply wagon, capable of carrying 4,000 feet of hose. There are altogether in the department over 7,000 feet of hose. In addition to these provisions against fire, there are 61 hydrants in the city supplied with water from the re-ervoir of the city water works, which gives in the mercantile portion of the city a pressure of 100 lbs. to the square inch. The water supply, gas and electric light are furnished by the works of the Sherbrooke Gas and Water Company.

THE SHERBROOKE BOARD OF TRADE.

In 1889 the Sherbrooke Board of Trade was incorporated. It is composed of the leading merchants, manufacturers and business men of the city. The officers for 1890 are Andrew Paton, president; William Murray, vice-president; F. C. Thompson, secretary. The council of the Board of Trade consists of the following gentlemen: F. P. Buck, Gustavus Lucke, H. C. Wilson, A. W. Oliver, W. S. Dresser, Walter Blue, J. S. Mitchell, D. McManany, J. H. Gendron and W. R. Webster. The main objects of the Board are to encourage the introduction of any new enterprises tending to advance the development and growth of the city.

CHURCHES AND SCHOOLS OF SHERBROOKE.

Sherbrooke is rich in religious institutions. The Protestant churches are solid, commodious edifices, and are distributed as follows: Church of England, two; Methodist, one; Presbyterian, one; Baptist, one; Congregational, one. They are well supported and maintained. It can be truthfully said that one of the pleasant features of Sherbrooke is that religious jars and animosities are unknown.

The public schools, divided into elementary and high schools, are under the direction of two Boards—the one Protestant, the other Roman Catholic. Amongst the Roman Catholic institutions there is a school under the management of the Christian Brothers. The hospital, under Roman Catholic control, is open to all. A new building, large and commodious, is in course of construction to provide for the increasing demands for more hospital accommodation. A Protestant hospital is also in contemplation to meet the wants of the St. Francis district. A large amount of money has already been subscribed and a site selected.

The Roman Catholic diocese of Sherbrooke was created in 1864. The Rev. Antoine Racine, rector of one of the leading churches of Quebec, was appointed its first Bishop. His Lordship, who is a man of deep learning and great executive ability, was in his early days a missionary in the Eastern Townships. The present diocese comprises the whole of the district of St. Francis and small portions of the Township of Shefford, Brome and Beauce.

The Roman Catholic Seminary of St. Charles Borromée, which is situated opposite the Bishop's Palace, was founded in 1875 and incorporated in 1879. The Rev. Father Roy is the present superior. There are 220 students in the seminary, and, there being no religious test, all the Provinces and many of the American States are represented in its class rooms. Nowhere, perhaps, in the Province, or in the Dominion, do the English and French races live more harmoniously together than in the city of Sherbrooke, where the population is about equally divided, and nowhere is the secret of religious and race tolerance so perfectly understood.

LITERATURE, ART AND SCIENCE IN SHERBROOKE.

One of the most beneficial institutions which Sherbrooke possesses is the Library and Art Union. The Library and

Art Union, as its name suggests, is a union of the citizens of Sherbrooke, irrespective of nationality or creed, to provide the residents with means of literary and art culture. For the past ten years the association has maintained a free reading room, a public library and a natural history museum, and has provided lectures and entertainments. The building (see illustration), erected specially for its accommodation, is situated on the banks of the Magog river in the centre of the city. On the ground floor is a fine large reading room, abundantly supplied with periodicals and made attractive with pictures, cases of birds and other objects of interest. Adjoining are the library and museum, the former containing 3,000 volumes and the latter an interesting collection, in which the mineral resources of this section are well represented. From the curator's room entrance is obtained to the art gallery, which occupies the second and third floors, has a fine glassed roof and is admirably adapted for the purpose for which it was constructed. There are now about fifty pictures in the gallery, a portion belonging to the Union and the remainder lent. The art gallery is also fitted with moveable seats and stage properties, for use on special occasions when lectures and entertainments are provided by the Union, the seating capacity being about 400. The establishment of the Library and Art Union and the erection of the handsome building in which it has its quarters, are mainly the work of Mr. Samuel F. Morey, inspector of the Eastern Townships Bank, who has devoted some years of patient labour to the successful accomplishment of this patriotic work.

THE UNIVERSITY OF BISHOP'S COLLEGE.

Within three miles of Sherbrooke lies the village of Lennoxville, the seat of Bishop's College University. The arts and divinity faculties of the institution are carried on the college buildings at Lennoxville, its law faculty has in its classes in Sherbrooke and its medical faculty in Montreal. In connection with the college there is the famous college school, which has turned out so many young men who have earned distinction in the various walks of professional and business life. The institution, although under the government of the Church of England, admits persons of all religious denominations to its educational course.

SHERBROOKE'S SPLENDID WATER POWER.

Perhaps the most important point about Sherbrooke is its magnificent water power, which is unequalled in this part of Canada, and gives Sherbrooke the name by which it is sometimes called—"the Lowell of Lower Canada." It is formed from the fall of the River Magog into the St. Francis, a descent of 120 feet within a distance of three quarters of a mile. This power is permanent in character, ample in volume and easily controlled. The River Magog takes its rise in Lake Memphremagog, a sheet of water about 15 miles distant and 30 miles in length. Half way between Sherbrooke and Lake Memphremagog is Little Magog Lake, some 10 miles in length, at the outlet of which gates have been placed so as to control the supply of water to the Magog River. It will be readily understood that these two lakes form an enormous reservoir to draw upon, so that in seasons of the greatest drought the water power of the Magog River can always be depended upon. The attention of capitalists and all who are interested in manufacturing industries is called to the excellent opportunity offered for the erection of manufacturing establishments on the river. The water power and all its privileges, which are not more than one half utilized, belong to the British American Land Company, an English corporation. They are prepared to sell any of the water privileges controlled by them on the river, and will, moreover, engage to take a certain amount of stock in the buildings of any acceptable manufacturing enterprise which may be established here. When the extent of water power available, the position of Sherbrooke as a railway centre, having rapid communication in all directions, and the other advantages offered are all taken into consideration, there are few places in the country that present such opportunities for intending manufacturers. It may be further said that the city corporation would, not improbably, be disposed to grant a bonus of some kind, either in cash or in exemption from taxation for a term of years, to any bona-fide manufacturing companies permanently establishing their works in the locality.

THE FUTURE OF SHERBROOKE.

If Sherbrooke continues to advance in the future as it has in the past, there is no reason why it should not, within the next few years' time, become a place of over 25,000 inhabitants. It has within it all the elements to make it prosperous. The present population are enterprising and pushing, and if they will continue, without distinction of race and creed, to join in all that tends to the advancement and development of their natural resources, the capital of the Eastern Townships is assured of a brilliant future.

An Important Business.

G. A. Le Baron is one of the most energetic and enterprising business men of Sherbrooke. He has worked up a large business in buggies and farm machinery, also is one of the largest piano, organ and sewing machine dealers in the Province. The building to the right is a small portion of his buggy and implement emporium, the one to the left his music parlours.

The Eastern Townships Agricultural Association.

This association was established under special act of incorporation in May, 1885, and is, as its name indicates, a strictly Eastern Townships organization. This section of the country—the garden of the province—has long been noted for its advancement and progress in agriculture, and for the energy and enterprise of its business men and manufacturers. It was thought that through the united action of the farmers of the Eastern Townships with the business men of Sherbrooke, a central annual exhibition could be held, and, if managed on business principles, made a success, and be of great benefit to the agricultural and commercial interests, not only of the Townships, but of the Province generally. The association was formed with a capital of \$25,000. Among the original incorporators and directors are such well known public men as the late Hon. John Henry Pope, Hon. Senator Cochrane, Hon. J. G. Robertson, M.P.P., Hon. C. C. Colby, M.P., Robert N. Hall, M.P., Hon. George Baker, Sidney A. Fisher, M.P., and Hiram S. Foster, of Brome, Col. Patton and others. The list of shareholders includes the names of well-known men from all parts of the Townships. Thirty-five acres of beautifully situated land in the city of Sherbrooke, east of the St. Francis river, were purchased, drained and levelled, large and commodious buildings were erected, and a half mile track was built. The association has now, therefore, one of the most complete and beautiful fair grounds in Canada having expended thereon upwards of \$35,000.

Five annual exhibitions have been held, all of which have been of marked success. In the year 1886 the Dominion grant of \$10,000 and the Provincial grant of \$5,000 were allotted to the association, and the exhibition was formally opened by the then Governor-General, Lord Lansdowne. With the exception of these grants and a special grant of \$2,000 last year from the Provincial Government, and an annual aid from the city of Sherbrooke of \$1,500, these exhibitions have been self-sustaining, an evidence of what can be done by energy and enterprise, combined with practical business management. Sherbrooke is remarkably well situated for exhibitions of this character, surrounded as it is by the finest farming section of the country, which numbers among its farmers such well known stock-breeders as the Hon. M. H. Cochrane, Messrs. Vernon, Judah and Pomroy, of Compton, Rufus H. Pope, M.P., of Cookshire, the Hon. George B. Baker, of Sweetburg, Messrs. Pierce and Ball, of Stanstead, etc. Being, moreover, a railway centre second to none in Canada, Sherbrooke affords splendid facilities for both exhibitors and visitors from all parts of the Dominion and the northern New England States. Over 28,000 visitors passed through the gates during the exhibition of 1889. The directors expect that, owing to the increase in the prize list and the ever-growing popularity of their fairs, the number will this year mount up to 40,000.

We would call the attention, therefore, of our readers, and especially such of them as are breeders of thoroughbred stock, and manufacturers and wholesale dealers generally, to the advertising advantages afforded by such an institution as the Sherbrooke Exhibition. Our illustrations give a partial idea of the size of the ground and character of the buildings, as well as of the magnificent view of the city of Sherbrooke that is obtained from the fair grounds.

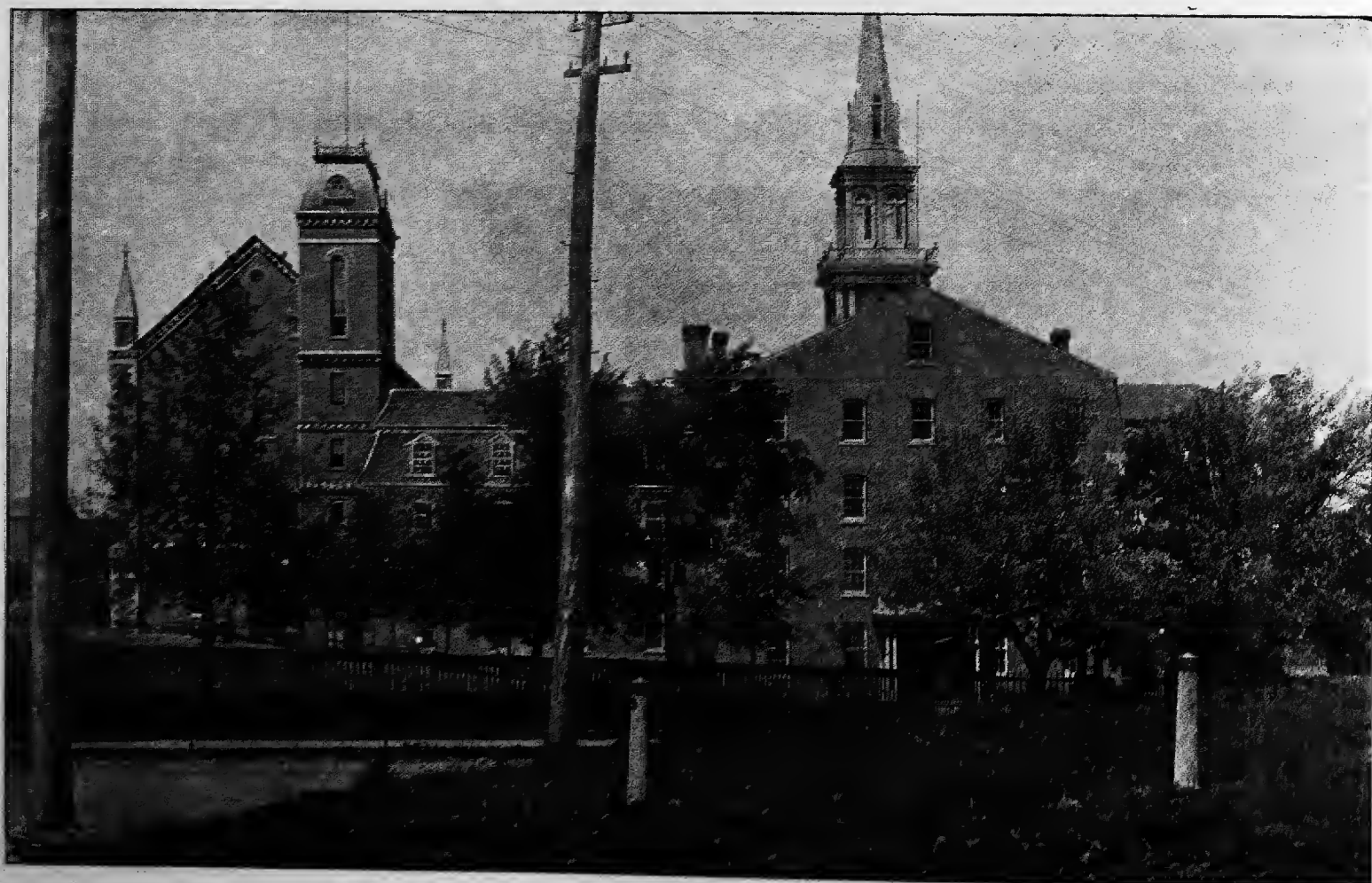
The present officers of the Eastern Townships Agricultural Association are Messrs. James R. Woodward, president; James A. Cochrane, vice-president; C. A. French, chairman of the executive committee, and H. R. Fraser, secretary-treasurer. Portraits of these gentlemen appear in this issue.

Jeanne D'Arc in Opera.

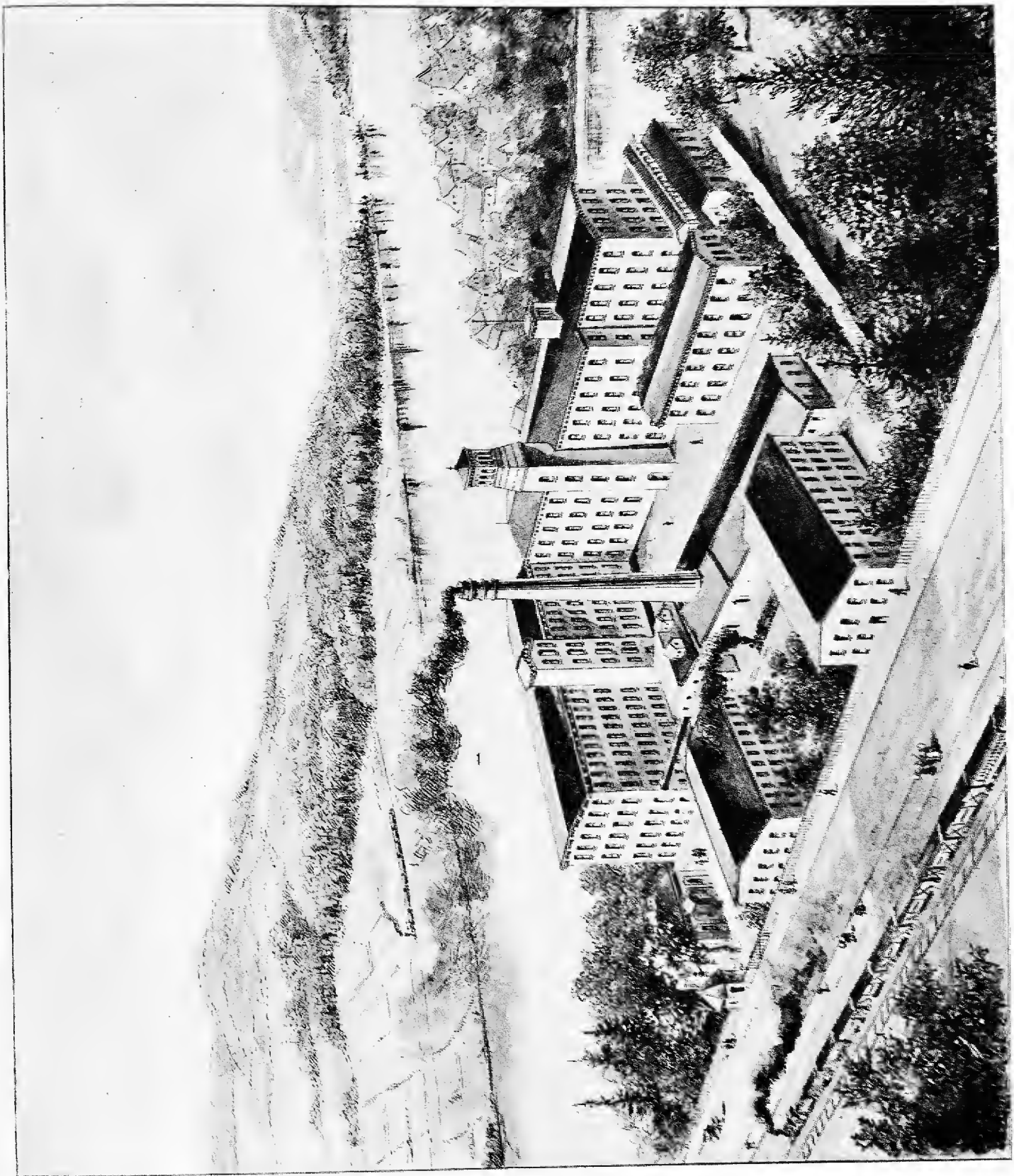
The full-dress rehearsal of "Jeanne d'Arc," a spectacular equestrian opera, was performed at the Hippodrome in Paris. Our correspondent informs us that 970 persons took part in it, and M. Widor, the composer of the score, on horseback, led the choruses, a mounted band, and a number of harpists in a gallery close to the roof. The latter accompanied the singing of the saints, the *Archangel Michael* and subordinate angels, some of whom fly down in the final scene to console the martyr maiden. The heroine is an Italian, who displays great skill in the pantomimic art. Her gestures are most expressive, and, notwithstanding that they keep time to the music, appear natural. She is a graceful horsewoman, and rides cross-saddle. Her horse cost £800, and her five costumes surpass in beauty and archaeological correctness even those worn by Sarah Bernhardt. In the first act Joan is at Domrémy, among cows, goats and poultry, all of which have been carefully trained. The scenery is ingeniously contrived. A circular screen of wire gauze fourteen yards high runs all round the arena a few yards in front of the lowest row of seats. Upon the inside of the circle is painted the scenery, but this does not interfere with the transparency of the metallic gauze, which is invisible to those near it and allows the spectators to see the paintings on the farther side of the arena. The career of Joan of Arc has probably never been treated from a scenic point of view in a manner so satisfactory to those who have studied it well in history. The piece ends with a gilded equestrian statue of the heroine rising above the blazing pile on which she has been martyred, and the Genius of France with the chorus chanting in her praise.—*Daily News*.



ROMAN CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL AND BISHOP'S PALACE.



ROMAN CATHOLIC COLLEGE AND SEMINARY (ST. CHARLES-BORROMÉE.)



MILLS OF THE PATON MANUFACTURING COMPANY.



Israel Wood, Esq.
D. McManamy, Esq.
Matthew Read, Esq.
Louis Dupuy, Esq.

G. G. Bryant, Esq.
J. A. Chicoyne, Esq., Mayor.
Andrew Paton, Esq.

Hy. A. Odell, Esq.
Wm. Murray, Esq.
L. C. Bédanger, Esq.
S. Fortier, Esq.

SHERBROOKE CIVIC RULERS: THE MAYOR AND COUNCIL.

OUR ENGRAVINGS

J. A. CHICOYNE, ESQ., MAYOR OF SHERBROOKE.—The present mayor of the city of Sherbrooke, whose portrait we give in this issue, is well known throughout the Province as having been, during the last twenty years, connected with the colonization movement in the Eastern Townships. Several new rural municipalities were opened and organized through his instrumentality. And before being appointed to the important position of first magistrate of the Capital of the Townships he had served more than one term as mayor of rural settlements, in which he had contributed to the felling of the first trees in the virgin forest. He has been a resident of Sherbrooke for a comparatively limited time only. From his first start in life he was always more or less engaged in journalism, and in 1886 he became chief editor of *Le Pionnier*, the oldest French paper in this section of the Province. In January, 1889, he was elected by acclamation as councillor for the Centre Ward, and in January last was elected mayor of the city. He is 46 years of age, and is a good type of the true Canadian.

G. G. BRYANT, ESQ., CHAIRMAN OF THE POLICE COMMITTEE, AND EX-MAYOR OF THE CITY.—Mr. Bryant, whose portrait will be found on another page, is an extensive contractor, and has a large business as a builder and manufacturer of building supplies. He is a native of Stanstead, where he was born in 1833. He entered into business in Sherbrooke in 1870, and by dint of indomitable energy and a thorough knowledge of his business has acquired an excellent reputation. His genial manners and aptitude for work had marked him out as a man who would do credit to the city, and in 1884 he was induced to come forward as a city councillor, and has continued to hold a prominent position ever since. He was chosen mayor in 1889, and filled the office with great credit. He is a strong advocate of temperance, and is a leader in all measures tending to the restriction of the liquor traffic.

WILLIAM MURRAY, ESQ., CITY COUNCILLOR, SHERBROOKE.—Mr. William Murray is at present chairman of the Road Committee, having previously (in 1887) filled the highest office in the gift of the people—that of mayor—a position he held during the visit to the city of Lord Lansdowne, then Governor-General. It was generally recognized that he was the right man in the right place, as he is a fluent and graceful speaker in both languages. Mr. Murray was born in 1844, and came to Sherbrooke in 1868, when he commenced business as a general storekeeper, and afterwards entered into the wholesale grocery trade, which he still continues. He was elected to the council in 1885 after a bitter contest, but his constituents were so highly pleased with his conduct as a councillor that in 1888 he was returned by acclamation. He was for many years president of the St. Patrick's society, and still takes an active interest in its affairs. He is a Justice of the Peace for the district, and acted as a member of the Commissioner's Court. His sound judgment, combined with an affability of manner which renders him at all times easy of approach, makes him exceedingly popular; and there is perhaps no other man in the city whose advice is deemed more reliable or whose opinion carries more weight.

ANDREW PATON, ESQ., SHERBROOKE.—Mr. Andrew Paton is well known throughout the Dominion as the managing-director of the Paton Manufacturing Company, which position he has held since its inception in 1867—his connection with the city dating back to the same year. He entered the Council some time afterwards, and though his business engagements caused him to retire for a time from active participation in civic affairs, so highly is he esteemed that the inhabitants of the North Ward would not listen to any refusal, but urgently pressed him again to come forward as their representative. It was only his intense conviction that temperance legislation was necessary that induced him to do so. He has always been an active advocate of all measures tending to diminish drinking, as well as in promotion of sanitary legislation. He is chairman of the Board of Health and of the Board of Trade, for which position he is eminently qualified. He was born in Tillicoultry, Scotland, in 1833, and came to Canada about 35 years ago. Whether in business, in social life, or in official intercourse, his name is synonymous with keen intelligence directed to the public good.

HENRY ALBERT ODELL, ESQ.—Mr. H. A. Odell, who is chairman of the Fire Committee, was born in Sherbrooke February, 1854, and is of English parentage, being the third son of the late T. B. Odell, Esq. He was elected City Councillor by acclamation to fill the vacancy caused by the death of the late S. J. Foss, Esq., in June, 1889. He is directly and indirectly one of the city's largest ratepayers, and is thoroughly alive to the necessity of public improvements. Whatever tends to promote the growth of the city has his sanction, as he holds that a city is largely what its corporation is minded to make it.

LOUIS-CHARLES BELANGER, ESQ., SHERBROOKE, P.Q. This gentleman, one of the representatives of the South Ward in the City Council, was born at Rapide Plat, near St. Hyacinthe, in the County of Bagot, and was educated at St. Hyacinthe College. He came to Sherbrooke in 1860, studied law with the late W. L. Felton, Q.C., and was admitted to the Bar in 1866. He was first called to the Council in 1881, and was re-elected in January, 1890, after

a most severe contest. He is chairman of the Light Committee. Mr. Belanger is Crown Prosecutor of the District of St. Francis. He married the second daughter of the late James Unsworth, of Liverpool, England. Of undoubted ability, Mr. Belanger is recognized as a leader among men. He is a man of strong convictions, and if he makes many opponents he also secures hosts of friends and admirers. With men of such type in office the position of City Councillor will never sink into mediocrity, for Mr. Belanger brings to the discharge of his duties the culture, the intelligence and energy of which statesmen are made.

MAJOR I. WOOD, SHERBROOKE, P.Q.—Major I. Wood, whose portrait appears in this number, is 63 years of age, and was for some years one of the city assessors. In 1886 he was elected a director of the Eastern Townships Bank—a fact which speaks volumes as to the high opinion entertained of his financial abilities. He was judiciously made chairman of the Finance Committee, and his colleagues have evinced the high esteem in which he is held by making him pro-mayor. Of decided Conservative convictions, he yet has immense faith in the progress of the Dominion, and warmly supports every feasible project for extending its industries. Major Wood is also a strong supporter of the temperance cause. He was formerly connected with several of our insurance companies as adjuster and inspector, but now enjoys a well earned leisure, which he devotes to the welfare of his fellow-citizens.



R. N. HALL, Esq., M.P.

DANIEL McMANAMY, ESQ., SHERBROOKE.—Mr. McManamy is Chairman of the City Hall Committee, and is a most active member of the Municipal Corporation. He does an extensive business as a wholesale importer of wines and liquors, and, it is understood, has been very successful in all his business transactions. He was born in Montreal in 1840, came to this city in 1868 and commenced business as a general storekeeper. His natural ability and force of character make him a man of mark, and though he is credited with extreme views on some subjects he is an undoubted acquisition to the council, and can always reckon on a warm support among the ratepayers.

MATTHEW READ, CITY COUNCILLOR, SHERBROOKE.—Mr. Read was born in Sherbrooke in 1828. In 1861 was appointed Jailor for the district of St. Francis, which position he still occupies. Previous to taking office as councillor, which he did in January last, being elected by acclamation, he had for fifteen years acted as one of the city assessors. As an owner of property and a practical farmer, he was peculiarly fitted for this office, and his long tenure of it made him perfectly familiar with every part of the city. A man of sound judgment and of a prudent and cautious nature, he had long been looked upon as one whose services it was very desirable to obtain in the Council. Mr. Read is the chairman of the Real Estate and Permanent Improvement Committee, and is fully alive to the necessity of keeping pace with the times, and is a strong advocate of every sound measure for the advancement of the interests of the city. He has advanced views on the temperance question, and invariably supports prohibitory legislation.

LOUIS DUPUY, ESQ., SHERBROOKE.—Mr. Louis Dupuy is a most popular man with all classes in the city. He is 46 years of age, and has been in business in Sherbrooke as a jeweller for the past 24 years. He was elected in January last as councillor for the South Ward, and is chairman of the Market Committee. He is now only in his apprenticeship, as it were, in official life, but his good judgment and earnestness always make his remarks worth hearing.

STANISLAS FORTIER, ESQ., SHERBROOKE.—This gentleman is a member of the firm of Fortier & Thérien, general grocers. Mr. Fortier is the youngest member of the Council, but bids fair to be a most useful member. Although he has been engaged in business for five years only, he has already secured a good standing in trade, and gained the confidence of his fellow citizens of the East Ward, who elected him as their representative in January

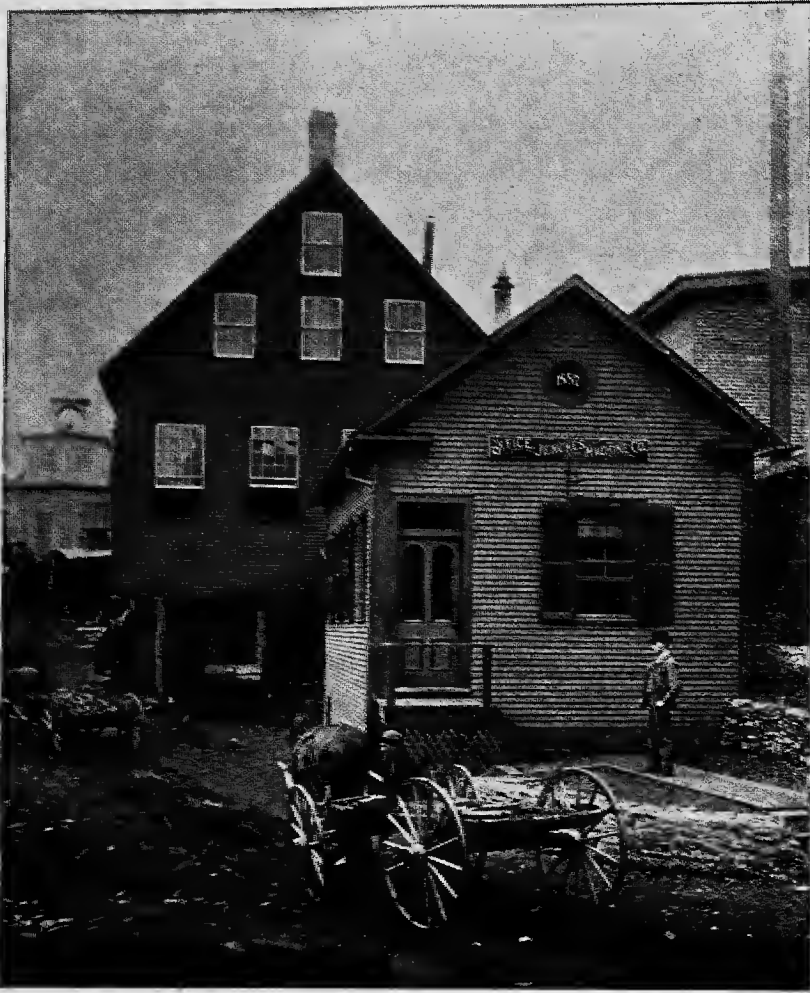
last. He is chairman of the Water Committee and carries with him into the council those business habits which have marked his career in commerce.

GEORGE H. BRADFORD, ESQ., SHERBROOKE.—This gentleman, who is proprietor and publisher of the *Sherbrooke Gazette*, was born in Sherbrooke. In 1856-57 he worked on the *Canadian Times*. He was connected with the *Sherbrooke Times* in 1858-9; with the *Sherbrooke Leader* in 1859; with the *Commercial Advertiser*, New York city, in 1860-61; with the *Green Mountain Express* in 1862; with the *Morning Post and Times*, Chicago, in 1864-67; with the *Caledonian*, St. Johnsbury, Vt., from 1867 to 1870. In that year he entered into partnership with Mr. W. A. Moorehouse, and together they purchased the *Sherbrooke Gazette*. The partnership was dissolved in 1875, and Mr. Moorehouse retiring from the business, was succeeded by Mr. Hunter Bradford and the late Mr. John Calder. In 1884 he became sole proprietor and has since continued to carry on the business alone. He is a man of good business habits, with a happy way of making and retaining friends. Under his careful supervision the *Gazette* has attained and kept its position as one of the foremost newspapers of the Townships.

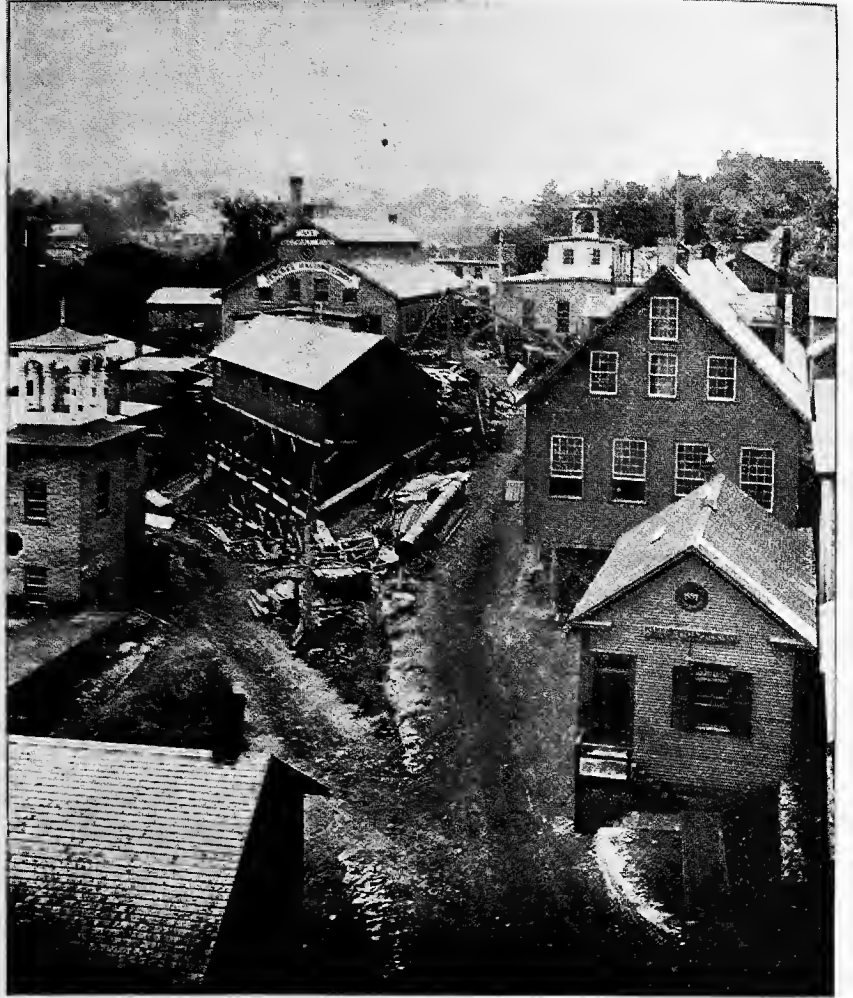
EDWIN AVERY.—This gentleman, now editor of the *Sherbrooke Gazette*, was born in London, Eng., in 1836, and came to Canada in the year of Confederation, 1867. The first few years of his residence in Canada were spent in Cayuga, where he acted as Deputy Clerk of the Peace for the County of Haldimand, and was a frequent contributor to the *Haldimand Advocate*. In 1873 he came to Lennoxville, and was for some time, until after the fire, English Master and Bursar at Bishop's College School. On the retirement of Mr. Hunter Bradford from the *Sherbrooke Gazette* in 1884, Mr. Avery entered that office and subsequently, in 1887, assumed the position he now holds as editor of that journal. Mr. Avery takes great interest in the social questions of the day, and is much sought after by various friendly associations, representing the Sons of England Benevolent Society as District Deputy for Lower Quebec; he is also Chief Ranger of Court Prince Albert 149 of the Independent Order of Foresters. He has fully maintained the reputation of the *Sherbrooke Gazette*.

G. VEKEMAN, ESQ., EDITOR OF "LE PIONNIER," SHERBROOKE.—Mr. G. Vekeman, one of the editorial staff of *Le Pionnier*, of Sherbrooke, whose portrait we present to our readers in this issue, was born at Sotteghem, in Belgium, in the year 1841. In 1858 he made his debut in literature by the production of a serial story, and since that date has written a large number of tales and sketches. His writings have been fortunate enough to please the popular taste in Canada as well as in his native land. His style has a simple and unaffected charm, which has won for him the good will of many readers. His contributions to *Le Pionnier* under the name of *plume de Jean des Erables* are marked by practical good sense as well as by a characteristic humour. Mr. Vekeman is an experienced agriculturist and an enlightened advocate of colonization, and in this latter capacity has rendered signal service to Canada—to the Eastern Townships especially. He has resided in Sherbrooke, where he is highly esteemed, since 1882. He is an able lecturer, and by voice as well as pen has greatly aided the cause of immigration.

EASTERN TOWNSHIPS BANK.—On page 135 we give engravings of the head office of the Eastern Townships Bank at Sherbrooke and several of its branch office buildings. This bank is one of the solid institutions of the Eastern Townships, and by its liberal policy during the thirty-one years it has been in existence it has greatly assisted in the development of the industries and business of this important section of the country. It was chartered by the Parliament of Lower Canada (now the Province of Quebec) in 1855, with an authorized capital of \$400,000, and commenced business in August, 1859, with a paid-up capital of \$130,000. Its business has steadily increased, necessitating an increase in its capital at three different times, until it now stands at \$1,500,000, besides paying regular semi-annual dividends averaging over 7 per cent. per annum. The directors have been able to create a reserve fund of \$550,000, making the available capital \$2,050,000. This, with an average circulation of about \$800,000 and deposits of about \$2,500,000, is profitably employed by the manufacturing, mining, milling and farming industries of the Townships. The board of directors of the bank has been composed of the ablest business men of the country, amongst whom were the late Benj. Pomroy, of Compton, its founder and first president; the late Hon. John Henry Pope, of Cookshire; Hon. T. Lee-Terrill, of Stanstead; Geo. K. Foster, A. A. Adams, of Richmond, and John Thornton, Coaticook; also H. L. Robinson, of Waterloo, and Chas. Brooks, now of Chicago. The present board is as follows: R. W. Heneker, Commissioner British American Land Co., president; Hon. G. G. Stevens, Senator of the Dominion, Waterloo, vice-president; Hon. W. H. Cochrane, Senator of the Dominion, Hillhurst, Compton; Israel Wood, City Councillor, Sherbrooke; J. N. Galer, merchant, Danham, Q.; D. A. Mansel, farmer, Stanstead; Thos. Hart, contractor, Richmond; N. W. Thomas, merchant, Coaticook; Thos. F. Tuck, druggist, Sherbrooke. Officers—Wm. Farwell, general manager, S. Edgell, local manager; S. F. Emery, inspector. Branches—Waterloo, W. J. Briggs, manager; Coaticook, B. Austin, manager; Cowansville, J. Mackinnon, manager; Richmond, W. L. Ball, manager; Stanstead, G. Stevens, manager; Granby, E. U. Robinson, manager; Bedford, E. W. Morgan, manager; Huntingdon, W. H. Robinson, manager.



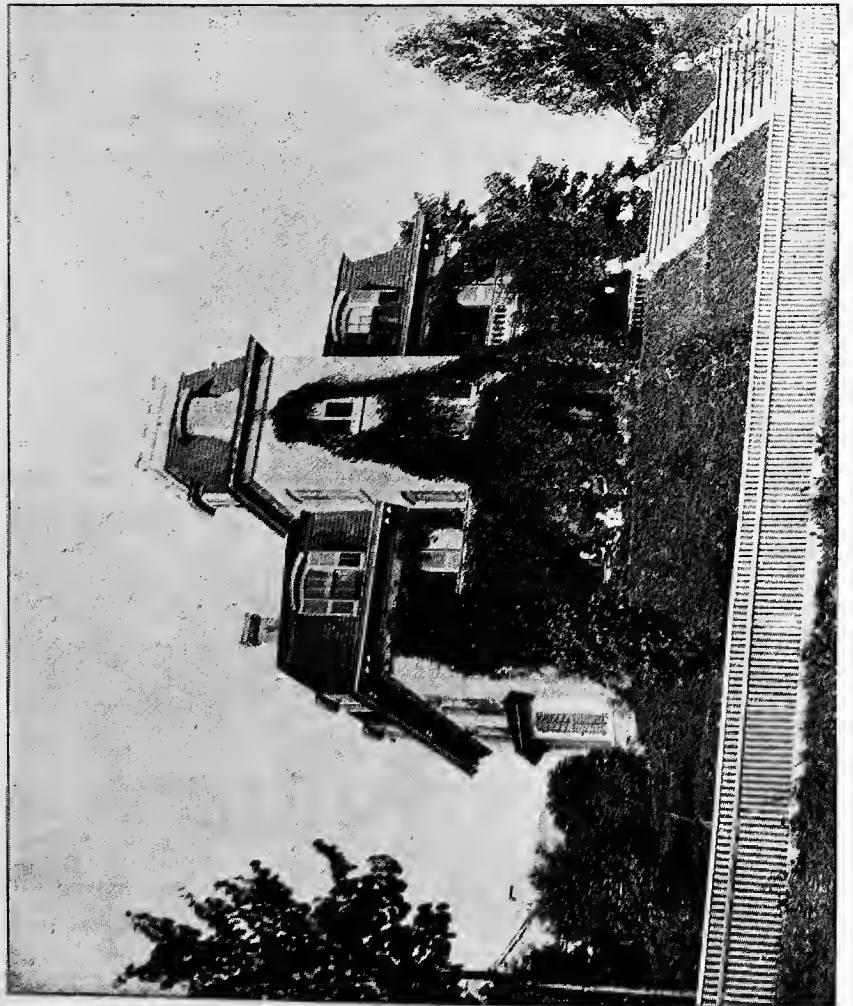
OFFICE OF THE JENCKES MACHINE CO.



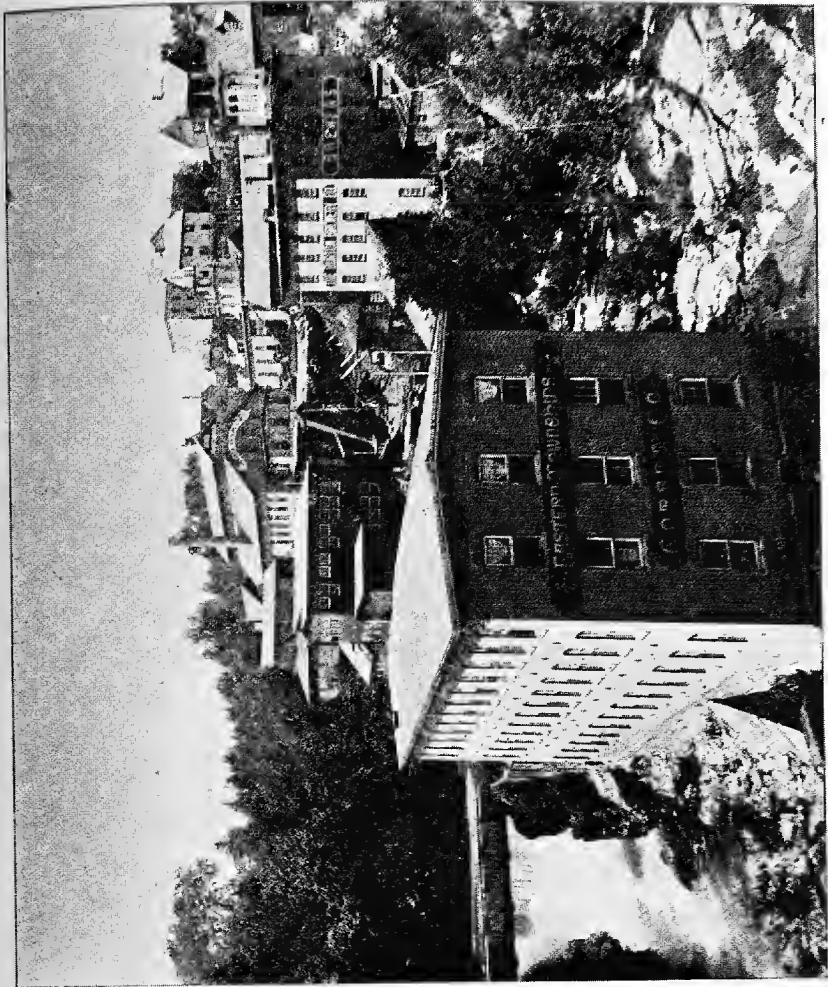
GENERAL VIEW OF WORKS OF THE JENCKES MACHINE CO.



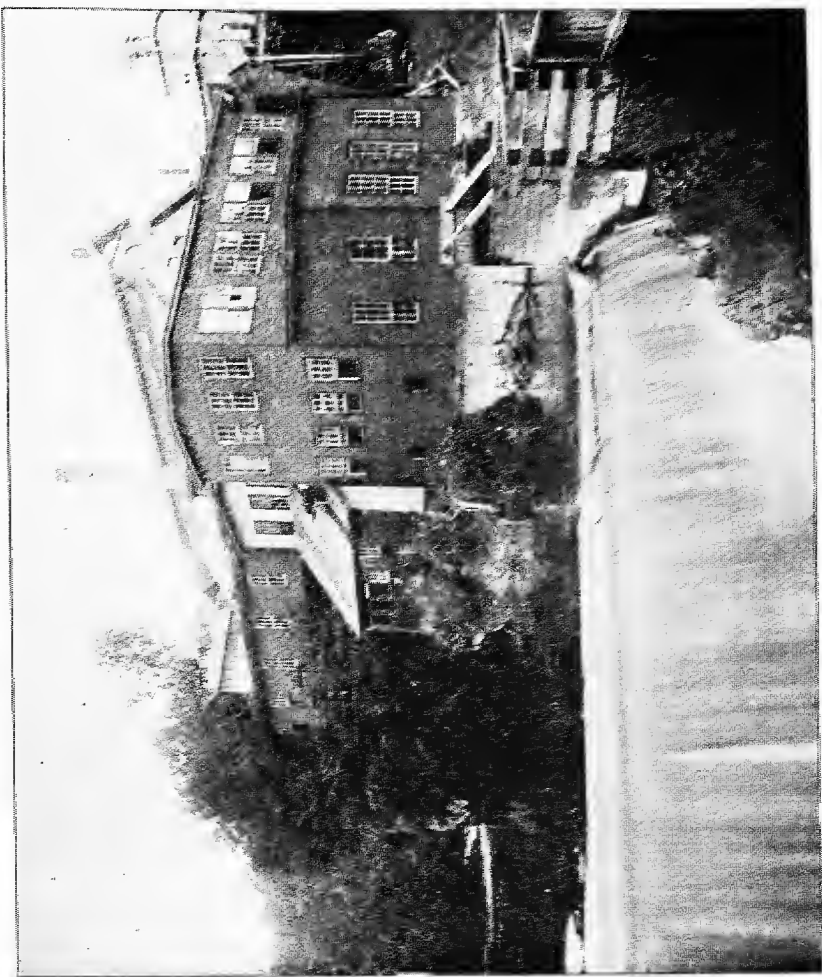
SHERBROOKE JUNIOR LACROSSE TEAM.



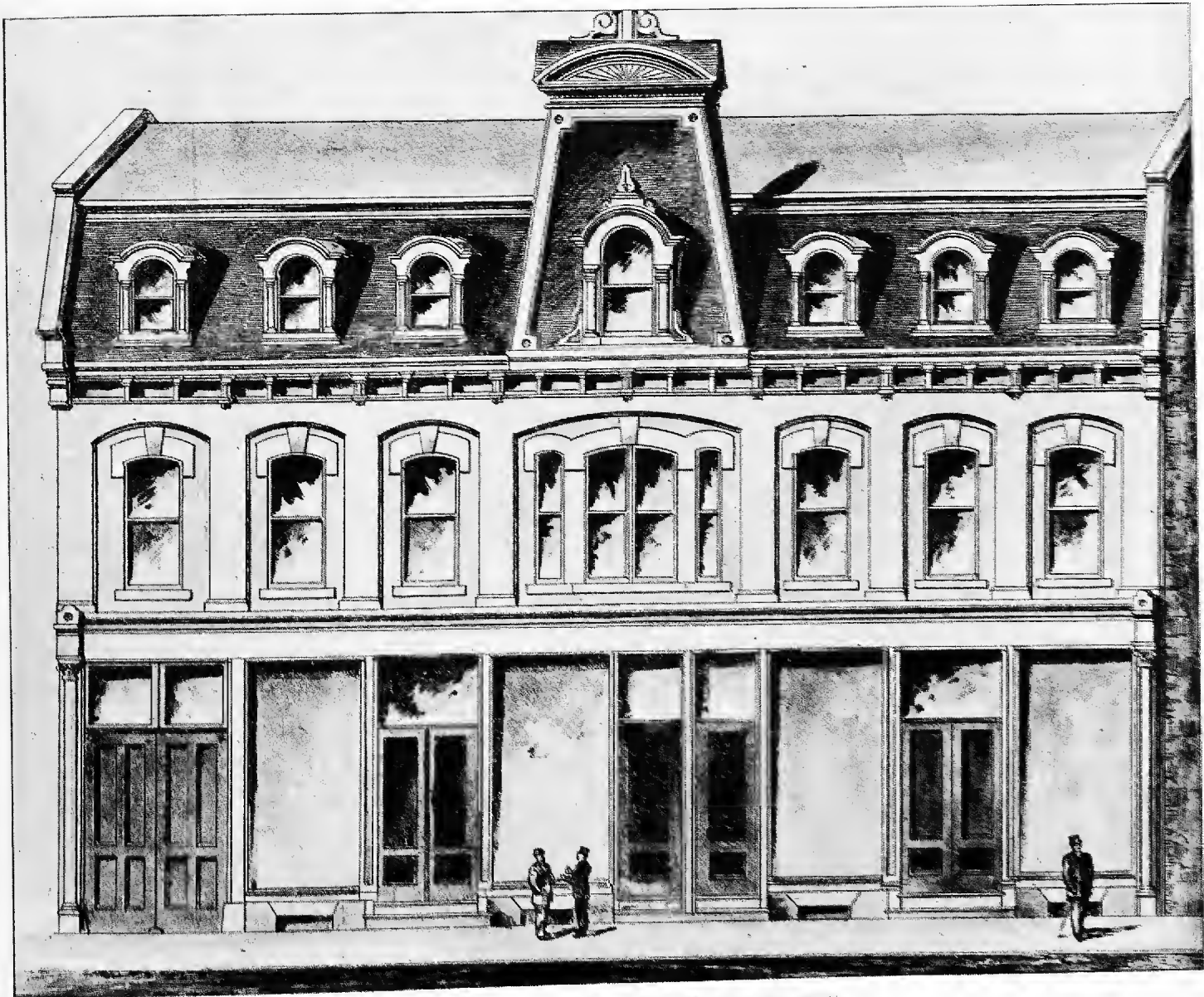
RESIDENCE OF THE HON. MR. JUSTICE RIOUX.



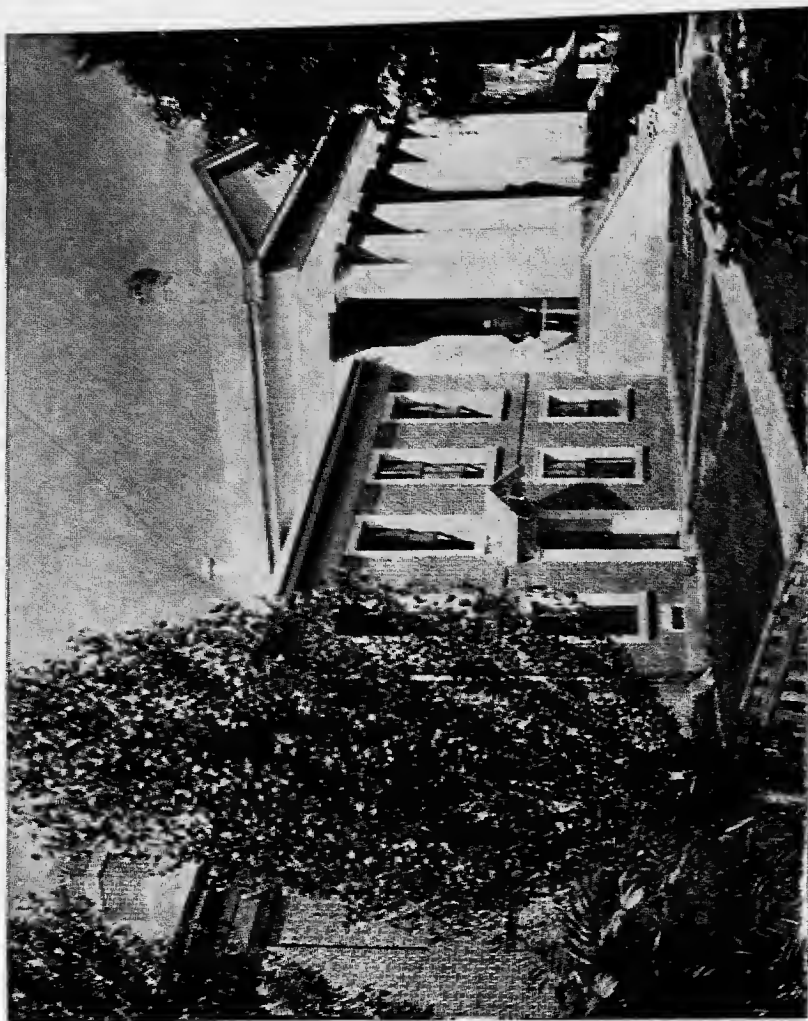
GENERAL VIEW OF WORKS OF THE JENCKES MACHINE CO.



DAM AND WATER TOWER OF THE JENCKES MACHINE CO.



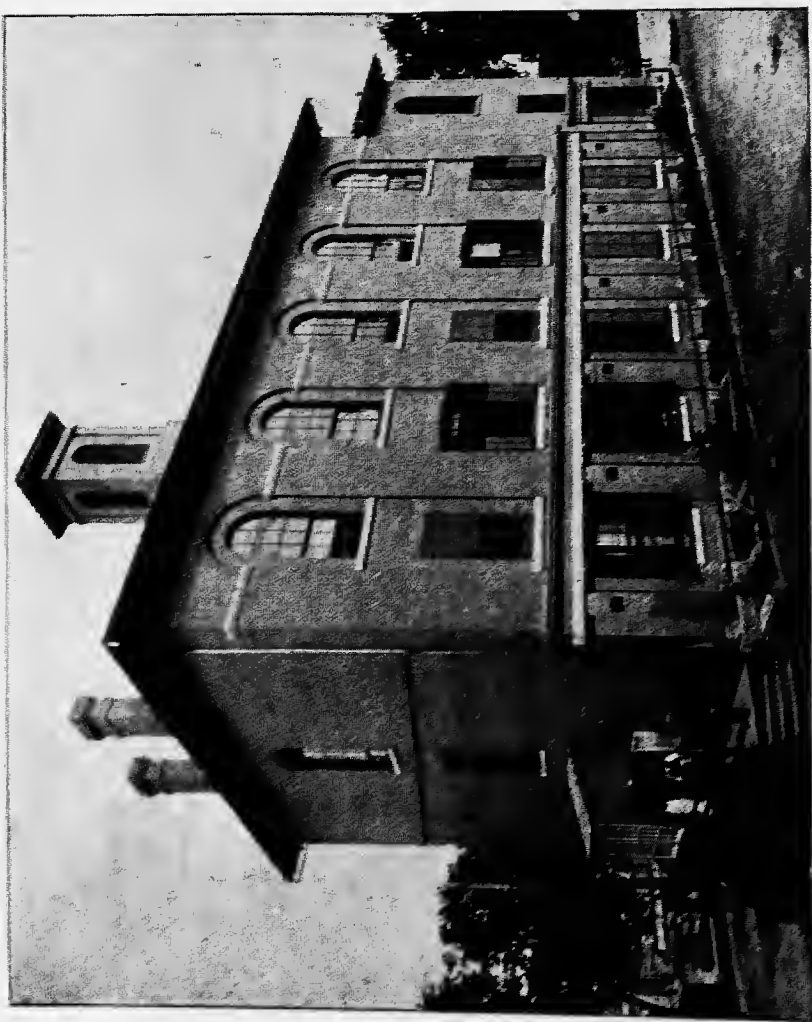
LA BANQUE NATIONALE—SHERRBROOKE BRANCH.



COURT HOUSE.



POST OFFICE.



CITY HALL.



FIRE AND MARSHAL'S OFFICE.



Andrew Paton, Esq., President.

F. C. Thompson, Esq., Secretary.

Wm. Murray, Esq., Vice-President.

OFFICERS OF THE SHERBROOKE BOARD OF TRADE.

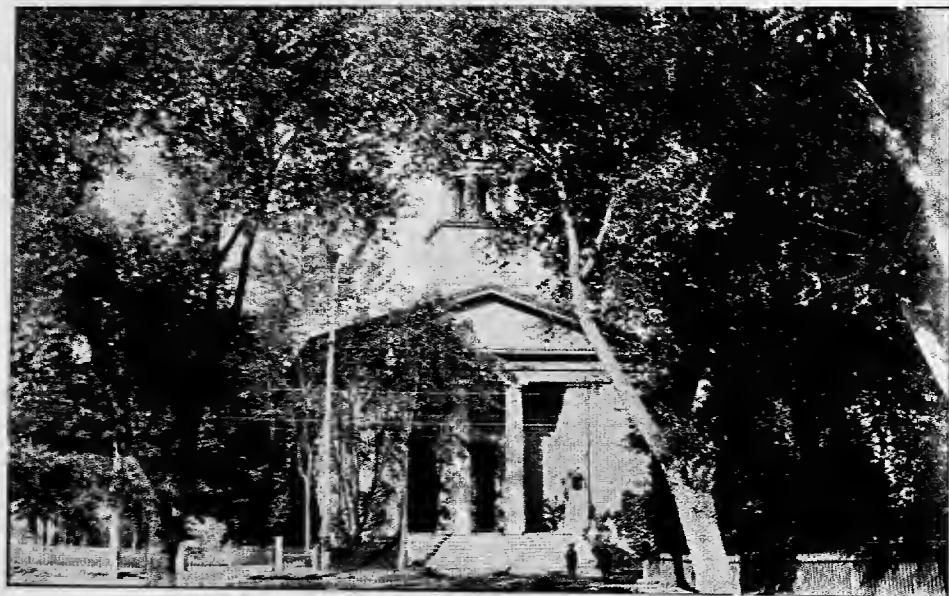


Capt. H. R. Fraser, Lt. J. D. Lloyd, Quartermaster A. T. Winter, Paymaster H. A. Odell, Lt. Gen. McNicol, Lt. R. J. Spearing, Capt. E. W. Farrell,
A. N. Worthington, Surgeon W. A. Moushous, Lt.-Col. E. P. Felton, Lt.-Col. R. G. Leckie, Major E. E. Worthington, Capt.
Capt. T. S. Somers, Capt. T. Rawson.

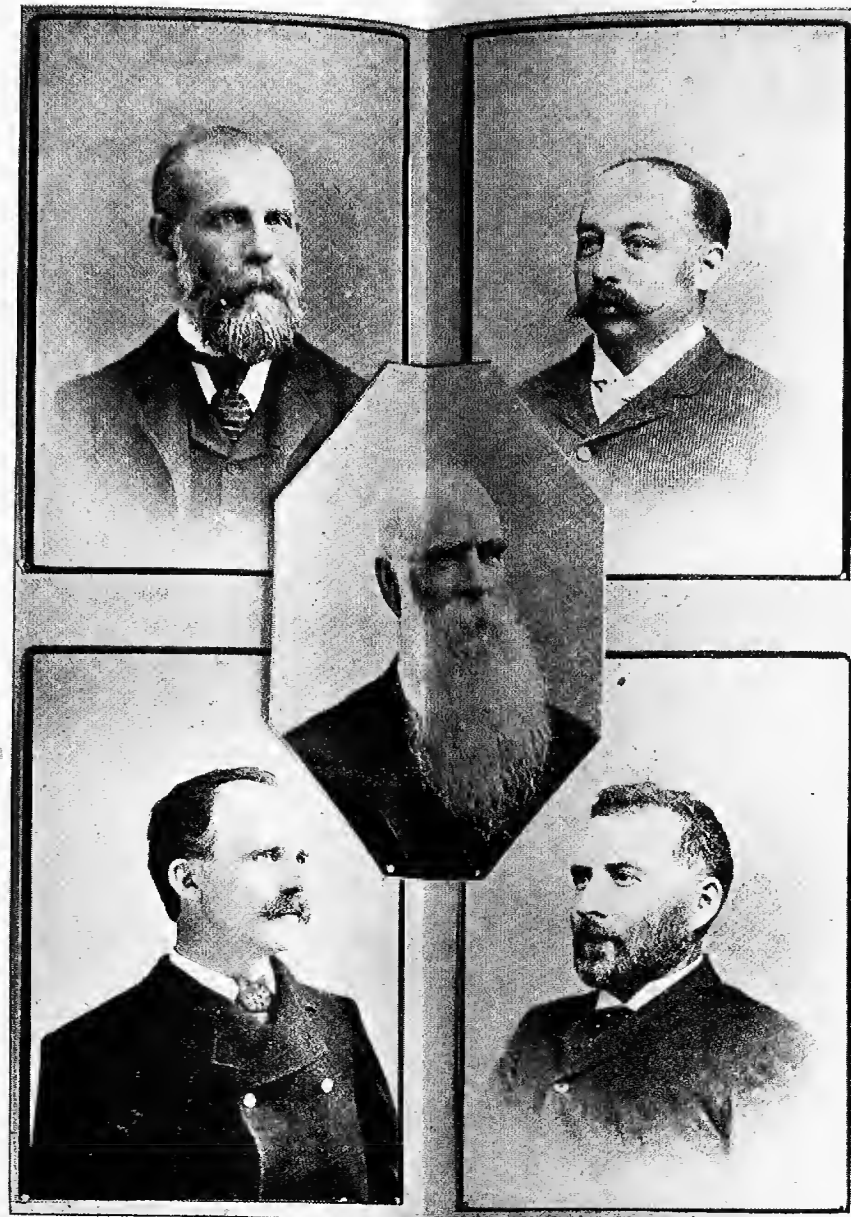
OFFICERS OF THE FIFTY-THIRD BATTALION.



METHODIST CHURCH.



CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

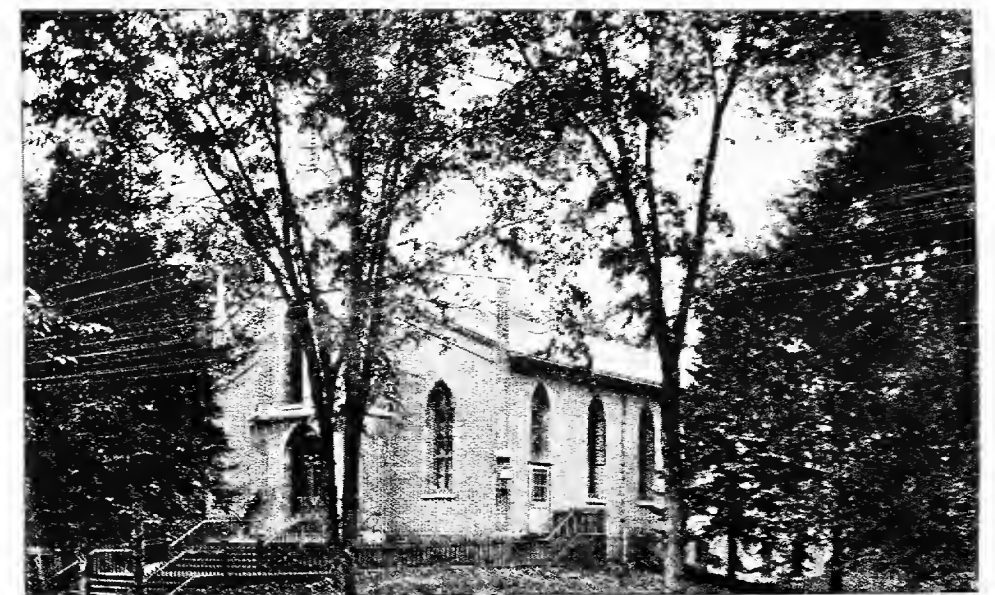


CIVIC OFFICERS.

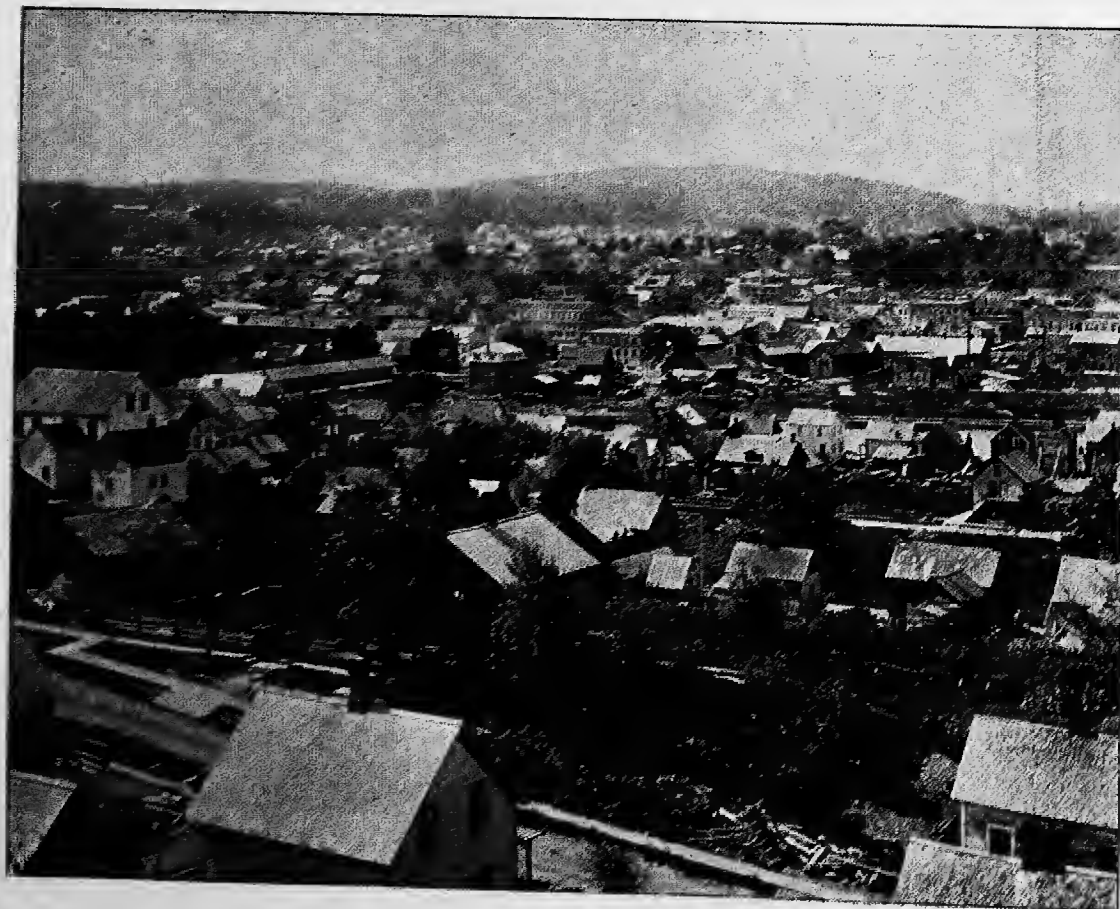
E. HARGRAVE, ESQ., CITY AUDITOR. H. B. BROWN, ESQ., CITY SOLICITOR.
 WILLIAM GRIFFITH, ESQ., SECRETARY-TREASURER.
 ROBT. DAVIDSON, ESQ., CHIEF FIRE AND POLICE DEPT. PATRICK HACKETT, ESQ., CITY AUDITOR.



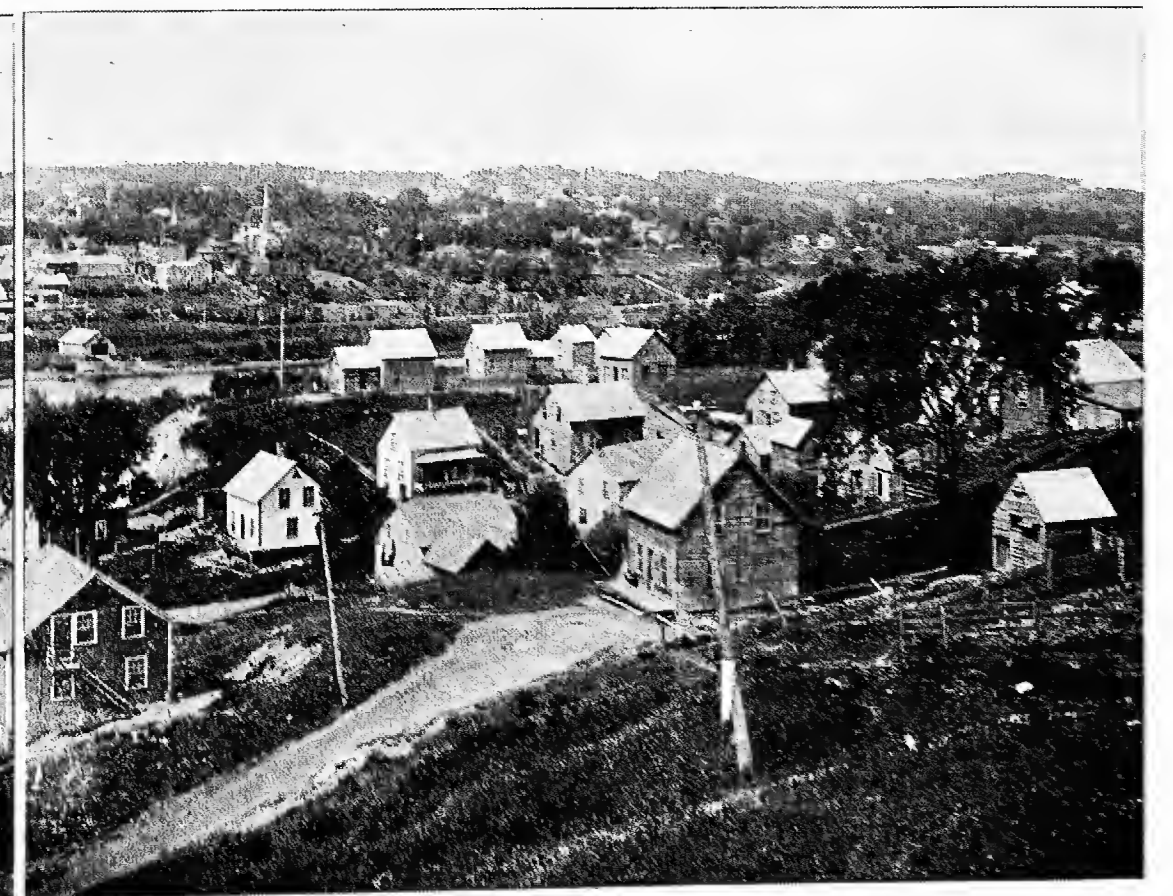
ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH (PRESBYTERIAN).



ST. PETER'S CHURCH (CHURCH OF ENGLAND).



GENERAL VIEW OF THE CITY OF SHERBROOKE.



SPORTS AND PASTIMES

People may talk as they please about the superiority of other games to lacrosse, but where will another sport be found, outside perhaps of football, where athletes may deliberately go out in a downpour of rain and never catch such a thing as a cold, and play good lacrosse at that. Surely it is the game *par excellence* that strengthens the muscles, that brings every physical force into play, and that fits the man to endure hardships to which another would succumb. Take Saturday's match between the Shamrocks and the Montreals. With all the conditions as unfavourable as they could be there was grand lacrosse, and the result was a surprise to both sides. The legend that both these clubs play better against each other than against any other club, still holds good, and by some fatality or other the Shamrocks seem bound to meet a Waterloo when they meet the boys in grey. There is one thing which is specially worth mentioning, and that is the class of play. It was demonstrated to a nicety that fast, hard lacrosse can be played without resorting to any foul tactics; and although Referee Pollock thought it advisable to rule off two players who lost their temper, the match

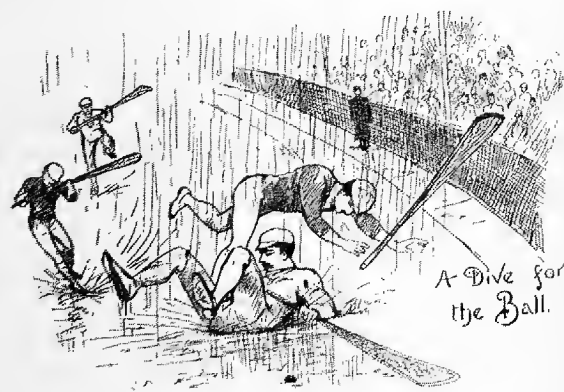
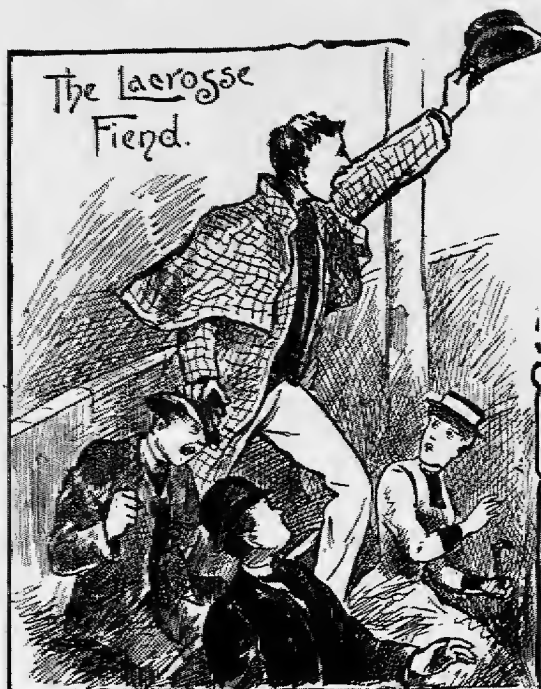
on Saturday last Toronto will have a more difficult battle to fight than with the Factory Town.

The match in Toronto was another surprise to the followers of lacrosse; but the best team won, and the Queen City went wild with delight. It is a pity, though, that their victory should be tarnished by some of the work that took place on the field. Carpenter, the Cornwalls' goalkeeper, is about as fair and gentlemanly a player as ever stepped on a lacrosse field, but he came in for some hard knocks that he will likely remember for a long time, and a less plucky player would have thrown up the sponge. Perhaps Toronto was making up for the rough treatment received in the Factory Town; but, if that was the case, vengeance might have been wreaked on the offenders, not on the innocent. From all reports the referee and one of the umpires, too, had a very pleasant time when the spectators allowed their partizanship to run away with their better judgment.

A few words about the athletic clubs of Sherbrooke will not be out of place in this column. Although these organi-

trophy was regained on the lacrosse field, but lost in the council chamber, as a protest, entered by the Capital club, was sustained by the N.A.L.A. convention and the pennant went to Ottawa. Here it stayed until the end of last season, when once more the Sherbrookes were victorious, and once more the Capitals protested and were successful, again being given the title by the N.A.L.A. convention. This season Sherbrooke has made two attempts to wrest the flag from the Ottawa men, but have been beaten both times. At present the club number 75 members, is in a sound financial condition and well supported by the citizens, who take a great interest in the national game and in the team, which is composed of some excellent players. The officers for the present year are:—Hon. president, Mr. R. N. Hall, M.P.; hon. vice-president, Mr. Jas. Mitchell; hon. second vice-president, Mr. W. Blue; president, Mr. Geo. Odell; 1st vice-president, Mr. C. H. Hibbard; 2nd vice-president, Mr. G. C. Harkness; secretary, Mr. J. S. Sommers; treasurer, Mr. T. J. Maguire; captain, Mr. E. A. Long.

The Sherbrooke Boating and Canoeing Club was organized in the spring of 1885, and its record up to the present time has been distinctively one of progress. Shortly after the club's organization a stock company was formed and a handsome club house built in a very pleasant situation on the bank of the St. Francis, and close to the confluence of the Magog and St. Francis rivers. The club has a large and increasing membership, and some of the finest rowing and paddling craft in the country are owned by it. The



SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST DURING THE MONTREAL-SHAMROCK LACROSSE MATCH, SATURDAY, 23rd AUGUST, 1890.

was as clean and as gentlemanly as one would wish to see. A great many people thought the chances on the Montreal team would mitigate the chances of victory, but that delusion was soon dispelled. When the game began Louison and Michaud showed that their right hands had not yet forgot their cunning. Louison, who has not been out for a couple of years, was a host in himself, and Michaud seemed to carry his good luck with him, and here is another legend—it is that the Shamrocks have never defeated Montreal when the white-haired boy was on the team. There was one man on the twelve who should be deservedly congratulated. That man is Spriggins. A couple of weeks previously he had been subjected to the severest criticism in the press that ever fell to the lot of a lacrosse player, and he felt it bitterly, but he took the best and most manly course. He recognized that he had been in fault, and he also recognized the necessity of repairing that fault. He worked hard and got himself into such condition that he could play as if his life depended on it. "I will make amends by playing the best game of my life," said the centre fielder, and he did. Everybody on the Montreal team played a magnificent game, but Spriggins was the star that outshone them all. All of us may get into the same sort of trouble as Spriggins did, but there are comparatively few who would redeem themselves so completely as he did. It now remains to be seen whether Cornwall will beat the Shamrocks and thus secure almost the certainty of the championship. If Montreal plays as

zations are not numerous, they all are in a remarkably healthy and striving condition, and give promise of even better things in the future. The oldest club is the Sherbrooke lacrosse club, which has passed through many vicissitudes since its birth. Some fifteen years ago a few enthusiastic lacrosse men got together and organized the club. For the first five years comparatively little was known of it to the outside world, but the members went quietly ahead and soon they were playing matches with the other clubs in the Townships and doing themselves credit. At this time the Capelton Club was the leading opponent of the Sherbrooke boys. In 1880 a new interest was aroused in the national game, as several visits were paid by Quebec and Montreal clubs, in which matches Sherbrooke fairly held its own; but in 1882 interest in the club began to lag; the season was not an encouraging one, and towards the end of it the lacrosse club had practically dropped out of sight. In the early part of 1883, however, the club was reorganized, and since that time has steadily progressed both in numbers and fame. In 1886 the district championship of Southern Quebec was wrested from the Valleyfields, and the following year Sherbrooke bore the proud title of intermediate champions, having won it from the Young Shamrocks, who at that time were thought invincible. Challenges for the honour came in thick and fast, but the Townships players held the pennant until 1888, when it was captured by the Capital club of Ottawa. In the latter part of the same season, however, the coveted

gentlemen at present holding office are: President, Mr. J. F. Morkill; 1st vice-president, Mr. J. H. Walsh; 2nd vice-president, Mr. T. J. Tuck; secretary, Mr. H. T. Winter; treasurer, Mr. W. D. Fraser. Committee—Messrs. H. E. McFarlane, G. McNicol, R. R. Beverage, J. McKechnie, A. H. Foss, R. Smith, G. H. Bradford. Commodore—M. M. Longee.

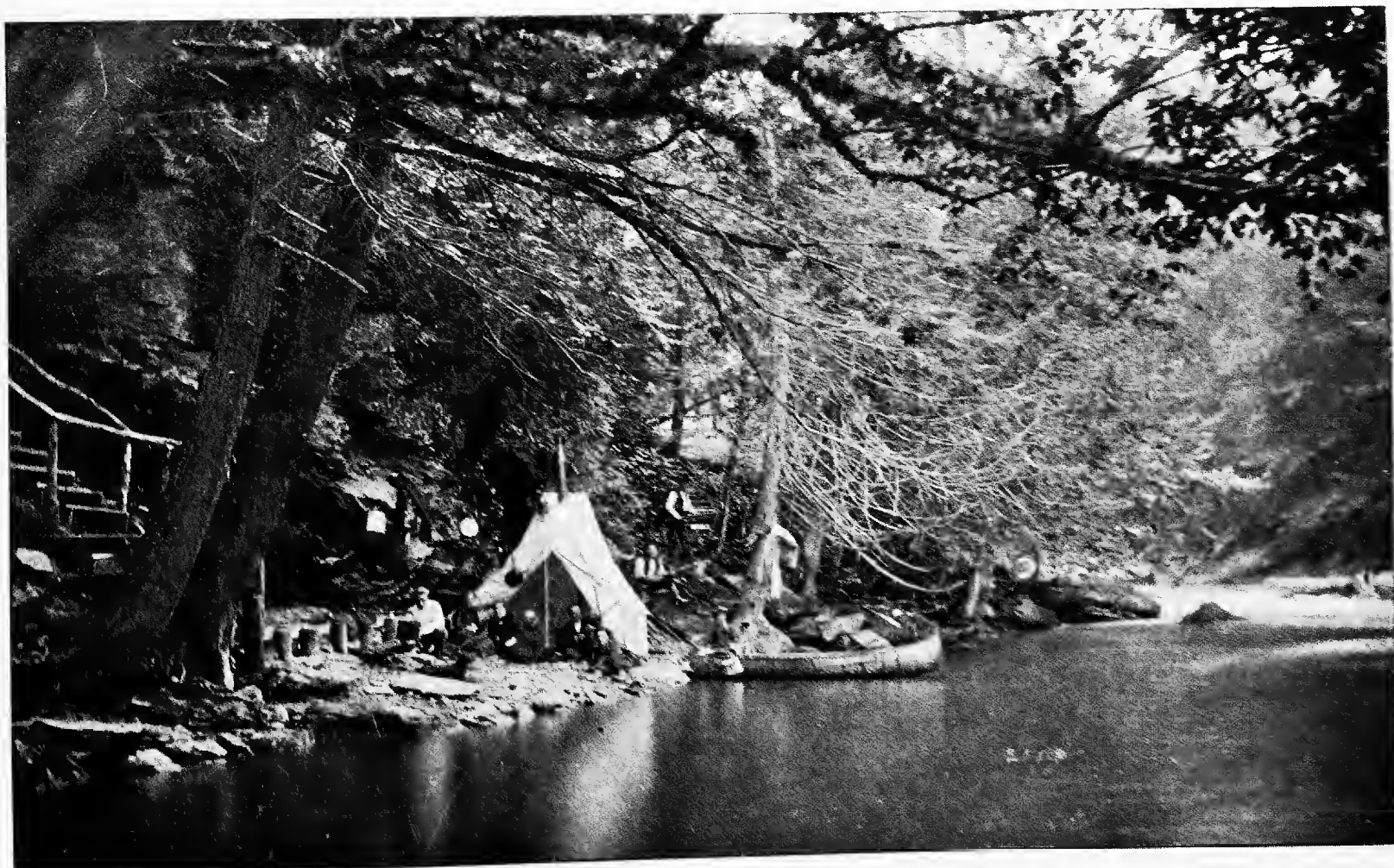
Early last spring another athletic club was added to the list under the name of the Sherbrooke Baseball club. It was the first attempt to introduce the American national game, and proved very successful, as a great deal of interest has been manifested by the citizens. The club is particularly fortunate in having a winning nine, all the games played so far having been won by it. The membership is nearly 100 at present, and the roll is daily increasing. The officers this year are: Hon. president, Mr. John Langton; hon. vice-president, W. B. O'Neil; president, Mr. Jno. Atcheson; vice-president, Mr. Samuel Arthurs; secretary-treasurer, Mr. Jas. A. Swan; captain, Mr. Arthur Colby.

There is a team of lacrosse players in Ottawa which will take a lot of playing before even the strongest twelve can whip them. I refer to the Capitals. They have swept everything before them this season, and seem in a fair way to make a clean sheet.

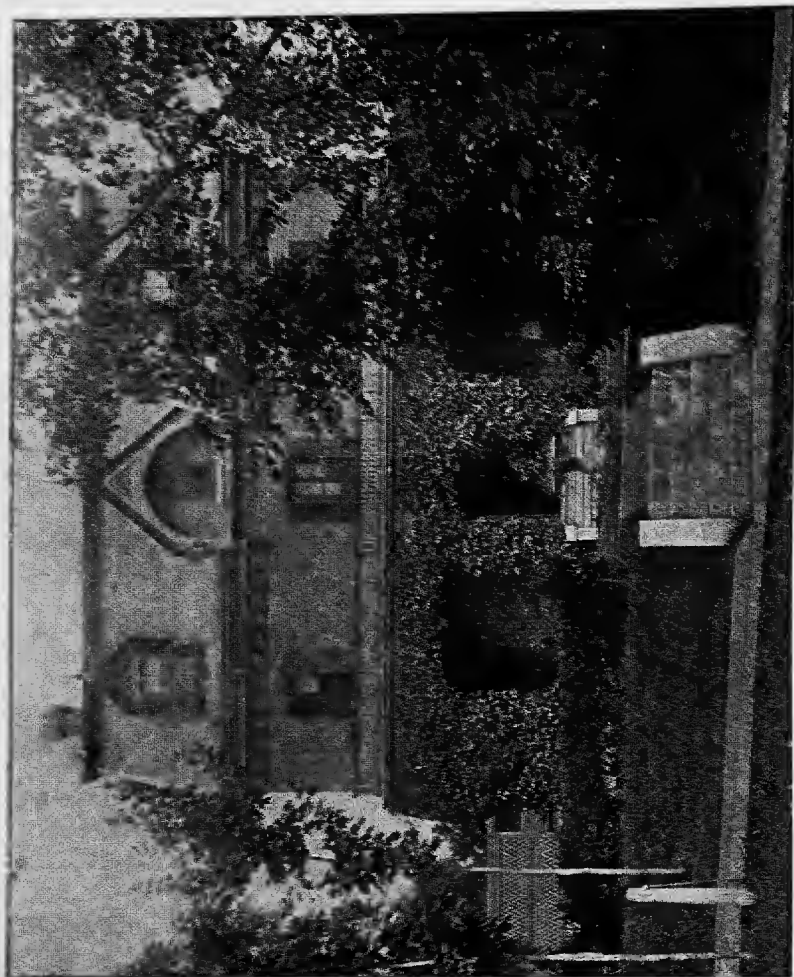
R. O. S.



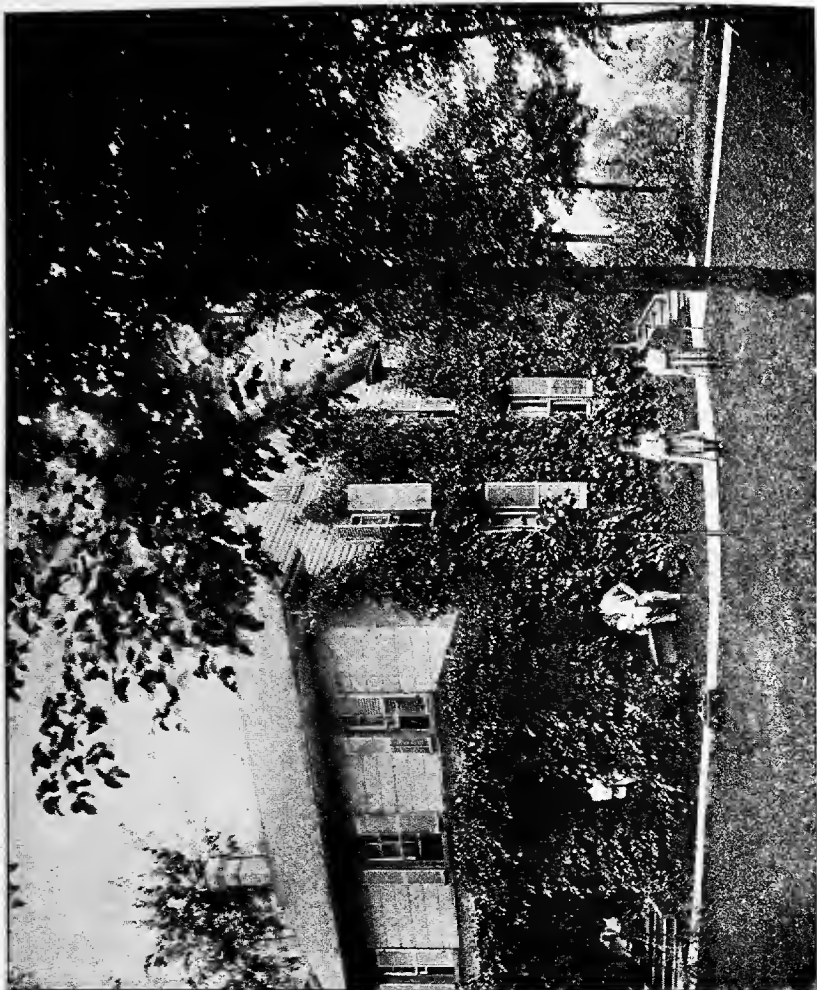
RESIDENCE OF R. W. HENEKER, Esq., COMMISSIONER OF THE BRITISH AMERICAN LAND CO.



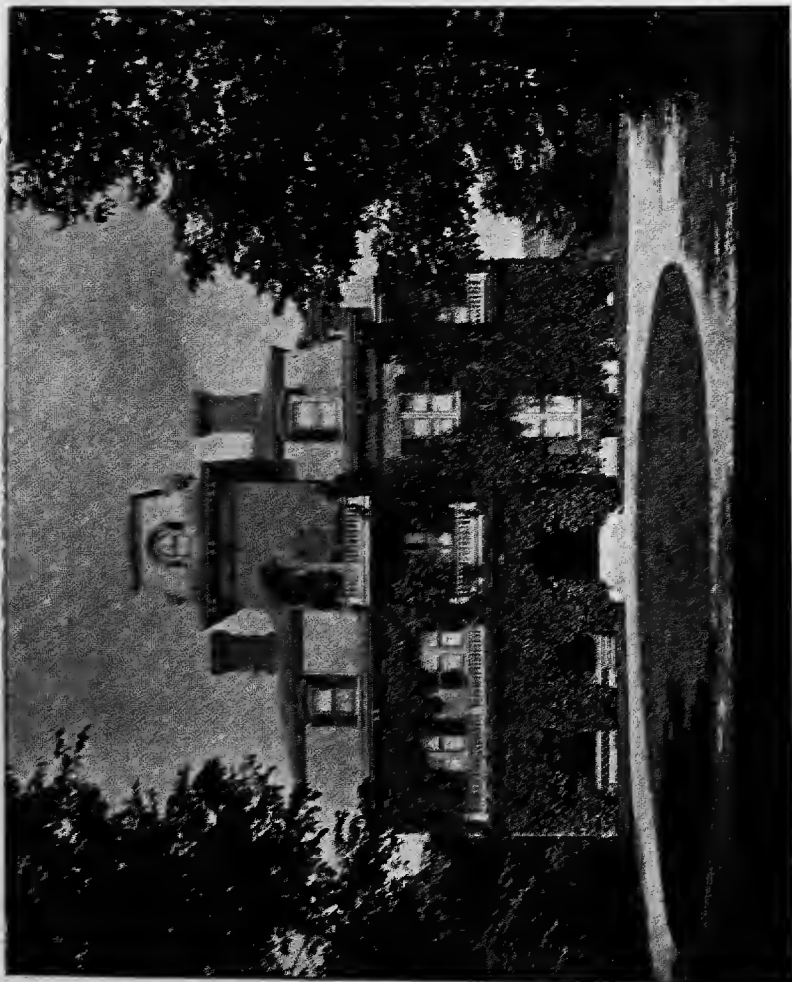
SCENE IN GARDEN OF R. W. HENEKER, Esq.



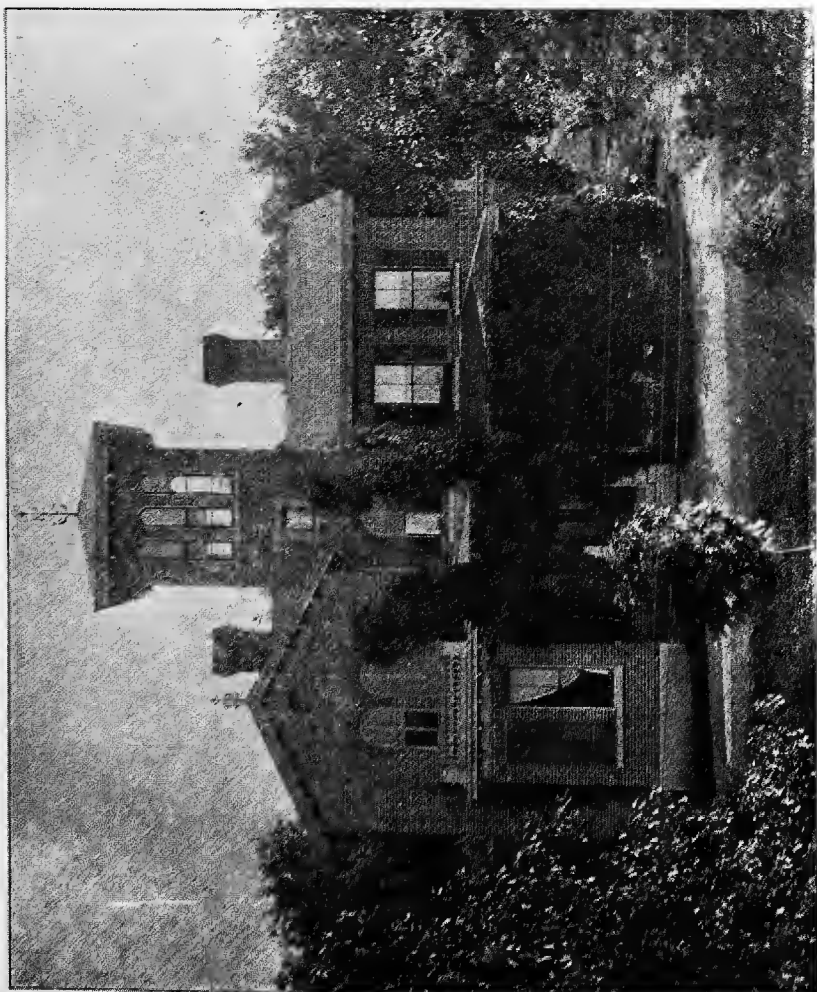
RESIDENCE OF WM. WHITE, Esq., Q.C.



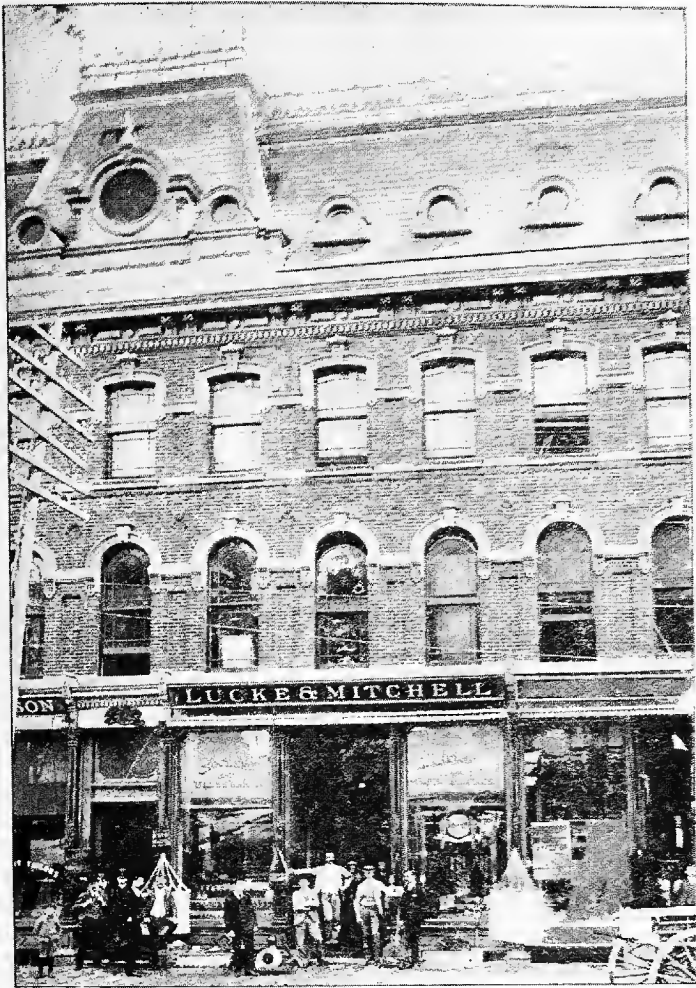
RESIDENCE OF J. S. MITCHELL, Esq.



RESIDENCE OF R. N. HALL, Esq., M.P.



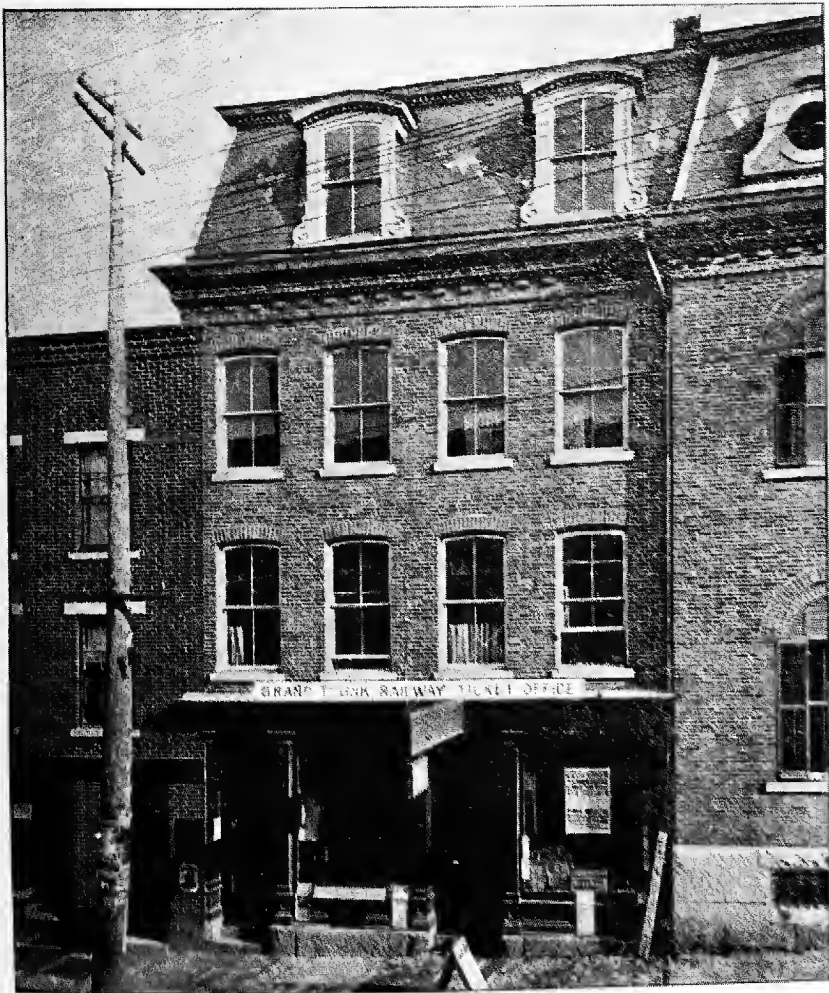
RESIDENCE OF R. G. LECKIE, Esq.



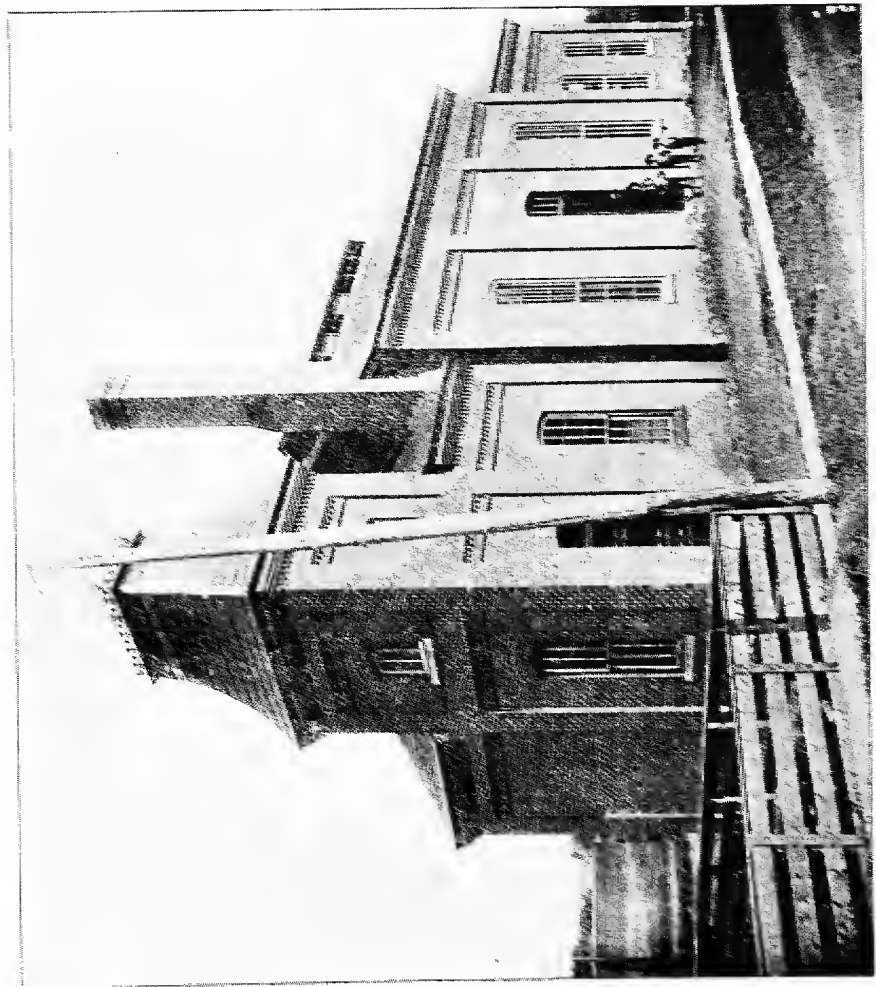
HARDWARE STORE OF MESSRS. LUCKE & MITCHELL.

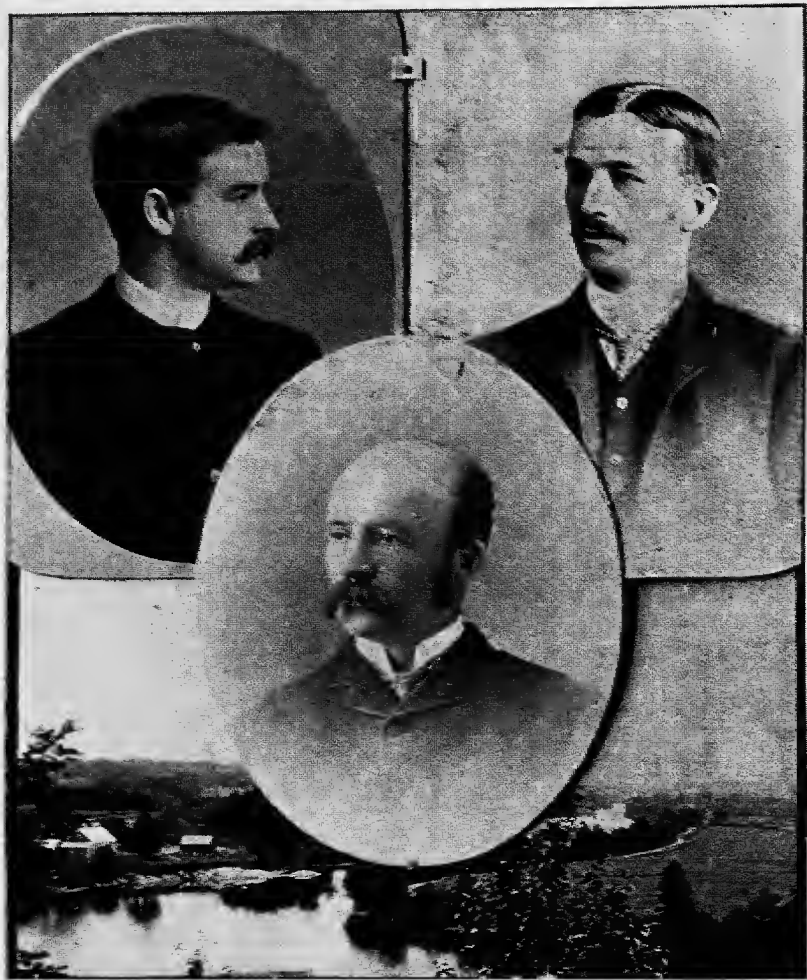


WAREHOUSE OF MESSRS. LUCKE & MITCHELL.

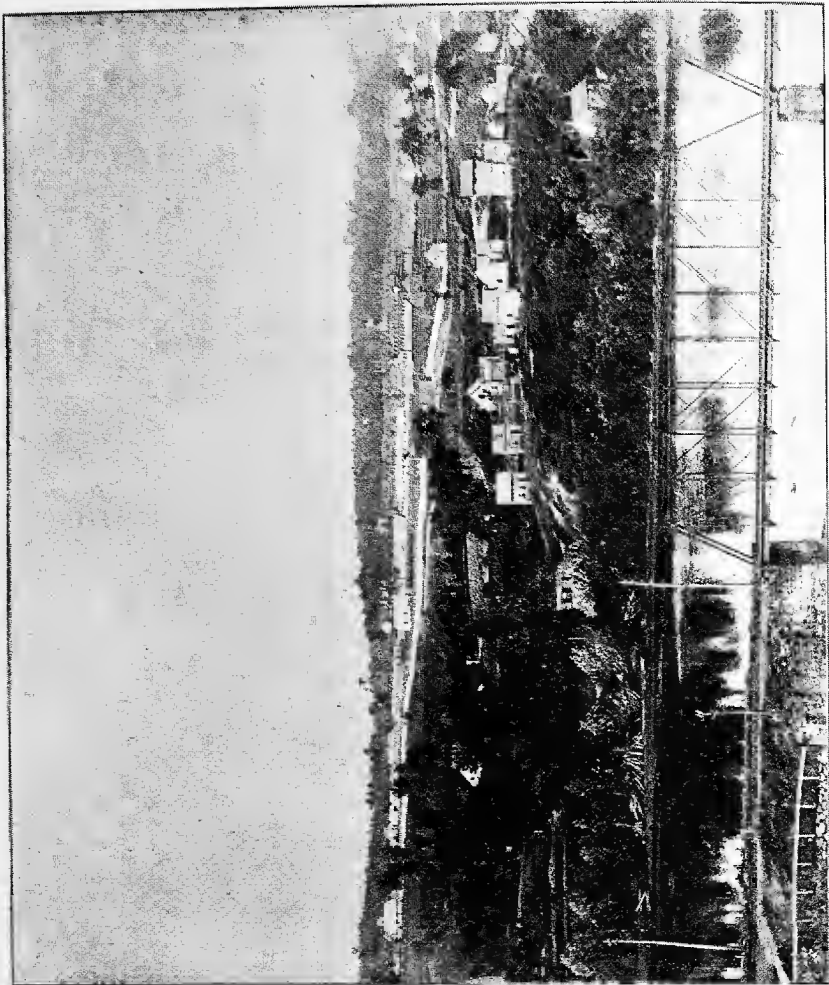


G. T. R. UPTOWN TICKET OFFICE—P. DALE, Esq., Agent.

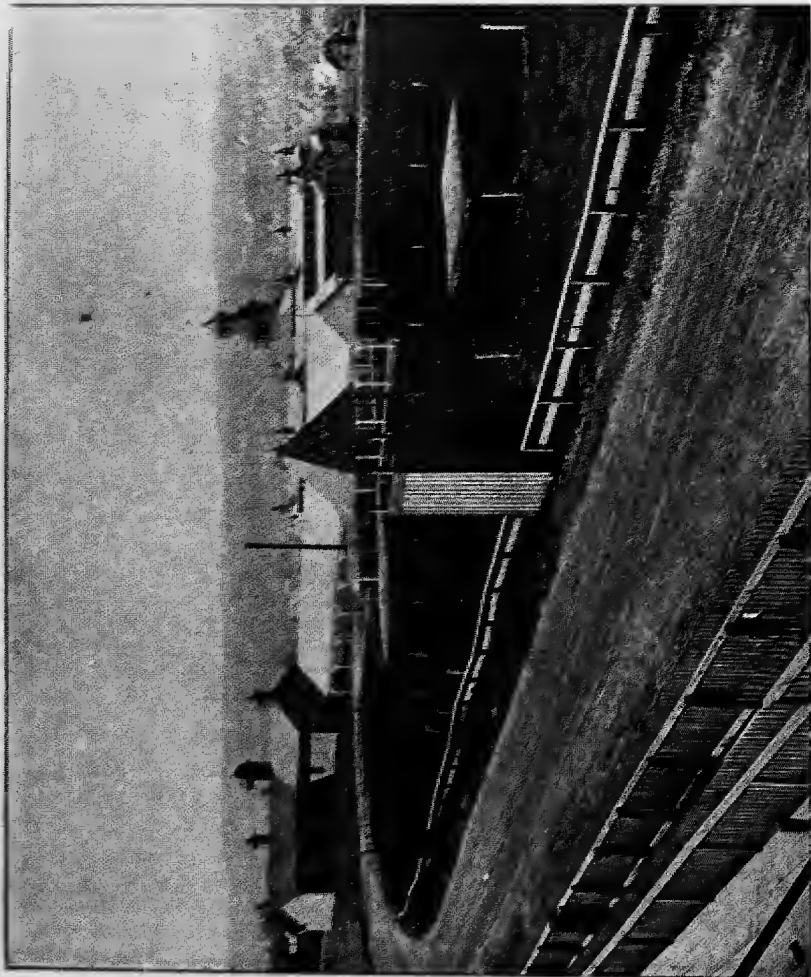




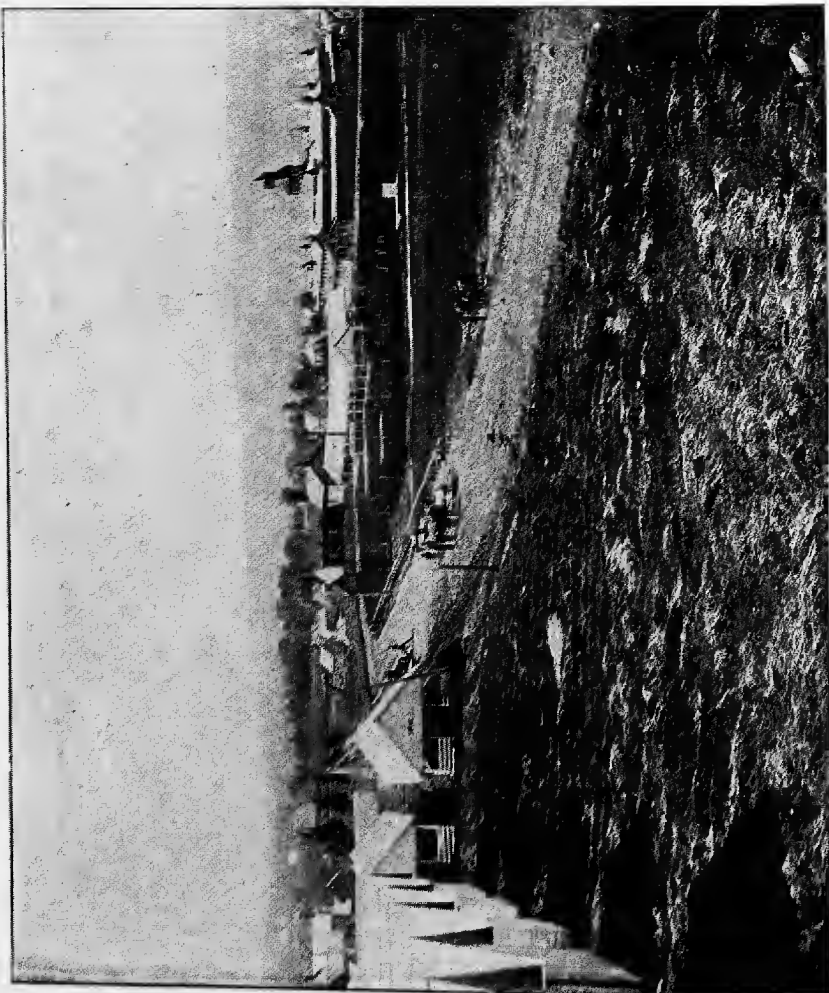
H. R. FRASER, Esq., Sec.-Treas. J. R. WOODWARD, Esq., President. JAS. A. COCHRANE, Esq., Vice-Pres.
OFFICERS OF THE ASSOCIATION.



EXHIBITION BUILDINGS: VIEW FROM CITY.
TOWNSHIP'S AGRICULTURAL ASSOCIATION.



EXHIBITION BUILDINGS: VIEW FROM GRAND STAND.



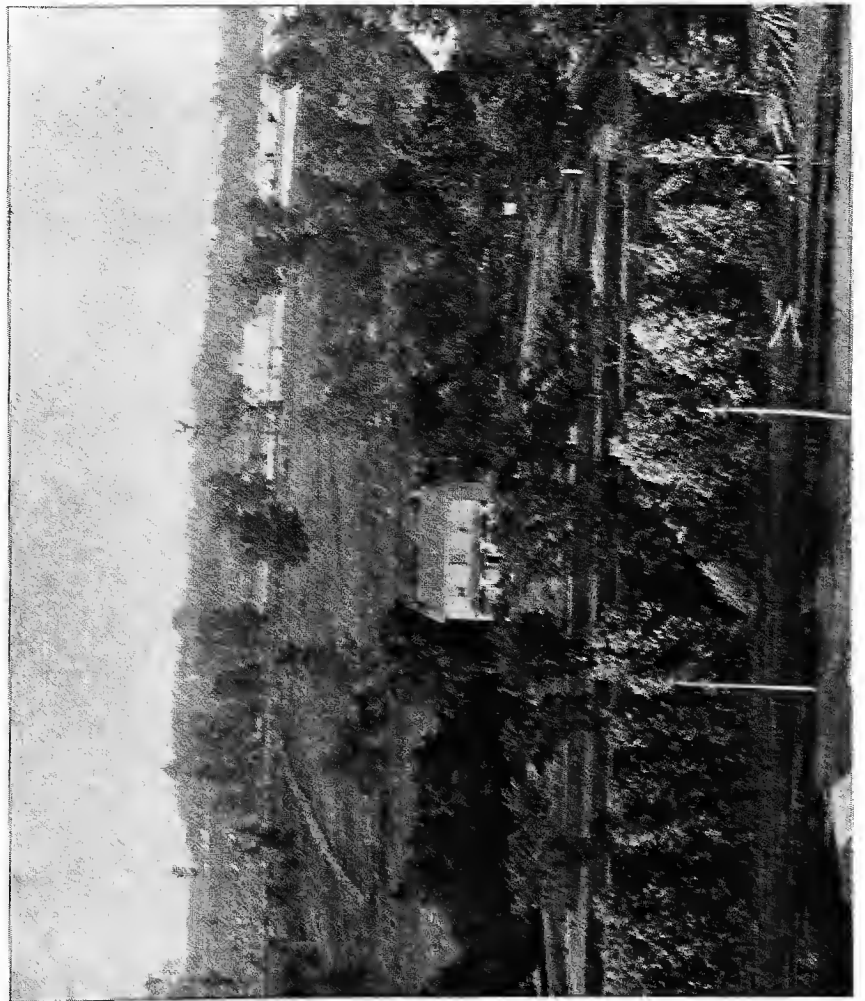
EXHIBITION BUILDINGS: VIEW FROM EAST CORNER OF GROUNDS.
OFFICERS AND BUILDINGS OF EASTERN TOWNSHIP'S AGRICULTURAL ASSOCIATION.



MILL OF MESSRS. ADAM LOMAS & SON, (ESTABLISHED 1825) MANUFACTURERS OF FLANNELS AND DRESS GOODS.



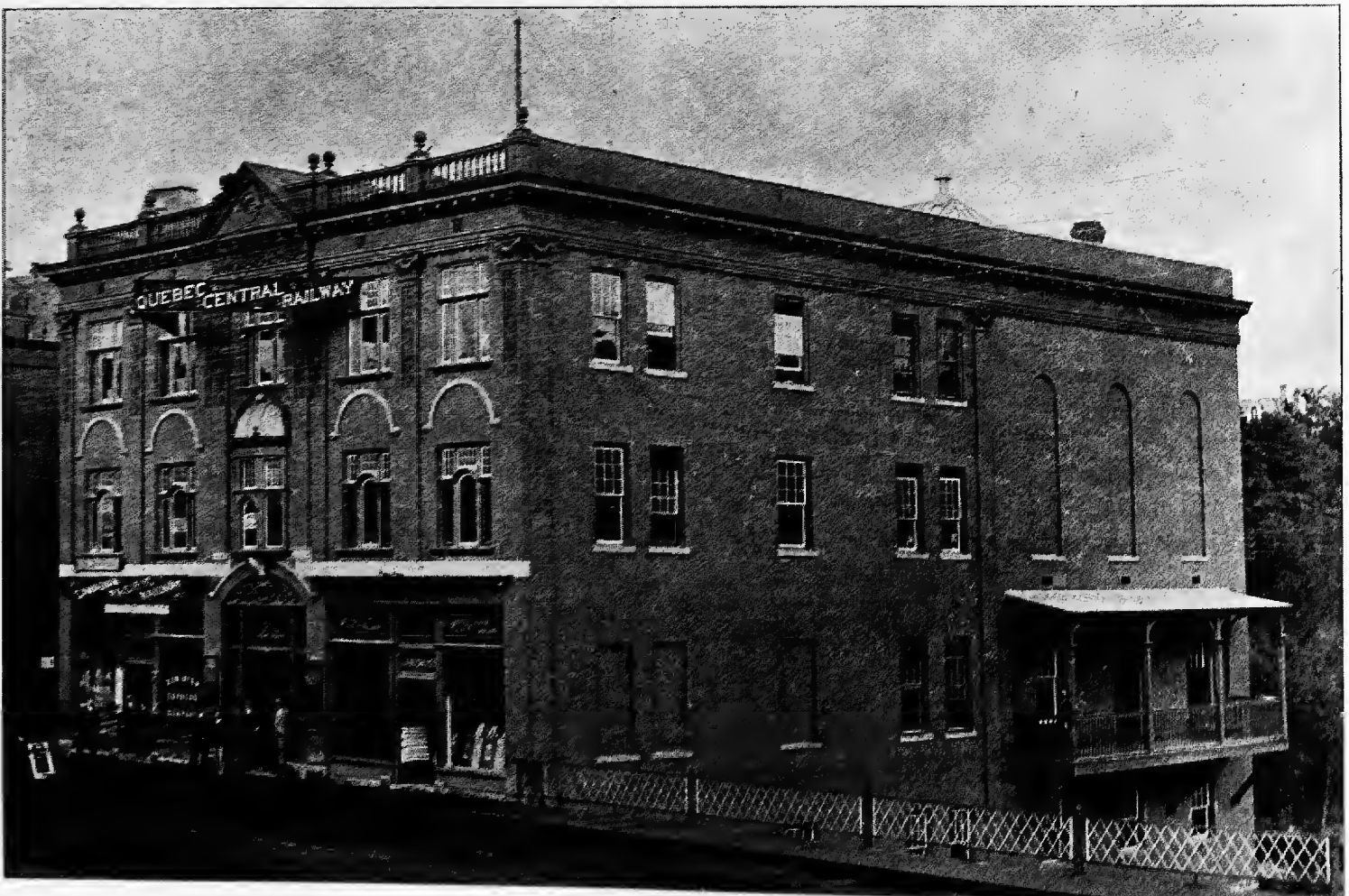
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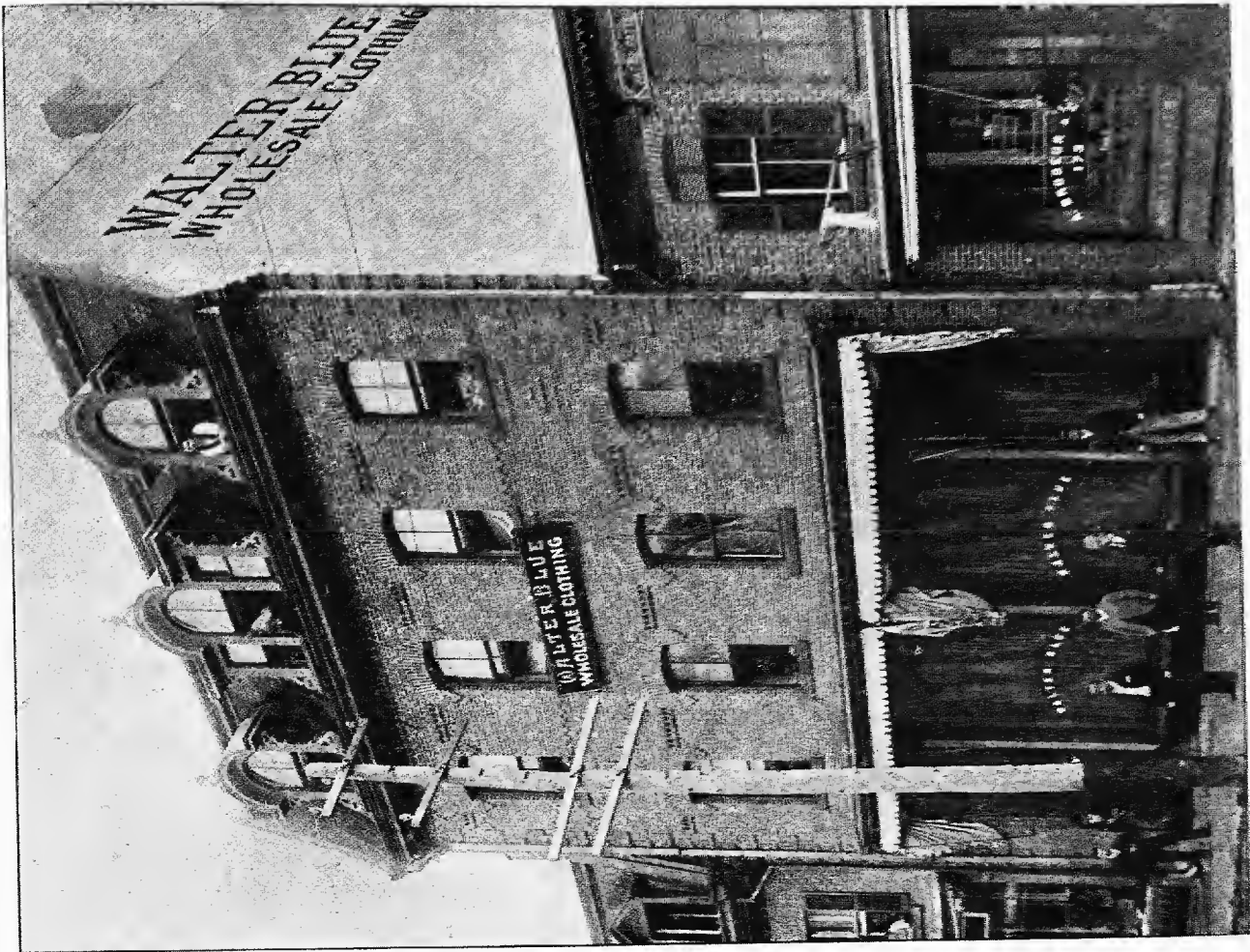
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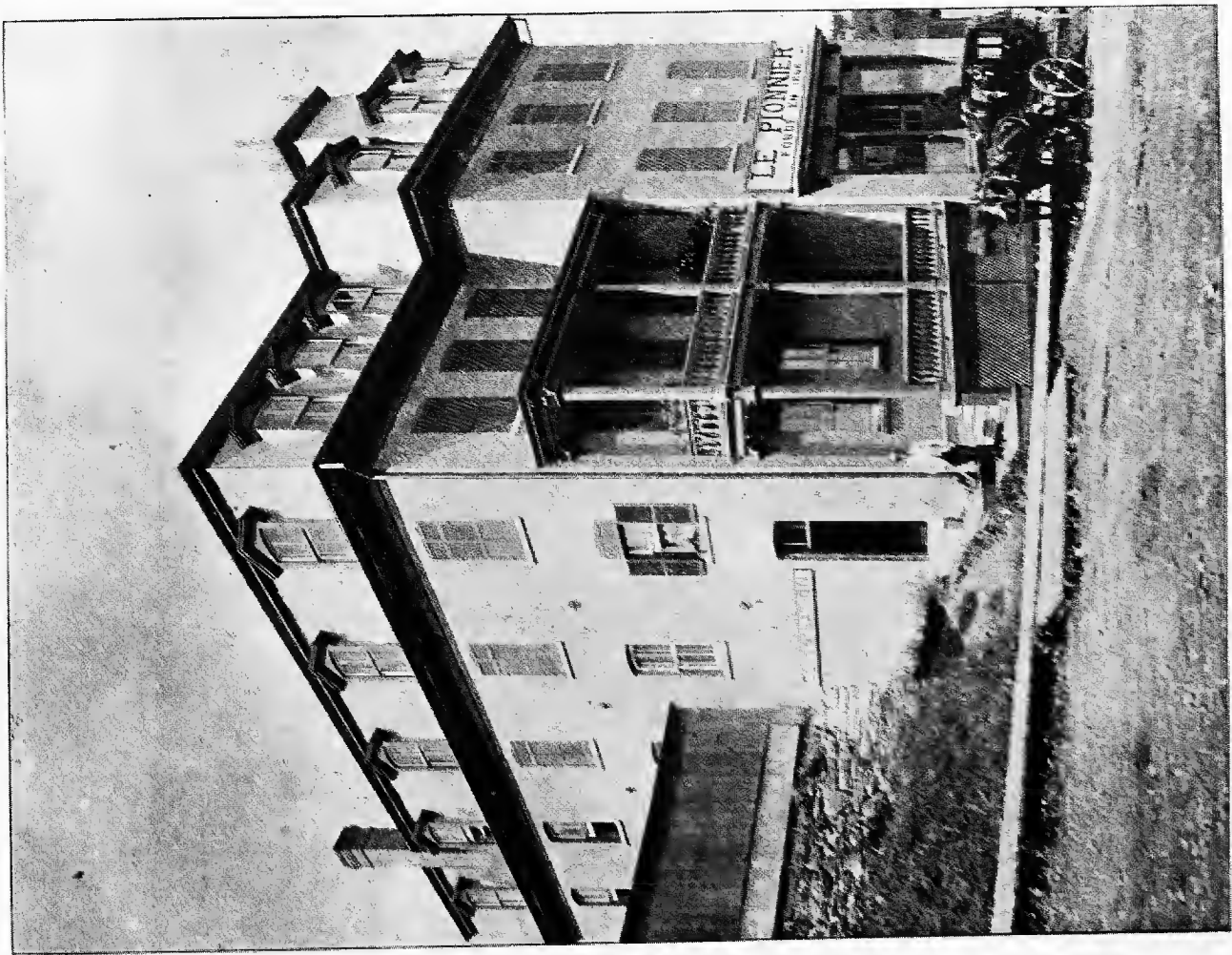
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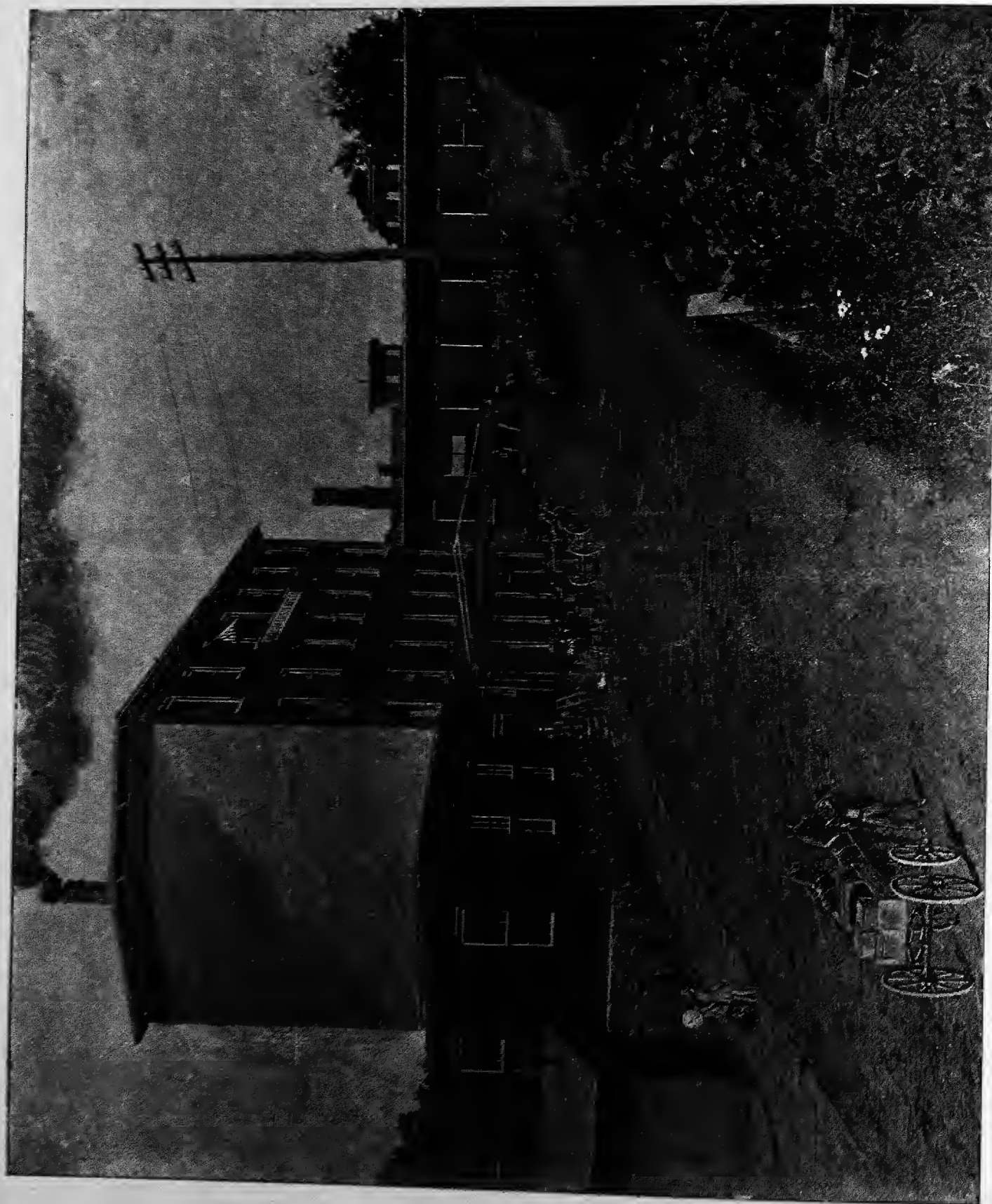
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CANADIAN WORKS OF THE EDISON GENERAL ELECTRIC CO.

The Edison General Electric Company, Sherbrooke.

Electricity has of late years been brought so constantly under notice that its name has become a familiar word to everyone. Few people, however, have any real idea of the variety of applications to which it can be put, or of the extent to which the business of electric lighting and transmission of energy has expanded. The practical use of the incandescent light dates back only ten years, when Mr. Edison perfected his lamp. Since that time, however, the development of the business has been steady and rapid—more rapid, in fact, than that of any existing industry, railways not excepted. The mention of incandescent (or glow) lamps necessarily suggests the name of the pioneer of this form of lighting, Edison, whose system of electrical distribution having been successfully tried, a central station was installed on his method in Pearl street, New York, in 1881. This station has been running continuously since that time, supplying light and power to an ever-increasing number of customers. The Pearl street installation was followed by one in Milan, Italy, another for Santiago, Chili and still others; until, at the present time, there are over two hundred central stations operating this system. Beyond these, there are upwards of two thousand isolated plants, the whole supplying light from over two millions of lamps. Edison plants have been installed in almost every country, including, amongst others, Sweden, Finland, China, Japan, Brazil, Argentine and Corea. The principal Canadian central stations are in Toronto, Winnipeg, Calgary, Victoria, Woodstock, N.B., Chatham, N.B., Charlottetown, P.E.I., Brandon, N.W.T., St. John, N.B. (in construction), Windsor, N.S. (in construction), and Valleyfield, P.Q. There are also about one hundred and fifty isolated plants in the Dominion. All the machinery and appliances for the equipment of electrical plants were formerly manufactured by companies specially organized for this purpose. These companies have lately been consolidated into one large corporation—The Edison General Electric Company—with a capital of \$12,000,000, giving employment to upwards of five thousand hands. The company supplies its customers through its various district offices; which, between them, manage the sales for the whole of the North American continent. These receive their supplies from the various works, which are situated in New York city, Schenectady, N.Y., Harrison, N.J., Hamilton, Ont., and Sherbrooke. The Canadian district offices are in the Bank of Commerce building, King street, Toronto. Through these offices plants are supplied over the entire Dominion. There is here maintained, as at each other district centre, an efficient engineering staff. The Canadian works at Sherbrooke, though small in comparison with the American establishments, present more points of interest than any one of these, for here are combined the industries embraced by the New York and Schenectady works. Indeed, we find here the manufacture of all machinery and appliances necessary for the equipment of all kinds of plants for the supply of light and power, except lamps. In the dynamo department there are always in course of construction machines of all sizes, from the small "250-Watt," which supplies current for five sixteen-candle power lamps, to the "Number Thirty-two," designed to run 1,150 lamps of the same lighting power. The motor department turns out machines for all kinds of work and for a large range of capacity, from $\frac{1}{4}$ to 75 horse power. These are both for stationary and street car work. The foundry is occupied with the production of castings in brass of every size and shape, ready to be passed on to the machine shop, where by means of lathes, drills, punch-presses and other suitable machinery they are fitted for the purposes they have eventually to serve. In the carpenters and pattern-makers' shop wooden shapes are made of parts of machines which the moulders will afterwards turn out in brass and iron. The cable department supplies all varieties of stranded conductors for conveying currents for different classes of work, amongst which the chief are telegraph, telephone, lighting and power. Here, amongst others, are made large lead-covered telephone cables, some of which contain upwards of two hundred separately insulated wires, and composite conductors designed for every kind of overhead, underground and subaqueous purpose. The problem of laying regular systems of conductors underground was solved by Mr. Edison early in his work on electric lighting. From the first, he held that wires conveying currents should be buried, and proceeded to elaborate a system, the use of which has been attended by entire success. He based his method on that pursued in distributing gas and water in cities. The chief characteristic of this system is that the conductors, enclosed in stout iron pipe, are laid in sections twenty feet in length, the joints at each end allowing service-pipes for house supply to be taken off at any convenient point. The pipe also provides against injury to the conductors from mechanical violence, as from accidental damage in excavating or the strain due to surface traffic. Tubes of this description have been in use at the Pearl street station, above mentioned, from the time of the first start of the plant, and there are now nearly five hundred miles in operation. Of this whole length only one city in Canada, namely, Toronto, has as yet any share. Nearly five miles were laid there in the fall of 1889, and the satisfactory working of these has been such that the additional miles are to be put down this year. On these the tube department are now working—the method of manufacture being as follows: Copper rods of thickness varying from $\frac{1}{4}$ inch to $\frac{1}{2}$ inch have wound around them a spiral of rope saturated with a liquid insulation, after which three rods

are bound together with a similar larger spiral. The bundle is then slipped into a length of pipe, the ends of the rods being allowed to protrude at each extremity. A viscid bituminous compound is now forced in under pressure, so as to completely fill all the interstices between the copper, rope and pipe, rendering the whole tube impervious to moisture and gases. The ends of the pipe are then closed with rubber plugs, through which the rods are allowed to appear, and the conductors are tested, after which they are ready for shipment. Contiguous rods are connected, when laid underground, by flexible copper cable, which allows for expansion and contraction of the conductors caused by heat or cold. Two tubes may be joined together, either in a straight line or at any angle required. The connecting joints are covered by cast iron coupling boxes fastened to the ends of the tubes, which are filled with insulating compound. The reason that three, and not two, rods are inserted into each tube is that Edison plants for central stations are constructed on what is known as the three-wire system, through which means the same efficiency and ease of regulation are maintained as on the two-wire principal, and with a saving of five-eighths of the copper used. Another product of the Canadian works consists of insulated wire of all descriptions. From the wire department are produced magnet and armature wires, weatherproof line wire, rubber-covered wires for sundry purposes, office wires, annunciator wires, gas fixture wires, tinsel corus, resistance wires, non inflammable house wires, and silk and cotton braided flexible cords for hanging light, and so forth. All sorts of metals are here worked on, from the gold cord in the tinsel and the German silver in the resistance wire to the usual copper conductor and the galvanized iron of telephone lines. The range of size runs from stout rods of copper, half an inch in diameter, to the filament gauging only fifteen ten-thousandths of an inch—half the thickness of the human hair, one pound being 32 miles in length. Insulation is effected by means of silk, cotton, rubber, worsted and other materials of a non-conducting nature. The department started less than a year ago, has run day and night for nearly the whole period of its existence. The growth of the whole works has been steady and rapid. Starting in the spring of 1889, only a small force was employed, but this has increased, until to-day there are over two hundred and twenty hands on the rolls, and this number will soon be considerably added to. The necessities of the industry compel a constant addition to the list of departments, the latest amongst which is the result of a contract with the Thomson International Electric Welding Company, whereby the Edison Works have agreed to build the necessary outfits for all welding plants, started in Canada under the Thomson Company's patents. Besides the articles already enumerated, these Works produce, ready for the market, all kinds of general electric appliances and supplies, such as meters, for measuring the exact amount of current used in buildings; pockets and receptacles for lamps, switches, cut-outs, regulators, resistance boxes, Ampere-meters, volt-meters, and other necessary adjuncts to a complete system. The work carried on in the various establishments of the Edison Company are unusually self-sustained and independent of outside help. The chief purchases of the company consist of pig-iron, bare copper wire, copper ingots and rough forgings; and these passing through the various stages and complemented by the different parts that go to form the whole, come out at the finish in many useful forms. A word about the Edison motor may fitly conclude this short review. The stationary motor is in use in over four hundred industries, as, for example, in printing offices, in wood working factories, jewellers' shops, clothiers' shops, flour and rolling mills, grain-elevators, and cranes required to lift great weights. They are used for such diverse purposes as running fans and stone-cutting, while the street car motors are rapidly supplanting horses in most of the principal cities in the United States and some of those of Canada. The Edison General Electric Company, having now fairly planted itself in Canada, has come to stay. Its scope of operations and its usefulness to the community give promise of large and sustained increase.

Fall Treatment of Roses.

Don't forget the roses this fall. Place a good covering of manure on the ground and fork it in very lightly next spring. Ever-blooming roses in the open ground must have special care. They should always be planted with two or three buds below the surface of the ground. There are very few tea roses hardy enough to winter out of doors in New England. But the hybrid teas and Bourbons are hardier, and if they be killed to the ground the buds below the surface will send up strong canes that will give the best of blooms. Whether canes be killed to the ground or not, they should be cut off close to the earth every spring. The soil can hardly be made too rich for this class of roses.

Before the ground freezes each fall, the earth should be drawn up around each plant in a little hill, and a heavy coat of manure applied. Then the entire bed should be covered thickly with evergreen boughs or a similar mulch. Hybrid perpetual roses should be carefully bent to the ground and covered with the same material. Persian Yellow and Harrison's Yellow are entirely hardy and need no protection. They should be pruned sparingly. But as these roses bloom better on new canes, it is well to have more than one plant and to prune each rather severely in alternate years, because these, especially the Persian, do not often throw up new canes, and while it is growing, of

course the plant does not produce so many blossoms. If one be setting roses this fall, he should remember that to set them near large trees is fatal, as they will be starved to death, the trees robbing them of their nourishment.

Lord Aberdeen's Visit to Quebec.

On the arrival at Quebec of Lord and Lady Aberdeen, Mr. J. M. Lemoine, of Spencer Grange, was allotted the pleasing task of conducting the illustrious visitors to the most noted land marks of the Ancient Capital. After paying a tribute of admiration to the monuments and other relics of the past, Lord and Lady Aberdeen were driven to Spencer Wood, and in their tour of exploration did not forget the delightful home of their *cicerone*, whose library, museum, aviary and storied grounds they had much pleasure in examining. On their return to the city the whole party, still under the guidance of Mr. LeMoine, made their way to the Citadel, where they partook of five o'clock tea with Lord Stanley of Preston. Lord and Lady Aberdeen gave and received much satisfaction during their visit to the city of Champlain.

Magog River.

A flood there is that flows and falls
Where elms their pendant branches lean,
Or, high above its rocky walls,
The firs are ever green.

From Memphremagog's burnished skin
Of silver, tangled in the bill,
Its downward leaping course is seen,
Amid the roar of mills.

Not thus of old the red man knew
The happy Magog, wild and free;
When flood to flood the waters grew
Rejoicing to the sea.

The rise of trout, the dip of wing,
Its own glad song to rock and glen,
Or stealthy tread of some wild thing,
Alone disturbed it then.

The rise of trout, the dip of wing,
Its own glad song to rock and glen,
Or stealthy tread of some wild thing,
Alone disturbed it then.

And yet the river seems to feel,
Though bound in traffic's prosy ways
And harnessed to the creaking wheel,
The joy of savage days.

And ever more the poet stream,
That chafes like Pegasus in pound,
Renews its old delightful dream,
While all the mills go round;

And laughs from rock to rock along,
Or rests within its little lake,
Fair as the iris joy of song
The mists of echo make;

And thence again, with eager shout,
Lakes up its winsome, bonnie way,
As graceful as the bream and trout
That in its waters play;

Till, leaping down from higher lands,
It joins the broad St. Francis tide,
Where Sherbrooke in her beauty stands
The wedded streams beside.

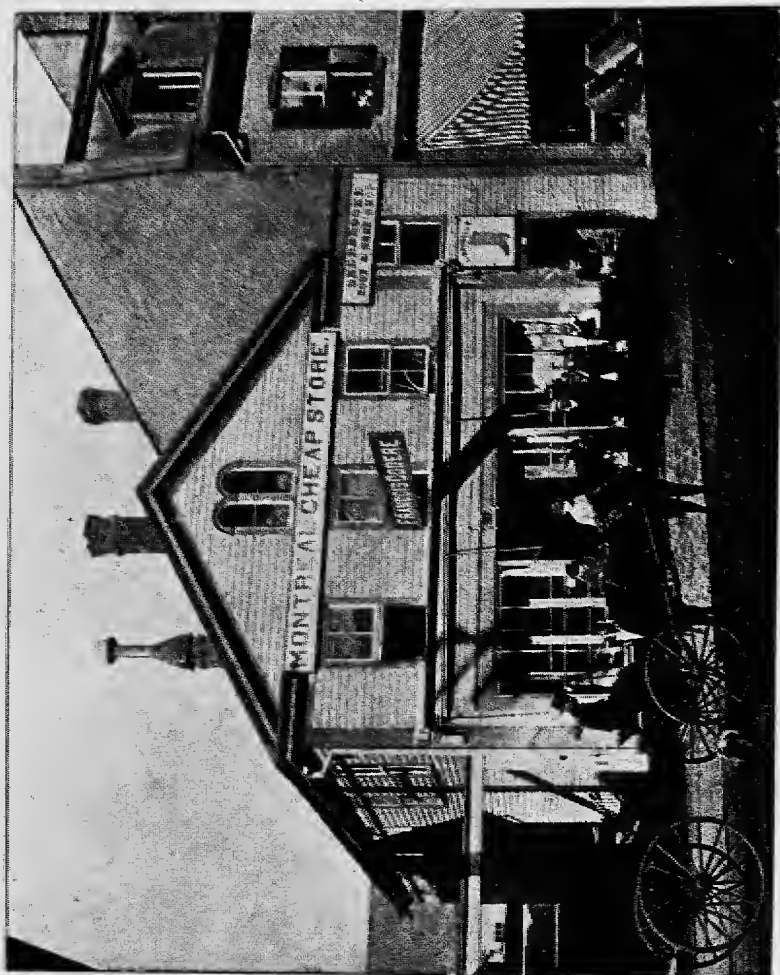
With spindle's hum and shuttle's noise
The foundries clang, the forges flame;
Here toil is king, and men rejoice
And bless the Magog's name.

"Even thus," I cry, "the humble bard,
Who fain would only shout and sing,
Must turn, to win the world's regard,
And do some useful thing."

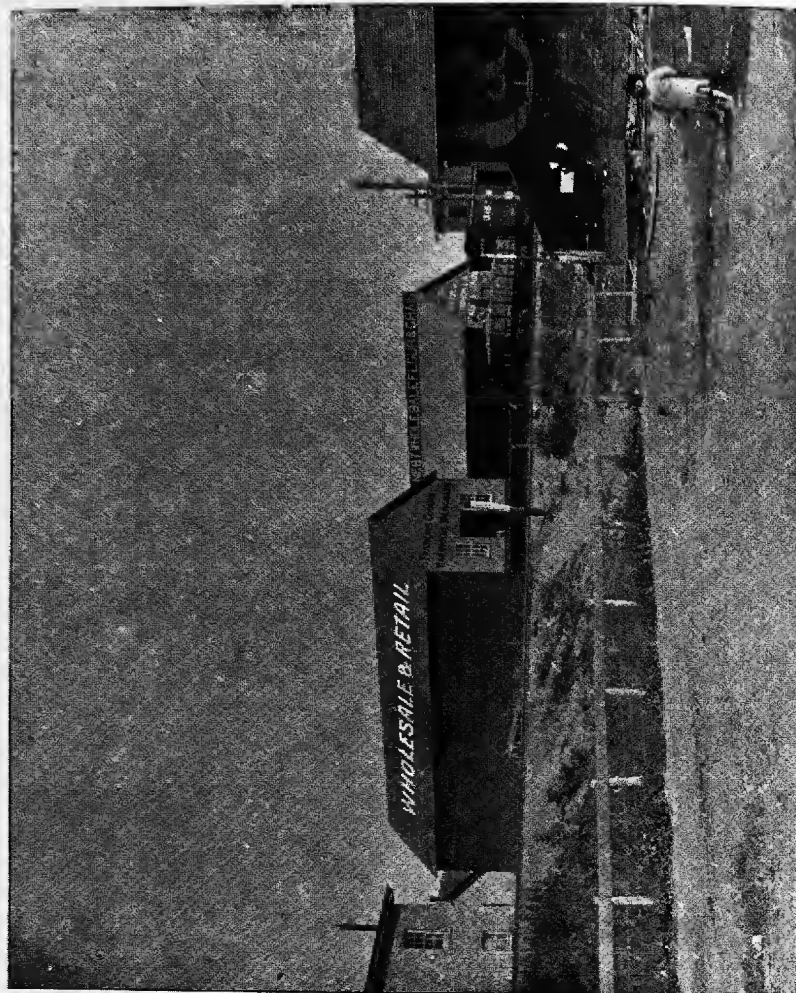
"Not yet withhold his tuneful voice,
But sweeten labour with a strain
Whose tones shall linger and rejoice
When he forgets his pain."

Gold Exports from South Africa.

According to returns from Cape Town and Natal total shipments of native gold from South Africa for half year ended June 30 were valued at £858,537. The value of gold exported during the corresponding period 1889 was £676,587, so that there has been an increase £181,950. This (says the Port Elizabeth *Advertiser*) shows steady progression in the output of gold from mines, and all things considered is fairly satisfactory though it does not come up to the sanguine expectation formed a year or two ago. Of the shipments from Cape Colony £505,063 worth is accounted for in the way through the Customs. The balance (£22,881) is through the Post Office.—*London Times*.



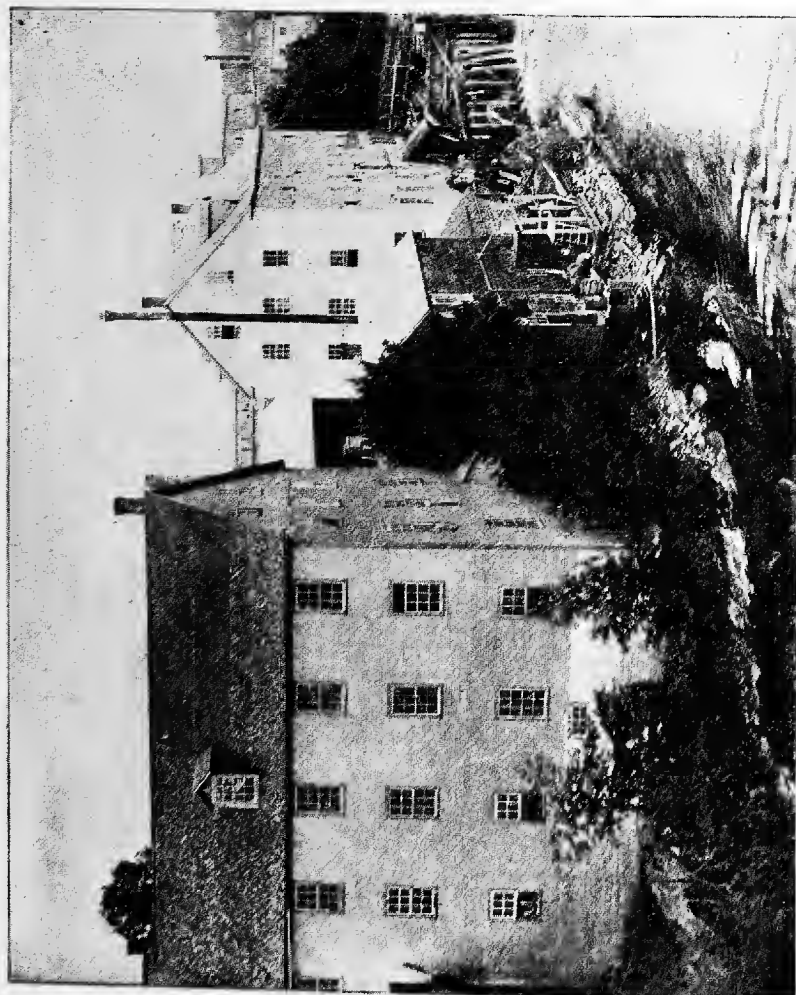
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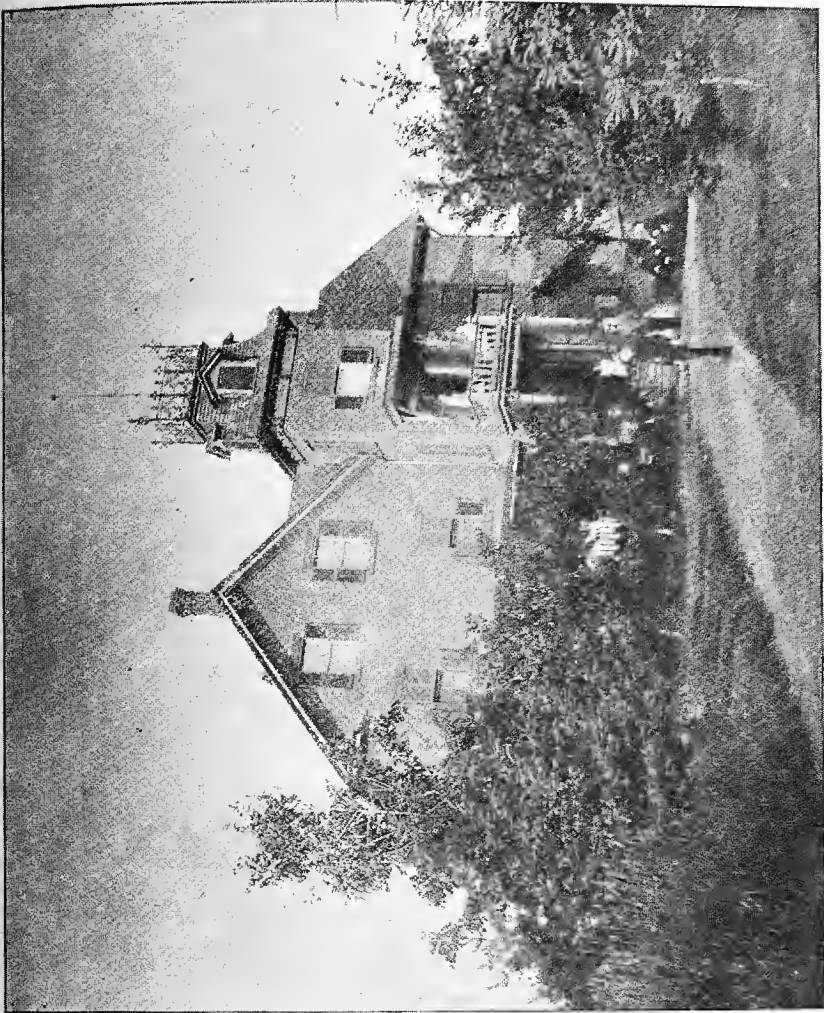
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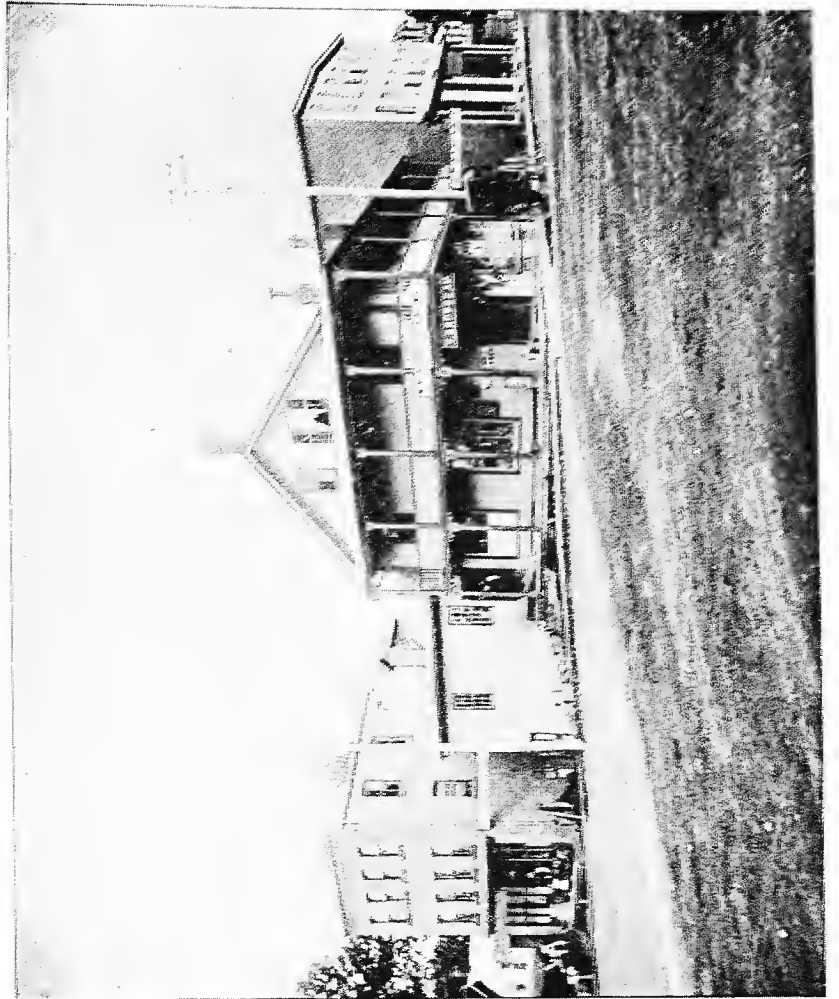
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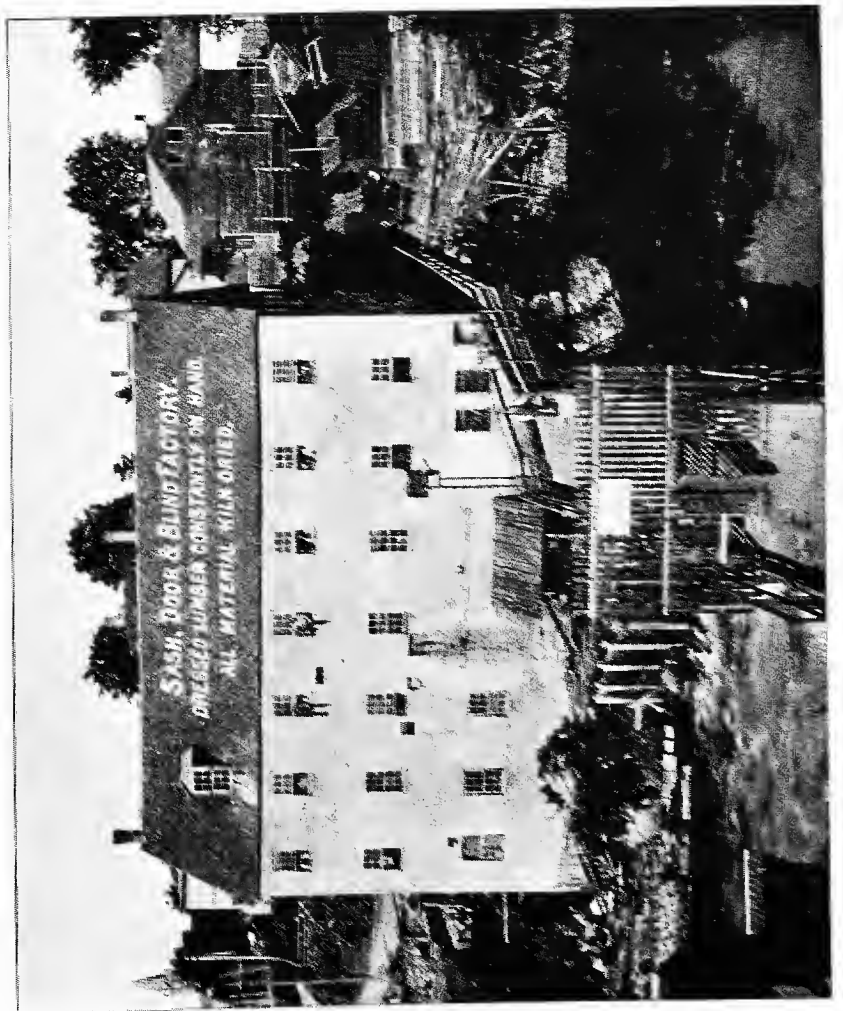
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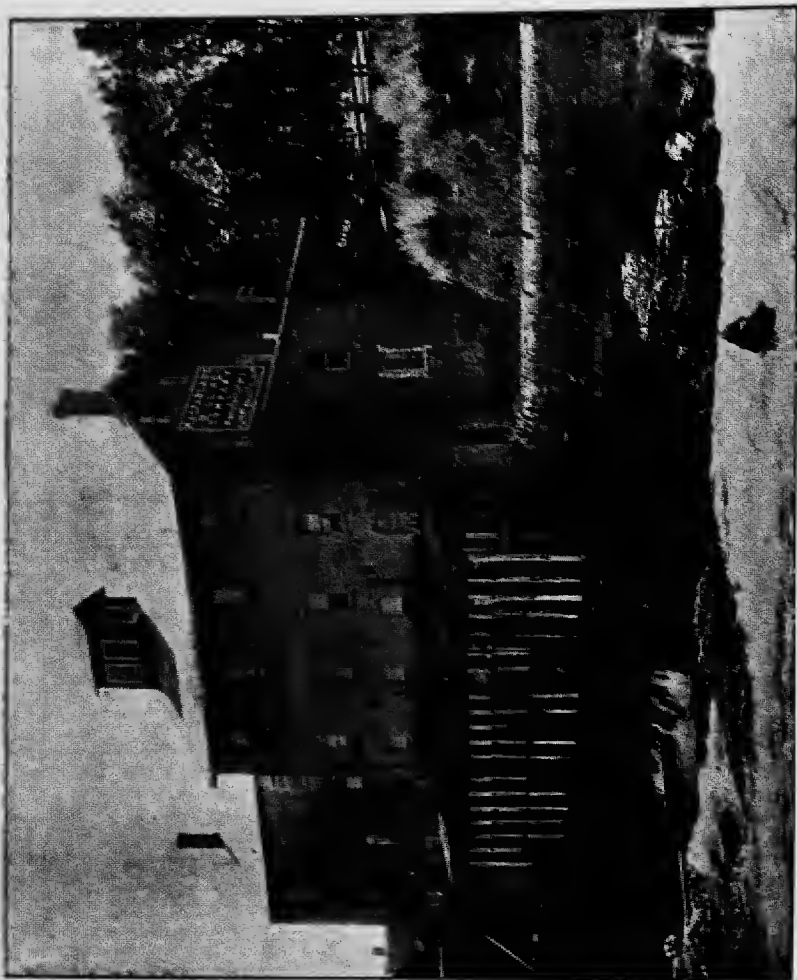
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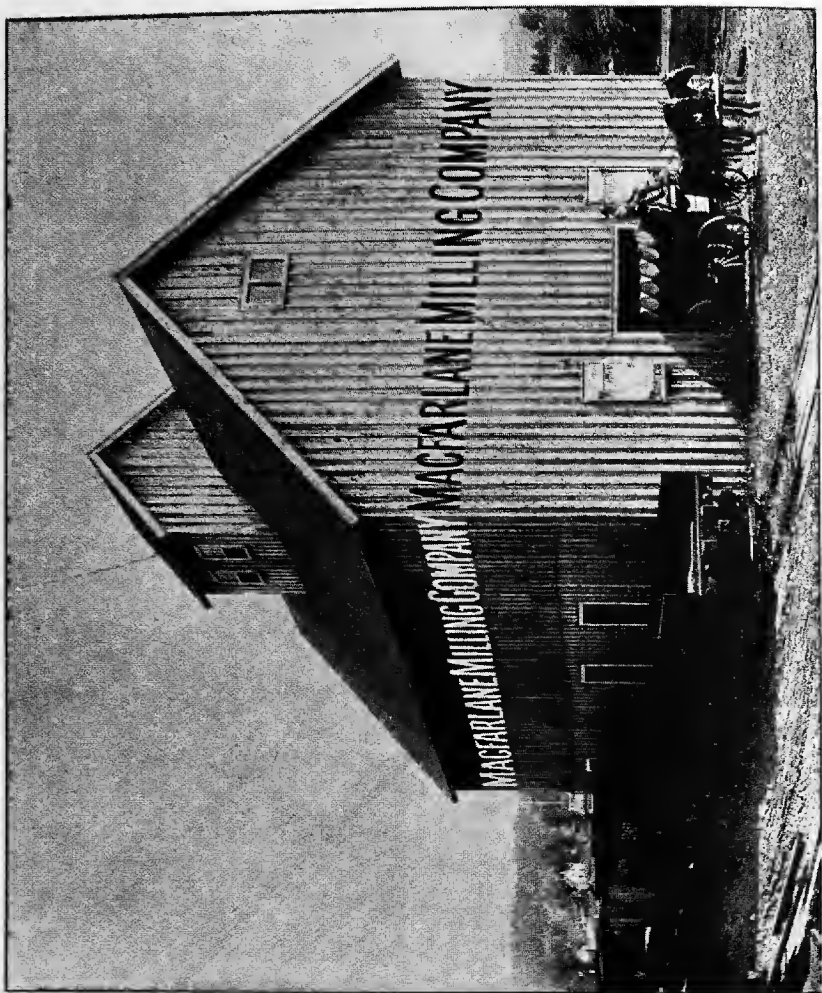
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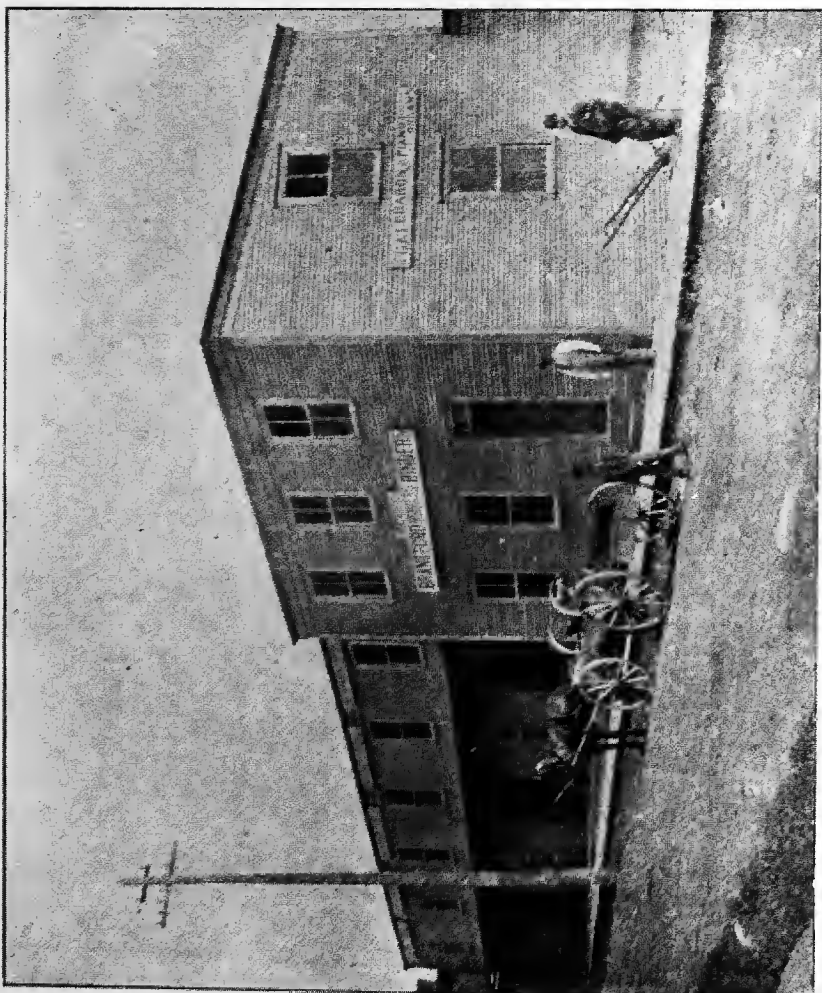
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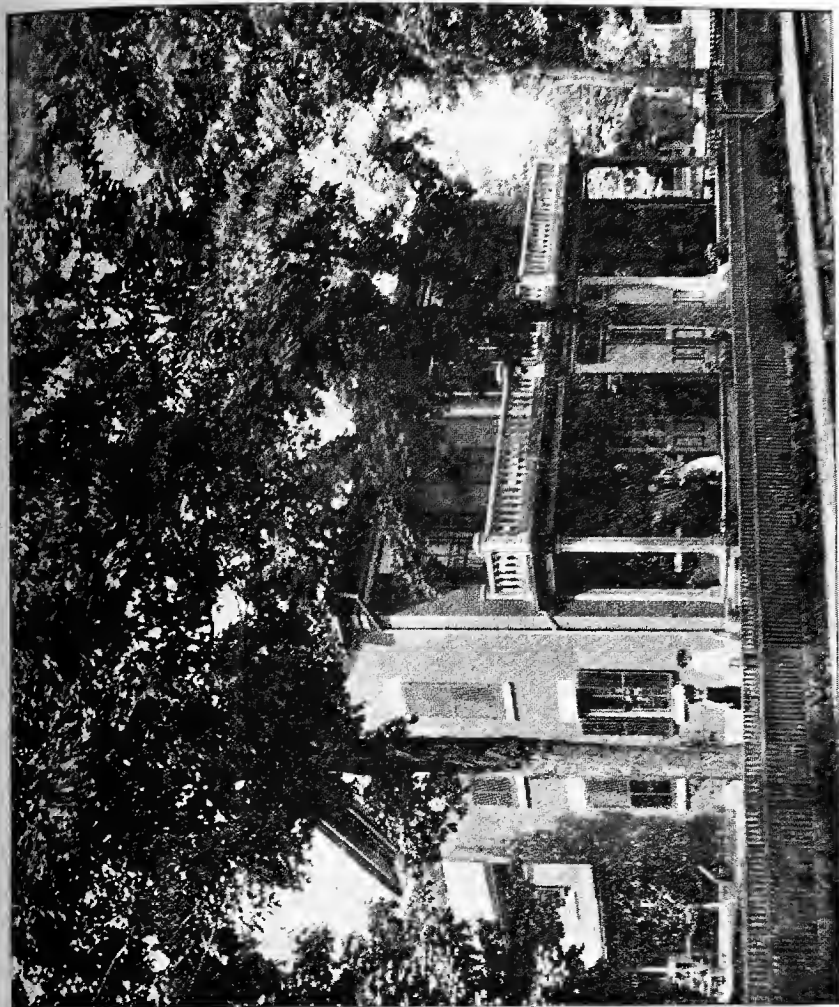
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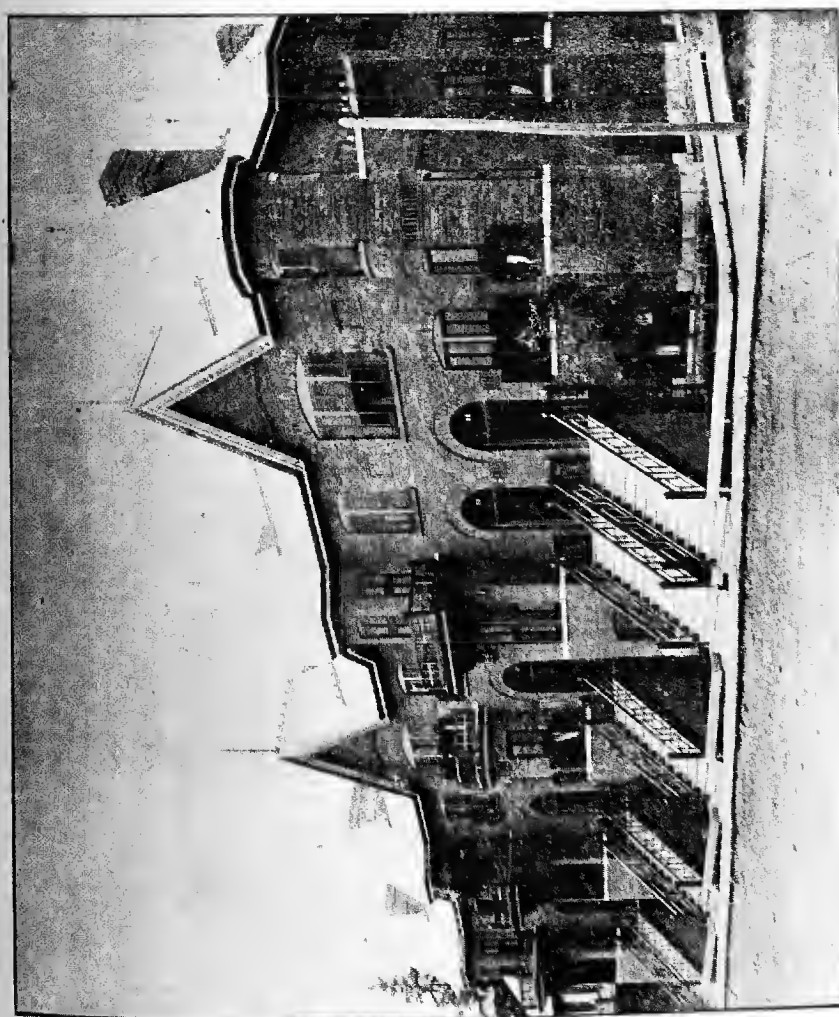
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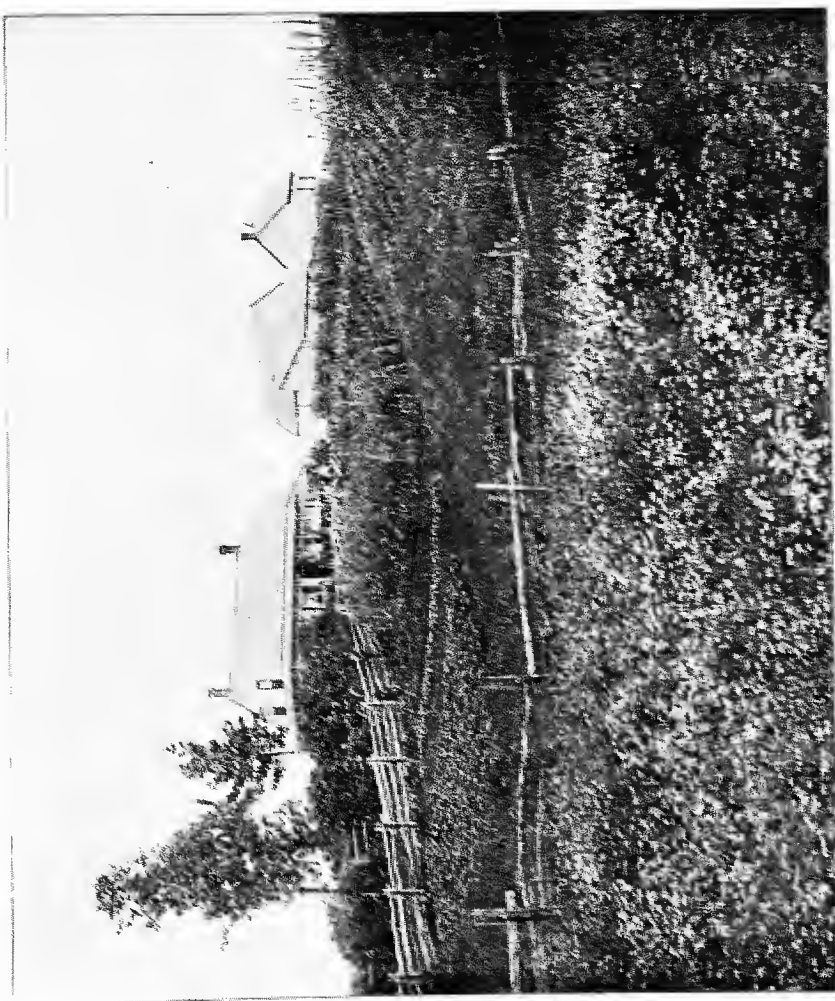
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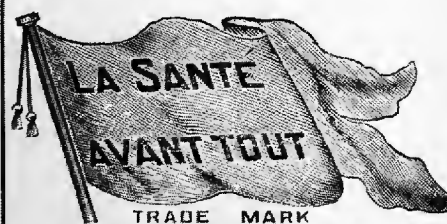
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THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

TRADE MARK

ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF PARLIAMENT OF CANADA IN THE YEAR 1889 BY THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE

REGISTERED

Vol. V.—No. 114.

MONTREAL AND TORONTO, 6th SEPTEMBER, 1890.

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Sir Frederick Middleton has appealed to Caesar—that is, to the people of Canada. We have already expressed our sincere regret that an officer who had rendered distinguished services to the Dominion should have the lustre of his desert impaired in the eyes of the country that he served. It is also to be deplored that the commander of our little army should be placed in a position of ignominy in presence of the soldiers whom he led to victory. On his arrival in Canada in 1884, Col. Middleton (as he was then) was received with much satisfaction by a considerable proportion of the militia, and especially by those officers to whom Major-General Luard's manner had given offence. Like Sir James Craig, General Luard deprecated any attempt on the part of officers or men to express a judgment, directly or indirectly, favourable or otherwise, on their superiors. In accordance with this principle, he declined the invitation of the officers of the 5th and 6th Military Districts to a dinner. Such a dinner, he replied, would represent a collective expression of the opinion of officers under his command, which by the Queen's regulations is forbidden. In his valedictory, published in Militia General Orders, he thanked the officers who had done their best to improve the force in discipline and appearance, and, in conclusion, said that he had made many (he hoped) life-long friends, for whom he entertained a warm feeling of regard, and he wished to all prosperity and a hearty farewell.

Soon after reaching his destination, Col. Middleton was interviewed and was reported as commenting on some of the acts of his predecessor. He was no stranger in Canada, his wife was a Canadian lady, and altogether Canada was well disposed towards him. He had not been a year in command when the North-West troubles tested his generalship and he acquitted himself to the satisfaction of both the Imperial and the Canadian Governments, and was well rewarded for his services. There were some dissident voices, indeed, in the chorus of congratulation. It was not considered fair that all the honours and more substantial prizes of the campaign should be concentrated on one person. Sir Frederick has concentrated himself (partially) of the reproach of ignoring the claims of his brethren-in-arms. But his letter, as a whole, will, we fear, make an impression more adverse than favourable to his cause. It is sadly lacking in dignity. In trying to extricate himself from the tangled web of his own weaving, Sir Frederick does not hesitate to clutch at friend as well as foe, so as, if possible, to escape by ensnaring others in its meshes. *Quid pro quo*, perhaps; still it is unworthy of a soldier. We cannot contrasting help with this appeal to the public General Luard's rejection of sympathy which, however welcome, could only be given and accepted by forgetting a soldier's duty. Sir F. Middleton committed, in the first instance, either a blunder or a wrong; or he did what he was justified in doing. If the latter, he ought not to have equivocated, but should have maintained his right

consistently all through; if the former, he should have admitted his error like a man, and, as far as in him lay, made reparation. This, above all: to thine own self be true, and it must follow as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man."

Swinburne's poetic outburst of humane indignation against the Russian prison system is unintentionally justified by an official report of the chief director (who is also the inspector) of those establishments. This report was not, indeed, prepared for alien eyes, the last thing that M. Galkin Wrassky, by whose authority it was printed, contemplated when he brought together so many damnable facts, was the translation of his exposure into French or English. When the recent scandals, which occasioned such an outcry against the brutality of prison overseers, were brought to light, the Government press was emphatic in its denials. But the damaging statements of M. Wrassky, which go so far to confirm them, cannot be denied. W. Wrassky, indeed, wishes it to be understood that the deplorable state of things which he has deemed it his duty to place on record no longer exists; that it was under the administration of the predecessors of himself and his colleagues in office that the prisons of the Empire were overcrowded and filthy and diseaseridden, and the scenes of lamentable mismanagement and injustice. He would have the world believe that the system of which he is an agent is a reformed system, and that the outrages that prevailed some years ago would not be permitted to-day. But, in the first place, the whole period covered by his report is only ten years. In the second place, some of the worse abuses condemned are ascribed to the years 1886 and 1887. The sickness and mortality produced in those years by overcrowding were dreadful. Typhus fever and other infectious and contagious diseases were rife, and in many cases the sufferers were left without medical attendance. In several prisons there was no provision for separating the sick from the well, and where such provision existed at all, it was frequently inadequate. "Most of the prisons were characterized by rottenness, dampness, want of air and light, by an improper interior arrangement and an execrable state of the cabinets. In many prisons there were no separate rooms for women," while the prison officials "could offer no moral guarantees at all." As to the exiles, "nothing was left to them but to live on stealing." The state of some of the Eastern prisons was simply abominable. Owing to overcrowding shelters had to be dug in the soil, of which the Medical Department's report said: "These dwellings dug in the soil have no cabinets; the soil all round is impregnated with dejections and the air is infected all about!" M. Wrassky's report, from which these foregoing passages are taken, is an unanswerable rebuke to those who would defend or gloss over a penal system which, in our day, has no parallel for barbarism, at least within the pale of Christendom.

We have already referred to "The case for the Colony stated by the People's Delegates" as a carefully prepared and comprehensive showing of Newfoundland's side in the "French Shore" question. With the features and the mission of the delegates to Canada, Messrs. Greene, Bowers and Morison, our readers were made acquainted in a previous issue of this paper. We have also expressed our own opinion, more than once, as to the justice of their cause, with which the people of Canada may be said to be in cordial sympathy. It may be recalled that, simultaneously with the departure of the above-named gentlemen for the Dominion, Sir J. S. Winter, K.C.M.G., Q.C., Mr. P. J. Scott, Q.C., and Mr. A. B. Morine, M.L.A., undertook a like mission to England, where they had no reason to complain of their reception by the public. In their fellow-countrymen at home they profess, indeed, the utmost confidence, and entertain the hope that, the popular conscience being aroused to the justice of their claims, the way will be cleared for a settlement of the question that Newfoundland can accept as fair. The

British press gave them a warm and virtually unanimous welcome, and espoused their cause with a heartiness which they consider full of promise. They express much gratitude to the Royal Colonial Institute, which fifteen years ago compiled a clear and concise statement of the whole subject. "The temper and patience of the people of Newfoundland," according to the report of the Council, "have been sorely tried for over one hundred years. But this state of things cannot be expected to last forever. The time has arrived when national policy imperatively demands that the question should be finally settled, so that British subjects may no longer be deprived of the right of fishing in their own waters and colonizing and developing the resources of their own territory. The interests of Newfoundland are seriously affected by its being kept open, and those of the Empire require that its right of sovereignty within its dominions should be maintained inviolate." If this language was justifiable fifteen years ago, it is still more so now that the question has assumed a new aspect and the situation becomes more and more complicated with the delay of its solution. The delegates, after carefully examining the question from every point of view, have reached the conclusion that every attempt at a settlement, which implies a maintenance of the spirit of the obnoxious treaties, must continue to prove abortive and can only keep alive old controversies while giving rise to fresh disputes. Only when the treaty "rights" are abolished can the hardships, anomalies and constant succession of troubles to which they have given rise be expected to come to an end. On that point the delegates represent the conviction of the population of the island as unanimous. And from an honourable and amicable adjustment of the difficulty on those terms they believe that even France will derive more real advantage than from the enforced continuance of arrangements so unsuitable to existing conditions, arrangements which are the source of so many disputes alike unprofitable and discreditable to both the great nations concerned. We sincerely hope that a consummation so devoutly to be wished is on the way to fulfilment.

The anxiety that has of late been felt as the effect of recent frosts on the North-Western crops has been considerably mitigated by a letter from Prof. Saunders to the Minister of Agriculture, dated Indian Head, August 21. "Every sort of crop," writes Prof. Saunders, "looked well here up to last night, and the wheat was magnificent, and also the oats and barley. The Ladoga wheat was all harvested and will turn out well. Last night the first frost occurred. During the afternoon a change in the weather occurred. A slight shower came up with a brisk north wind, which soon brought the temperature down considerably. It gradually fell until about 3 a.m., when it began to rise again. The lowest point reached was 28—five degrees of frost. Early in the morning I telegraphed Mr. Bedford, at Brandon, and found that the lowest temperature there was 34—two degrees above frost. So I think the Manitoba crop, at least in the central and southern portions, may be considered safe, as I think there is more than two-thirds of the crop cut now. Here there is not more than one-third of the crop cut yet. There is no doubt that the wheat standing will be injured. But as most of the grain is well advanced in growth, I do not expect the depreciation by frost will be very great. The Ladoga was all harvested last week and if the bulk of the crop had been Ladoga it would have been saved. Notwithstanding this mishap, the farmers in the North-West will have very good returns. The wheat saved in first class condition will bring a high price, while the good frosted wheat will probably sell for more than good wheat has averaged in the past." This letter may be taken as setting at rest any fear which may have been felt for the Manitoba wheat. Professor Saunders had passed through Central and Southern Manitoba a few days before and took particular care to notice the progress of the harvesting and the state of the standing crops. His testimony may be relied on.

Twelve months ago we had the satisfaction of recording the celebration in this city of the first Labour Day. In France, the Comte de Mun and other earnest-minded men of the Royalist and Clerical party, had the foresight to anticipate the movement from which this festival has sprung, and to claim for it the sympathy of the Church. It was not difficult, indeed, to show the essential harmony that exists between every form of useful labour and the religion of Him of whom it was said that He went about doing good and who came of a stock of artisans. One of the most pathetic of modern paintings brings out the intimate relationship between the Jesus who wrought and the Jesus who suffered for his fellowmen. The earliest disciples—including even the "Prince of the Apostles"—were, moreover, of the class of workingmen. In proposing, therefore, that a festival should be held in honour of Jesus the Labourer, there was really nothing irreverent. It was bringing the spirit of religion into the workman's daily life. Labour Day is virtually the same festival, divested of any religious significance, save what pertains to all honest work. Its aim is to deepen the sentiment of union, sympathy and coöperation among all branches of labour, and also to increase the honour and prestige of skilled work by showing the extent of its ramifications and the number of interests that it affects. Modern civilization grows more and more complex every day. In industries that once implied a single trade, half a dozen departments of skilled labour are now necessary. The main distinctions still remain, indeed, but the mysteries (*métiers*) have multiplied to such an extent that the old tradesman who knew and practised all the details of his trade is gradually becoming obsolete. This subdivision of labour is in the natural course of industrial development. It tends, however, to make those to whom the various tasks of the divided calling are assigned less independent and more in need of mutual help. Hence the greater necessity for union and organization. At first the trades-union was a cause of apprehension, but the fears that attended its birth and early career have long been dissipated. During the last twenty years the movement has spread through a great part of the Old World and the New, and under some form or other labour is now organized in every civilized country in both hemispheres. As long as the leaders of these organizations are men of good principles, as well as of superior intelligence, the cause of human progress can only benefit by their existence.

The establishment in this city of a Humane Society, which is intended to assume the responsibility of assigning suitable recognition to bravery and fortitude in saving life and other forms of merit will, we believe, be generally hailed with satisfaction throughout the Dominion. It is proposed that the new organization shall take the place of the British Royal Humane Society as far as Canada is concerned. Hitherto when acknowledgment was claimed for any of the virtues which the English institution is always glad to recognise, a certain amount of trouble has been experienced in bringing the facts under the notice of the officers. In many cases, through the reluctance of individuals specially concerned to take the needful steps, through unfortunate delay in making the circumstances known or through ignorance on the part of witnesses that such a society existed, acts of humane courage have either gone without due recognition or have remained unknown beyond the locality that benefited by them. It is naturally expected that the existence in the Dominion of a distinct Canadian society, one of whose duties it will be to take cognizance of displays of heroism that might otherwise pass unregarded, will stimulate the spirit of humane self-devotion by ascribing honour in all cases to whom honour is due. As Mr. F. Wolferstan Thomas pointed out, it is not likely that any one will risk his life in the service of others purely for the sake of reward, either in the shape of praise or of more substantial recompense. But the knowledge that bravery and humanity entitle those who exercise such virtues to the esteem of their fellowmen, and that there

exists in Canada a society authorized to give formal expression to the public admiration and gratitude for timely service in the cause of humanity, cannot fail to have a fruitful influence on the national sentiment and character. The Canadian Humane Society will, moreover, set the seal of popular approval on the whole sisterhood of virtues implied by its name. It will be the foe of cruelty in every shape and the advocate of mercy to "man and bird and beast." It will also be a centre of authority and coöperation for all kindred societies which already exist throughout the country, and will, doubtless, be affiliated to it.

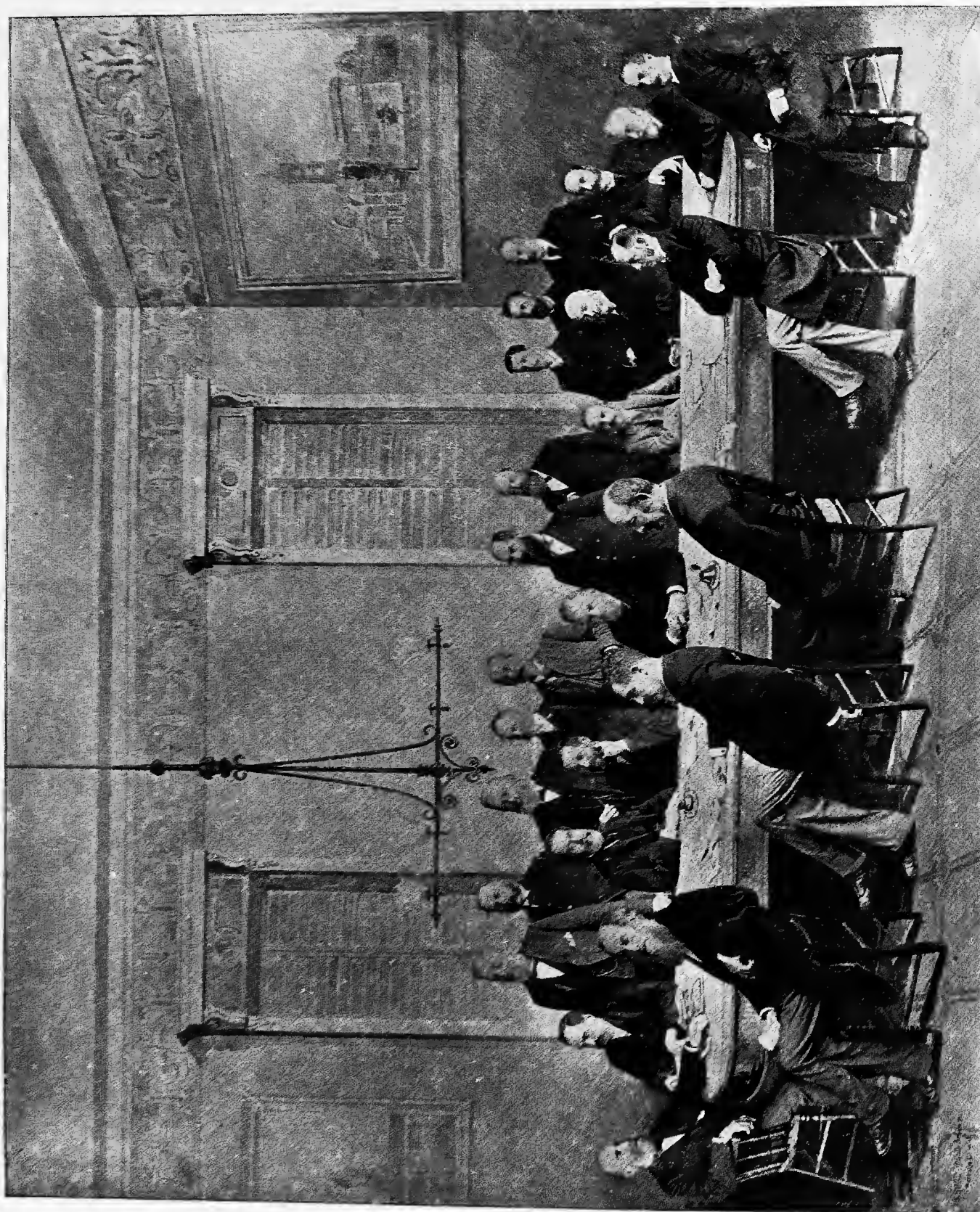
THE GREAT MISTAKE.

Considerable surprise has, it seems, been occasioned by the statement, recently published by Mr. DeCazes, of the Education Department, that in a large number of the primary schools of this province French is not among the branches of instruction taught to the pupils. It appears, in fact, that out of a total of 939 such institutions no French is taught in 770 Protestant and 68 Catholic schools. In other words, there are 838 public schools subsidized by the Government in which the teaching of French is wholly neglected. To those who have not been in the habit of reading the reports of the Minister of Education this announcement has naturally been a revelation. From the comments of some of the papers, both French and English, it appears to have been taken for granted hitherto that, in the elementary as well as in the higher schools, French was regularly taught. That such a notion could have prevailed can only be explained by the general indifference of the public to the working of our educational system. Those who have been in the habit of reading the reports of the inspectors, included from year to year in the Report of the Superintendent of Education, can hardly have fallen into such a mistake. The truth of the matter is that not only is French not taught in a large number of the schools (as M. de Cazes has just made known) but it would be strange, when the salaries allotted to the teachers are taken into account, if even the mother tongue of the pupils and the ordinary branches of instruction were taught with anything like efficiency. The plan by which the teacher, on whom devolves the most arduous of the educator's tasks, that of laying the groundwork of the child's intellectual development, is assigned the humblest of all stations and the poorest of pittances, is the gravest mistake in educational methods. If education has any significance at all, the period in the career of the pupil at which it demands the ripest knowledge of the attributes and processes of the human mind and the most delicate and judicious application of that knowledge is when the school-book is first put into the child's hand and the habit of attention begins to be formed. When young people are fortunate enough to have parents whose manners, habits and conversation are exemplary and edifying, they are, to a certain extent, independent of the influence of the teachers. To them the domestic and social *milieu* in which they live is the best training for those tender years. But, unhappily, it is not, as a rule, from the class that comprises such exemplary households that the pupils of the elementary school are derived. Many of them are dependent on the teacher and their school associations not merely for the rudiments of knowledge, but for whatever refining and elevating influences go to the shaping of their lives. The impressions they receive in the class-room—the language they hear daily, the tone of thought, the inflection of voice—must permanently affect their characters for good or evil. If the teacher is illiterate and vulgar and barely capable, by gifts and acquirements, of perfunctorily discharging a certain routine of ill-paid drudgery, it would be strange if the pupils did not suffer morally and intellectually from such an example. If at home there should be no counter-acting influence—if faults of manner, temper and speech were of constant occurrence—it could hardly be wondered at if the child's small gains in elementary instruction were more than counter-balanced by the unconscious imitation of very

serious defects. At a later stage of education, the pupil, whose character and habits have been formed by careful training and improving intercourse, may perceive and avoid the defects, while profiting by the erudition, of his teacher. But, if the earlier schooling has been inadequate, it will be almost impossible for any subsequent discipline to entirely do away with its evil effects.

Generations ago, the supreme importance of selecting only the fittest persons for the child's first teachers was recognized by earnest educationists. To a certain extent the principles of those great reformers have been applied in the systems of our time. But as yet such attention to the educational needs of the dawning mind is the luxury of the few. This is the case even in those countries where school reform has engaged the thoughts of administrators with most fruitful results. The adoption of improved and rational methods is still only at the experimental stage. The day will doubtless come when both parents and teachers will look back with horror and resentment at a system which permitted men who had failed in all honest work and women who were satisfied with menials' pay to direct the unfolding capacities of the young. No novice is admitted to serve as journeyman in a handicraft, however easy of mastery its details may be. The medical and legal professions are jealously guarded against the intrusion of the unqualified. But to the office of the teacher there are no such safeguards worthy of the name. In theory, it is acknowledged that there is an art of teaching, as there is a science of education. But in practice it is by many regarded as one of those accomplishments that come by nature and need no apprenticeship. The minimum of innate fitness, knowledge and experience that suffices for acceptance to the charge of some district schools is on a level with the minimum remuneration. And that is very small indeed,—how small the inspectors' reports abundantly show. Nor is it in Canada alone that criticisms and complaints are aimed against these anomalies. In the other provinces and in the United States the same unsatisfactory condition of things largely exists, the country schools in many districts being demoralized through poor and constantly changing teachers, selected mainly with a view to cheapness. And until just and rational ideas of the momentous importance of the elementary teacher's work take possession of the public mind, there is not likely to be any fruitful and far-reaching reform of the system.

We live in hope, however. Those who can recall the state of Canada, and of this province especially, before the institution of normal schools need not be told that our present status, much as it falls short of what is desired, compares favorably with the past. If there are woefully backward communities, as yet untouched by the spirit of progress, there are others where the aspiration for better things is on the way to fulfilment and earnest educationists can point to some splendid triumphs over ignorance and prejudice. One deeply seated and mischievous error has still, however, held its ground—the degradation of the elementary teacher is accepted with equanimity. Accomplished women and earnest-minded men have, indeed, in rare instances and under exceptionally favorable circumstances, devoted their learning and thought, their patience and tact, to the problem of the child's mental development. There is no lack of inspiring literature on the subject. There is no excuse for ignorance of the methods that should be employed. In exhibition after exhibition, in congress after congress, the art of teaching, the qualifications of the teacher, the structure and equipment of the model schoolhouse, the use and abuse of books in education and every other branch of the subject have been expounded and illustrated; and still more than nine-tenths of our elementary schools give no evidence of educational progress either in the teacher or the teacher's environment. Till every elementary teacher is a liberally educated man or woman, with a recognized position in society accordant with the usefulness and dignity of the teacher's work, it is idle to speak of teaching as a profession. But when that stage is reached, French will be taught in all our schools.



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DIRECTORS AND OFFICERS OF THE TORONTO EXHIBITION, TO BE HELD FROM SEPTEMBER 8th TO 24th.



SKETCHES AT ANNUAL RACES OF MONTREAL BICYCLE CLUB. (By our Special Artist.)

1. A good specimen. 2. Between the races. 3. The American trainer. 4. Rich, the New York flyer. 5. The odd'd gen'l'man what holds de coats. 6. The Ottawa man's tumble. 7. Obstacle race. 8. Starting: "Death or glory." 9. Mussen, Montreal's champion.



THE TORONTO EXHIBITION—DIRECTORS AND OFFICERS.—The Toronto Exhibition has become what our neighbours would call an institution, and a very worthy and useful institution it is—one to whose yearly re-opening thousands of persons look forward with eager expectancy. The gentlemen who have charge of the enterprise this year are all men of mark in Toronto, as may be seen by the group of the directors and officers on another page.

THE ONTARIO RIFLE ASSOCIATION MATCHES.—These matches, which came off at Toronto on the 25th and 26th of August, will be found illustrated on another page of this issue. Reference is also made to the event in our military column.

QUEBEC SCENES.—On page 172 we are enabled, through the courtesy of Mr. G. R. Lighthall, to give engravings of some of the most striking scenes of the ancient city of Champlain. First comes the Grand Battery, a familiar locality to many of our readers, especially to those interested in military matters. Wolfe's monument is known all over this continent and its interest increases as the years go by. The Gates of Quebec are the most curious and interesting of the historic monuments of the old city. St. John's Gate (in its original form) was one of the entrances of the old French fortress and was associated with great events in the life of Quebec and of Canada. Through it a portion of Montcalm's defeated forces found their way beneath the shelter of the defences after the battle of the Plains. Like St. Louis Gate, too, it was pulled down on account of its ruinous condition in 1791 and subsequently rebuilt by the British Government in the form in which it endured until 1865, when it was demolished and replaced, at an expense of some \$40,000 to the city, by its present more ornate and convenient substitute, to meet the increased requirements of traffic over the great artery of the upper levels—St. John street. St. John's Gate was one of the objective points included in the American plan of assault upon Quebec on the memorable 31st December, 1775; Col. Livingston, with a regiment of insurgent Canadians, and Major Brown, with part of a regiment from Boston, having been detailed to make a false attack upon the walls to the south of it and to set fire to the gate itself with combustibles prepared for that purpose—a scheme in which the assailants were foiled by the depth of snow and other obstacles. Not less noteworthy is the Chain Gate. When the Citadel was constructed, the number of existing gates was increased from five to seven by the erection of Chain and Dalhousie Gates, which were set up under the administration of the Earl of Dalhousie in 1827. The Break-neck stairs, Champlain street, which close these illustrations, are well-known to every visitor to Quebec.

DOUGLAS B. W. SLADEN, B.A., LL.B.—Douglas Brooke Wheelton Sladen, B.A. Oxford, B.A. and LL.B. Melbourne, is the eldest son of Douglas Brooke Sladen, fourth son of the late John Baker Sladen, D.L., J.P., of Ripple Court, near Dover, by Mary, daughter of the late John Wheelton, Esq., whose name is familiar as one of the two Sheriffs of London who were imprisoned by the House of Commons for breach of privilege in levying distress on Messrs. Hansard in the famous Stockdale v. Hansard case. He was born on the 5th of February, 1856, in his maternal grandfather's town house, No. 50 Gloucester Terrace, and educated at Temple Grove, East Sheen (Waterfield's), Cheltenham College, Trinity College, Oxford, and Melbourne University. At Cheltenham he took the first junior open scholarship, and first senior open scholarship twice; and amongst numerous other prizes the Jex Blake Geographical and English Poem. He was senior prefect, captain of the rifle corps, captain of the classical at football, treasurer of the cricket eleven, editor of the *Cheltenham* (school magazine), etc. He shot at Wimbledon in the Schools' Match for the Ashburton Shield four years, and also shot for the Spencer Cup twice, winning the Spencer Cup in 1874. At Oxford he was captain of the Oxford University Rifle Volunteers, and shot at Wimbledon for Oxford v. Cambridge four years, heading the score in 1879. He also did good service for Oxford at football. He was an open classical scholar of Trinity College, Oxford, and took a second-class in Classical Moderations, and a first-class in Final Schools (History). He graduated B.A. in 1879, and at Melbourne graduated B.A. and LL.B. After a wide and varied experience at home as scholar and sportsman, Mr. Sladen emigrated to Australia in 1879, and in 1882 was appointed to the Chair of History in the University of Sydney, N.S.W. He always thinks and writes like an Australian upon all Australian subjects, and prides himself very much on being a colonist, no doubt having in him some of the feeling of the men of the Mayflower, "Home keeping youth have ever homely wits;" and Mr. Sladen has shown that he could do without his Mother England and love her none the less. In 1880 Mr. Sladen married Margaret Isabella Muirhead, youngest daughter and co-heiress of the late Robert Muirhead, one of the pioneers of the Western District of Victoria. Mr. Sladen's uncle, the late Hon. Sir C. Sladen, K.C.M.G., was for many years leader of the Upper House of Parliament in Victoria, first Colonial Treasurer after the establishment of responsible government, and Premier of the

colony during the crisis of 1868. Mr. Sladen's literary career began in 1881, and ever since he has been a most industrious and a successful writer, both in prose and verse. His published works comprise "Frithjof and Ingebjorg," "Australian Lyrics," "A Poetry of Exiles," "Edward, the Black Prince," "A Summer Christmas," "In Cornwall and Across the Sea," "The Spanish Armada," "Seized by a Shadow," "In Cornwall," and editor of the following anthologies—"Australian Ballads and Rhymes," "A Century of Australian Song," "Australian Poets," "American Poets." Mr. Sladen has travelled extensively in Europe, and on this continent as well as in Australia and the East. In the winter of 1889 he first visited Montreal during Carnival time. After a brief stay he went to Washington, and after sojourning there and in the other chief American cities, he returned to Canada, visited the Maritime Provinces, and crossed the continent to Vancouver, from which point he set out for Japan. His movements since then have been recorded from time to time in our columns. Mr. Sladen is a follower of Longfellow rather than of Wordsworth, finding in him a health and manfulness which he looks for in vain in the lake poet, who always seems to him deficient in muscularity; otherwise both drew their inspiration from much the same sources, and addressed themselves to John Wesley's parish—all the world. It is Mr. Sladen's ambition to be the mouthpiece of ordinary healthy Englishmen, essentially a simple-minded, sport-loving, courageous race. He thinks for a poet to be a representative English poet; he ought to be essentially masculine, and in sympathy with the active out-of-door life which has given the nation its characteristics.

GEORGE MARTIN, ESQ., AUTHOR OF "MARGUERITE; OR, THE ISLE OF DEMONS, AND OTHER POEMS."—The name of George Martin is familiar to most of our readers. He is of Irish birth, but for more than thirty years he has been a resident of Montreal, where the photographic business which he established is still conducted by his sons. He has always been a close student of men and events, a reader of the best literature, and a man of broad thoughts and generous hope for humanity. In a recent contribution to the St. John (N.B.) *Progress* our friend "Pastor Felix" (no common critic) characterizes him as "one of our truest masters of romantic verse." The whole article is so happy, indeed, that we are tempted to borrow largely from it, especially as Mr. Lockhart's conclusions coincide in so many points with our own. "His (Mr. Martin's) name," he continues, "was early associated with that of Heavyside; for it was the privilege of our genial and generous author to be the friend and associate of that select, austere beautiful spirit, who lived among us unrecognized; and it was his to depict him in verse as one who bore a burden of song and who had attained 'to something like prophetic strain'":

"Child-like, modest, reticent
With head in meditation bent,
He walked our streets! and no one knew
That something of celestial hue
Had passed along; a toil-worn man
Was seen—no more; the fire that ran
Electric through his veins, and wrought
Sublimity of soul and thought,
And kindled into song, no eye beheld."

When the existence of such devotion is questioned, let it be remembered that he was truly his friend, and gave the liveliest proof of manly sympathy and disinterested esteem. For, let it be said to his praise, when the writer of "Saul" would publish the Boston edition of his poem, and was financially unable, our poet came forth with funds reserved for a similar purpose, and at the sacrifice of his own ambitions, thought to give his brother a triumph.* Thus, doubtless, it happened that not till 1887 did his own volume appear; though, as one writer has intimated, distrust of his own merits, and true reverence for the poetic art, which he rather longed than expected to magnify, may have contributed to the delay. The principal piece of this volume is one of its author's most recent productions, and it is, on the whole, the best, as showing the art of the poet to the highest advantage. It is a romantic story, directly told, yet with such accessories of sentiment and description as only a true poet could invest it in; a beautiful creation, woven out of early Canadian history and legend, wherein the scenery of an island-wilderness is associated with tyrannic cruelty, the devotion of love, and the woes of woman. The historical material is such as a poet might successfully elaborate. Marguerite, the niece of the early colonizing adventurer, Koberval, being after her evil fortune, retired to a convent, recites her wrongs in the ears of a group of sympathizing nuns. She had accompanied her uncle on his westward voyage, and, by falling in love with Eugene Lamar, had incurred the resentment of one who

Smooth as any summer sea
When winds were laid,

while he had his way, was a lion for rage and a serpent for malignity, being crossed by any; so that woe was the portion of whoever should set his bosom's "fiery flood in motion." The trembling girl was in the power of an implacable bully, who could devise for her no milder punishment than abandonment upon an inhospitable island in the

*Mr. Lighthall in a biographical note in his "Songs of the Great Dominion," speaks of this money as a loan, and says: "Saul turned out a financial loss," and that on the day when Heavyside's note fell due, "Martin took it in his hand and tore it to pieces."
Marguerite; or, the Isle of Demons, and other Poems. By George Martin. Dawson Bros., Montreal, 1889.

Magdalene group, comfortably for a lonely female, occupied by demons. The lover, pledged to her lot, narrowly escaped a bullet from the same malignant hand, as he swam after the boat in which Marguerite and her Norman nurse were being conveyed to the shore. There they were at least freed from one whose presence might well be spared, and brought into contact with uncontaminated nature, in her freshest and fairest moods. Mr. Lockhart then tells the story of "Marguerite," and gives some extracts from the poem in illustration of the author's sentiment and style. The following description of the cave in which Lua, Marguerite's babe, was entombed, Mr. Lockhart considers as fine as the depiction of similar scenes in Scott and Hogg:

A cave there was of spacious bound
Wherein no wave of human sound
Had ever rolled; imprisoned there,
Like a gray penitent at prayer.
Here silence wept, and from the tears
Embroidered hangings, fold on fold,
And silver tassels thinct with gold,
The fingering of the voiceless years
Liaa deftly wrought, and on the walls
In sumptuous breadths of foamy falls
The product of their genius hung.
From floor to ceiling, arched and high,
A counterfeited cloudy sky—
Smooth alabaster pillars sprung,
On either side might one espy
What seemed hushed oratories rare
Inviting sinful knees to prayer.
Into that chapel-like retreat,
Untrod before by human feet,
The wicker cot, wherein still lay
My Lua's uncorrupted clay,
We bore.

"Surely," writes Mr. Lockhart, "by his delicately woven story, our poet has worthily inscribed her name among those of the daughters of sorrow! Mr. Martin's is no new name; he is no untried aspirant, but has won a worthy place; and as appreciation of native letters increases among the Canadian people, his work will rise in their esteem and widen in their knowledge. He has long been a man of letters, and now lives in his 'Autumn's ruddy prime,' surrounded by friends, in his Montreal home. It may not be unfit to say that, pure and wholesome as his verse, is his character and personality. His heartiness and genial good humour promptly commend him, as well as his sympathies, both deep and lively, expressed not only in his poems, but in the intercourse of his daily life. The poet's verse is brought out by the publishers in a form exceptionally elegant and beautiful; and is an evidence that Canada has no reason to contrast her bookmaking unfavorably either with England or the United States."

DUNDURN CASTLE.—The edifice shown in this engraving derives its chief interest from its associations with the late Sir Allan Napier McNab, whose residence it was. It forms a prominent feature of the park landscape. Although of this century, the castle, by reason of the peculiarity of its architecture, has an appearance that is almost medieval. Here thousands of people go to picnic; to play baseball, tennis, football and lacrosse; to breathe the fresh air and look out upon the beautiful bay; to see the gladiators of the international baseball league struggle for the championship pennant; to listen to the music of the famous Thirteenth Battalion band, which here gives concerts regularly throughout the summer, or to see a grand display of fireworks at the close of a fête. Dundurn is a pleasant place and is well worth the attention of all visitors. Sir Allan N. McNab, whose name and life are so closely connected with this relic of the past, once held a prominent place in the political life of Canada under the Union régime. He was a native of Niagara-on-the-Lake, and the son of a Highland gentleman who served on the staff of General Simcoe. The purpose of the younger McNab was to engage in the same pursuit in which his father distinguished himself, and, in fact, the early portion of his career was devoted to military service. The law next occupied his attention, and about 1830 he entered public life, in which he was one of the leaders in Upper Canada for more than thirty years. Sir Allan was twice married. One of his daughters married Lord Bury, another a son of the late Sir Dominick Daly. He died after a comparatively short illness in 1862 in the 65th year of his age.

New Book of Verse by "Seranus."

Messrs. Hart & Co., publishers, Toronto, announce that they have in press, and will have ready early in the autumn, a volume of verse by Mrs. S. Frances Harriston ("Seranus"), author of "Crowded Out," and compiler of the "Canadian Birthday Book," etc. The book will be issued in the best possible style, bound in vellum cloth gilt top, printed in handsome new type on fine book paper specially made. The binding will be unique, novel and very attractive. Besides some of the poems to which Mrs. Harriston owes her reputation, the book will contain several new productions of her pen, and is sure to be a valuable addition to our library of Canadian song. The author's name ought to ensure it a large circulation. Meanwhile advance orders may be sent to the publishers, 31 and 33 King street West, Toronto.

Men and Matters in Ontario.

[From our own correspondent.]

TORONTO, September, 1890.

The discussion which took place at the recent meeting of the Ontario Rifle Association was one of interest for the volunteers of this province. There were many visitors present, among them Lt.-Col. Jones, Dufferin Rifles; Col. Macpherson, Ottawa; Capt. Adam, 13th Battalion; Major Blacklock, Montreal, secretary of Quebec Rifle Association; Captain Gray, Ottawa; Major Hughes, Lindsay; Captain Ibbotson, Montreal; Lieut. Macnachten, Cobourg; Major Sherwood, Ottawa; Major Wright, 43rd; Major White, 30th, Wellington. The discussion naturally turned on the subject of the new ranges for the association. Mr. William Mulock, M.P., president of the Association, put the point very plainly when he said that the present grounds could not be held much longer on account of the growth of the city and consequent danger to life. Lt.-Col. Gibson's remarks represented the other side of the question, but Capt. Macdonald took the squarest grounds, having regard to the spirit of the citizens. The talk all round gave a suggestion of the knowledge which has already been made known to a few on both sides of the fence of disputation, that the Garrison Commons ranges will be abandoned within a reasonably short period of time for grounds better suited in many respects for shooting purposes. Mayor Clarke has been carrying on the negotiations with admirable tact, but against some considerable difficulty. Too much publicity to the negotiations would now only accomplish harm.

The discussion anent the management of Dr. Canniff's office has again come to the surface, made a stir and dropped out of sight. The methods adopted for making the attack are of a peculiar kind, but so well known have they now become that, if serious trouble does in reality exist in the city health department, people are apt to overlook it through the mere tedium of hearing it brought up every now and then in some paltry spirit.

Last week the Retreat of the Roman Catholic clergy of this archdiocese was conducted by Rev. Father Hogan, director of the divinity school in the Washington Catholic University. As a teacher he is the shining light of his church in the United States. He was placed in his present position soon after he was sent to Baltimore from Paris, where all his studies were pursued and almost all of his former years were spent. The order to come to America is said to have grieved him beyond measure at the time, but his instant recognition and reward not only reconciled him to the New World, but delighted him because of the wider sphere of action and contact with men which it provided. Though he did not speak in any of the Toronto churches, his name was mentioned a good deal in public. This is his first visit to Canada and his mission is a voluntary one. The object is to impress the priests of the Dominion with the responsibility which is placed upon them as members of the Church by the active curiosity of modern thinkers among all classes of men. Father Hogan went to Montreal from here on Monday last, and will visit several other dioceses before returning to Washington.

By his short stay over at Toronto on Saturday the Earl of Aberdeen escaped a series of newspaper interviews and missed as beautiful a day for seeing Toronto as could well be expected for the rest of the season. Mr. John Cameron, late manager of the *Globe*, thinking the present a good time for Mr. Gladstone to come to Canada, took advantage of his position on the *Advertiser*, of London, to invite the distinguished gentleman here. Mr. Gladstone cannot come, it seems, owing to his advanced years and his pressing engagements, but, nevertheless, it was a lucid idea of Mr. Cameron's to expect him.

The visit of the Hon. Attorney-General of Nova Scotia to Ontario was made a very pleasant one by his admirers in politics in this part of the Dominion. The hospitality of Prof. Goldwin Smith's quiet and charming residence was the pleasantest feature of it. For the rest the banquet at the Reform Club was conspicuous by the absence of Liberal leaders, but then it was informal to a certain extent, and the picnic at Niagara was a revelation to the visitor from the East, who subsequently spoke in a strain of good-humored sarcasm about its dimensions and spirit.

The authorities of Trinity University have been put to much expense in the matter of the musical degrees, about which a British deputation waited on Lord Knutsford a long time ago. As Chancellor Allan has repeatedly said in convocation and elsewhere, there is no doubt as to the rights of Trinity and the correctness of the position taken in the matter. It is some little comfort for Trinity to learn at this stage of affairs that the deputation acted improperly from the first; but it must be remembered that the reckless sentiments made in the petition presented by the deputation are still before the public, while the subject of a judicial decision is yet to be considered in the indefinite future.

One of the most important matters of public comment during the week has been the spread of typhoid fever. Whether rightly or wrongly, the impurity of the water supply to this city has been in a large measure to blame for it. One thing certain is that the drinking water is absolutely unfit for use, and another matter equally certain is that the city authorities are greatly to blame for keeping the citizens in ignorance of the danger which threatened them. The result was a scare, and hundreds of people would now as soon think of drinking castor oil as Toronto water. The horrible suspicion is gaining ground that the conduit through the bay is only a form of speech, and that the

water is really pumped to the reservoir from inside the island.

On Sunday next the choir of the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes, which claims to have some of the best artists in the city, will accept an invitation from their old friend and father, Rev. J. F. McBride, now of Dixie, to visit his church.

The shields in the G.T.R. tunnel at Sarnia fitted exactly at 11.30 on Saturday night last.

The theatrical season opened on Monday evening, but there will be few real attractions for weeks at any of them. The Grand Theatre has been improved by the adoption of the electric light, and the Academy of Music has been remodelled. The enterprise of the latter served in the past season to very much improve the others, and the indications for the opening season are more strongly marked in the same direction.

Mr. Harold Jarvis, the lyric tenor, who has been singing in the Carleton Methodist Church, has made quite a reputation in musical circles of the city. Mr. Jarvis, who is well known in Quebec, is a nephew of the late Sheriff Jarvis, of Toronto.

The police games on Wednesday last were among the best athletic events of the year. The tug-of-war had an uncommon result—a draw. The teams were both made up of magnificent men, and so evenly were they matched, that for ten minutes the balance was perfect. The staying power seemed to be equally well distributed, neither side weakening quicker than the other. When the draw was declared the men were incapable of trying to decide the pull later in the day.

Mayor Clarke is back from the coast. He managed to find time for a quiet week at St. Andrews, N.B., away from the discussions of the Grand Orange Lodge, which met at St. John.

The opening of the duck shooting season this week has carried many well known sportsmen to Muskoka, Lake Scugog, Rice Lake, the Holland Landing Flats, St. Clair Flats and Long Point.

How Our Ancestors Fared.

William of Malmesbury, who wrote in the middle of the twelfth century, with strong Norman feelings, tells us that the Anglo-Saxons indulged in great feasting, and lived in very mean houses; whereas the Normans eat with moderation, but built for themselves magnificent mansions. Various allusions in old writers leave little room for doubt that our Anglo-Saxon forefathers indulged much in eating; but, as far as we can gather, for our information is very imperfect, this indulgence consisted more in the quantity than in the quality of the food, for their cookery seems to have been in general what we call "plain." Refinement in cookery appears to have come in with the Normans; and from the twelfth century to the sixteenth we can trace the love of the table continually increasing. The monks, whose institution had to a certain degree separated them from the rest of the world, and who usually, and from the circumstances perhaps naturally, sought sensual gratifications, fell soon into the sin of gluttony, and they seem to have led the way in refinement in the variety and elaborate character of their dishes. Giraldus Cambrensis, an ecclesiastic himself, complains in very indignant terms of the luxurious table kept by the monks of Canterbury in the latter half of the twelfth century; and he relates an anecdote which shows how far at that time the clergy were in this respect in advance of the laity. One day, when Henry II. paid a visit to Winchester, the prior and monks of St. Swithun met him and fell on their knees before him to complain of the tyranny of their bishop. When the king asked what was their grievance, they said that their table was curtailed of three dishes. The king, somewhat surprised at this complaint, and imagining, no doubt, that the bishop had not left them enough to eat, inquired how many dishes he had left them. They replied, ten; at which the king, in a fit of indignation, told them that he himself had no more than three dishes to his table, and uttered an imprecation against the bishop unless he reduced them to the same number.

But although we have abundant evidence of the general fact that our Norman and English forefathers loved the table, we have but imperfect information on the character of their cookery until the latter half of the fourteenth century, when the rules and receipts for cooking appear to have been very generally committed to writing, and a considerable number of cookery-books belonging to this period and to the following century remain in manuscript, forming very curious records of the domestic life of our forefathers. From these we propose to give a few illustrations of a not uninteresting subject. These cookery-books sometimes contain plans for dinners of different descriptions, or, as we would now say, bills of fare, which enable us, by comparing the names of the dishes with the receipts for making them, to form a tolerably distinct notion of the manner in which our forefathers fared at table from four to five hundred years ago. The first example we shall give is furnished by a manuscript of the beginning of the fifteenth century, and belongs to the latter part of the century preceding; that is, to the reign of Richard II., a period remarkable for the fashion for luxurious living. It gives us the following bill of fare for the ordinary table of a gentleman, which we will arrange in the form of a bill of fare of the present day, modernizing the language, except in the case of obsolete words:

First Course.

Boar's head enarmed (*larded*), and "bruce" for pottage.
Beef. Mutton. Pesteils (*legs*) of Pork.
Swan. Roasted Rabbit. Tart.

Second Course.

Drops and Rose, for Pottage.
Mallard. Pheasant. Chickens, "farsed" and roasted.
"Malachis," baked.

Third Course.

Conings (*rabbits*), in gravy, and hare, in "brase," for Pottage.
Teals, roasted. Wockcocks. Snipes.
"Raffyolys," baked. "Flamboyntes."

It may be well to make the general remark that the ordinary number of courses at dinner was three. To begin, then, with the first dish, boar's head was a favourite article at table, and needs no explanation. The pottage which follows, under the name of *bruce*, was made as follows, according to a receipt in the same cookery-book which has furnished the bill of fare:—

"Take the umbles of a swine, and parboil them (boil them slowly), and cut them small, and put them in a pot with some good broth; then take the whites of leeks, and slit them, and cut them small, and put them in, with minced onions, and let it all boil; next take bread steeped in broth, and 'draw it up' with blood and vinegar, and put it into a pot, with pepper and cloves, and let it boil; and serve all this together."

In the second course, *drops* is probably an error for *drove*, a pottage, which, according to the same cookery-book, was made as follows:—

"Take almonds, and blanch and grind them, and mix them with good meat broth, and seethe this in a pot; then mince onions, and fry them in 'grease,' and put them to the almonds; take small birds, and parboil them, and throw them into the pottage, with cinnamon and cloves and a little 'fair grease,' and boil the whole."

Rose was made as follows:—

"Take powdered rice, and boil it in almond milk till it be thick, and take the brawn of capons and hens, beat it in a mortar, and mix it with the preceding, and put the whole into a pot, with powdered cinnamon and cloves, and whole mace, and colour it with saunders (sandal-wood.)"

It may be necessary to explain that almond milk consisted of almonds mixed with milk or broth. The farsure, or stuffing, for chickens was made thus:—

"Take fresh pork, seethe it, chop it small, and grind it well; put to it hard yolks of eggs, well mixed together, with dried currants, powder of cinnamon and maces, cubebs, and cloves whole, and roast it."

We are unable to explain the meaning of *malachis*, the dish which concludes this course.

The first dish in the third course, conies, or rabbits, in gravy, was made as follows:

"Take rabbits, and parboil them, and chop them in 'gobbets,' and seethe them in a pot with good broth; then grind almonds, 'dress them up' with beef broth, and boil this in a pot; and, after passing it through a strainer, put it to the rabbit, adding to the whole cloves, maces, pines, and sugar, colour it with sandal-wood, saffron, bastard or other wine, and cinnamon powder mixed together, and add a little vinegar."

Not less complicated was the boar in brase, or brasey:—

"Take ribs of a boar, while they are fresh, and parboil them till they are half boiled; then roast them, and, when they are roasted, chop them, and put them in a pot with good fresh beef broth and wine, and add cloves, maces, pines, currants, and powdered pepper; then put chopped onions in a pan, with fresh grease, fry them first and then boil them; next, take bread, steeped in broth, 'draw it up' and put it to the onions, and colour it with sandal-wood and saffron, and as it settles put a little vinegar mixed with powdered cinnamon to it; then take brawn, and cut it into slices two inches long, and throw into the pot with the foregoing, and serve it all up together."

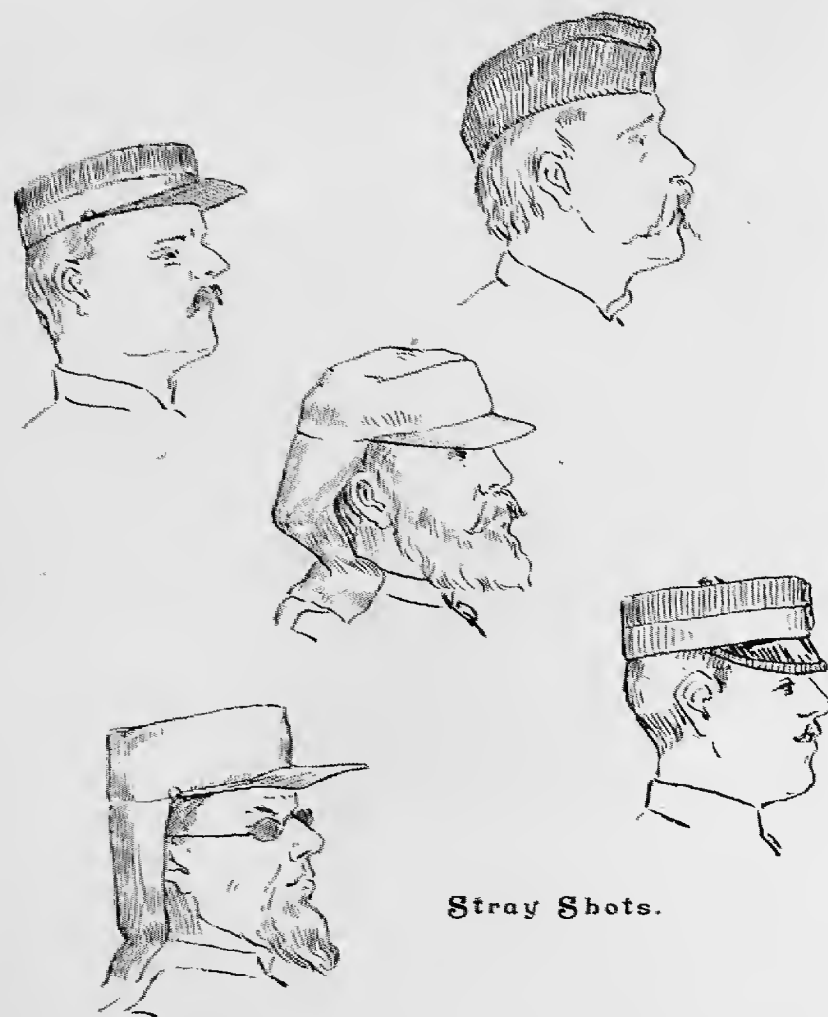
"Raffyolys" were a sort of patties, made as follows:—

"Take swine's flesh, seethe it, chop it small, add to it yolks of eggs, and mix them well together; put to this a little minced lard, grated cheese, powdered ginger, and cinnamon; make of this balls of the size of an apple, and wrap them up in the cawl of the swine, each ball by itself; make a raised crust of dough, and put the ball in it, and bake it; when they are baked, take yolks of eggs well beaten, with sugar and pepper, coloured with saffron, and pour this mixture over them."

"Flamboyntes" were made thus:—

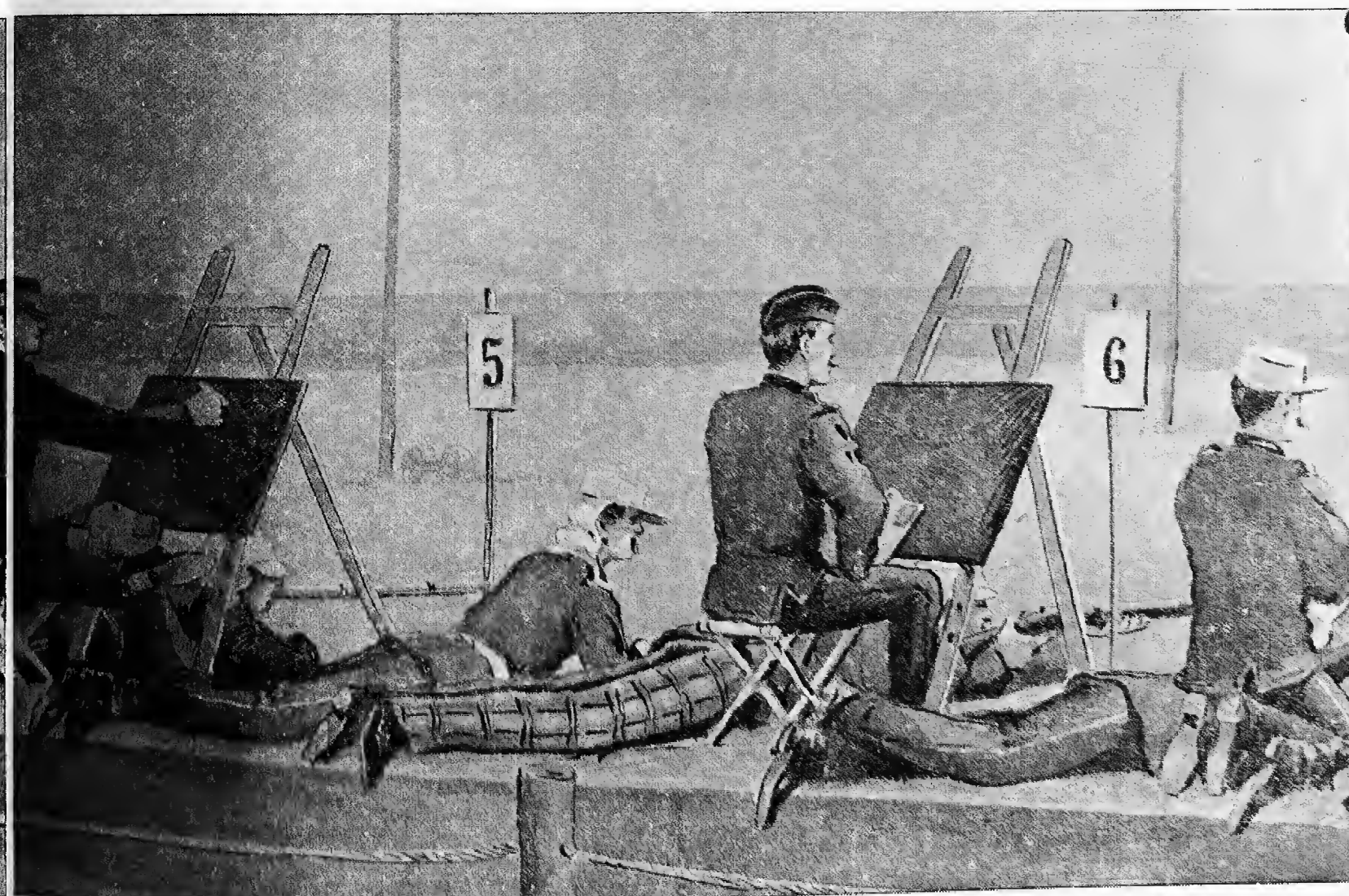
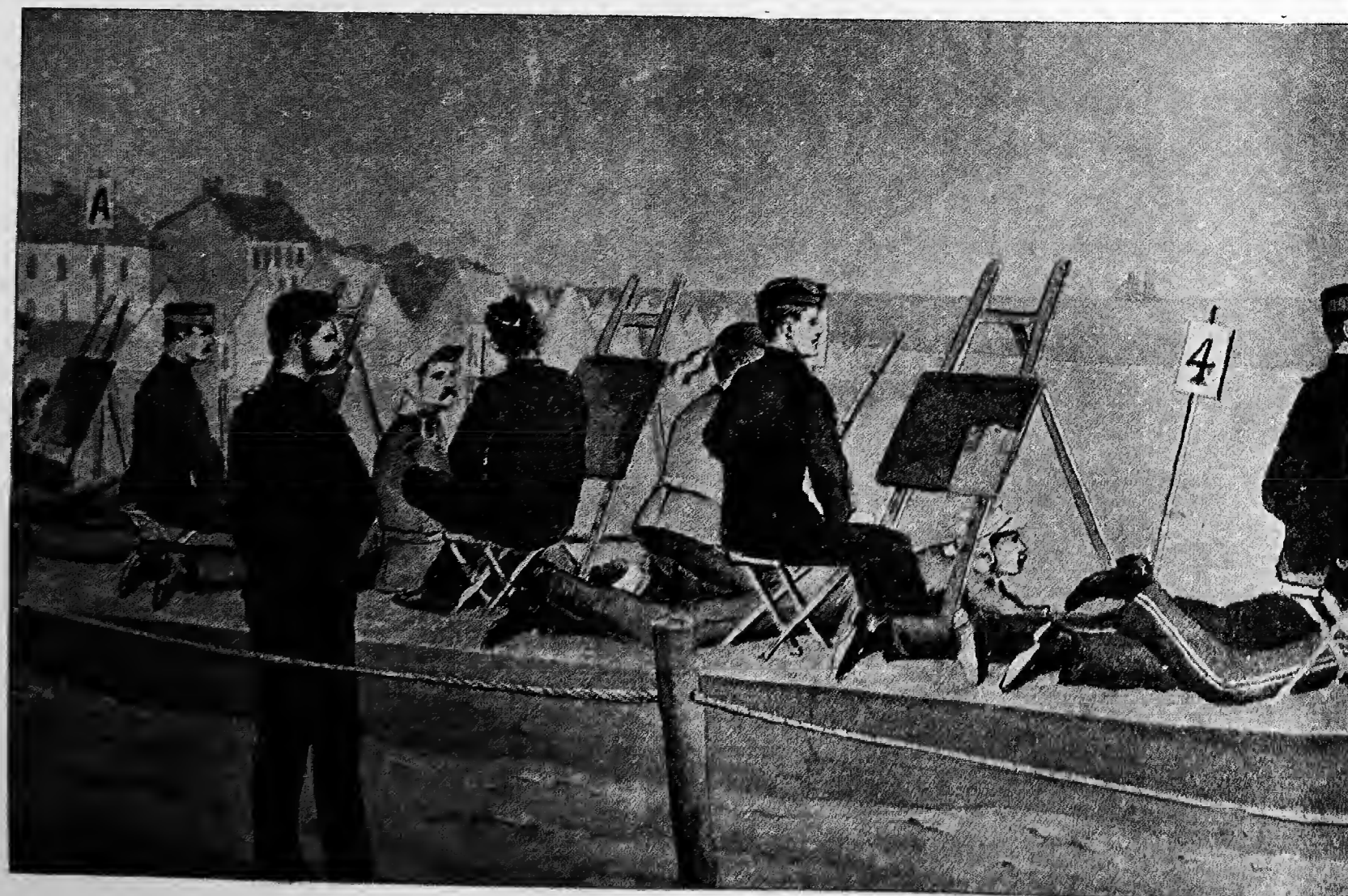
"Take good 'interlarded' pork, seethe it, and chop it, and grind it small; put to it good fat cheese grated, and sugar and pepper; put this in raised paste like the preceding; then make a thin leaf of dough, out of which cut small 'points,' fry these in grease, and then stick them in the foregoing mixture after it has been put in the crust, and bake it."

Such was a tolerably respectable dinner at the end of the fourteenth century.



PRIVATE W. ANDREWS. BANDSMAN T. SWALLOW. CORP. E. SWALLOW. PRIVATE M. H. HARVEY.
 BANDSMAN B. WHALAN. MAJOR L. THOMAS. BANDSMAN A. WITTY.
 STAFF-SGT. E. A. CLEVELAND. MAJOR F. S. BERNARD. LIEUT. M. H. HEALY.

RIFLE TEAM OF THE FIFTY-FOURTH BATTALION. (Winners of Military League Trophy, 1896.)



ANNUAL MATCHES OF ONTARIO RIFLE ASSOCIATION, HELD AT TORONTO, 25-26 AUGUST, 1890. VIEW AT THE 500 YARDS FIRING POINT.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES

It is the unexpected that happens, wrote somebody a long time ago; but anything more unexpected than the ending to last Saturday's lacrosse match between the Cornwalls and Shamrocks is not put down in the records of sport. If the match had been a drawn one, everybody would have known exactly what was to be done; but it was not, and the question naturally arises—What is going to be done about it? Dr. Shanks, the referee, made an error in computation, and that error is responsible for all the trouble. This should be a lesson to field captains to keep check of the time themselves. If Mr. Maguire had done this and disputed the decision immediately after the match was supposed to be closed, there is no doubt but that the mistake would have been rectified and the match won or lost on its merits. And just here I would suggest that when next the executive committee of the Senior Lacrosse League meets, some provision will be made for an official time-keeper to work in conjunction with the referee. The latter official has quite enough to occupy his mind for two hours by attending to the way the game is played and not bothering his head about splitting minutes. The way lacrosse is played these days, a very few seconds are full of meaning to a team, especially when there is only one goal in the way of being either victor or vanquished. I can call to mind two matches when less than a quarter of a minute considerably changed the complexion of affairs. One was when Montreal played in Toronto last year; the other when the Shamrocks played in Cornwall at the beginning of the present season. In this last game, if I remember aright, two games were fought and won inside of a minute; and certainly, when the Shamrocks scored the eighth game, tying the score with the Cornwalls, there was only fifteen seconds left to play, and they had practically pulled the game out of the fire. They did not win eventually, the ninth and deciding game being scored by the Factory Town; but the chances were even and it was like beginning the match over again. It was fortunate for both parties that on this occasion Mr. Pollock (who by the way has become quite a favourite referee) was careful in his timekeeping. If he had made a rough calculation of minutes alone, the result would have been the same; but an injustice would have been done the visiting team. Still it is not to be expected that everybody who referees will keep as cool and watch time so closely as he did, and the natural inference is that playing under the present system an experienced time-keeper should be on the field. Even a second may win or lose a match in the fast games of to-day, and the time-keeper should attach just as much importance to his watch as if he were catching the gait for a hundred yard sprint or watching a horse's nose come under the wire. There will be this difference: The time-keeper in a modern lacrosse match, where he will calculate for fouls, faces, rests, and all the other circumstances that delay the game, for ever so short a time may be, will have a much more difficult task than the man in the judge's stand who times a mile with a split-second fly-back.

Now, as to the match. Is it to be considered played and Cornwall the winner? or is it to be put down as a drawn match, to be played over again? or is it to be put out of nominal existence, and be spoken of as no match at all? The official answer to these questions is of considerable importance to a great many. Take, in the first place, the Cornwall players who left the field under the impression that they had won the match, and with it (practically) the championship. It was no fault of theirs that they should have been led to understand that the play was over. They had the lead as it was, and no doubt would have been better pleased to go on the field and play out that nine minutes than go home under the cloud of uncertainty. With an advantage such as the visitors had, all the captain need have done was to strengthen his wonderful defence, and render it morally impassable; to play a holding game to save time and the match would be won anyhow. Short odds, of course, but all the probabilities in their favour. It may be said that if Cornwall closed back its field into the defence territory the Shamrocks would have moved in a home man or two to equalize things, but this is not probable, as it would tend to draw out their defence and leave an opening for another game for the visitors, a course which would have put the home club entirely out of the race. Now, if Hughes and Leroux were ordered to move back a little on their flags, without crowding, it seems a moral certainty to every lacrosse man that the game could be played from a defence point of view for an indefinite time, as there was no necessity, under the circumstances, to become aggressive. That simply meant a win for Cornwall.

Now, to look at the other side of the case. In the fifth game the Shamrocks had decidedly the best of the play, and they scored. This game occupied 11½ minutes. In the previous game the chances were in favour of Cornwall, who had much the best of it, but in this the tables were turned and the wearers of the green seemed a different set of men, and did much better work. Under these circumstances, and playing as they were at this stage, it is not un-

reasonable to suppose that they might have succeeded in winning another game in the nine minutes left to play. That would have left the match a tie on time, and the seventh game would have decided it one way or the other. To the Cornwalls it seems an injustice that when they had the game in their hands and were supposed to have won that the laurel of victory should have been snatched from them through an error which was not of their own making. To the Shamrocks it will also appear an injustice, since they can claim rightly that all the opportunities of time to which they were entitled were not given them.

There is yet another large number to whom the result of this match is of considerable importance. I refer to the gentlemen who were financially interested. It was a wise thing for pool settlers to hold bets, and it was a thoughtful thing to telephone these holders to that effect. Under the circumstances, it is a very mixed up case, and I cannot recollect any of the rules of betting which covers it. In professional sporting bets go with the decision of the referee, umpire or judges, as the case may be, but this rule is usually not taken into consideration in amateur sports. Many people claim that the match should be called a draw, and that money with odds should be divided equally; others claim that original bets should be drawn, while still others who had their shakels on Cornwall are of the opinion that they have won their wagers. To my mind none of these conclusions are correct. The case is without a precedent, and nobody can settle it but the committee of the league. It may be claimed that the match was over when both teams left the field, and it may be claimed that the referee's decision once given cannot be rescinded, and that bets go accordingly. But the referee's decision was altered, and bets evidently should not be paid on any but the official report, and the absolute result of the match is still in doubt. Then, again, it cannot be considered a match at all, because it was not completed. Under these circumstances it would appear that no bets have been made. It can hardly be considered a drawn match either, because one team was a game to the good when the teams left the field; therefore, the bets cannot be considered as drawn. What the ultimate result should be, I think, should be left to the two clubs interested, and the bets should go this wise: A match has been partially played and not completed. If it is decided to play out the nine minutes yet wanting, and no more, then money should go with the match, as it will simply be the deciding of the winning team, and there will be no draw in question; but if it is decided to play the whole thing over then bets should be considered a draw, as the first match will not count and will be considered as not having been played. Of course, mutual consent between betters may let the wagers go with the second match, which will have to be decided one way or the other.

Dr. Shanks might have settled all these difficulties by ignoring all protests and letting the match go according to his original decision, when he remarked that time was up; but he took the manlier course, acknowledged he had made a mistake and did all in his power to repair the error. He has got himself into a heap of trouble, so to speak, and he probably recognizes by this time that the lot of a referee, under certain circumstances, is anything but a happy one. Following is the Doctor's report to the secretaries of both clubs. It speaks for itself, and shows how easily a clerical error may be made:—

September 1, 1890.	
First game won by Shamrock. Began 3.37, ended 3.56; time.....	21 (19)
First rest 10 min. (2 min extra delay).....	10
Second game won by Cornwall. Began 4.08, ended 4.25; time.....	17
Second rest, 10 min.....	10
Third game won by Cornwall. Began 4.35, ended 4.37; time.....	2½
Third rest, 10 min.....	10
Fourth game won by Cornwall. Began 4.47½, ended 5.04½; time.....	27 (17)
Fourth rest, 10 min. (1 min. extra delay).....	10
Fifth game won by Shamrock. Began 5.15½, ended 5.27; time.....	11½
Fifth rest, 10 min.....	10
	129
Delay for fouls, stoppages, etc.....	6
Net time.....	123 min

The score card as above shows that the two hours had a little more than elapsed, so I said to the captains, "Time is up." The teams then left the grounds. A few moments later, on being questioned as to the correctness of my time, I examined my figures and found that an error in the first game of two minutes and one in the fourth game of ten minutes, amounting in all to twelve minutes, had been made. (The corrected time is placed in brackets after the first and fourth games, as above.) These twelve minutes being deducted now show the correct time to be, not 123 minutes, but (111) one hundred and eleven minutes.

Thus it is seen that nine (9) minutes more of play are needed to complete the necessary two hours.

This report is respectfully submitted.

A. L. SHANKS, M.D.,
Referee Cornwall vs. Shamrock lacrosse match August 30, 1890.

Montreal, September 1, 1890.

The course taken by the executive committee since the foregoing was written is decidedly unexpected and, as far as the public is concerned, unsatisfactory. The match has been awarded to Cornwall on the ground that a referee cannot change his decision. It would have been much better if some amicable agreement had been come to. Now the Leroux protest will be a very material constituent in the make up of lacrosse championships this season.

The Orients have gone to the benighted East to show the Bluesnoses how to play lacrosse, and they are succeeding beyond their expectations. These trips are a feature that might well be imitated by other lacrosse clubs. Men who play for the love of the game and inconvenience themselves considerably to turn out for practice, may be helped along through the hot summer months if they see at the end a pleasant excursion. It is a much better way of holding players together than the sale of brass rings, tons of coal, and notes for value received, not to speak of buying a ten cent glass of lemonade in some well known sporting saloon with a dollar bill and getting back \$9.90 in change. These things have been done to save players from being known as professionals; but an excursion, where there is no direct profit, is an easier, honester, and not so costly a way, because the trip usually pays for itself if there is any business management at the head of the club.

To-day the Ottawas and Montrealers meet, and there is every probability of a most excellent match. It might be thought that the Ottawas, being defeated so easily by the Shamrocks, and the latter whitewashed by the Montreal club, that the latter would have comparatively a very easy thing of it; but past lacrosse experience has proved that form is about as erratic a guide post in lacrosse as any that could be got. Still, with all this staring us in the face, I cannot help thinking that Montreal will come out very much on the top in this particular match, and, for that matter, pretty near the head of the list in the rest of the matches to be played this season. But lacrosse is a strange game anyhow, and the best laid plans of humans and rodents forget themselves sometimes.

The annual meeting of the Montreal Bicycle Club, notwithstanding that there were a great number of outside attractions, can be put down as a success. In the open events the Canadians were, to use a vulgarism, not in it, and the Yankees captured everything worth having that way. There was one satisfaction, however, and that was, that some new records were established for Canada, and now, from the half mile up to the five mile mark, the times stand as follows:—

Half mile—W. Windle, Woodstock....	1.16½
One mile—F. Foster, Toronto.....	2.42 1-5
Two miles—F. Foster, Toronto.....	5.45
Three miles—A. B. Rich, N.Y.A.C....	8.45
Five miles—W. Windle, Woodstock....	14.40 4-5

Outside of the open events the Montreal contingent managed to win seven firsts. The half mile open was a foregone conclusion, and the Montreal man was a poor third to the N.Y.A.C. representatives. In the half mile foot race, one of the M.A.A. men, who is a good runner, was taught a lesson in judgment, and it was—never let an opponent get too long a lead, because, even for the man who depends on his sprinting powers to make a finish, it is not by any means certain that the other man cannot go and do likewise. It was this that put Paris first and Johnson second. In the five mile open there were only the New York entries, and Rich succeeded in smashing the record for the three miles, although he did not reach the best mark for the five miles. Still, it was a great pace he rode at, and, had it not been for a misunderstanding, more of the figures would have gone under. The 220 yard sprint brought out a couple of men that Montreal will depend on in the championship games; but if they want to be in it with the visitors who will be here on the 27th, they will have to do better than 24 1-5 seconds. In the three mile race Clark, of the N.Y.A.C., was handicapped out of it, and A. P. Mussen, of the M.B.C., with a two minute allowance finished first. Heavy handicaps, by the way, are not the best things in the world to entice foreign wheelmen to come to our race meetings.

The great event of the year in the bicycle world—the L. A. W. meet at Niagara Falls—was not an unalloyed success, and the audience took it into their heads to express an opinion by way of hissing, which was deserved. This occurred in the two mile championship safety, when no attempt was made to race until the last quarter. If there is anything monotonous to a crowd of spectators it is to watch a waiting race. A certain amount of looting is permissible, but at Niagara it was very much overdone. All the flyers from the United States and some from England were there; in fact, never before had such a large number of fast men been brought together, and Canada, metaphorically speaking, was left out in the cold.

The Western men are profiting by their experience gained at the recent gun tournament in Toronto. On that occasion the Canadians were practically not in it with their American brethren. There were seventeen of the latter at the shoot, and they managed to capture two-thirds of the prizes. It is this fact which is agitating the London Gun Club just now, and they have decided to permit none but Canadians

to compete at the coming tournament in the second week of October. There will be \$1,500 in prizes, and the rapid firing system will be the order. Keystone traps will be used and the monotony of mere trap shooting will be varied by matches at live birds.

Aquatics were well to the fore on Saturday last, with both the Grand Trunk and Longueuil regattas, and both were successful, although it is a pity that different dates could not be set apart so that both clubs would have a larger number of competitors and necessarily closer contests. A noticeable feature, too, was the absence of entries in both events from the north shore. This is not as it should be, and certainly not the way to keep up a spirit of friendly rivalry in local aquatic events. It is this petty spirit of selfishness which, perhaps more than anything else, has injured Montreal's prospects in this sport. Cliques and exclusiveness may be very pleasing in some cases, but they are the ruin of amateur sport, and the sooner this fact is recognized the better it will be for aquatics generally, and, perhaps, in the future Montreal will not make such a pitiable showing as at the last C.A.A.O. regatta. For a city who will give ground to nobody in other branches of sport, the present state of things in aquatic circles is, to say the least, sad to contemplate. Wake up a little and show the public that genuine sport, not the possession of a paltry plated cup or medal, is the incentive to competition. All sports depend more or less on the public for support, and with some branches, as they are conducted at present, the public are getting very tired.

Next week Montreal will be honoured with a visit from royalty, and of course the cricketers, with their usual fore-sight, will be on hand to engage in friendly strife with the blue jackets and their commanders. Why a sailor should be supposed a cricketer is one of those things that no fellow can find out, but the fact remains that there are able exponents of the grand old game sheltered behind the armour-clad leviathans of the sea and the Montreal men who undertake a leather chase with them will find that their work is cut out for them, and hard work at that. The Montreal, Bonaventure, West End and St. James Cricket clubs will send out a picked team to meet the mariners some day next week, when the man-of-war-men are in town, and no doubt the populace will turn out in big numbers at the Montreal grounds to see Jack at play.

When, a little over two years ago, a few gentlemen got together and laid out the plans for the St. Lawrence Yacht Club, they could hardly have anticipated the success which was to crown their efforts. A new interest seemed to have sprung up in the sport, and the requirements of the club in the way of trophies have been generously met by the officers. The Levin cup may be mentioned as one of the most interesting prizes. It was decided to have the first class boats settle the question of supremacy among themselves. It has been done, and once more the Lulu is at the head of the procession. This yacht previous to Saturday week had already won the cup twice. Her victory over the Chaperon settles the matter, and the owners of the Lulu are now the permanent possessors of the cup. It was beastly weather for even a yacht race, but as it was going to be a battle of the skippers, and each was confident, no time was lost in getting a start. The conditions seemed about equal for each crew, and when the Lulu came in a winner it was due to the skill of Skipper Irving.

It seems a pity that the Lulu did not take part in the yacht races on Saturday last, because she was the only one missing that would have tended to give the contest a thoroughly representative character. But the Valda, the Minnie A. and the Chaperon made an excellent race of it, the Minnie A. made a splendid struggle, and was only narrowly beaten out on time allowance. It is these close races that are responsible for a good deal of the existent yachting enthusiasm.

A Rich Oriental Library.

The Turkestan Library at Tashkent is among the largest collections of Islam literature. Its founder was General von Kaufmann, who, immediately after the battle of Samarkand, commissioned his clever private secretary, A. F. Fuhn, to institute a search for that celebrated library of Tamerlane, of which we read so much in Persian and Arabian writings. It soon appeared that all trace of the treasures, which had been brought from Asia, was lost; but Fuhn found many valuable and rare books among the Mullahs and the learned men of Samarkand and Tashkent. These he acquired part by persuasion and part by force, and thus formed the nucleus of a large library in Central Asia. At the time of the conquest of China it was greatly enriched by the costly collection of Chan Mahommed Rachim, but in order to rescue the books from the palace it had to be surrounded by a company of Cossacks, as some 20,000 freed Persian slaves were anxious to destroy the possessions of their former master. A large number of theological works, the property of Chan von Kokand, also passed into the library at a later date, and though a portion was afterwards carried off to the Imperial Library at St. Petersburg, it still contains, besides many valuable printed books, one Turkish, six Arabic, and 69 Persian manuscripts of historical interest. Of this collection Herr E. T. Kall has prepared a catalogue, which greatly facilitates research.

MILITARY NOTES.

The erection of works for the defence of Esquimaux and Victoria has been talked about for a long time, and at last it appears that something will soon be done. An Ottawa despatch states that Esquimaux is to be thoroughly fortified—lighter guns, however, to be used than at first intended; an earthwork is also to be thrown up along the five miles of coast line between that point and Victoria. It is a pity all this was not done years ago; no one knows how soon such works may be wanted. The plan proposed for manning them is not very clear; C Battery will probably have to do the bulk of the work, if not all.

The militia event of last week was the annual meeting of the Ontario Rifle Association. All went merrily, and everything tended to show a steady increase of interest in this leading shooting fixture of the West. The old reliables were on hand in force, and plenty of both old and young unreliaables added their little pile to the treasurer's cash box, and a considerable deposit of lead to the undeveloped mine of that metal which enriches the butts. At the annual meeting, held on the ranges, the principal question debated was that of a new rifle range; a fair amount of warmth characterised the discussion, and gave a spicy and interesting turn to the proceedings. While the subject is of special and immediate interest to the Toronto battalions, it should also be taken hold of by the citizens in a serious and businesslike way. No city has more reason to be proud of the steadiness and efficiency of its troops than Toronto, and a little of its surplus civic pride would be turned to good account by presenting to its defenders a really first-class range—not as a loan, but as a gift.

The Military League competitions are now closed for 1890. The annual meeting has been held. A balance can be struck and the profit and loss account carefully scanned. The effects have been far-reaching, and, as far as can be seen, beneficial in every particular. It has brought out strong teams from every first-class regiment in the service; it has shown that where shooting teams exist in country battalions they can hold their own well with their city confreres when placed on the same footing, viz., firing on their own range; and, by the publicity given to its results, it has done more to interest the general public in rifle-shooting than any previous attempt. While the result and the scoring were surprising, I firmly believe that both were honestly arrived at. The winning teams were firing on ranges they knew thoroughly, the weather could not possibly have been better on the days when the big scores were made, and careful and systematic coaching in many instances aided to the continuous display of the white disc. The Fifty-fourth, Lord Aylmer's regiment, are to be congratulated on their success. Among the illustrations in this paper to-day is one of the winning team. The trophy itself—the reward of all this steady shooting—is a beauty, and cannot fail to be one of the principal ornaments of the mess table of the 54th so long as they retain it. It was manufactured by the Meriden Britannia Co., of Hamilton, and speaks volumes for Canadian skill in design and finish. It stands 31 inches high, and the base is 22 inches long by 19 wide.

If the report be true, we shall soon have the pleasure of welcoming to Canadian shores a corps not only with a distinguished record in the Imperial service, but with a special claim on Canadian affections, as one of the regiments which aided in rolling back the tide of American invasion in the war of 1812-15. The Eighth "Kings" is one of the oldest regiments in the service. Raised in 1685, it shared all the honours of Marlborough's brilliant campaigns, as attested by the inspiring and historic names of "Blenheim," "Ramillies," "Oudenarde" and "Malplaquet"; and although it was unfortunate enough to miss the glories of the Peninsula, Waterloo and the Crimea, its valour and daring did much to uphold the honour of the Crown in North America. Its second battalion, raised in 1756, was a few years later renumbered as the 63rd foot, whose steadiness and pluck at Inkerman no reader of Kinglake can overlook. The 8th will be the first "Royal" regiment in the Halifax garrison for a number of years; and no local Canadian who appreciates its heroic services at Fort George and Niagara in 1813, but will be proud of greeting again the "Kings."

It is strange that, while persistent efforts to obtain recruits for the army are carried on all throughout the United Kingdom, no attempts towards that end have been made for many years in Canada. Physically, a better class of men could not be obtained in any part of the Empire; and while we annually furnish a stated number of officers to the service—while our *centurions* were in great demand for arduous river work—and while much enquiry was made and a certain amount of business done in horses for military purposes, no efforts of any sort have been made to augment the rank and file by recruiting in the colonies. Canada should be a peculiarly desirable field for the enlistment of men—not only on account of its being one of the most populous of the colonies, and, consequently, having the greatest proportion of the *plains* and *farm* class which principally furnishes recruits, but because she is specially and distinctively linked to the army by having at no very distant period raised one entire battalion for the Imperial service; its use not limited to one campaign, but for all time. The 100th "Royal Canadians" was wholly recruited and officered in Canada in 1858, and was sent to England

to help to relieve the strain that had been put on the Mother Country in that and the preceding year by the struggle in India, so closely following the Crimean war. It is probable that to-day not a single Canadian is in the ranks of that corps, so that the anomaly exists of a regiment bearing the name of a country with practically no representatives of that country amongst its members; not only so, but no effort whatever has been made by the Imperial authorities to induce Canadians to join its ranks. A strong link in the Imperial chain would be a regiment such as the 100th, with depot and headquarters always in Canada, and as largely as possible recruited there also; be doing duty wherever its services would be required by the Crown.

Toronto Theatricals.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—The theatrical season has once more come round, and Toronto managers are hard at work completing arrangements to make their respective houses thoroughly comfortable for the coming attractions. The above house has been redone, almost remodeled, in all its interior furnishings, and now is without doubt the prettiest theatre in Canada. The gallery, which last year was along the back of the house, has been brought forward and extended along the sides, and is supplied with ornamented iron front, supplied with velvet plush cushions, and has a seating capacity of nearly 300. The ceiling and walls are beautifully tinted in a soft colour, and dotted here and there are stars and crowns. Eight private boxes have been put in, four on either side of the stage. They are very handsome, being done in carved wood, each one different and each one showing some subject pertaining to music or drama. The front of each is cushioned in plush. The proscenium arch is done in carved wood, all finished by hand, and is extremely handsome. The stage can be seen from every part of the house, and the acoustic properties are such as permit those in the back of the house to hear perfectly. The theatre is carpeted in a soft red stuff, very pretty and suitable. The entrance is adorned by some very effective fresco work, and is in keeping with the rest of the house. Mr. Percival S. Green has only standard attractions booked for his season, which promises to be very successful. The Academy opens on Monday, Sept. 8th, with the Boston Ideals in their new comic opera, "Famette," which is highly spoken of. On Sept. 15th a grand attraction is announced, with over 100 people on the stage. "The Prince and Pauper" is the name of the piece. Mr. Greene has leased the opera house at Brantford for three years, and will supply the theatre-goers of that city with new and attractive pieces.

THE GRAND OPERA HOUSE opened last Monday night with *Vernona Jarreau* in "Starlight." She made a great hit, and is well supported. The piece runs all week.

JACOB & SPARROW'S OPERA HOUSE commenced their season on Monday night last with Tony Pastor's Great Double Show. They have been playing to big houses, and the play goes well, evidently suiting the taste of the theatre's patrons.

A Great Work.

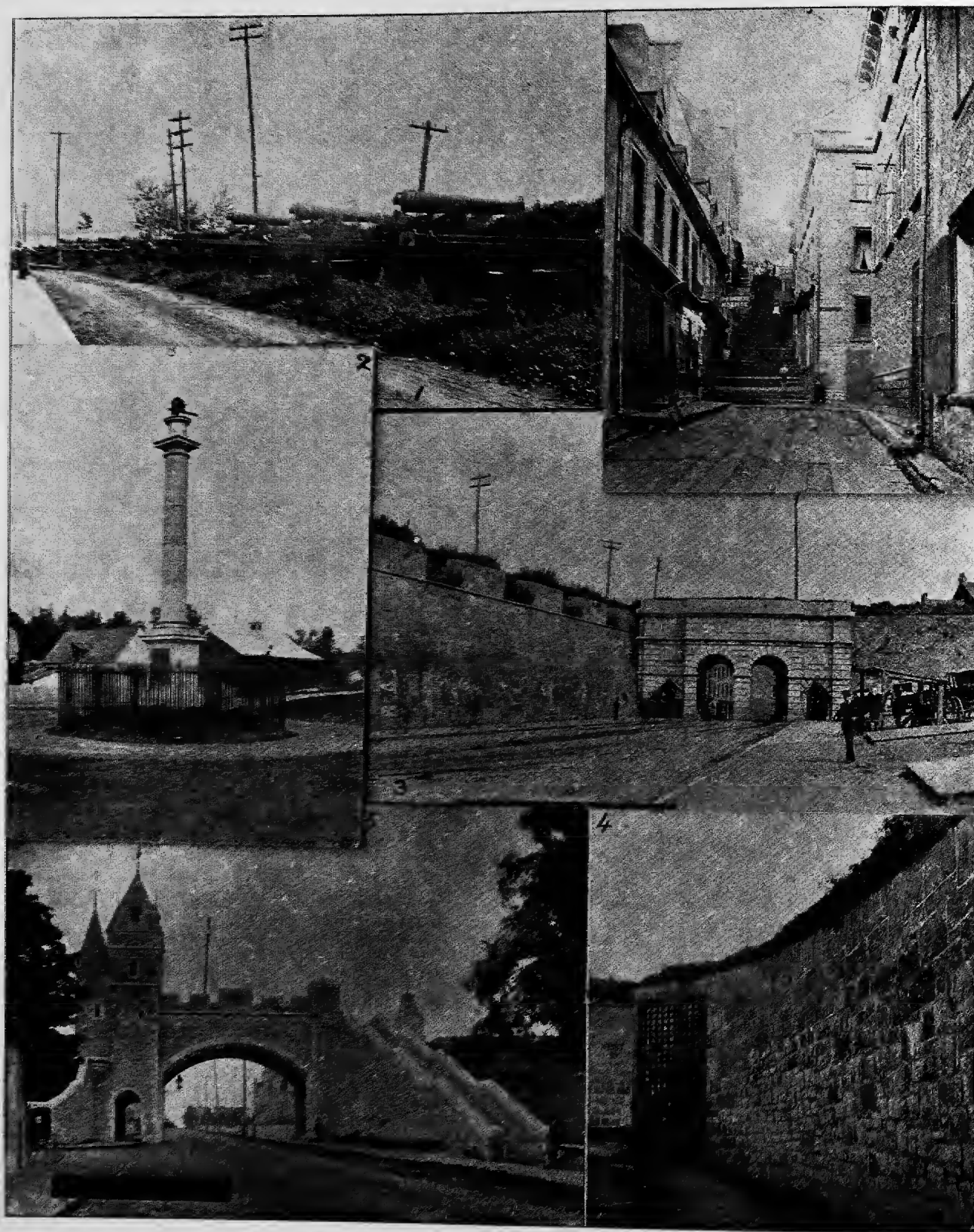
By far the most important recent event in the literary world in Paris has been the publication by Delagrave of the first number of the famous "Dictionnaire Générale de la Langue Française"—the authors of which are the late Professor Arsène Darmesteter, of the Collège de France, and Professor Hatsfeld—a work which is expected to revolutionize the system of dictionary-making hitherto in vogue, and even to supersede the colossal production of Littré. MM. Darmesteter and Hatsfeld's dictionary is an entirely new departure, for it represents the first attempt in any language to trace the historical development of the various meanings of words and to reduce them to one or a few primitive significations. How great an advance this really is upon previous French dictionaries is shown by the fact that in cases where Littré gives to meanings or more to a common word, the new dictionary proves that they are all only the different uses of one or two original meanings. To take as an example at random the common word "bureau," which has found its way into so many of the languages of Europe; the new dictionary supplies its complete pedigree, showing that it was originally applied to a particular species of the woollen stuff named *serre*, with which desks and tables were covered. Then it came to be attributed to tables themselves, afterwards to the room in which the table was placed, and finally to the personage assembled in the room at the table in question.

August.

O August, brown and sleepy-eyed and mellow,
Cinctured with vines, and straying here and there
And permeating all the odoriferous air
With an aureole of translucent yellow,—
A thrilled amber mist athwart the sun:
Most loveable are thou beyond compare,
Of all thy sisters like thee there is none,
Not blushing June nor the coquettish May,
Nor April that unknowing weeps and smiles,
Nor fervid July sunning all the isles,
Nor yet those cold white months with sleeky hair
That wrap in shrouds to show the year is done:
Stay with us sleepy mellow month, O stay!
Here in some garden house by some lone bay.

Hernewood, P.E.I.

HENRIK DUVAL.

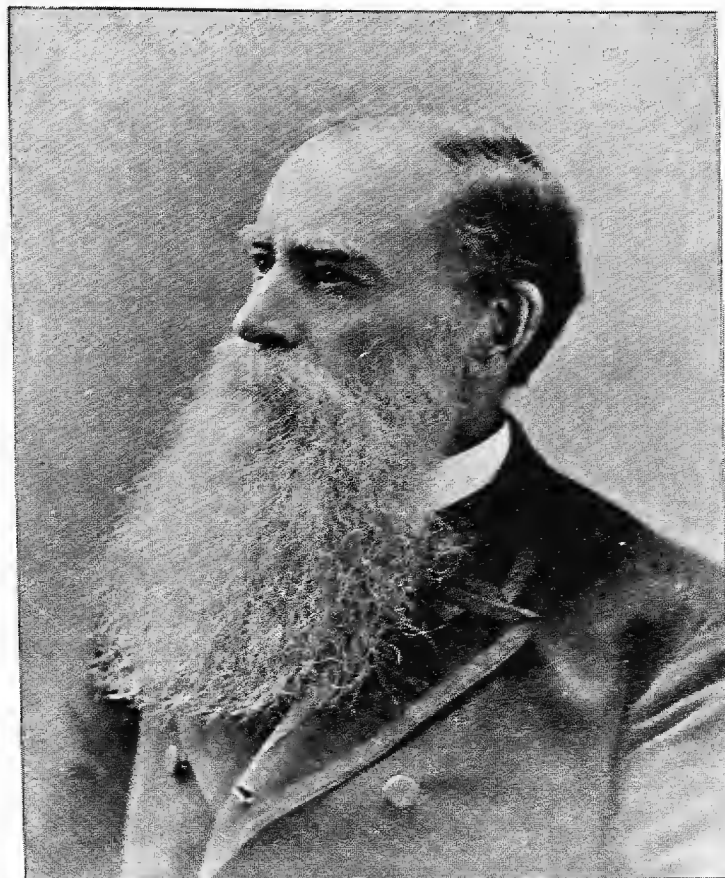


QUEBEC SCENES. (From photos. taken by G. R. Lighthall, Esq., N.P.)

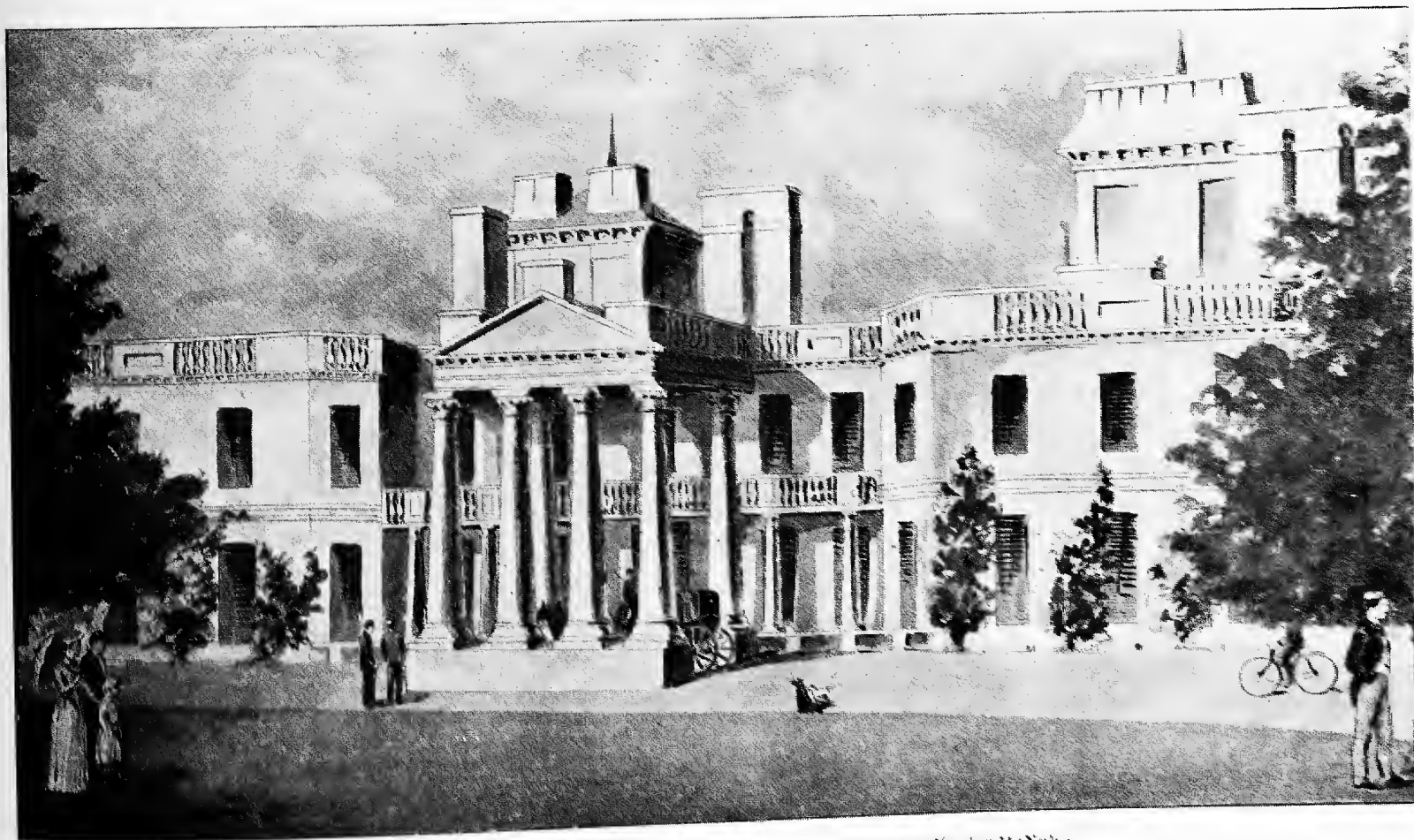
1. The Grand Battery. 2. Wolfe's Monument. 3. St. John's Gate. 4. Chain Gate, Citadel Road. 5. St. Louis Gate. 6. Break-neck Stairs, Champlain Street.



MR. DOUGLAS SLADEN.



MR. GEORGE MARTIN.



DUNDURN CASTLE, HAMILTON. (Seat of the late Sir Allan Napier McNab.)



SAND HILLS, Ont., August, 1890.

To Heloise:

We have just returned from a pleasant after-dinner stroll in the tree-shadows past the cottages and on out to the point—and now I am come to rest awhile on the rocks to tell you all about the Sand Hills—the white dunes that stretch away northerly from the Lake Shore House. The great Lake—the fair Ontario—is calm to-day, only quiet waves drift languidly in, vanishing with a restful sigh as they touch the shore—and, as far as the eye can see, the waters are blue and limpid, and full of that same beautiful colouring you see everywhere in the Great Lakes, and down the grand St. Lawrence.

Near me the birds are singing—there is not a cloud in the sky—and what with a wealth of sun-gold, and a soft, perfumed wind stirring the woods to music, the summer day is ideal! I told you the dunes were white. Ten miles away, down in Picton, reviewed from Macaulay's Hill, they seem so in contrast with all that is dark about them, but really they are of a delicate fawn shade. Composed chiefly of quartz, the sand is fine and heavy, so that once, when a barrel of it was sent away several hundred miles distant, the barrel reached its destination—empty. The chain is composed of many hills, both large and small—the highest measuring perhaps more than a hundred feet, and here and there a growth of evergreens shadows the sands, which in dry weather sink away beneath one's feet, making the descent easy, but the climbing tiresome if the mercury is high.

Yesterday I climbed one of the hills, and rested there to read awhile from an old volume, and my thoughts soon filled with the poet-soul that had passed this way more than sixty years ago—in 1828—and how wild the great shore was then! And I sought the mood which was his at the time of writing—for this, to me, is the one true way to enjoy an author—and read again his verses, written here in 1828:

Here Nature in some playful hour,
Has fondly piled these hills of sand,
Which seem the frolic of her power,
Or effort of some magic hand.

For o'er the wide extended shore,
The hills in conic structure rise,
And seem as never trod before,
Save by the playmates of the skies.

And while the waves' reflected shade
Is flung along each rising mound,
I watch the curling figures made,
Which half proclaim 'tis fairy ground.

Here Oberon, and Mab, his queen,
Have colonised their infant train,
From Scotland's hills, and Erin's green,
Where many a happy day they've lain.

But joy be theirs—I will not bring
One recollection to their view,
Or of their harp touch one soft string,
Or thoughts of other days renew.

Enough for me to gaze upon
The wild-fruit nodding on each hill,
Where thou, most generous Oberon,
May'st sport and skip at pleasure's will.

Then fare thee well—still light and free
As summer winds that fan the lake,
On, onward to eternity,
May grief nor care thee overtake.

Then in a note he calls these great wastes of white sand "a wild curiosity."

The writer is Adam Kidd, who in 1830 had printed at the office of the *Herald and New Gazette*, Montreal, a volume of 216 pages, dedicating it to Thomas Moore. The great Irish poet, too, enhanced the charm of Canadian scenery with the soul's creation of beauty—and there still is growing in the city of Kingston an old thorn tree, under whose shade he composed one of his odes.

I am digressing, but I have told you all I know of this wonderful shore, except that it is one of the relic-places of old pottery. I picked up several pieces of it this morning, across the sands yonder, where a white hill has drifted away, leaving the brown earth almost bare. It used to be made here—it may be a hundred years ago—it may be thousands—by the Indians, or by people who lived here before them—the Aztecs, or Toltecs, perhaps, driven south one day by tribes supposed to have come across the straits from Asia. And, you know, some go even so far as to believe our Indians to be the Lost Ten Tribes of Israel.

However, no one yet has told us surely who fashioned this pottery years ago here by the great Lake—and, perhaps, it will remain a mystery till the last day when, in keeping with a northern myth, Surtur shall come from Muspelheim—the flame-world—and destroy gods and earth with his fire. You remember those verses in *Voluptas*:

"Sutar, from the South, wends
With seething fire;
The talcbon of the Mighty One
A sun-light flameth."

But, while I write, a dark figure comes across the white dunes—an Indian princess, beautiful as the summer day—her long hair full of dusky shadows—her eyes black like black velvet. At each step her small, bare, brown foot sinks in the hot sand; but a smile is on her lips, and her song is sweet like the voice of June. Years ago Iduna passed this way with her youth-giving apples, and, touched by the princess' beauty, gave her eternal access to her golden shores.

Onward she comes—the hills are cleared, and she passes away into the shadows of the forest, and I can hear her song no more. After all she is only a creature of the imagination, you know, and the Sand Hills are without a foot-print; but the birds are still singing, and the great, blue lake, within touch of my hand, is real.

HELEN M. MERRILL.

The Real Italy of the Renaissance.

The Italy of the Renaissance as we see it in the works of our tragic playwrights is a country of mysterious horror, the sinister reputation of which lasted two hundred years; lasted triumphantly throughout the light and finikin eighteenth century, and found its latest expression in the grim and ghastly romances of the school of Ann Radcliff, romances which are but the last puny and grotesque descendants of the great stock of Italian tragedies, born of the first terror-stricken meeting of the England of Elizabeth with the Italy of the late Renaissance. Is the impression received by the Elizabethan playwrights a correct impression? Was Italy in the sixteenth century that land of horrors? Reviewing in our memory the literature and art of the Italian Renaissance, remembering the innumerable impressions of joyous and healthy life with which it has filled us; recalling the bright and thoughtless rhymes of Lorenzo dei Medici, of Politian, of Berni, and of Ariosto; the sweet and tender poetry of Bembo and Vittoria Colonna and Tasso; the bluff sensuality of novelists like Bandello and Masuccio, the Aristophanesque laughter of the comedy of Bibbiena and of Beolco; seeing in our mind's eye the stately sweet matrons and noble senators of Titian, the virginal saints and madonnas of Raphael, the joyous angels of Correggio;—recapitulating rapidly all our impressions of this splendid time of exuberant vitality, of this strong and serene Renaissance, we answer without hesitation, and with only a smile of contempt at our credulous ancestors. The Italy of the Renaissance was, of all things that have ever existed or ever could exist, the most utterly unlike the nightmare visions of men like Webster and Ford, like Marston and Tourneur. The only Elizabethan drama which really represents the Italy of the Renaissance is the comedy of Shakespeare, of Beaumont, and Fletcher, and of Ben Jonson and Massinger; to the Renaissance belong those clear and sunny figures, the Portias, Antonios, Gracianos, Violas, Petruchios, Bellarios and Almiras; their faces do we see on the canvases of Titian and the frescoes of Raphael; they are the real children of the Italian Renaissance. These frightful Brachianos and Annabellas and Ferdinands and Corombonas and Vindicis and Pieros of the "White Devil," of the "Duchess of Malfy," of the "Revenge's Tragedy," and of "Antonio and Melinda," are mere fantastic horrors, as false as the Counts Udolpho, the Spalartos, the Zastrozzis, and all their grotesquely ghastly pseudo-Italian brethren of eighty years ago.

And, indeed, the Italy of the Renaissance, as represented in its literature and its art, is the very negation of Elizabethan horrors. Of all the mystery, the colossal horror and terror of our dramatists, there is not the faintest trace in the intellectual productions of the Italian Renaissance. The art is absolutely stainless: no scenes of horror, no frightful martyrdoms as with the Germans under Albrecht Dürer; no abominable butcheries as with the Bolognese of the seventeenth century; no macerated saints and tattered assassins, as with the two Spaniards; no mystery, no contortion, no horrors; vigorous and serene beauty, pure and cheerful life, real or ideal, on wall or canvas, in bronze or marble. The literature is analogous to the art, only less perfect, more tainted with the weakness of humanity, less ideal, more real. It is essentially human, in the largest sense of the word; or if it cease, in creatures like Aretine, to be humanly clean, it becomes merely satyrlike, swinish, hircose. But it is never savage in lust or violence; it is quite free from the element of ferocity. It is essentially light and quiet and well regulated, sane and reasonable, never staggering or blinded by excess; it is full of intelligent discrimination, of intelligent leniency, of well-bred reserved sympathy; it is civilized as are the wide well-paved streets of Ferrara compared with the tortuous black alleys of mediæval Paris; as are the well-lit, clean, spacious palaces of Michelozzo or Bramante compared with the squalid, unhealthy, uncomfortable mediæval castles of Dürer's etchings. It is indeed a trifle too civilized; too civilized to produce every kind of artistic fruit—and here comes the crushing difference between the Italian Renaissance and our Elizabethans' pictures of it—it is, this beautiful literature of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, completely deficient in every tragic element; it has intuition neither for tragic event nor for tragic character; it affords not a single tragic page in its poems and novels; it is incapable, after the most laborious and conscientious study of Euripides and Seneca, utterly and miserably incapable of producing a single real tragedy, anything which is not a sugary pastoral or a pompous rhetorical exercise. The epic poets of the Italian Renais-

sance, Pulci, Boiardo, Berni and Ariosto, even the stately and sentimental Tasso are no epic poets at all. They are mere light and amusing gossip, some of them absolute buffoons. Their adventures over hill and dale are mere riding parties, their fights mere festival tournaments, their enchantments mere pageant wonders. Events like the death of Hector, the slaughter of Penelope's suitors, the festive massacre of Chriemhild, the horrible deceit of Alfonso the Chaste sending Bernardo del Carpio his father's corpse on horseback—things like these never enter their minds. When tragic events do by some accident come into their narration, they cease to be tragic; they are frittered away into mere pretty conceits like the death of Isabella and the sacrifice of Olympia in the "Orlando Furioso;" or melted down into vague pathos, like the burning of Olindo and Sofronia and the death of Clorinda by the sentimental Tasso. Neither poet, the one with his cheerfulness, the other with his mild melancholy, brings home, conceives the horror of the situation; the one treats the tragic in the spirit almost of burlesque, the other entirely in the spirit of elegy.—Vernon Lee.

Some Old Canadian Customs.

Some old beliefs that once existed among the *habitants*, are, M. LeMay, the translator of *Evangeline*, tell us, fast dying away. One of them was that of the temporary resurrection, at Christmastide, of the last *curé* of the parish, who, with his dead flock around him, recited the office for the day, his ghostly audience repeating the responses. Another tradition is that on Christmas night the light of the stars penetrates the opened recesses of the earth, sometimes revealing hidden treasures. The supposed genuflexions of the oxen at that sacred season are common to most Christian communities. With Christmas among the French-Canadians, as among other peoples, are connected many curious rhymes which have been handed down from generation to generation. The strangest of these is what is known as *La Guignolle*, of which there are several versions. It is more immediately associated with New Year's Day than with Christmas, but formerly the two holidays were closely related. The Christmas season may, indeed, be said to terminate only with Epiphany, which by many is still called Old Christmas Day. The origin of *La Guignolle* is unknown. The explanation *au gui, Pan neuf!* (the one generally given) would carry the custom back to the Druids and the gathering of the sacred mistletoe (*gui, viscum*) to which Pliny makes reference (Nat. Hist. xvi., 249). The custom is still kept up, M. Sulte says, in some parishes of the Province of Quebec, of singing the *Guignolle* on the evening of St. Sylvester's day, that is New Year's Eve. As the words of this ancient invocation may be new to some, I append one of the versions contained in the *Chansons populaires du Canada* of M. Ernest Gagnon:

"Bonjour le maître et la maîtresse
Et tout le monde de la maison.
Pour le dernier jour de l'année
La Ignolée vous nous devez.
Si vous voulez rien nous donner
Dites-nous-le,
On emmènera seulement
La fille aînée.
On lui fera faire bonne chère,
On lui fera chauffer les pieds,
On vous demande seulement
Une chignéc,
De vingt à trente pieds de long
Si vous voulez-e.
La Ignolée, la Ignoloche,
Mettez du lard dedans ma poche!
Quand nous fum's au milieu du bois,
Nous fum's à l'ombre;
J'entendais chanter le coucou
Et la Coulombe.
Rossignolet du vert bocage
Rossignolet du bois joli,
Eh! va-t-en dire à ma maîtresse
Que je meurs pour ses beaux yeux.
Tout filte qui n'a pas d'amant,
Comment vit-elle?
Elle vit toujours en soupirant
Et toujours veille."

J. R.

The International Chess Tournament at Manchester.

Writing in advance of this interesting contest, which began on the 25th ult., the *London Times* says:—Chess players generally will be pleased to hear that Captain Mackenzie, the United States chess champion, has signified his intention of playing at Manchester. He had engaged to leave New York on July 20. Since gaining first prize at Frankfort in 1887 and second at Bradford in 1888, Captain Mackenzie has been compelled to abstain from match chess, and could not participate even in the American International Chess Tournament at New York last year, though when well enough he was on the spot watching the proceedings with great interest. His chivalry in coming from America to take part in the forthcoming competition will be greatly appreciated. A powerful list of entries seems certain. Representatives from Berlin, Vienna, Paris, and Holland are announced, and there will be a fair array of British masters.

Tom's Yarn.

A TALE OF ENTERPRISING YOUNG CANADA.

By SPRINGBROS.

I am a modest youth withal—don't laugh, it is a fact—and what a position was there! A pretty girl, advancing with arms half extended, with an expression of tender regard in her eyes, and I the object of it all!

But surely her conduct was, to put it mildly, rather unusual, for she seemed to be a lady. She was dressed like one, and there was an indescribable air of refinement about her; it is hard to express, but you know what I mean. The air of culture and breeding which, to the initiated, and, indeed, to anybody, marks a difference between the woman, be she young or old, who is in the enjoyment of superior social advantages, and the woman who is not.

I was interested and, I may add, somewhat embarrassed. Dimly it was manifested to me that there was an absurd mistake somewhere. And this, in part, restored my self-possession. I decided that as she had made the first move she should discover for herself that it was a false one. I would not deceive her, and I prepared myself to have what fun I could whilst the delusion lasted. Fatal resolution, framed in the recklessness that is the curse of my nature—that bids me speak when wise men keep silence and urges me on to actions that my calmer and better self recoils from.

We shook hands—such a delightfully soft little hand she had! And how confidently it nestled in mine, responding coyly when I ventured to press it. Her laughing dark eyes regarded me seriously until they sank from mine, in beautiful confusion, behind thick drooping lashes.

I said I was most fortunate to have hit upon that particular day to take passage down the river. Again she lifted her eyes and looked curiously at me, replying it was most fortunate. Then we both smiled. She, as I thought, mischievously, evidently enjoying something awkward and uncertain in my demeanour.

Now, I pride myself on possessing a good average share of assurance. Not that offensive, case-hardened, self-assertiveness that is so all-prevailing nowadays, but a more refined and insinuating type of the same; and it put me on my mettle to think that possibly, after all, I was mistaken in her. She might all the while be despising me in her heart as a great, shy booby. The very idea was torture to a sensitive nature like mine. So I pulled myself together and drew her to a seat by the hand which I still retained in mine. We sat down side by side. I lay back and regarded her a moment, trying, as I dare affirm, not unsuccessfully, to assume the air of one with whom it was quite an ordinary occurrence to be accosted by strange and charming damsels.

"It is almost too light to be perfectly enjoyable," I said at length. "In a short time the moon will be up, and we can admire its effect on the water—strange effect, moon on the water—great opportunity for abstract contemplation. It seems somehow to enliven one's sentiment! We can put our heads together and compare impressions. I take an intense interest in that sort of thing, don't you?" And I looked sharply at her to note how she would stand that.

She laughed, not a bit confused, though, bless you. "None of your nonsense, now, young man," was the light reply; "oblige me by giving an account of yourself."

"Ah! decidedly a case of mistaken identity," I again assured myself, then—

"I have many important communications to make to you," I declared, "but first tell me where are you going? Quebec?"

"Oh, I am taking a little pleasure trip. I have just returned from England, where I have been at school for the last three or four years," and again she favoured me with a quick, sharp glance.

"Are you travelling alone?" I queried.

She leaned back in her chair, ignoring the question, and began to cross-examine me. I informed her I hailed from Winnipeg, selecting at random the most remote place that occurred to me.

"Do you belong to Winnipeg?" she asked.

"Yes; born there!" I declared briskly. "Spent the last five years on the prairie. My father owns a large ranche about fifty miles from the city, and I have charge of it! There, that settles it!" I thought regretfully, for I was sorry to think of our short *l'le-à-l'le* being ended. To my surprise, she heard me with supreme concern.

"Tell me about it, please," she entreated, "it must be a splendid life! I have heard so much about it all, but never before met anybody who has actually lived the life, as you have. I am curious to learn something about it."

"Oh! we get up at daylight, ride about all day, and then go to sleep at sunset—very healthy life! Lots of exercise, and terribly hungry at meals. The great drawback is the scarcity of ladies," and I bobbed my head at her. We both laughed, and she proceeded with her questions. As I am a pretty good extemporaneous liar, we got along famously, and the air of attention with which she listened was most flattering; it stimulated me to keep the business going.

As time passed, the darkness gathered. One by one the passengers retired to the saloon, leaving us alone on the after deck; snugly ensconced in our retired corner. By this time I was in a state of bewilderment only equalled by the pleasure I experienced in her society. It was all so delightfully improper, and, at the same time, so perfectly was her manner towards me in keeping with all one's notions

of what it should be that I was strangely attracted. The glances she gave me from time to time, I watched for eagerly, and when she did look I felt a vague disquiet. I have already tried to tell you how her face affected me. It was as if I had known her in some previous existence. Perhaps I had. Who can say?

Maybe you will understand if I put it like this: Can any of you recall to mind a face that haunts your more softened and remorseful moods? A sweet, tender face, with loving eyes and bright, youthful, quivering red lips—the face of a young girl who loves you, despite your wrong-doing? Who will continue loving to the end, and to whom your love, such as you can spare her from more exacting calls, is given. What! you have none of you known it? Out upon you for three unregenerate wretches! There is no hope for you! Nothing to restrain you in your base career of self advancement and self-jollification which we all of us, to a greater or less extent, follow in this world.

There was, and there is still, a subtle chain which links my soul to that girl's soul. A connection which will last as long as our two lives last, and which will, I hope, continue in the afterlife. For, in spite of all, I love her, false as she is. And she loves me, too; but I anticipate.

As I said, we were become quite sociable, and chatted away like friends of long standing.

When the deck was quite deserted, save by ourselves, I drew my seat closer to hers, and threw my arm carelessly over the back of her chair, rattling on all the while about my imaginary adventures in the western wilds.

Softened and all as my feeling towards her was, I could not but wonder at the mysteries about her. Who could she be, and why had she spoken to me? Her manner and her speech were undoubtedly those of a lady. But again, whatever made her address me! No lady would do a thing like that without a reason. She was possessed of an insatiable curiosity regarding my western life, and mercilessly urged me on whenever my overtaxed invention halted. I had several times tried to turn the conversation, so as to draw her out, and, if possible, gratify my curiosity regarding her. But she, in the calmest way and, seemingly, ignorant of my design, invariably foiled me.

Now, I determined on a desperate move, which would, at all events, drop the curtain on this farce and place matters on a plain basis.

"One thing is very striking to a stranger out there," I said. "When a man becomes comfortably settled, with a balance of money on hand and every prospect of future prosperity, he naturally thinks of getting married. He puts on his best clothes, curls his long hair in a picturesque style over his shoulders, crowns it with the regulation ranchman's broad-brimmed, soft, white felt hat, and rides into Winnipeg. At the Immigrant Sheds he is shown the latest batch of new arrivals from the Old Country. He inspects the females of the party critically, and selects the one most pleasing in his sight, shows the title of his lands and all that to the Government Immigration Officer, is duly approved of, and marries the lady at once."

"But surely he asks her if she will have him first!" she demanded.

"Oh, yes! But that is a mere matter of form. They have all come out for the purpose of getting a husband."

"Oh!" in a tone of shocked surprise, "is there no courtship?"

"Courtship! No, indeed. We rush things out there at high pressure. Life is too short for any preliminary love-making. The harvest is waiting, or the cattle is ready to be sold, or something demands immediate attention on the ranche. We have no time for bashful hesitation."

"For example, here am I, a young man from the West, and you are fresh from the Old Country. Unfortunately, my time is limited. There are heaps of delightful tactics I should like to go through, but the exigencies of western pioneer life will not permit of it. I see you, and fall madly in love—the one deep, all-absorbing passion of a heart capable of abnormal tenderness. In short, the love of one heretofore precluded from all such delights by a wild solitary life, remote from feminine influence. There is no time to spare—must return to the ranche in a few days at the latest. So I dare not postpone the avowal. And besides—horrible idea!—another man might appear, and, before one could wink, he would, perhaps, snatch you up under my very nose. Just realize the position, please! Knowing, as I do, the state of life in the West, I do not hesitate. I say to you, Miss —, well never mind the name; 'tis of little consequence, and I hope to have it changed for better or for worse soon. I have a magnificent capital of brains and business enterprise. My estate near Red Dog station is probably the most swampy and uninhabitable tract in the most swampy and uninhabitable county in Manitoba. It only lacks one thing—and that is a mistress. You are the girl to suit me! Will you be mine? Will you confer upon me the inestimable treasure of your love? Your answer—I am all impatience!"

"I decline," she said smiling. "Brains and business enterprise are not exactly practical assets. And a tract of uninhabitable swamp is certainly not inviting."

I drew a deep, long breath, and braced myself; for the crisis was at hand. Then, trying to speak lightly, though my heart was thumping against my ribs and raising a horrible row, I said, laughing:

"Now, I come to the second and, sometimes, more convincing argument." And slipping my arm from the back of her chair, I passed it around her, drew her to me until her head lay confidently on my shoulder. She looked up at me and smiled softly. Oh, the bliss of it all! The moon

shone down on her upturned face, her eyes peered coyly at me through half closed lashes, pouting red lips, slightly parted, revealed two rows of small, pearly teeth behind. Bewitching and irresistibly tempting!

In that moment of triumph, how I scorned myself for my late ignoble timidity. Truly, none but the brave deserve the fair! I winked pensively out over the waters and congratulated myself then, and who would not! I even bent my head and imprinted a tender, chaste greeting. Our lips met, and our eyes smiled encouragement.

But a cruel interruption came. Whilst my soul conferred with her soul, whilst our natures sympathized one with the other, rejoicing each in having at length found a responsive affection such as both had ever yearned for vaguely, a dark shadow was suddenly cast over us, and a hand laid heavily on my shoulder.

"Well, young man, what may you be doing?"

I started, the voice seemed not unfriendly, but the grip, tightening on my shoulder, was certainly hostile. Quickly I withdrew my arm from about the young lady's waist, then I wrenched myself free from the grasp and stared up at the speaker. Was I to rest quietly and suffer such a rude and, by me at least, undeserved interruption? Surely not! The moonlight was at his back, so I could only see the outline of the figure, which was that of a man much older than myself. We eyed each other a moment. I looked at my fair friend, she was smiling; apparently to her this was all was very diverting. Again I regarded the new comer.

"Where the deuce did you come from, may I ask?" I retorted calmly. Nothing like keeping cool and ignoring all questions in a case like this. Evidently my remark told, for he seemed rather disconcerted. I turned to my charming friend, and was about to speak again, when she burst out laughing. I gazed open-mouthed at her, angry and puzzled. "Oh, dear!" she sighed, when, at length, she got the better of her merriment, "was ever anything so ridiculous! Just fancy, papa, Tom has been flirting with me in the most outrageous manner for the last three hours. He was illustrating to me the way they make love out in the North-West when you came up. Oh, he has said such absurd things! She rose, took my father's arm, for the old gentleman was none other, and marched off. And as I followed sheepishly after them I heard her relate in detail the things I had said, and, horror! those I had done. I realized that I was bound to become the laughing stock of all my friends for the next three months. It was my sister Katie all the time! She had been away at school in England the last four years, and was returning when I encountered her. She came over by steamer to New York and my father met her at Montreal. She recognized me at once, and seeing by my manner that I did not know her, basely led me on as I have described. She has, of course, told everybody about it, and made my life generally miserable ever since. Now I dare not refuse her anything—dare not even treat her with the scant ceremony that I, in common with other brothers, believe so productive of good in one's intercourse with one's sister. She at once crushes me by hinting at the difference in my demeanour since I discovered she was not some other fellow's sister. But these family matters are uninteresting."

And Tom sighed, refilled his glass, and gazed at us with a most woebegone expression, though a droll twinkle in the corner of his eye told that he appreciated the joke quite as much as anybody.

THE END.

Keats and Shelley.

Keats and Shelley stand side by side as the two great ideal artists of their generation; but they never appreciated each other. There is no excuse for seeking the reason in anything so dishonourable as jealousy; for neither could by possibility have thought the other was over-rated by the world. And, if we admit Mr. Rossetti's explanation that Keats was rendered capacious and irritable by disease, this will not account for the slighting and unsympathetic way in which Shelley spoke of all his works except "Hyperion." He evidently regarded Keats as a man of genius, who was in great danger of wasting himself; and, even in "Adonais," he inclined to number him with the inheritors of unfulfilled renown; and the enumeration shows that this is not to be taken simply of the gifted souls, whose names must be left to wait for justice from posterity. The fact is, each of them felt the faults of the other; and the reason that Shelley, with this feeling, spoke more warmly of Keats than Keats spoke of him, is not wholly that he was more generous, but also that he was less critical.

Of all great poets, Keats was the most literary; and it was natural that he should be exacting. To him poetry was an end in itself; its mission was simply to fill and satisfy the spirits with images of objective loveliness. His philosophy, so far as he had one, was a judicious quietism—a seeking of the beautiful where it was to be found, in the ordered stability of nature, and in the rich moments of life which come to those who are ready for them. It is certain that he came nearer than Shelley to the temper of most great poets, of Homer and Sophocles, of Pindar and Shakespeare, of Chaucer and Goethe. Perhaps he was right in recoiling from Shelley's subjective fervour, from his feverish pursuit of an impalpable progress, as Shelley was right in warning him against his tendency to bury every subject he undertook under a profusion of flowers. It may be questioned whether Shelley's power was not higher; but Keats was justified in feeling that his own aims in poetry were surer.



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HUMOROUS.

FORWARD watch : Eight bells, and all's
well. Sea sick old lady : He wouldn't say
so if he knew how badly I feel !

"If women are really angels," writes an
old bachelor, "why don't they fly over the
fence instead of making such an awkward job
of climbing?"

MRS. HOUTEN : You belong to a very old
family, Mr. Nemo, I believe? Mr. Nemo :
No'm; not me. I guess you're thinkin' of
my darter 'Liza.

"PROFESSOR, what's the difference, any-
how, between a fiddle an' a violin?" "Ze
same deerferenz zat eggzeest between ze veed-
ler an' ze violinist."

"I is"—began Tommy, when his teacher
interrupted him. "That is wrong: you
should say I am," "All right," said Tommy.
"I am the ninth letter of the alphabet."

CHICAGO TEACHER : Yes, corned beef is
one of our most famous exports. Now, who
can tell me what stands next to corned beef?
Boston little boy (triumphantly) : Cabbage.

COUNTRYMAN : You got lost, you say?
How long have you been without anythin' to
eat? Dude (feebly) : I've had enough to eat
all along, but I've been without cigarettes for
three days.

It was at a time when the moon may be
seen faintly during the day that little Ted
came running into his mother with the excla-
mation, "Oh, mamma, God's forgotten to
take the moon in!"

WOMAN-LIKE.—Bessie : One of the horrid
papers has sent an artist and a reporter here
to write up the bathing scenes. I think they
are over there on that sandbank. Jennie :
How scandalous. Let us go over where they
are and sit down.

HUSBAND : Well, my dear, what did the
magnetic physician say to you? Wife : He
says I am a sick woman, and that my nervous
system is not in equilibrium. He says I am
too positive. Husband : Humph! I could
have told you that and saved a half-guinea.

UNDOUBTEDLY THE LAST.—Jones : Who
is that striking-looking man over there?

Seems like a popular sort of chap." Brown :
Mistake! He's the last man we fellows will
have anything to do with. Jones : Extra-
ordinary! Brown (easily) : Not at all; he's
the undertaker.

Roman Remains.

Another monument of the old Roman city
which lies buried in the neighbourhood at
Frankfort was brought to light a short time ago.
The name of the city has not yet been fixed,
but the latest suggestions, made by Dr. Riese,
point to the ancient Nidodunum or Nidobriga.
As early as 1826 an altar was found, and a few
years ago a giant pillar was brought up and
placed in the Historical Museum. Dr. A.
Hammerman has now found the companion
pillar, which is, however, broken, but the
head is intact. It represents an equestrian
figure of Jupiter, under whose horse a giant
with the body of a serpent is writhing.
Jupiter is represented after the manner of the
Roman emperors, a portion of the mantle
being well preserved, and the whole work
shows signs of great care.

The Japan Quince.

Japan, or Scarlet-flowering Quince, is too
well known to need description or recom-
mendation, but it might be often used more
effectively than it is. It is easily propagated
by cuttings of the roots in a hot-bed with a
gentle heat, by offshoots or layering, and if
any one who may have a use for the plants
will bend down the outer branches of a bush,
and bury a portion of the stem with earth, he
will, in two years' time, have a lot of plants
with which can be made a very ornamental
hedge. There are many places where a short
hedge of two or three rods is more tasty and
beautiful than a fence, and the Cydonia
japonica makes an efficient substitute, as the
thorns will turn stock. For massing in large
groups this plant is excellent, its scarlet
bloom and glossy foliage being showy and
beautiful. Its singular, unshapely fruit,
borne on mature bushes, is not poisonous, as
some imagine, nor is it of much value.—
Vick's Magazine.

An Interesting Community.

A correspondent of the *Frankfurter Zeit-
ung* gives some particulars of the tribe of Ger-
man people who inhabit the *sette comuni* in
the province of Vicenza, on the Tyrolean
boundary. These people, who have been
separated from the rest of the German nation
for many centuries, retain, in the midst of
their Italian surroundings, a language of Teu-
tonic origin, which they call "cimbric," and
trace their descent to the remainder of the
Cimbri, who were conquered and dispersed
by Marius in the year 101. According to
Schmeller they are in all probability
Alemanni, who settled in these mountain
regions after the battle of Tolpiacum.
Though the Italian language is fully established
in the pulpit, there is occasionally a tender
clinging to the old dialect of their forefathers
in the death announcement. In the dialect
may be seen the earlier forms of modern High
German, and the connection with English is
frequently apparent.

An Extraordinary Affection.

A curious phase of disease is recorded by
the Vienna medical journals. A young man,
who appears to be in good health in every re-
spect, and who shows no abnormal symptoms
while he is within doors, appears to have an
ungovernable desire for the sunlight. As soon
as he is outside on a sunny day, he fixes his
eyes upon that "greater light," and instead
of being dazzled by the strength of its rays
like ordinary mortals, he is able to stare right
into the glare, and his eyes seem to open
wider and wider as he looks. The man
spreads his legs so as to acquire a firm footing,
his limbs become paralysed; and for the time
he hears no one speak to him, sees nothing
but the sun, and appears dead to the rest of
his surroundings. After about ten minutes,
when the retina has become wearied, he falls
powerless to the ground, where he remains a
few minutes. Then he raises himself slowly,
walks about, and presently he is subject to
the same attraction again, and all the pheno-
mena above described are gone through a
second time.

THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

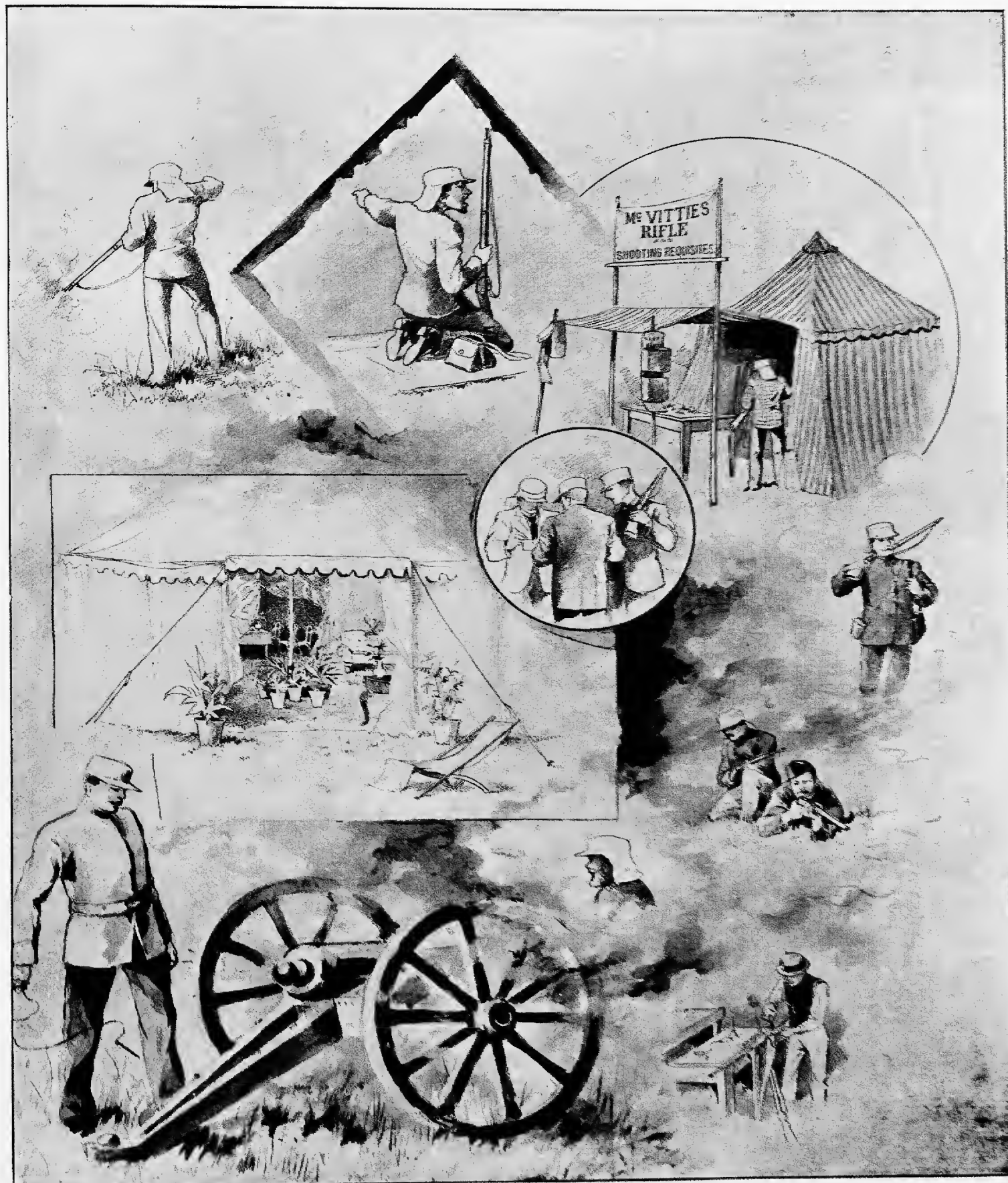
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Vol. V. No. 115.

MONTREAL AND TORONTO, 13th SEPTEMBER, 1890.

[illegible]

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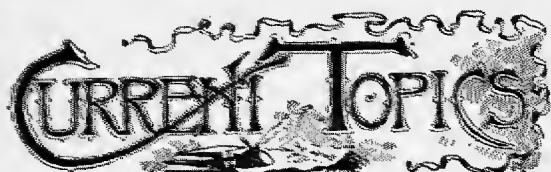
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Of the indications of his character that have come to light since Cardinal Newman's death there is none more significant than the letter which represents him as saying Mass for the repose of Charles Kingsley's soul. Of all his controversial antagonists the rector of Eversley was the most unsparing of what he was disposed to regard as wilful recreancy on the part of the great Tractarian. He went so far as to charge him with dishonesty on the ground that it was morally impossible for him to believe what he professed to believe. Thus challenged, Dr. Newman took from his armoury weapons more keen than the author of "Yeast" had ever encountered and wielded them with an adroitness which shivered his adversary's clumsier blade into pieces that wounded the assailant. Out of this dispute grew the famous *Apologia*. It is not without interest to us Canadians that both these distinguished men have special claims on our remembrance. Dr. Newman was in his early life the tutor of a young student of Exeter College, who was destined to become the first Metropolitan Bishop of the Anglican Church in Canada; and Dr. Fulford made his old teacher's spiritual autobiography the theme of one of his most remarkable addresses. Charles Kingsley, before his visit to Canada, wrote a letter to the *Gazette* of this city, in which occur these memorable passages: "Loyalty and patriotism are qualities on which I shall not compliment you. They seem to be native to Canadians; and it would be an impertinence on my part to praise you for possessing that which you would be ashamed to want. * * * But I must compliment you on the sound sense with which you are treating the question of the Reciprocity Treaty. * * * Let us also compliment you on the noble attitude which Canada is assuming at this moment, an attitude which you have (as far as I have read) always recommended; and it may be materially assisted by your gallant but moderate exhortations. England will be, now and henceforth, proud of her child, and all the more proud because in Canada seems to be solved at last that 'Irish problem' which has so sadly troubled us at home. As long as the system of politics and society carried out in Canada can convert such men as Mr. McGee (whom I mention with much respect) and can rally in support of the Throne and the Constitution thousands, not only of Protestant English and Scotch, but of Catholic French and Irish, Canada will be in a position which many a kingdom may well envy; and one which will surely, if she continues as she has begun, make her a mighty and a happy State."

M. Pierre Foncin, writing in the *Revue Bleue*, with the French-Canadian press for his text, has some pretty sharp things to say of his kindred on the banks of the St. Lawrence. Of course, he begins by paying tribute to "Curé Labelle, the great Canadian patriot of our time, the promoter

of all sorts of national enterprises." The mottoes with which some of our contemporaries announce their principles or avow their aspirations M. Foncin considers somewhat ostentatious—indeed, he uses a stronger term. He cites those of the *Canadien*, the *Courier du Canada*, of *La Justice*, of the *Journal des Trois Rivières*, and some other papers of this province, and then seeks some examples across the border. The latter seem a little puzzled occasionally as to the adjustment of their allegiance to Canada on the one hand and to the Republic on the other. A Plattsburgh paper, for instance, has two mottoes and a twofold emblem. "*E. Pluribus unum*" does homage evidently to the United States, while French Canada is commemorated by the words: "*Parare Domino plebem perfectam*" (to make ready for the Lord a people prepared for him). St. John and his customary Eagle, flanked by a beaver and a maple branch, symbolize the two communities whose interests the Plattsburgh *National* has undertaken to defend. There is a little confusion in this device, for St. John Baptist, not the Evangelist, is the patron saint of Canada. But the beaver and maple clear up any possible doubt as to the meaning of the emblem. M. Foncin has questioned his collection of newspapers very rigorously on the subject of their loyalty. He finds enough to assure him that the Canadians who have not crossed the border are well contented with British rule. The declaration of *l'Union Libérale* is unmistakably clear on that point: "We, French-Canadian Liberals, aspire to make of Canada a great country under the ægis of British institutions, which we love and admire." The expressions of opinion as to annexation are equally plain. Not only do the French papers of this province oppose such a policy, but many of the organs of the Canadian colonies in the United States are ranged on the same side. M. Foncin finds the language of our French papers somewhat marred by archaisms and anglicisms, but he is struck by their profoundly moral tone. The French-Canadian press fully appreciates its rôle as the educator of the people, yet in its morality, which is free from all tinge of hypocrisy, there is a wholesome freshness, a *naïveté*, that precludes neither good humour nor a certain spice of archness. But its most salient characteristics are love of country and devotion to the traditional faith.

In connection with the forestry conference, which has just been held at Quebec, it may be of interest to recall that as long ago as the summer of 1874, the British Commissioners of Woods and Forests instituted a comprehensive inquiry into the timber resources of all the colonies. A circular, containing a list of questions to be answered, was addressed to the proper authorities in every British colony from the largest self-governing dominion, like Canada, and the British possessions in Australasia, to small insular dependencies, like Bermuda and Labuan. The questions covered a broad range—the varieties of timber (botanical and local names), the ownership of the forest land, its extent, the increase or diminution of the timber, and in the latter case the probable cause, the quantity that could be cut without injury, the quantity actually cut, the proportion consumed at home and the proportion exported, the annual exports during the ten years preceding, and, if they showed a decrease, to what it might be ascribed, the character of the observations (if any) that had been made as to the influence of forests on climate, rainfall, floods, and other phenomena. It required four years to collect, arrange and publish the mass of varied information which formed the answers to these inquiries, and the data and the conclusions based upon them were most instructive. The investigation was first prompted by a discussion at the Institution of Surveyors which took place in March, 1874, on two papers relating to English timber. In the course of it the Hon. J. K. Howard, Commissioner of Woods, directed attention to the condition of the forests in foreign countries—especially France, a commission of whose National Assembly had recently issued a report on

the subject; and it was deemed that a series of like reports as to the forest wealth of the British possessions abroad—covering the ground already indicated—would be of value in checking the waste of all kinds, to which forest lands had been liable. Lord Carnarvon (then Colonial Secretary) took the matter earnestly up and the result was the inquiry. In the prefatory observations to the general report, the case of the Dominion is signalized as serving to illustrate the importance of the subject to which attention had been drawn. At that time (1878) Quebec was the only province that had taken any steps to check wanton waste and to prevent fires. In none of the provinces had measures been adopted to secure the replanting of cleared areas, notwithstanding enormous and growing consumption. More than 87½ per cent of Ontario's annual cut of timber was exported, and it was considered strange that nothing had been done to prevent the exhaustion of a commodity of such paramount commercial importance. In Nova Scotia the yearly cut exceeded by 25 per cent what it ought to be to preclude permanent injury to the forests, while in Prince Edward Island "the amount annually cut exceeds nearly 17 times the quantity which would represent a prudent rate of consumption." Of all the provinces British Columbia alone offered a supply of any considerable magnitude for the future wants of the trade, and though it was represented as inexhaustible by the local authorities, it was considered probable that if the whole strain of the demand were thrown on that province, in a few years a perceptible inroad would be made on the stock of timber in the accessible parts of British Columbia.

In the other parts of the Empire, the report was equally emphatic as to the need of prompt retrenchment. In some of the small colonies the timber areas had been absolutely denuded. In the larger colonies, like Australia and South Africa, though the country still yielded abundance of timber, it was practically out of reach of the communities where it was needed for consumption, that of the intermediate areas having been all cut down. Already, both in Victoria and South Africa, the disappearance of the available supply had begun to be severely felt. In Australia something had been done towards conservation and renewal, and it had been fairly demonstrated that by means of nurseries of young trees and the organization and operation of an energetic forestry department, much might be done in the work of restoration. The supineness of apparently strong governments contemplating with indifference the gradual extermination of such a source not merely of wealth, but of health, was sharply animadverted on. In some cases what was virtually a meteorological revolution had been caused by the disappearance of the trees. Streams regarded as perennial had run dry and the periodicity of the rainfall had been seriously disturbed. On the whole, it was impossible to resist the conclusion that whatever gains might follow the throwing of a little more forest land into cultivation were largely forfeited by the lowered fertility and deranged climatic equilibrium of the whole district. The subject was regarded as one of Imperial concern, calling for immediate and well considered action on the part of the British Government. Whether and to what extent the advice of the report was adopted we are not aware. We know that after its publication a vigorous impulse, which is still felt, was given in England to the study of forestry; that valuable treatises were written on forest economy, and that even periodicals were started to keep the public attention awake to its importance. But the practical results have, we fear (even while admitting that something has been accomplished), fallen lamentably short of what the situation seemed to demand. We hope that, as far as Canada is concerned, good fruit will be derived from the Quebec conference.

A year ago on the 1st of August a novel experiment in the adjustment of railway fires went into operation in the Kingdom of Hungary, and an

opportunity has thus been afforded of testing its applicability to other countries. It consists in the adoption of what is known as the zone-tariff system—the rates by which are fixed, not according to the number of miles travelled, but according to the number of zones traversed by the passenger. The capital, Buda-Pesth, being regarded as the centre, the whole Hungarian series of railroads is divided into fourteen zones. The first of these stretches of distance comprises all the stations within 25 kilometers (the kilometer being about five-eighths of a mile) of the centre; the second, those between 25 and 40; the third, between 40 and 55—each zone after the first up to the twelfth being 15 kilometers from its predecessor. The twelfth and thirteenth zones have each an extension of 25 kilometers, and the fourteenth includes all stations that are upwards of 225 kilometers (141 miles) from the capital. For the first two zones the tickets are classed as local but from the third onwards the zone nomenclature is used—tickets being sold by zones and being good for all points within the zone to which they apply. For the three classes of fares the rates are 20, 16 and 10 cents a zone. Up to the twelfth zone, the fare is ascertained by multiplying any of these rates by the zone number. For stations in the thirteenth zone, the fare is fourteen times the normal rate per zone, and in the fourteenth (which comprises all stations of more than 140 miles distance from the capital) the fare is sixteen times the unit rate. The fares for all stations in this last zone are \$3.20, \$2.32 and \$1.60 for the first, second and third classes, respectively. The greatest distance that can be travelled for these sums is 731 kilometers (456 miles) more than the distance from Fredericton to Montreal, or from Montreal to Sudbury. The rate is lower than anything as yet known on this continent. Compared with the former Hungarian rates, the reduction is enormous, and, as the baggage rates have undergone a corresponding reduction, the object—the increase of the traffic—has been amply assured. The ticket regulations are most simple, railroad tickets being purchasable at the post offices, hotels tobacco stores and other places of public resort.

There are individuals who go through the world with the impression that the great mass of people only await the chance to cheat them. Persons of this suspicious temperament cling zealously to certain traditional notions as to the almost inevitable dishonesty of certain classes of professional and business men. As for politicians, the idea that they could be actuated by any honorable ambition to serve their fellowmen and to advance the welfare and prestige of their native land never seems to enter the heads of these doubters of their kind. It seems to us that one of the most marked characteristics of the present age is the growing faith of man in man. This faith is actually a necessity of the vast expansion of business of every kind in every direction, and though it is sometimes misplaced, the cases of betrayed trust are extremely few compared with the totality of business transactions. In an instructive article in the last *Cosmopolitan*, Mr. Henry Clews, discussing "The Ethics of Wall street," says that probably no great institution is so persistently misrepresented as that which is known by the singular name just mentioned. After some glances at the past, with a view to showing the unreasonableness of the popular prejudice, Mr. Clews makes this strong assertion in favour of the class that he defends: "There is no class of business men upon the face of the globe among whom honour and integrity count for more or are more highly honoured than among the men of Wall street, and nowhere are they more highly rewarded than there. Rarely does a man who has received his training from early youth in the street ever go wrong. Day by day he hears the brokers and operators speak highly of the honest men of the street and with unmitigated scorn of those whom they believe to be the reverse. As a consequence he naturally strives to gain a like honorable reputation and generally succeeds. Now and then at rare intervals there arises a Ferdinand Ward, who is an ex-

ception. But such men would be swindlers and thieves had they been immured from youth to manhood within the walls of monasteries and inculcated with all the virtuous maxims of the saints." Mr. Clews's style is faulty, but his testimony is valuable as tending to remove that absurd and sweeping disbelief in their fellowmen, which some persons cherish as a sort of wisdom.

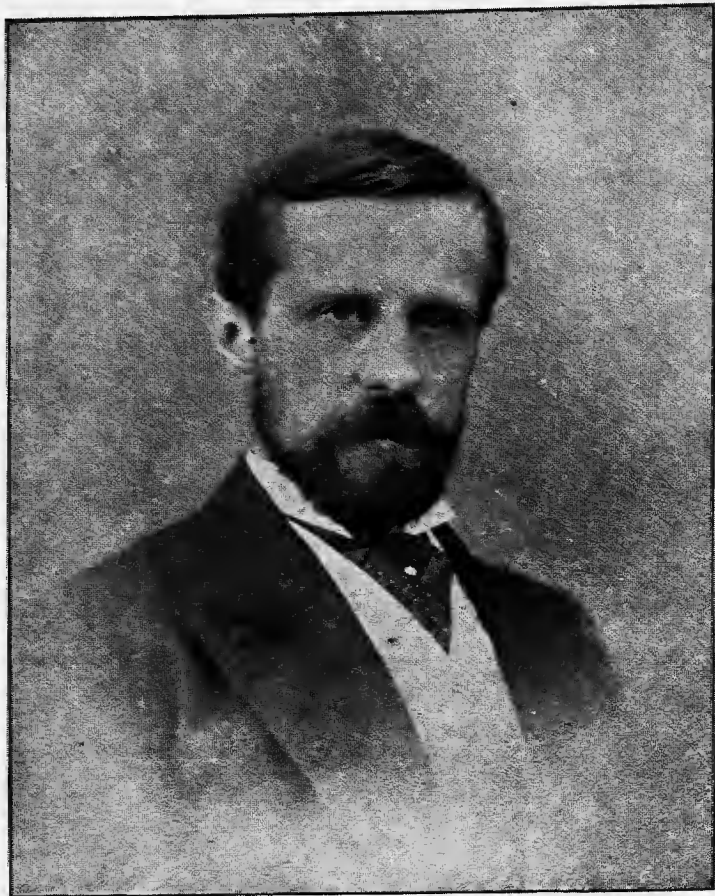
MUSICAL DEVELOPMENT.

At some points the lowest barbarism and the highest civilization come into contact. There is no nation or tribe, however savage, that does not give expression to sentiment and emotion by something that passes for music. The art of music is cultivated by the most advanced communities of our day, as it was by Egyptian, Hebrew, Greek and Roman in the past. Whether accompanied by dance or symbolic gesture, whether with or without significant words, as magic rite or religious ceremony, as simple outburst of joy or sorrow, exultation, warning or defiance, some form of measured sound, vocal or instrumental, has been practised in all ages, among all races of mankind. Some branches of the human family have, it is true, been peculiarly distinguished by musical gifts, while others have been slow in musical development. Again, some nations excel in one style, others in its opposite, and each country has its own idiosyncrasy. What pleases and touches the German may not affect the Frenchman, while the taste of the latter may offend the Englishman. But, notwithstanding these sympathies and antipathies, it will be generally admitted that, in music as in other arts, there must be a standard of excellence, apart from local or traditional leanings, and that some communities come nearer to that standard than others. As to what that standard should be there is, of course, much diversity of opinion, but there is enough of agreement among the arbiters of musical taste to enable one to ascertain within what limits it may be found. It is, indeed, with music very much as it is with literature, which may be traced back, perhaps, to the same rude origin—the choral song of the tribe or clan. Everyone likes best the books of his own tongue, and loves to hear the ballads that exalt the heroism or bewail the misfortunes of his own people. But he need not allow that preference to blind him as to their place in literature. He must admit that the finished productions of the masters of style take precedence of what charms his ear and touches his heart. It is the same with painting. We may delight in a simple landscape by reason of its associations and suggestiveness. But we are not obliged, on that account, to consider it a masterpiece. In like manner, it would be sheer folly, because we are enraptured with some simple lay that touches chords of emotion far down in our hearts—too deep for tears, as the poet says—to make our favourite a criterion for the adjudication of merit. The same rule holds good when we come to survey the musical productions of different nations. Naturally, we are most attracted to that of our own country and kinsmen, which has, it may be, a subtle, penetrating influence which, if we hearken to emotion alone, we cannot cast off. For an Englishman, composing music, cannot, even by taking thought, divest himself of that clinging sympathy with English scenes and habits, and modes of thought, which is in his blood and works upon him unconsciously even while he thinks he is imitating some admired foreign master. English, however, may comprise elements that conflict—for, as we need hardly say, the British is a composite race. If we include the whole United Kingdom, we have some very divergent characteristics to take account of, and these characteristics enter very clearly into the music of the "three kingdoms." The Welsh, the Highland Scotch, the Lowland, the Irish, and all the varieties from Cornwall to Cumberland, make up a whole which is very far from being homogeneous. Ferguson, the architect, Matthew Arnold and Prof. Morley would, indeed, have us believe that whatever is really good in English art (music included)

is of Celtic origin. But with that sweeping judgment no person who bethinks him of what the Teutonic and Scandinavian races have done for art (including music) can ignore those elements in the making of artistic England.

Crossing the Atlantic, we have a Greater Britain, which, in spite of the political schism, may, as to its musical development, be considered as one grand community—a community modified, for better or worse, by many accessions from other nations. The German element in the national life and growth of the United States, and the French portion of the population of the Dominion are the main European additions to the British stock in North America. But (still looking to its musical evolution) there is another element, larger in distinct existence than either the Latin or Teutonic quota, and that is the African. That it has affected the growth of American music few will think of denying. As for us in Canada, being Americans and still British, we have shared in the influences that have guided the progress of music both in England and in the United States. In both countries much has been done to popularize music, and in recent years a beginning has been made in the way of making provision for the higher musical training.

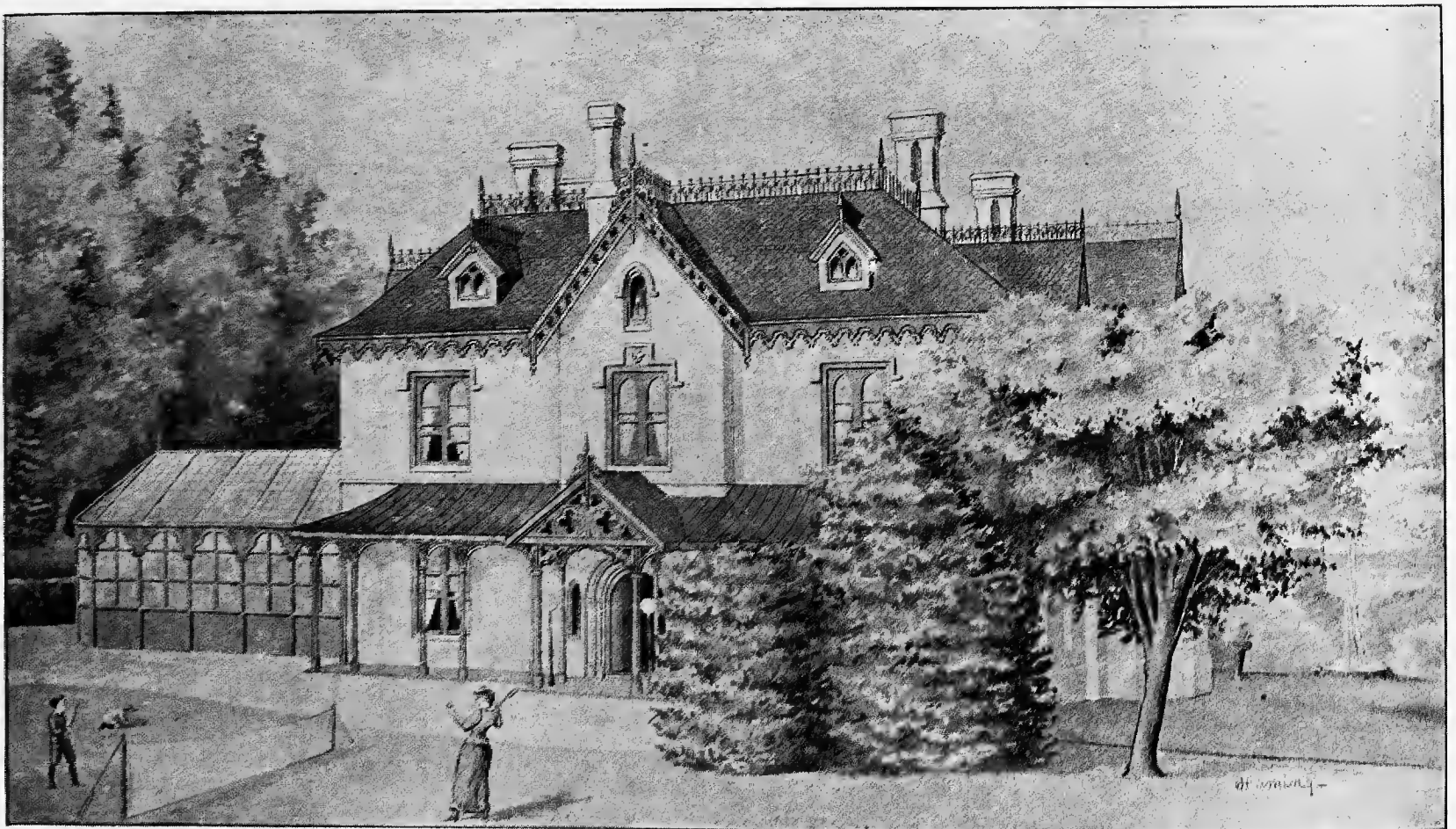
It would be an interesting study for a qualified writer who had access to sources of information to inquire into the nature of the religious and social music that prevailed across the border during the colonial period. The solemn old hymn-tunes that the Puritans brought over the ocean with them have not yet entirely died out in some of the old-fashioned rural districts. Something had been done in the formation of church choirs before the Republic was born, but it was not till the 18th century was nearly expired that any marked improvement was attempted. The singing school was instituted even before the Revolution, but it was not till 1815 that the Boston Handel and Haydn society was created. From that time forward European singers and music teachers found it worth their while to seek the New World. Italian opera was introduced in 1825, the company being the elder Garcia's, the opera Rossini's "Il Barbiere," and one of the artistes the famous Malibran. From that date onward this continent has shared in the musical life of the Old World. Handel's "Messiah" had been produced as early as 1818. Nearly thirty years later the first great musical festival deemed worthy of the name took place in Boston. The third of a century that has since elapsed has witnessed a really marked growth in popular enthusiasm and a corresponding improvement in taste in the selecter circles of music-lovers. Canada's share in that progress we can only indicate in general terms. Canadians have taken leading parts in most of the great continental movements, one of our compatriots, for instance, having been president of the Music Teachers' National Association, and the most famous prima donna that America ever produced being of Canadian birth. There is not one of our cities that has not made scope for its aspirations after musical excellence by the formation of philharmonic societies, choirs, clubs, music teachers institutes and other organizations of kindred aim. In musical education the progress has been very real, provision for training of the higher class having largely increased. In church music the change effected during the last thirty years has been extraordinary—a good choir now being deemed only second in importance to an able pastor and preacher. The style of instrument has improved at a corresponding rate, little less than a revolution having been achieved in organ-building and piano manufacture. Two Canadian universities confer degrees in music. Concerts and festivals attract audiences at once large and cultivated, and there is an undoubted improvement in the taste of the educated classes. But the status that we have reached is but the starting-point for a higher development, and we hope (as this is one of the subjects to which we purpose devoting special attention in the future) to be able to record still further advances in an art proficiency in which is not the least trustworthy gauge of a nation's intellectual, moral and æsthetic progress.



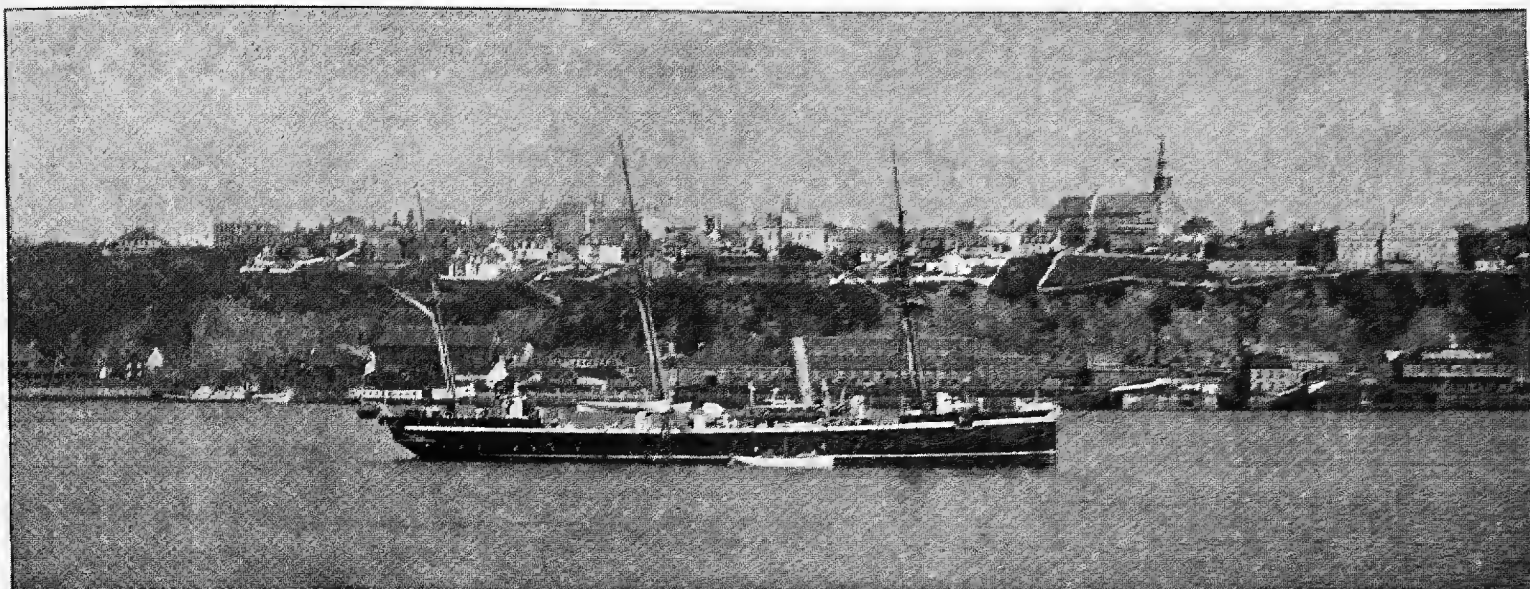
THE EARL OF ABERDEEN.



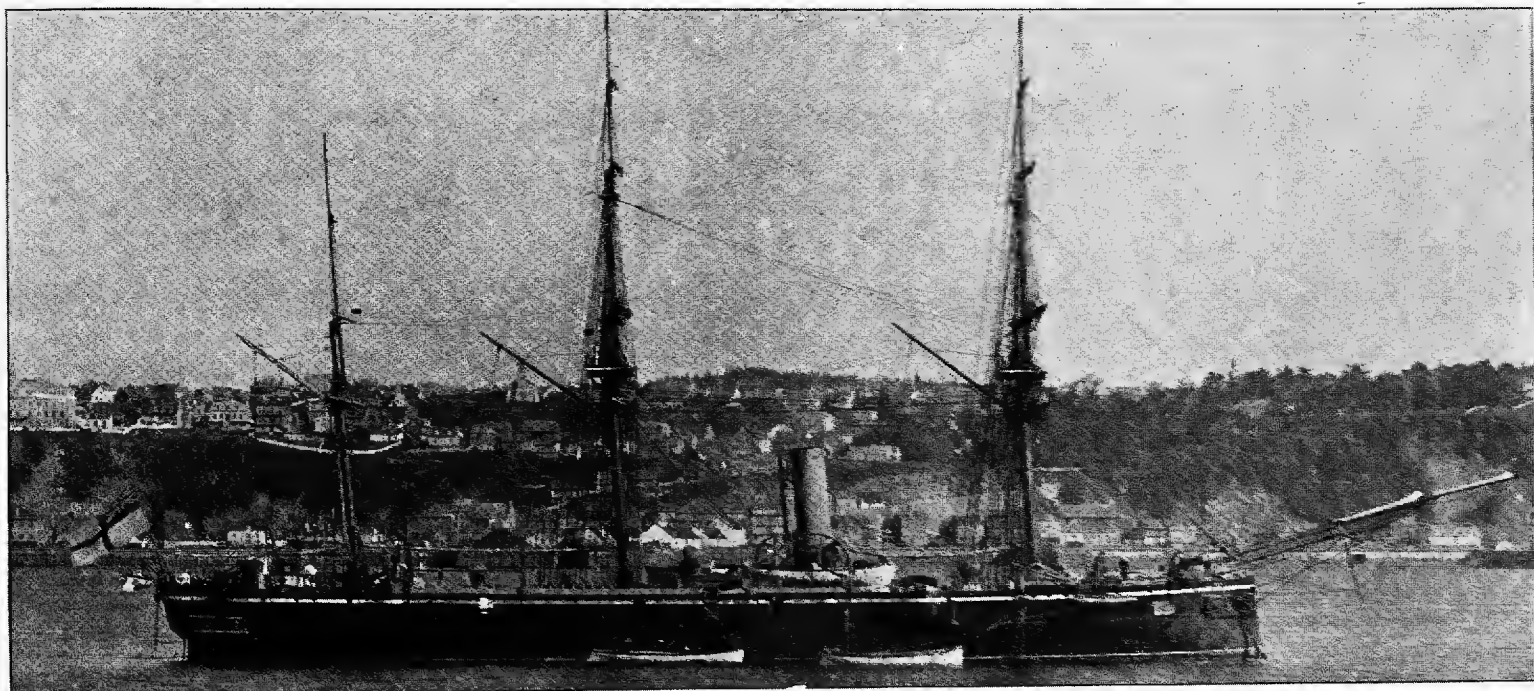
THE COUNTESS OF ABERDEEN.



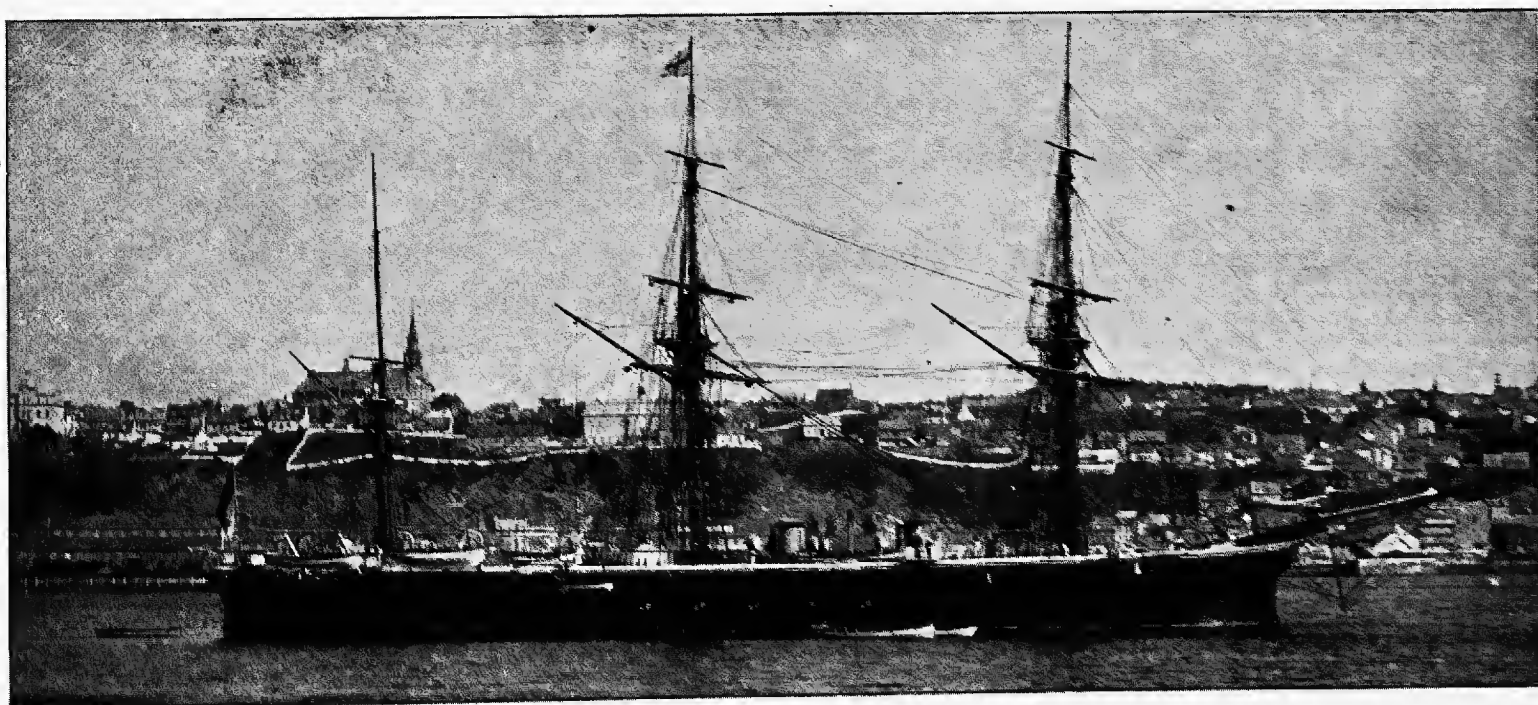
HIGHFIELD, CANADIAN RESIDENCE OF THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF ABERDEEN.



H. M. S. THRUSH.



H. M. S. CANADA.



H. M. S. BELLEROOPHON.
VISIT OF H. R. H. PRINCE GEORGE OF WALES TO QUEBEC.



THE LATE DR. WILSON, Q.C.—William Wilson, M.D., Q. C., whose sudden death caused such wide-spread regret among us last year, was a Canadian by birth—born at Chambly Canton, in the Province of Quebec, on the 22nd of November. He was educated at a classical school in his native place, kept by Rev. Joseph Braithwaite, and at the age of fourteen, having passed successfully his matriculation examination, commenced the necessary studies to qualify him to enter the medical profession. At twenty-one he took his degree as Doctor of Medicine at McGill University, Montreal. But his tendencies did not lie in the direction of that profession and he shortly after commenced the study of law, and was called to the Bar of Lower Canada in 1865. Previously to that he had been employed as a translator to the House of Assembly and continued in the public service until his death. In 1871 he was appointed Assistant Law Clerk of the House of Commons, and, upon the retirement of Mr. Wicksteed, Q.C., he received the appointment of Law Clerk, in February, 1887, and soon after was created a Queen's Counsel. He filled the office of Law Clerk with marked ability. His extraordinary knowledge of both languages, and of the laws and statutes of Canada and of each of her provinces, eminently qualified him for the position and also made him an authority on such subjects throughout the country. In 1883 he was appointed one of the commissioners to revise and consolidate the Statutes of the Dominion. For a time Dr. Wilson held the position of surgeon in the volunteer force, from which he retired upon the disbanding of the Civil Service Regiment, retaining his rank. He was a member of the New Edinburgh municipal council, and chairman of the Board of Management of the Civil Service Mutual Benefit Society. He was an active member of the Church of England and was for many years a delegate to the Synod of Ontario and to the Provincial Synod, in whose discussions he took an active and prominent part. In 1862 Dr. Wilson married Frances, eldest daughter of the late Col. Charles MacDonnell, formerly of the Connaught Rangers, and great granddaughter of Sir William Johnson, whose connection with British affairs in North America is so well known. Mrs. Wilson survives her husband with one son and three daughters, the eldest of whom is married to Rev. Gas. Adolph Kuhring, Toronto. In business life Dr. Wilson was a man who will long be remembered for his devotion to duty. It was his pride to be found ever at his post and ready. In social life no more genial companion could be found. He was a man of extensive reading and possessed a remarkably well-trained and highly cultivated mind. He was a brilliant conversationalist, and was never happier than when surrounded by friends, talking over literary matters and the great questions of the day. His death is too recent to necessitate our going into details regarding it. For some time he had been troubled with an affection of the heart, and the year before his decease was obliged to go to Europe for the sake of his health. On the 16th of last November, while in New York, heart failure came upon him when alone on the street, and his death followed almost immediately. His remains were brought to his late home in Ottawa, where they were interred by his well-loved fellow officers and friends, who will long regret the loss of their comrade, cut off in the prime of his manhood and in the fulness of his intellectual vigour.

LORD AND LADY ABERDEEN.—The Right Hon. John Campbell Hamilton Gordon, seventh Earl of Aberdeen, Viscount Formartine, Baron Haddo, Methlick, Tarves and Kellie, in the peerage of Scotland, Viscount Gordon of Aberdeen in that of Great Britain, and Baronet of Nova Scotia is a grandson of the famous George, fourth Earl of Aberdeen, some time Secretary for Foreign Affairs and Prime Minister in 1852. But his deeds, not his titles and descent, form his claim to distinction. The Earl is an excellent organizer of schemes of benevolence, a practical philanthropist of the first order. In all his good works, his amiable and lovely wife is his gracious, tactful and able assistant. The Countess is the youngest daughter of Sir Dudley Coutts Marjoribanks, first Lord Tweedmouth. She is a lady of character and good sense, and is much esteemed in all classes of society. But by the tenants on her husband's estates, who know her goodness of heart, she is beloved beyond the lot of most women, whether gentle or simple. The Haddo House Association, of which she is president, was conceived and organized by herself. It had its beginning in a small class for the training of young women for domestic duties, but has gradually, through the Countess's assiduous attention, swelled into a great society. The annual meeting of the association was held last month and the report presented by the Countess showed the wide-spread nature and usefulness of the association's work. Her ladyship reported that sixty-nine branches were in operation, with thirty-nine branches in course of formation. The membership was 7,506, an increase of 473. Prizes to the number of 1,716 were distributed among 1,018 associates. Scripture subjects, history, geography, domestic economy, needlework and knitting enter in the competitions for the prizes. The Earl, who is in his 43rd year, was educated at Cheam School, and afterwards studied at the College Hall, St. Andrews. In 1867 he entered University College, Oxford, and there took the M.A. course.

He was at Oxford when the news of his elder brothers' death came, making him Earl of Aberdeen, but his Lordship remained at college until he had secured his degree. Lord Aberdeen is an ardent Liberal and a strong supporter of the Hon. W. E. Gladstone and Home Rule. He was appointed to the distinguished office of Lord Lieutenant of Ireland towards the close of Mr. Gladstone's last administration, and only held it for a few months; but during that short period the Earl thoroughly ingratiated himself in the hearts of the Irish people, and he became the most popular Lord Lieutenant of the age. His natural gifts and accomplishments well fitted him for the fulfilment of the grave duties of the post with becoming dignity and munificence. What is still better, he left Ireland with the blessings of the people.

THE LATE JUDGE O'REILLY.—One of Hamilton's oldest and most venerable citizens, in the person of Judge O'Reilly, passed away from this life in the eighty-fifth year of his age. He was born in Stamford, near Niagara Falls, on May, 18 1806. He received the greater portion of his education at the Niagara Grammar School. After passing his examination at Osgoode Hall in 1842, he entered upon the study of the law in the office of the late John Breakenridge, in the old town of Niagara. He was called to the Bar in Trinity Term, 1850, and removed to Hamilton, where, through his sound knowledge of law and his natural brilliancy, he soon secured an extensive practice.

H. M. S. BELLEROPHON, CANADA AND THRUSH.—These men-of-war, which are associated with the present visit of Prince George of Wales to Canada, are of diverse dimensions and style. The first, with the historic name, is of the broadside class of armoured ships, with armour six inches in thickness and carrying ten 13-ton and four 4½-ton guns. Her horse-power is 6,520, her tonnage 7,550, and her registered speed 14.2 knots an hour. She is the flag-ship of the North Atlantic squadron. The officers are:—Vice-Admiral, George Wiles Watson; Captain, Charles C. Drury; Commander, G. A. Callaghan; 1st Lieutenant, Hon. Walter G. Stopford; Chaplain, Rev. Alwyne C. H. Rice; Fleet Surgeon, George Bolster; Fleet Paymaster, H. A. Scrivener; Staff Engineer, Chas. G. Stewart. The Canada's horse-power is 2,430; her tonnage 2,380, and she carries ten guns. Her officers are:—Captain, Herbert W. Dowding; Lieutenants, Harry C. Reynold, Edmund W. Yorke, Bertram C. P. Wolferstan, Armytage A. Lucas, Hon. Victor A. Stanley; Lieutenant of Marines, James R. Goddard; Chief Surgeon, Thomas M. Sibbald; Chief Paymaster, Charles Farwell; Chief Engineer, Joseph Monk; Midshipmen, Cecil E. Rooke, Ernest F. Gregory, Arthur G. Smith, Dorston F. Green-tree, Charles W. J. Crawford, Harry F. Cayley, Francis L. Talman, and Bertram S. Smith. The Thrush is very much smaller than the Canada. Prince George is Lieut. Commander; Lieut. George P. Thorp, Executive Officer; Lieut. Lionel F. W. Sanders, Navigating Officer; Dr. W. E. Home, Medical Officer. The Thrush's horse-power is 1,200; she is a screw gun boat, recently built.

KINCARDINE VIEWS.—In these engravings our readers have a glimpse of some characteristic scenery of the settled region that borders on Lake Huron. In addition to the attractions of its landscapes, the neighbourhood of Kincardine is noted for varied natural resources. The town is one of the most thriving in the province, having mills, foundries, salt works, besides churches, good schools, newspaper offices, banks, and fine hotels, and is admirably supplied with means of communication with the rest of Canada.

VICTORIA RIFLES OF CANADA, CARSLAKE TROPHY.—This is another of those handsome trophies which for some years past have been adding lustre to our military annals and doing honour to the generous public spirit of our citizens. A description of it will be found elsewhere in this issue.

BOWLING TOURNAMENT.—For particulars as to this interesting event our readers are referred to "Sports and Pastimes."

DOMINION OF CANADA RIFLE MATCHES.—These illustrations will, we trust, be appreciated by our military readers. Fuller reference to them will be found under the heading of "Military Notes."

HIGHFIELD, HAMILTON, RESIDENCE OF LORD AND LADY ABERDEEN.—As our readers are aware, the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen, who are at present visiting the Dominion, have chosen Hamilton for their home during their sojourn in this country. In this engraving we present a view of Highfield House, at which they have taken up their residence.

PRIVATE SECRETARIES OF CABINET MINISTERS.—This group comprises some of the most noteworthy members of the Civil Service. Several of these gentlemen are not unknown in the literary world.

BRIDGE OVER THE CHAUDIERE.—To many of our readers this scene will have the charms of "old acquaintance." By repute it is familiar to them all. Canada is a land of lakes and rivers, and the bridge-maker's art is frequently called upon to overcome barriers to inter-communication. Where the engineer can accommodate the travelling public without robbing the scenes of his labours of their picturesqueness, we owe him a twofold debt of gratitude.

The Self-Reliant Woman.

Most women can remember some one, strong, capable, calm, far-seeing, who exercised an almost unbounded influence over them when young, who taught them their first lessons in practical life, and whom they loved with that strange and solemn devotion of girlhood for its first mature friend, and that some one was the self-reliant woman. Had she not been self-reliant she would not have been influential.

The self-reliant woman is generally the executive woman as well, and can do whatever she undertakes. She is always ready, and should an accident, for instance, occur, does not lose her head as so many others would—does not take to hysterics, or faintings, or nerveless pity; but is at once keen-sighted and prompt, seeing what has to be done, and doing it without hesitation or excitement. As a nurse she is a very treasure; ever quick and decided, understanding the minutest shade of the duties before her, and able to perform them as clearly as she comprehends. Indeed, no woman who has not self-reliance can be even a tolerable nurse, whatever her amount of special knowledge; for she will be always in doubt as to whether her ears or her eyes were to be obeyed, and if the dead letter of instruction is to be set aside or adhered to, whatever the new reading of the disease. Nurses destitute of self-reliance are as completely wanting to their profession as those distracting creatures who never think the doctor worth obeying at all, but take the management of the case upon themselves, and kill or cure by the rule of thumb alone. Neither can a woman be a rational mother, or a steady housekeeper, who is not self-reliant; for she will always be blown about by every wind of doctrine, and ready to accept as gospel truth each scrap of outside experience which may fall in her way. The really self-reliant woman is never good bait for quacks. There is something in her nature so utterly antagonistic to the whole tribe of shams, that she rarely takes to them on any occasion; though her self-reliance might be an additional reason why she should stand by them steadily enough, if once adopted. For which reason she is the most desirable convert possible; and worth half a score of impulsive enthusiasts, ready to sign their names to black to-day and to head a testimonial to white to-morrow. When the self-reliant woman does adopt a new method, she adopts it thoroughly, with no misgivings as to her own infallibility. Self-reliance makes the best tiara of all.

The self-reliant woman is often a social reformer; nay, she it is who has inaugurated all the new phases of woman's life, and opened up the latest paths. She it is who has taken out M.D. diplomas, nursed wounded soldiers, given lectures, studied from the life in art schools, walked the hospitals with the students, pleaded her own cause in law courts—but never to a favourable issue, however cleverly done, the coalition being as yet too strong; and who—all honour and praise to her for that same!—has taken up the question of criminals and sinners, seeking to soften the one and purify the other, without thought of herself or what the world would say. Yes, nobly enough in this instance did she touch pitch and was not defiled; but her own purification was in her self-reliance, and the intensity of her conviction that, being right in her own eyes, she was also absolutely right in spirit and in truth, made her mission accepted and her endeavours availing.

The self-reliant woman is a great traveller. She has voyaged all the world over, alone and unarmed, trusting to her scarlet "pants" to frighten the wolves of the northern woods, and, confiding in her courage and sex, has found the chivalry of even savages and Bedouins equal to the occasion; she has braved the grizzly bears and the wild Indians of the North American forests, and kept a bold heart and a cool head whatever the danger to be confronted; she has gone to the gambling-houses of San Francisco, and staked her dollars between the muzzles of revolvers and across the gleaming blades of bowie-knives; she has sung to half-maddened diggers, flush with gold and warm with passionate blood; she has seen the exiles of Siberia, and heard the lash of the knout; has ridden through Damascus unveiled, and run the risk of being stoned for her daring; has penetrated into Moslem harems, and, disguised as a boy, has even ventured into the sacred courts of mosque and monastery, and trod where woman's step had never fallen before; she has been everywhere and has seen everything, from the Peak of Teneriffe to the heights of Chimborazo, from the pyramids of Egypt to the pagodas of Nankin. At home she travels in another way,—out of the beaten paths which Mrs. Grundy has set and sown, into wild, uncultivated places, where never a female gardener has been before her. At any time she may be seen doing all the small unconventionalities which got her quizzed and laughed at by the Grundytes, some of which unconventionalities fructify into a rich usage for the whole sisterhood, while others we would not wish to see blossom out into even the tiniest spathes. It was she who first slammed back the doors of Hansom cabs and climbed up on to coach tops; who tried to make Cremorne respectable, and to give a flavour of matronly dignity to the Surrey and Vauxhall; who has even horsewhipped presuming men when forgetful of themselves and her; who manufactures all sorts of little economies, and never minds what her tradespeople and the servants may say; who is always right in her own eyes, and cares nothing for the suffrages of the million; and who would not give one of the battered old leathers out of her hat for all the applause, or what people call "moral support," in the world. She is moral support enough to herself, and values nothing that goes by that name half so much as what she makes for herself.



CHARLEMAGNE.

Few names are more frequently on the lips of students of mediæval history than that of Charlemagne. Yet of all the great rulers, statesmen and warriors of the Middle Ages, there is hardly one of whom we know so little. With romance and legends Charles's career is abundantly associated. Turpin's extraordinary story has made an impression, which those who like to take their history diluted with fiction, find it hard to efface; while Eginhard's "Life" (once virtually inaccessible to common readers, but now to be had for a trifle), is the briefest of compendiums. It was necessary, then, that some scholar should do justice to the subject, by carefully examining what data could be procured in French and German archives, and the Rev. Dr. Mompert was not unfitted by innate gifts and previous studies to undertake the task. His "History of Charles the Great" (he does not approve of the usual name) is a compact octavo volume of nearly 600 pages. He has endeavoured to clear away the innumerable of legend and fiction that had gathered around the reign of the illustrious emperor, and his work consists largely of material, now presented for the first time in English, and resting almost wholly on the contemporary authority of annals and chronicles, biographies, letters, laws, poems, inscriptions, etc., covering one of the most important and interesting periods in history. The present work, which has been long in preparation and undergone successive revisions, narrates the events from the accession of Charles Martel to the death of Charles the Great. It traces the growth and establishment of the peerless empire of the mighty ruler, whose fierce religious zeal stamped out heathenism, awed the miscreant, enriched and exalted the Church, and whose enlightened liberality inaugurated a new era of civilization, which, after the lapse of a millennium, may still be discerned in living institutions. It also depicts the spirit of the age, as reflected in conquest, government, legislation, literature, religion, commerce, art, agriculture, and the daily life of the people. We hope to have an opportunity later on of indicating, by examples, some of its more striking features. Meanwhile we have no hesitation in commending the book to historical students. In fact, the name of the publishers (Messrs. Appleton, of New York) is a guarantee of its merits.

FOLK-TALES FROM ARGYLLSHIRE.

We have already given our readers a general notion of the aims and work of the Folk-Lore Society. We have just learned from the secretary that it is purposed to hold an International Folk-Lore Congress next year, under the presidency of the distinguished author and scholar, Mr. Andrew Lang. The organizing committee has already been formed, with Mr. G. L. Gomme, F.S.A., as chairman, and Mr. C. G. Leland, author of "Algonquin Legends," as vice-chairman. There are at present folk-lore societies in almost every country in Europe, as well as in the United States, Mexico and South America; and a gathering composed of delegates from the various organizations could not but be fruitful in many ways. We have also received the latest of the society's publications—"Waifs and Strays of Celtic Tradition—Argyllshire Series—No. 4.—Folk and Hero Tales," collected, edited and translated by the Rev. D. McInnes, with Notes by the editor and Alfred Nutt. A portrait of the late J. F. Campbell (Campbell of Islay) adds to the value and interest of the volume. In the Preface, by Lord Archibald Campbell, we learn that when these tales were narrated—"as they were without a hesitation in their recital"—the narrator was in his seventy-fourth year. And Lord Campbell adds: "Like many others possessing fairy-lore, he has passed away within the last few years, and it is probable that before long the land will be ransacked in vain for the legendary folk-lore or for the fairy-lore pure and simple with which it was once teeming." The collection comprises twelve tales, of which the following are the titles: "The Son of the King of Erin, Feunn MacCnail (Finn McCool) and the Bent Grey Lad, A King of Albainn, The Herding of Cruachan, The Kingdom of the Green Mountains, The Ship that went to America, Koisha Kayn, or Kian's Leg, Lod the Farmer's Son, The Two Young Gentlemen, The Tale of Young Manus, Son of the King of Lochlann, Leogan Creeach, Son of the King of Erin, and Kaytav, Son of the King of the Cola, and A Battle fought by the Lochlanners in Dun-nae-Snee-achain. These heroic tales all belong to the Fenian or Ossianic Saga—the development of which is traced by Mr. Nutt in an introduction to the Notes. "Existing Fenian tradition," he says, "falls formally into two well-defined classes, according as it is in prose or verse. The slightest examination of the mass of Fenian verse still current or only lately extinct in the Highlands, shows us that we are dealing with a product of partly literary origin, and that we have here the fragmentary remains of a literature preserved in Ireland in more perfect form. It is otherwise with prose tales. There is community of *Märchen* between the Gael of Ireland and the Gael of Scotland, as we should naturally expect, and as will be made apparent throughout the course of these notes; but the impression left upon the mind is

not, as is the case with the ballads, that the one set of tales is derived from the other, still less that it is derived from a form that had already assumed a fixed literary shape." The oldest mentions of Finn to which an approximate date can with certainty be assigned, are those of the Irish "antiquaries" of the 10th and 11th centuries—men who made a profession of studying and recording the mythical traditions of their race. Tighernach, who died in 1088, and the contemporary annalists, looked upon Finn as a real historical personage of the 3rd century. Mr. Nutt gives a list of the passages that comprise the oldest form of the Saga. All the early mentions of Finn connect him with the South of Ireland. Summing up, the annotator believes that he may be regarded from three standpoints—the pseudo-historic or annalistic, that of the heroic-saga, and that of the mythic-saga. No great incident of race history enters into the Fenian Saga after the Norse invasion, so that there is reason to believe that its character was substantially fixed before the Norman Conquest. These tales are curious as evidences of the survival of the myth-making faculty even to our own day. We shall have more to say of the society and its work in future issues. Meanwhile we claim for it the favourable attention of Canadian folk-lore students.

RECORDS OF THE SCOTO-ENGLISH BORDER.

We have received, through the courtesy of Messrs. W. Drysdale & Co., an extremely interesting and instructive contribution to border history—"The Historical Families of Dumfriesshire and the Border Wars," by C. L. Johnstone. Though the author's own family, that of the famous Annandale Johnstones, occupies a large share of attention, the other leading families of the county are not ignored. The book is illustrated by views of a number of old castles and churches, contains some important early lists of names, and a mass of curious information not to be found elsewhere. It is published by Messrs. Anderson & Son, of Dumfries; Messrs. John Menzies & Co., of Edinburgh and Glasgow, and by Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall & Co., of London.

Men and Matters in Ontario.

[From our own correspondent.]

TORONTO, September, 1890.

Sir Daniel Wilson, president of Toronto University, is extremely gratified at the news received last week from Sir Lyon Playfair, to the effect that Her Majesty's Commissioners for the exhibition of 1891 have placed the nomination of one of the scholarships instituted for the promotion of scientific study at the disposal of Toronto University. The annual value of the scholarship, which will be given in 1892, is £150. In all probability similar scholarships will be placed at the disposal of the university every two years thenceforth. The splendid prize cannot fail to bring lively competition into the study of physics, mechanics and chemistry, to which the scholarship is limited.

Mr. Chancellor Boyd's judgment in the ease of the Attorney-General of Canada against the Attorney-General of Ontario declares the constitutional competence of the province in reference to the pardoning power and remitting of sentences for offences against the laws of the province or offences over which the legislative authority of the province extends. The legal arguments at the time in this matter created widespread interest, even outside the lines of lawyers and politicians, and the judgment is a feather in Mr. Mowat's silk hat which will be worn with pride. The Opposition in the Legislative Assembly will hear of it again and again during the next session.

The first meeting of the Canadian Lawn Tennis Association has already developed an increased interest in this game in Toronto, at all events. The play on all the days was watched by a fashionable and fairly large crowd. The weather was auspicious, and the spectators were pleased. The play throughout was excellent and attractive. The visitors from Buffalo, N.Y., carried off the honours, but the Toronto club did splendidly before rivals who were not expected to prove quite so formidable. The double championship was won by Messrs. Tanner and Smith, of Buffalo, and the former took away first honours in the singles from Mr. Macklem, of the Toronto club, by 6-2, 6-3, 6-3.

The action of the Police Commissioners about the vagrant party bands, which have become a positive danger to the peace of the city, is approved of warmly. The hesitation of the City Council, when urged time and time again after outbreaks had occurred, to pass a by-law to stop party tune-playing on the streets, required this application of the spur to the frightened aldermen. The press had become tired of reasoning, and even abusing. The spirit of Orange and Green was daily becoming more aggressive. It was, however, a shock to all respectable citizens to find that the bad blood had showed itself in the schools, and that a number of lads from the McCaul street public school had besieged and battered St. Patrick's separate school. Four of the young rioters have been brought before the Police Magistrate; but the Police Commissioners, deciding at their last meeting that the deplorable condition of things existing should not continue, sent a sharp message to the aldermen that, if they still refused to pass a by-law, the police powers would have to be stretched to meet the evil. Mayor Clarke is expected to put the aldermen face to face with their duty at the next meeting of the Council.

Dr. C. W. Covernton, who has for years paid much attention to the subject of sewage disposal, has written a letter which is being discussed side by side with the scheme of City Engineer Jennings. From year to year Dr. Covernton has pressed upon public attention the advantages of the electrolytic system. He now seems to have arrived at the conclusion that the solution of the question of the disposal of sewage has been reached. He will make an extended report to the Provincial Board of Health.

Clubmen, and particularly the members of the Reform Club, have warmed themselves in the discussion of the blackballing of Hon. J. W. Longley by the Halifax club.

The final number of the *Bystander* had a rapid sale among people who sought to know Prof. Smith's motive in ceasing its publication.

In every local newspaper throughout the length and breadth of Ontario one reads the most gratifying reports about the crops. The success of the fall fairs that have come off, and the assured success of those yet to be held evidence great agricultural prosperity. It is equally satisfactory to note that Canadian sheep-breeders have swept everything before them at the Detroit International Exhibition. The Toronto Industrial Exhibition, now going on, is admitted on all sides to be the most successful ever held in the history of the association. With increased accommodation in almost all the departments, entries were closed earlier than usual. The Earl of Aberdeen, in his speech at the formal opening, had good grounds for indulging in expressions of admiration for Canadian industry and progress.

A feature of the Toronto exhibition of this year is the art gallery, which has been taken under the control of the Ontario Society of Artists. This department in the past sadly needed to be looked after, and the committee of the O. S. A. have done well. The exhibition shows again the industry and amount of good work which our artists are capable of. The patriotic work of such men as Mr. Bell-Smith is well placed. Mr. J. W. L. Forster's work is all new. A more detailed notice will be given later.

Mr. G. L. Bettman, a violinist, formerly of Portland, Oregon, who has studied seven years in Leipzig, Frankfurt, Dresden and Brussels, will hereafter reside in Toronto.

Carl Zerrahn, with an orchestra of thirty-five men and some star vocalists, will sing with the Philharmonic society in November.

The late rebellion in the Vocal Society, and the establishment by the rebels of the Haslam Vocal Society, from outward appearances seems to have had rather a good effect. The members of either organization would at once grow indignant if it should be insinuated in their presence that their side does not possess the bulk of the old membership. However this may be, and the spirit of jealousy apart, both sides are strong and healthy, and are not suffering, it would seem, from any lack of membership. The two directors, Mr. Elliott Haslam and Mr. W. Edgar Buck, are going along with their rehearsals, and the annual concerts only can decide which party shall win most public favour.

The Philharmonies are working along in harmony, as they always have been. They are now practising weekly. "Elijah," the work on which they are engaged, will need all the choristers they can win to their ranks.

Mr. J. W. L. Forster has sold his much-discussed picture, "The Rival Schools," to Mr. J. Enoch Thompson's gallery.

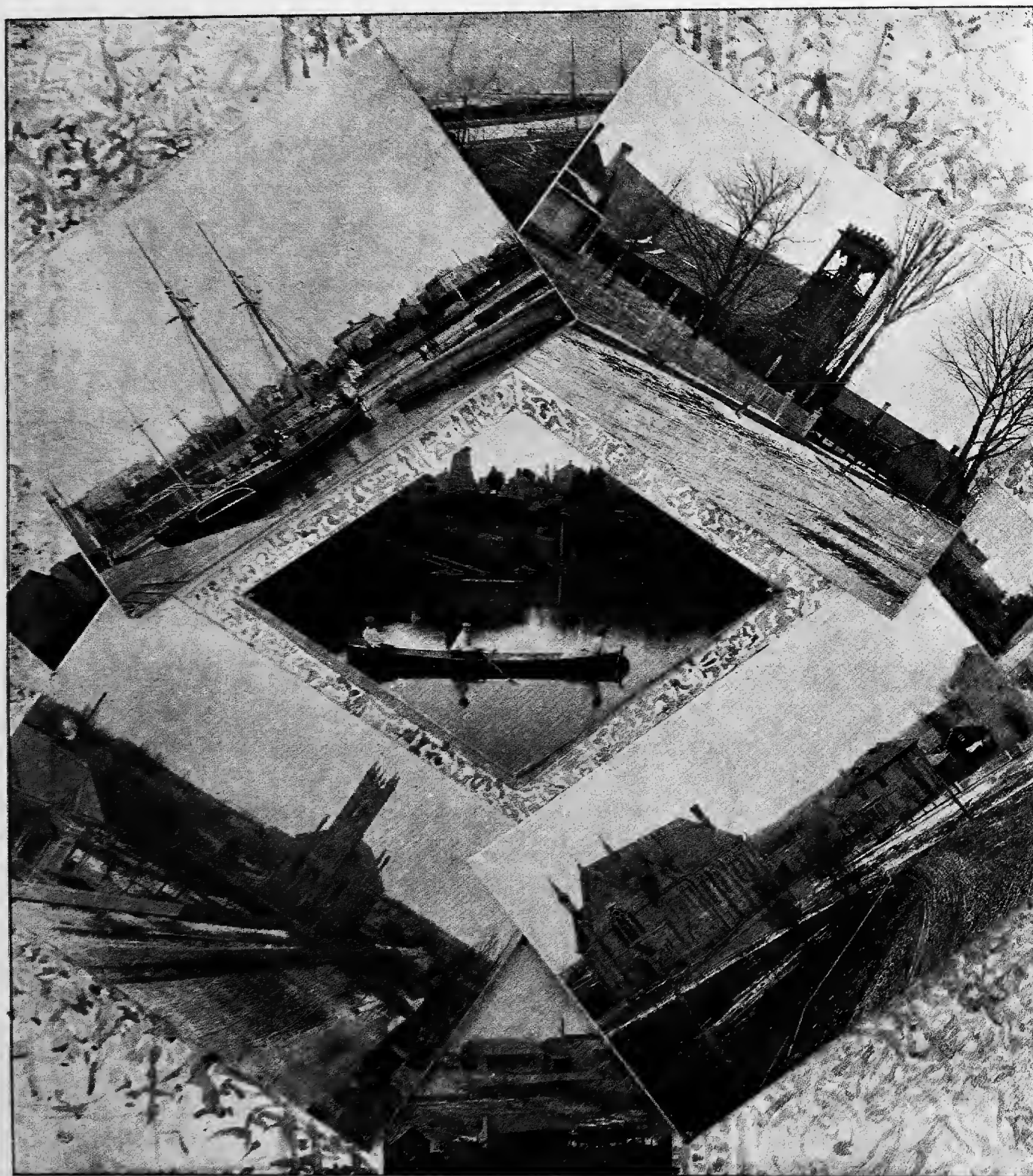
The circumstances which have come to light in connection with the death of the late Mr. John Kent, school trustee, have been seized upon by the medical profession and by the general public, with the desire that by this case the growth of what is called "Christian Science" in Toronto shall if possible be nipped. Over a year ago a convention of these Christian scientists, from the United States principally, was held in Association Hall. Their meetings were largely attended, and their views came in for considerable pulpit criticism. After their sessions had come to an end, local believers took up the business, and soon the College of Physicians and Surgeons had to take action against a certified practitioner who, in the Medical Court, offered to make some passes above the head of the prosecuting lawyer. Non-professionals, however, were drawing the majority of this class of clients. The late Mr. Kent who, for three years, had been following the recognized legal treatment for diabetes, was induced by a friend to submit himself to Mrs. Stewart, who had attained considerable notoriety as a faith-curer. When he did this he stopped the medical treatment, and in a fortnight diabetic coma supervened and he died. An inquest was ordered, with a view to holding Mrs. Stewart for manslaughter. The coroner, Dr. Johnson, delivered a strong charge to the jury, and, after several hours of deliberation, a verdict of manslaughter was returned.

Solace of the Stars.

Mourner, that, giving all thy thoughts to one,
Dost in his loss consign thee to despair,
Look to the skies forsaken by the sun
And read the consolation written there.

Though glimmering lights can ne'er bring back the day,
Yet stars of twilight soon less dimly burn;
Singly and slowly fade their fires away;
And late stars linger till the day's return.

F. B. C.

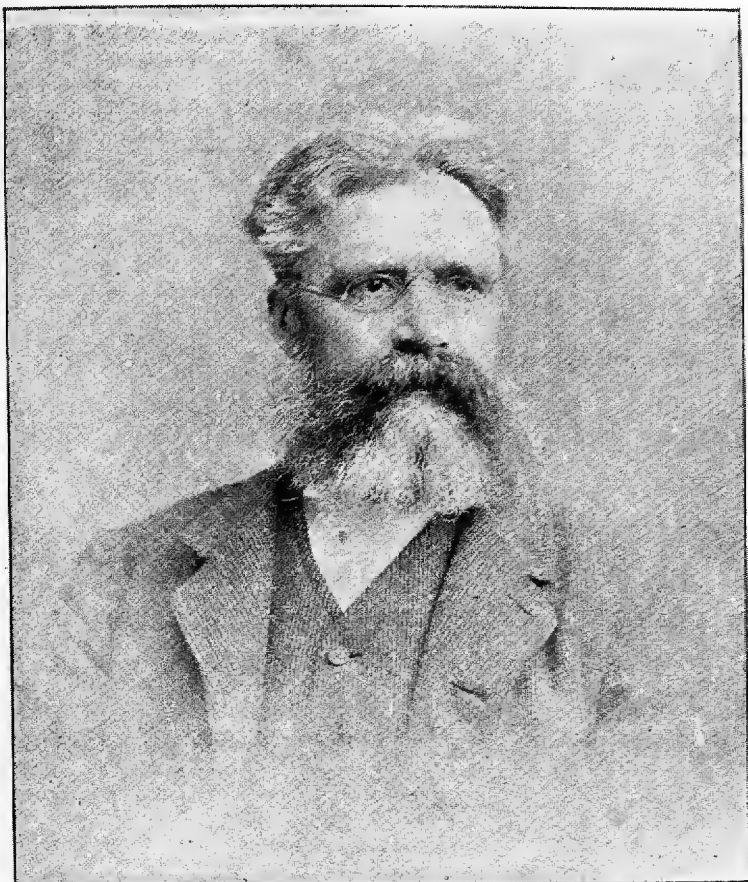


On the Docks.
Presbyterian Church.

Kincairdine Harbour.
On the River Penetanguishene.
Kincairdine Harbour.

Methodist Church.
Church of England.

VIEWS OF KINCARDINE, ONT.



THE LATE DR. WILSON, OTTAWA.



THE LATE JUDGE O'REILLY, HAMILTON.



C. DEMPSEY'S RINK, N. B. C.,
WINNERS OF SECOND PRIZE.

J. D. HENDERSON'S RINK, N. B. C.,
WINNERS OF THE TROPHY.

W. H. DUGAN, M. P. C., BELLEVILLE
PRES. OF THE BOWLING ASSOCIATION.
WINNER OF TWO FAIR MATCH.

W. D. THORNTON'S RINK, N. B. C.,
WINNERS OF CONGRUATION PRIZE.

COMPETITORS AT BOWLING TOURNAMENT, NIAGARA-ON-THE-LAKE.



Last week I remarked that Montreal would come out very much on top in the lacrosse match with the Ottawas, and the prediction was verified very forcibly. Ottawa was to a certain extent the sport of circumstances, as a mistake had been made somewhere and the visitors went on the field like the proverbial daw in borrowed plumage and with borrowed weapons. The strange part of it was that when their own properties arrived they did not get along so well as with the borrowed ones. The match itself was only a mediocre one, much more interesting ones having been played this season, and a much better game will have to be played if Toronto is to be defeated. The score of six to one does not give any idea of what the match was like, for Ottawa, as far as play was concerned, should have scored three games instead of one.

The Leroux protest is now under consideration, and probably some decision will be come to about Christmas time, if the same delays are going to characterize the proceedings that have marked them since the first protest was lodged. It looks as if the intention were to do nothing until the end of the season; then, of course, it will be too late, and matters will dawdle along until next year, when some more legislation will be done and the legislators will feel happy in being such worthy disciples of the sprightly little Barnacles of the Circumlocution Amateur Antediluvian Association.

By the way, what is the senior league playing for this year outside of gate receipts? What trophy will be awarded the successful club? The shield, which is now in possession of the Montreal club, was never intended as a piece of challenge plate, and I think the original agreement made that matter clear. Would it not be well that the executive consider the question, because the members of the winning team will be anxious to know what sort of a present they are going to make to their club.

The Torontos are looking forward with considerable confidence to the coming struggle on the Rosedale grounds with their old-time rivals, the Montreals. The Western men have not been going into fast training, but they have been keeping themselves in good condition, and when the men in grey go to the Queen City they will have quite a lot of work cut out for them to win. With the moral support of playing on their own grounds and an enthusiastic crowd to cheer them on, together with that splendid home of Toronto, the odds seem to be considerably in favour of the latter.

It is certainly not the fault of the gentlemen who have the management of the Bel-Air track in hand if the general public is not aroused to a full appreciation of the beauties of horse racing. Ever since the organization of the club there has been one continuous outflow of money in making improvements and adopting new suggestions. It has been a losing game for the men who had to put their hands in their pockets; but, like genuine sportsmen, they have held on, and they intend to hold on until the track is made the best and most popular in Canada. If grit and perseverance and generosity go for anything, they will see their anticipations fulfilled in the near future. The trainers who spent this week at the track are loud in their praise of the improvement. "Why, it is like going on velvet," said one of them, and he was not a green hand either. The meetings this year have to a large extent been hindered by bad weather; but, with fine weather to-day (Saturday), there ought to be such a crowd present as will make up in some degree for past backsliding.

Homing pigeons are a comparatively new institution in Canada; but the growth of interest in it has been remarkably rapid. In the West especially is this noticeable. Not much, if anything, has been done in this line in the Province of Quebec; but the Western men are contemplating training East, and this idea will in all probability assume tangible form, if anything like reasonable rates can be made with the express companies. There is more importance than mere sport attached to homing competitions, and if the military authorities would let the matter have some attention, they would give it a great impetus. Telegraph wires may be cut, trains wrecked, and couriers intercepted, but it wants a good shot to bring down a carrier flying high, and he is not so big a mark as a balloon.

Far British Columbia is looking for admission to the C.A.A.O., and Secretary Littlejohn has been communicated with as to receiving the St. James Bay Rowing Club, of Victoria, into the association. The secretary of the club is remarkably innocent and also remarkably honest, for in his application he states that several members of the club are professionals, some having played baseball for money, and one man having rowed for a five dollar money prize once in his life. The wild and woolly West should get a few pointers in amateur ethics from this effete East of ours. How many professionals masquerade as amateurs this side of the Rockies who would be virtuously indignant

if such a thing were suggested. Do they acknowledge anything? Not much. They wait to be found out, and even then step down and out with a very bad grace.

At the Elmira horse show Messrs. Moorehouse & Pepper were remarkably successful; they captured nearly everything before them and are to be congratulated thereon. There was one accident, however, which was to be regretted. Ontario attempted to beat Roseberry's great record for a \$500 purse; but only topped the pole at 5 ft. 9 in. and hurt himself so badly that he will not be able to jump for some time.

The Council of the N. A. L. A. held a meeting on Saturday last at Mr. C. J. Doherty's office, and a few minor matters were discussed, the claimants for a district championship being ordered to play off for it; but the leading question was brought up by Mr. Maguire of Sherbrooke, who claimed that the Capitals, of Ottawa, were not entitled to the intermediate championship on account of having one Mr. O'Brien on the team. Mr. O'Brien was convicted of some criminal offence, but it was not known whether it was the same Mr. O'Brien or not, and the secretary was instructed to make enquiries looking to that end. There seems to be a good deal of unnecessary trimmings about lacrosse laws these days, and when two legal gentlemen cannot make up their minds as to whether an error is criminal or not, it seems a funny thing that the lacrosse laity should take it on themselves to decide.

The Montreal Hunt Club fall meeting is always looked forward to with a good deal of attention. Riding men and civilians and farmers rather like the excursions of the men who follow the chase. There is something dashing and daring about it that recommends itself to the consideration of the man whose idea of sport does not take in any anxiety as to a small header or so forth. A stiff paling, a treacherous water jump, a deceiving stone wall may be taken all nicely in their way, but who is to account for the uncertainties of a country where barbed wire is the unnatural protector. A ride across country where everything that comes in the way is supposed to be negotiable is an entirely different thing from the way of going in the old times, when a hunter could be faced at anything up to five feet and a half. Our hunters now are better if anything than the old style, but instead of taking a stone wall that one faced as if storming a forlorn hope, or a hedge that at its best would only prick the jumper, we have now a barbarous invention called barbed wire. This is not intended as a joke, as many who have gone over ground on the Island of Montreal will recognize. A barbed wire fence is a reminder of Hades or Purgatory or something else to the unfortunate pink-coated gentleman who hankers after a brush to hang over the mantel-piece; he would sooner have rail fences or a low line of stones to mark out his property. Barbed wire is a convenient thing for the farmer, but a most uncomfortable arrangement for the hunter, and if Montreal is intending to support the Hunt Club it might be suggested that the club make some arrangements for its tri-weekly meets where the destructive wire was not a primary consideration. Every man who has ever worn cords will agree with me. It is a difficult thing to persuade Mr. Reynard to run in an obliging line. That contra-minded vulpian will go just where he pleases, and the hunters will have to follow; but the fox is not going to have it quite all his own way. The M. H. C. have decided to make a separate programme for every week's runs. Everything will depend on the country to be gone over and the weather. It seems a better scheme than any hitherto followed, and as the island is pretty well populated with the poultry-stealing rogue there should be comparatively little difficulty in running him to earth one place or the other. The opening of the season takes place to-day, when members will take the initiatory breakfast at 10 o'clock. On Tuesday there will be a run to Pointe-aux-Trembles; on Thursday St. Laurent will be the scene of chase, and on next Saturday there will be an old-time hunting breakfast at Verdun, when that fine old sportsman and master, John Crawford, will do the honours.

Now that the bowling season is about to commence, would it not be a good idea for the Montreal league to try and induce some outside clubs to take part in this muscle-giving sport. The Ottawa team, who played several matches with our city clubs, showed a marked improvement by the end of the season, and I am sure would like to come into the league. I believe there is also a strong bowling contingent in Cornwall, besides other towns not far from Montreal. Our city clubs last year created an interest never before known in the annals of bowling in Canada. Matches were too few and far between last winter, and with the past season's experience and assistance from outside clubs I think the interest would greatly increase. Let Mr. President Forget and his committee get their heads together and see if they cannot prepare a good programme for the lovers of this sport for the winter of 1890-91.

The interest in thoroughbred horses is apparently growing every year in Canada, and the importations by the St. Lawrence route this season will undoubtedly be the largest on record. Almost every steamer brings from 10 to 100 selected animals; but the SS. Amarynthia on her last trip brought a particularly fine bunch, including such horses as Parisian, Bushfield, The Chicken, Old Ireland, Sarah and four unnamed colts, in all nine of the finest animals which

have ever been seen in this city. They are the property of Mr. Gamble Orr, Ormande Cottage Stud, Belfast, Ireland. The horses will be exhibited at the Dominion show at Toronto, and will, no doubt, remain in this country.

The Montreal Hunt Club have put out their programme for the 2nd and 4th of next month. The races will take place at the Blue Bonnets course. The following is the card:

FIRST DAY.

1st. Green steeplechase, for a purse of \$200; \$150 to first horse; \$50 to second; third horse to save entrance fee. For horses that have never won a steeplechase or hurdle race, and that shall have been regularly and fairly hunted by members during the current season, and *bona fide* the members of the Montreal Hunt or any other Hunt in the Dominion or the United States on or before the 15th August, 1890. Over two miles of fair hunting country. Welter weights for age. Half-breeds allowed seven pounds. Entrance, \$10.

2nd. Half-bred handicap steeplechase, for a purse of \$200; \$150 to first horse; \$50 to second; third horse to save entrance fee. For half-bred horses *bona fide* the property of members of the Montreal Hunt, or any other Hunt in the Dominion or in the United States on or before August 15th, 1890, and have not started for any race except a hunter's race in 1890, and that shall have been regularly and fairly hunted during the current season. Over the green course. Entrance, \$10.

3rd. Members' plate, for a piece of plate value \$100. For half-bred horses that have never won a steeplechase or hurdle race—the Consolation Handicap excepted—and shall have fairly and regularly hunted with the Montreal Hunt by members during the current season. To be ridden by members elected on or before 15th August, 1890. Over green course. Welter weights for age. Entrance, \$10.

4th. Open flat race, 1½ miles. A sweepstake of \$15, half forfeit, with \$150 added, of which \$50 to second, third to save his stake. Horses to be declared out by 30th September, 1890. Light welter weights.

SECOND DAY.

5th. Open handicap steeplechase, for a purse of \$300; \$250 to first horse; \$50 to second; third horse to save entrance fee. Open to all horses. Over cup course. Entrance, \$15.

6th. Hunt cup, for a piece of plate value \$300. For horses that shall have been fairly and regularly hunted by members with the Montreal Hunt during the current season, and have not started for any race except a hunter's race in 1890, and *bona fide* the property of members of the Montreal Hunt on or before August 15th, 1890. To be ridden by members elected on or before the same date. Over three miles of fair hunting country. Weight, 12 stone. Winners of this race once, 10 lbs.; twice or more, 15 lbs. extra. Thoroughbred to carry 10 lbs. Entrance, \$20.

7th. Farmers' race, for a purse of \$400; \$200 to first horse; \$75 to second; \$50 to third; \$40 to fourth; \$35 to fifth. For half-bred horses bred on the Island of Montreal, which have never started in any race except a farmers' race, the Hunt Cup, Queen's Plate or Consolation Handicap, and owned by *bona fide* farmers of the Counties of Hochelaga, Jacques Cartier, Isle Jesus, to be ridden by farmers or farmers' sons of those counties, whose sole occupation is farming. Imported half-bred mares which have dropped a foal on the Island since January 1st, 1884, and being the *bona fide* property of a farmer, are eligible. Winners of this race once, 7 lbs.; twice, 14 lbs.; three times, 21 lbs. extra. Mares that have suckled a foal this year allowed 5 lbs. Over the green course. Welter weights for age. Entrance free.

Consolation handicap steeplechase, for a purse of \$100; \$50 to first horse; \$30 to second; \$20 to third. For horses beaten during the meeting, winners excluded. Over the green course. Entries to close immediately after the farmers' race. Entrance free.

R. O. X.

A Rainy Day.

Not piled up massy clouds soft greys on greys,
A score of tints, with rifts of blue between,
Not lovely lights across the shadowed scene,
As rush of tears a shy smile fitful ways,—
The lowering lift of dull unwavering mien
And drop on drop calm Nature's will betrays!

The morn no joyous look of welcome wears,
To greet the sun close wrapped in misty pall;
The boughs droop dismal; no faint twitters fall
From one to one across this dawn in tears;
Like a wan ghost the waking world appears!

The hours that yesterday were fleet of wing,
Now clad in melancholy steal away;
Their dripping pinions beat no measure gay
Across the air; for haply everything
In sympathy doth acquiescence bring!

No lingering now in path or busy street,
Where straggling bushes of the wild-rose grow,
Or all the world is passing to and fro;
The steady down-fall leaves no wish to greet
A friend; but urges on our hurrying feet!

Yet brightness hath a place where hearts are gay,
Though noon and eve claim drear equality;
In metaphor or stern reality
There still be they life's forfeit will not pay,
Who make their own sunshine on a rainy day!

KAY LIVINGSTONE.

Military Notes.

I took the Sergeant by the hand,
I served for thirty year—
Till now, a tottering veteran, I
On one leg wander here.
But when the music passes by
I throw my crutch aside,
And murmur in the Sergeant's ear
With all the old glad pride—
"Here they come,
Fife and drum!
Gaily led,
The lads in red.
Now I say,
Old and grey,
If this life had but one day—
I'd give it twenty times to come
To be back once more with the Fife and Drum!"
J. L. MILLOY.

The Canadian Wimbledon week has come and gone, and the anticipations of many—young and old—have found themselves face to face with stern reality in the shape of completed score-sheets. Ottawa during the first week in September of each year is getting to be more and more the Mecca towards which all Canadian riflemen turn their eyes, and the excellent management and the steadily growing liberality of the prize-list has contributed much to this end. To a man who does not care a button about rifle-shooting, the eagerness and enthusiasm with which lovers of the sport look forward to the larger prize-meetings in general and the D.R.A. week in particular, is incomprehensible. No one but a shot—or an attempt at one—can understand the feeling; but to such a one the pleasure of looking forward long antedates the eventful week; and the merging of the anticipation into the reality constitutes the most pleasurable period of the summer.

Last week's meeting was an unqualified success, and all who participated speak in the highest terms of the good time they had, coupled (in most cases) with the most elaborate explanations as to their failure to get into the Aggregate. Again has the plum of the prize list—the Governor-General's \$250—fallen to one of that family that has so largely aided in keeping up Canada's shooting reputation. If we may be allowed to plagiarize from Napier, we can truly say "Nothing can stop those astonishing Mitchells."

Of the improvements and reforms that have been introduced into the Canadian service in the last fifteen or twenty years, almost all have been in the direction of the establishment and maintenance of our little regular army—very few tending towards the bettering of the great backbone of our defence—the militia. The establishment of the Royal Military College, the formation of the Schools of Cavalry, Artillery and Infantry, the raising of that superb cavalry force, the North-West Mounted "Police" (sic), all relate to our small but efficient body of permanent troops. It is doubtful if the militia force of to-day is as good as it was 20 years ago. It is true that the abortive attempts of the Fenians on our borders, from 1863 to 1870, had developed a good deal of special interest in our defensive forces; but allowing a good margin for that, our volunteer regiments were better and more numerous than to-day. We had the advantage of an Imperial garrison in every large city of the Dominion, and no young man of spirit could see those superb parades on the Champ de Mars without feeling a touch of the magnetic influence that attends all military display. Man is a war-loving animal, all the peace societies in Christendom to the contrary notwithstanding, and the continuous po. p and circumstance of war has a strong effect in moulding those with whom its followers are brought into contact into a similar frame of mind. The arms and accoutrements of the Canadian militia at that time were identical with those of the line regiments. Since then what advances have the former made in that respect? None. The same rifle, excellent in 1870, but practically obsolete in 1890; the same knapsack—universal in 1870, but a barbarism in 1890. The army has kept pace with the years; our militia has stood still.

If our war-lords have not the wishes and means to endeavour to increase the number of men put under military training each year—to arm the force with a weapon on some sort of a par with that used by other nations—or to have an active service equipment in accordance with the ideas of modern civilization—a few minor measures might well be adopted which would not involve an alarmingly serious addition to the estimates, and might even add a few more rays of brilliancy to the lofty military position we now occupy. One of the first steps—and it is not a difficult one—should be the practical instruction of the regimental staff and field officers of each district in the roads and defensive positions on that part of the frontier along which they would most naturally be called upon to act should hostilities arise. It is unnecessary to waste words in this point; its utility must be evident to any sensible man. No student of tactics can have failed to notice the stress laid upon this subject, and no reader of military history but must have noted the numberless instances in

which the success of engagements, and even of campaigns, was due to the personal knowledge of roads, rivers, fords, bridges, and positions best adapted for defence or attack, possessed by individual officers. How many Montreal field officers, for instance, know the roads, rivers, etc., in a single county on the frontier; and when we consider that from Huntingdon to Compton there are eight counties touching American soil—to say nothing of the terribly elongated line running up through the eastern part of the province—I think that it cannot but be evident that no officer should receive a first-class certificate before it is apparent to the examiners that he possesses a fair knowledge of the military points of at least the nearest frontier county.

The following article, on "Punishments in the French Army," recently appeared in *Vanity Fair*. It is to be hoped that the picture is overdrawn, otherwise there would be little choice between such an existence and that of a criminal in Siberia:—"The punishments in the French army are of a very severe nature, more especially when it is considered that the men thus punished are not by any means criminals, but only soldiers who have not behaved so well as they might. These are deported to Algeria under the name of "Camisards," where they are enrolled in the *compagnies de discipline*. Before embarking the man has his boots taken from him, which are replaced by sabots, and on arriving at his destination he receives a uniform of grey wool and a cap with a large brim. The men are farmed out to do work, and are all the time under the supervision of non-commissioned officers, who treat their inferiors with the greatest brutality. It is, however, the punishments to which the men are subjected for the most trifling offences which must excite indignation. A common punishment is to keep them night and day in a hole in the ground with perpendicular walls, so that escape is impossible. Scorching heat by day and cold by night, with rations reduced to one quarter of their proper quantity, make the very common punishment of the *gargouille* extremely trying. The imprisoning of men in the *tombesaux*, or regulation tents, which are only fifty centimetres broad, and sixty high, is no rarity; and during their incarceration the prisoners receive no water, nor wine, nor coffee. A little meat and some *bouillon* is their whole nourishment during the day. But those who are punished with cells are incomparably worse off. They are never allowed, under any circumstances, to leave the hole they are kept in either by day or by night. They have no duties or work to pass the time, and only get some warm soup every second day, with a very limited quantity of water daily. This punishment is made still more severe by putting the men into irons on certain occasions. The delinquent has two iron rings round his ankles, which are connected by an iron bar rather more than a foot in length, so that his legs form an isosceles triangle with it. He is forced to lie down on his face, and then his arms are chained on his back, whereupon he is put into his *tombesaux*. He can only eat his soup like a dog, and if he wants to drink he must seize his bottle with his teeth, and should be let the bottle fall his ration of water is lost for that day. Any complaints are at once stopped by a gag. Only quite recently a punishment was in use called the *crapaudine*. The prisoner's hands and feet are chained together, and in this posture he was strung up onto an iron bar. The *camisard* is also in use. The soldier is first put into a strait-jacket, his hands are tied on his back, and round his neck an iron collar is fastened, which is attached to an iron bar in the wall. The man has to stand in this position as long as eight days, unable to lie down or to do any thing for himself."

An interesting incident in connection with the recent visit to England of the Emperor of Germany was the practical trial of an expedient devised by Colonel Crease, C.B., commanding the Royal Marine Artillery, to minimise the results of the heavy and demoralizing fire to which the fighting line of an attacking force using smokeless powder would be exposed from a defensive position. The system tried is called the new smoke attack, and consists of smoke-cases carried by the men in the advance; these cases when ignited produce such a dense volume of smoke as not only shelter the firing line, enabling them to take better aim and give considerable immunity from loss, but also to screen the movements of the supports and reserves and enable the re-enforcement of the fighting line to be effected without the knowledge of the enemy. The cases consist of paper tubes, 18 inches long by 2 inches diameter, filled with a smoke-producing composition and with perforated tin covers. The result appeared to be highly satisfactory, and the use of these cases will, no doubt, be general in similar future events. History is always repeating itself, and the coincidence is a marked one between the use of the grenades by our Grenadiers in the last century and the employment of smoke-cases by the infantry of the present day.

Vegetable Traps.

Most plants derive their nutriment from the ground by means of their roots, but there are those which feed on insects, and are very curiously adapted for this purpose. Specially to be noted for this class are the Pitcher plants, of which there is quite a variety. One of the most beautiful grows on the Sierra Nevada Mountains, in Northern California, higher up than the top of Mount Washington. It is called *Darlingtonia Californica*. It has no leaves, but from the root there grow two kinds of pitchers, some of them small, others large, veined and beautifully coloured,

having a curved roof and two long flaring wings. Each of these pitchers is twisted about half a turn. The colours are brilliant reds, yellows and greens, richer and mellow than most plants of this sort. The flower grows on a stem four or five feet in height, and resembles a red and yellow striped tulip hanging downward. Both flower and pitcher are arranged as a trap to entice and catch the unwary insect.

In North Carolina there is a pitcher plant that has some ordinary leaves, while others are so folded and fastened together as to form a long tube, very small at the base, bulging out in the middle, then drawn in at the top, which is open. Above there is quite a wide, veined and curved leaf, which is upright and partially covers the pitcher. Along the edge of that portion of the leaf pitcher, outside of the seam, there are honey drops to allure the insect to the top, where it tumbles down into the tube, which is covered with delicate hairs pointing downward, so that once in there is no getting out. Some of these plants have clear spots at the upper end which let in the light.

In Borneo there are giant pitcher plants (*Sarracenia*). One species has brightly coloured, bottle-shaped leaves, which stand upright on the ground, and one leaf holds about two quarts of pure water, which is distilled from the plant itself. Others creep along on the ground and cling to the rocks. Their leaves are in the form of water flasks with a lid. Others are epiphytal. Of these the best and most distinct is *N. Ventricosa*, which bears from thirty to forty pitchers, some of which are red, others green blotched with red, while some are pure green. *N. Lowii* in shape resembles an old-fashioned wine flagon; it is epiphytal, growing on Casuarina trees at an elevation of 5,000 to 6,000 feet on Kina Bala Mountain. Not all the pitcher plants can be classed, however, among the traps.

Bladder-worts are among the insect catchers. They grow mostly in water, but some are epiphytal. The curious little cups or bladders were formerly supposed to be useful for floating the plant, but closer observation has shown them to be for traps. When an insect comes in contact with the mouth of the bladder, a trap-door suddenly opens, the victim is drawn in and absorbed. There is a quantity of little four-rayed stars inside the stomach, which are the organs of digestion.

The Sun-dew is another of the insect catchers. Some have long, narrow leaves; others round ones. These sparkle in the sunshine as though covered with raindrop or dew. It is a sweet, sticky substance by which insects are caught. Through a magnifying glass the leaf will be seen to be fringed around the edge and covered on the upper surface with what have been called tentacles, because they seem like the arms of certain sea animals, with which they capture their prey. The leaf sags a little in the middle and when an insect is glued fast by the sticky drop every tentacle begins to curve over and fasten more strongly. The movement is very slow—so slow that it takes frequently several hours for it to be complete. What is very remarkable about it, if a fly alights on the side of the leaf, or anywhere away from the centre, the tentacle it touches bends over, carrying its prey with it to the centre of the leaf, and then all the tentacles move towards the middle and clasp it. The leaf then pours over it a liquid acid which dissolves what is good for food, thus acting as does the gastric juice in our stomachs. One full meal will last the plant nearly a week. It must have the right kind of food, however. Dr. Darwin fed a sun-dew on cheese, which made it turn yellow and sickly, and it finally died with dyspepsia. When a few drops of milk were poured on a leaf it curved up around the edges, making the form more cup-like, while the tentacles bent over to absorb it. Another remarkable thing has been noted: if a bit of meat is divided, half of it placed on the leaf and the other on some moss beside it, the piece on the leaf will remain fresh until digested, while that on the moss becomes spoiled.

Venus's fly-trap is of quite different construction from those described. The leaves grow out from the centre of the plant and are in three divisions. On the tip of each grows the trap, which is made similar to the valves of a clam-shell. They are hinged at the back and edged all around with sharp spikes. On the inner side are three long hairs which are very sensitive, so that the instant they are touched the valves close, the spikes are locked together and the insect is entrapped. If the thing caught is the right sort for food, the spikes remain clasped till it is digested; if not good, they speedily open and drop it out.

In view of the wonderful operations of the vegetable traps specified, it would seem as though they were possessed of intelligence.

M. D. WELCH.

Shipwreck in a Calm.

No cloud of ill presaged the midnight woe;
With heedless tensioned pride the great ship throbbed
To kiss the coy horizon's crowning line,
Disdainful of the jealous swell, that deemed
The embrace its own; and men and women slept
Confiding in the wanton strength that dares
The crested storm or floats the staying calm.
Fate holds, however, no counsel with the skill
That man can boast: its unrelenting grasp
Reveals no law that man can tame his own:
His pride of toil is but the tiny sphere
Whose soapy film breaks at a moment's breath
To pass within the yeast of chaos, God controlled.

J. M. HARPER.



PRIVATE MACFARLANE.
STAFF-SGT. MCADAM.

CORPORAL MCNEE.
PRIVATE McMARTIN.

LIEUT. FOPE, TEAM CAPTAIN.

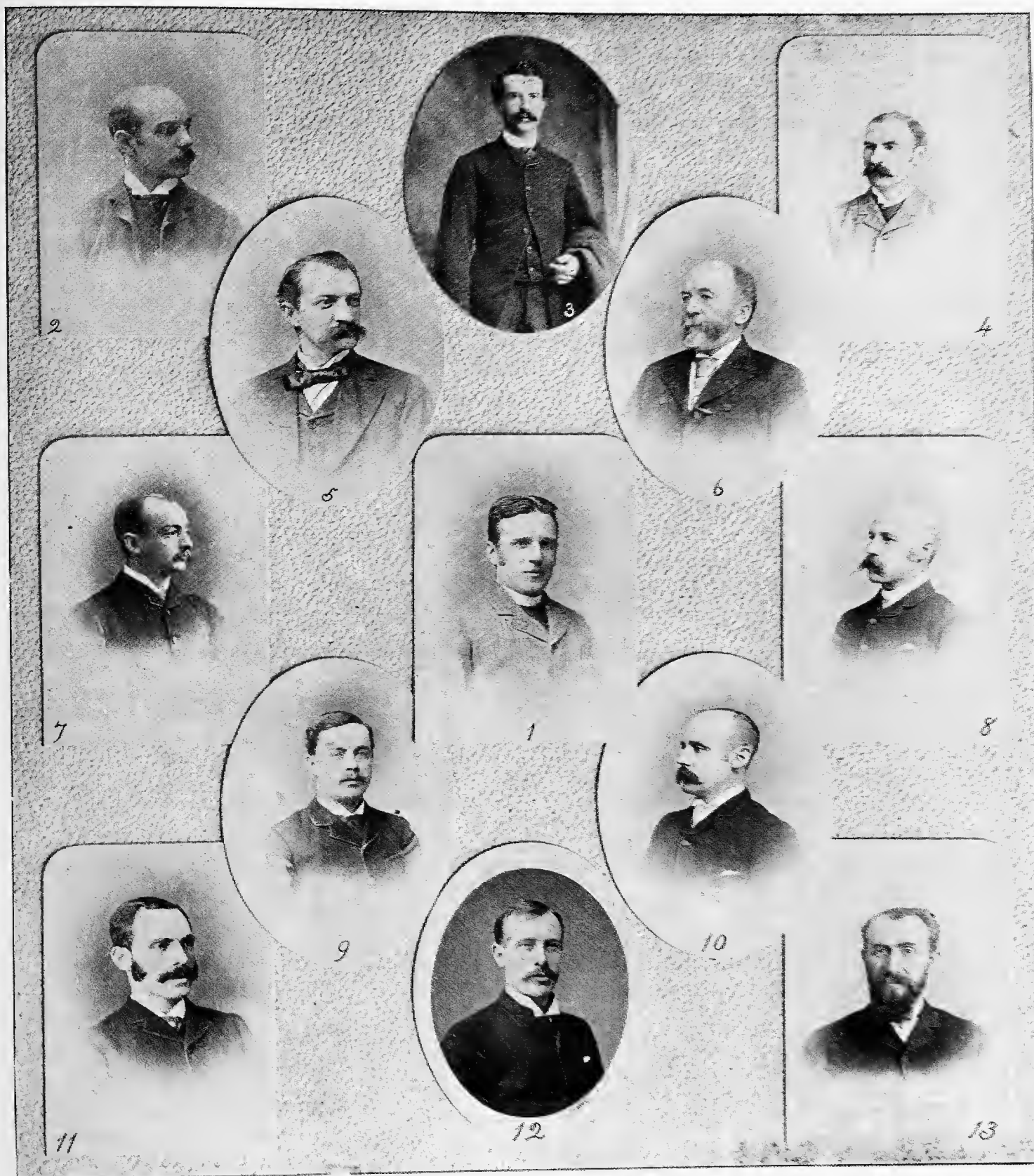
CORPORAL SINMORE.
COL.-SGT. BROWN.

CORPORAL MATHEWS.
PRIVATE MCAFEE.

RIFLE TEAM OF THE VICTORIA RIFLES. (Winners of the Carslake Trophy.)



BRIDGE OVER THE CHAUDIERE, NEAR QUEBEC.



1. Joseph Pope, Private Secretary of the Rt. Hon. Sir J. A. Macdonald.
 2. Clarence C. Chipman, " " Hon. C. H. Tupper.
 3. Alph. Benoit, " " Hon. Sir A. P. Caron.
 4. Jas. E. W. Currier, " " Hon. C. C. Colby.
 5. E. P. P. Roy, " " Hon. Sir H. Langevin.
 6. Matthew Pts. Walsh, " " Hon. John Costigan.

7. Louis H. Taché, Private Secretary of the Hon. J. A. Chapleau.
 8. A. L. Jarvis, " " Hon. John Carling.
 9. E. L. Sanders, " " Hon. McK. Bowell.
 10. Douglas Stewart, " " Hon. Sir J. S. D. Thompson.
 11. John H. Balderson, " " Hon. John Haggart.
 12. A. Chisholm, " " Hon. Edgar Dewdney.
 13. F. J. Jenkins, Private Secretary to the Hon. George E. Foster.

PRIVATE SECRETARIES TO THE MINISTERS OF THE DOMINION GOVERNMENT.



Pieces of cheese cloth make the very best kind of dusters. Hem the edges and have a large enough supply so that one set can be washed each day.

There is nothing better for nervousness than celery tea, the tops of roots, or even the seeds, and in draining the water from cooked celery you lose the best part.

White silk, a wedding dress, for instance, may be kept for years, without acquiring the faintest tint of yellow, if wrapped in a linen sheet that has been deeply bleached, and over this two or three thicknesses of heavy brown wrapping paper.

HOT MILK FOR THE OVERWORKED.—People who cannot drink cold milk often find it palatable and very beneficial when taken as hot as possible. Upon some tired and overworked persons it has an exhilarating effect. The milk should be fresh and heated as hot as possible without boiling.

To preserve lemons put a layer of dry, fine sand, an inch in depth, at the bottom of an earthenware jar. Place a row of lemons upon this, stalks downwards, and be careful that they do not touch one another. Cover them with another layer of sand, fully three inches in depth, lay on it more lemons, and repeat until the jar is full. Store in a cool, dry place. Lemons thus preserved will keep for months.

TO CURE DAMP CELLAR WALLS.—The following, it is said, will accomplish an admirable result:—Boil two ounces of grease with two quarts of tar for nearly twenty minutes in an iron vessel, and having ready pounded glass, one pound, slaked lime, two pounds, well dried in an iron pot, and sifted through a flour sieve. Add some of the lime to the tar and glass to form a thin paste only sufficient to cover a square foot at a time, about an eighth of an inch thick.

WOMAN'S DOMAIN.

A PICTURESQUE ART.—It requires something more than a long purse and a fashionable milliner to enable one always to be dressed just as one ought to be. The best-dressed woman is by no means always the one who is arrayed with the most splendour and costliness; and to know how to dress according to the occasion is as much an art as to know how to dress at all. In one's own home to outdress one's guests is a rudeness and an unkindness; the house, the equipage, the retinue, the *entourage*—the whole establishment, is there to speak for one; the personal attire can be of the most modest. One certainly would never revive the singular French custom of receiving in one's night dress and in bed, an affectation of simplicity which was really an extravagance of luxury, since it served the purpose of exhibiting a profession of rich laces in curtains, coverlet, cap, and dress, and general equipment, rivaling the spider's work, and worth a king's ransom; for, apart from the indelicacy and impropriety of that fashion, it is not wise to assume any simplicity whose subterfuge can be seen through. The dress that is not conspicuous with dazzling, nor an object of envy, and yet fine enough to show respect for one's guests, is easily arranged by the woman who knows how to dress at all. But, on the other hand, an attire that is too modest is equally out of place on the guest, for it seems to assume that the entertainment is inferior, and the *convivies* of no consequence. It is better for the guest to be overdressed than for the hostess—better for the guest than to be underdressed; she need not feel uncomfortable if she has come in a dress outshining that of every one else present, since the worst that can be said of it is that she thought the occasion worthy of it. But, in fact, the artist in dress will avoid either of these extremes, wearing nothing too rich or too poor, too fanciful and æsthetic, or too plain and coarse. Conspicuous dressing has been one of the disorders of the age; and if the tailor-made dress had not run into the region of costliness, it would have wrought wonders for women of all grades. The perfectly dressed woman causes no one to turn the head and glance at her, unless for her charming *ensemble*; but if by any accident the glance is arrested and fixed on her toilette, then it is seen to be faultless. Only in the private depths of one's boudoir, where none but intimates have access, can any eccentricities of dress be indulged, and there one can cultivate the picturesque at one's sweet will, if it is really worth while to give the subject so much attention. The chief thing to remember is that a style of dress becomes a part of one's own personality, of one's individualism, and one would always prefer that that should be pleasing.

"Don't wash your hair." This is advice given by a woman who has been at the head of a leading hairdressing establishment for the last twelve years. She says further: "I believe the average young woman drowns the life of her hair by frequent washing in hot and cold water. We send out about twenty young women who dress hair by the season, contracting for the entire family. They plan to give each head a combing twice a week, and, by special arrangement, make house to house visits daily. Not a drop of water is put on the hair, and every head is kept in a clean and healthy condition. We pin our faith to a good brush, and prefer a short bristled, narrow brush, backed with olive or palm wood. We use the brush not only on the hair, but on the scalp as well. A maid has to be taught how to dress and care for the hair by object lessons. The instruction is

part of my duty. In teaching one novice I operate on the other. The first thing to do when the hair is unpinned is to loosen it by lightly tossing it about. The operation need not tangle it, and as the tresses are being aired they fall into natural lengths. Instead of beginning at the scalp, the first combing should start at the end of the hair. In other words, comb upward to avoid tangling, breaking and tearing the hair out. This racking of the hair will remove the dust. After this the scalp should be brushed thoroughly. By this I mean that a full hour should be spent, first brushing the hair and then the head.

Queen Margaret of Italy has a fashion of determining to her satisfaction the workings of the various charitable institutions in which she is interested, which lady patrons of beneficences might do well to consider. Her Majesty, in spite of court ceremonials and social functions, finds time to visit these institutions, especially those devoted to children, very often, but her visits are always unannounced and made at most unexpected times, which procedure keeps the superintendents constantly on the alert. Recently on her return from her evening drive the royal carriage drew up before the entrance of a hospital for crippled boys, and learning that the inmates had been put to bed she went up into the dormitories and examined them all, praising the gentle Sisters for the exquisite order and neatness of the wards. The delight of the children, their wonder and surprise was pretty to see as the beautiful lady in her rich apparel bent over each cot to smile a benediction at the little sufferers like some angel visitant, to smooth the pillows with her white jewelled hands, and to speak gentle words of comfort in her soft low voice. It is little wonder that the Italians worship this sovereign lady who rules over them with such graciousness and tact and sympathy.

JANE AUSTEN'S BIRTHPLACE.—Steventon, where Jane Austen was born, may be seen from the railway between Basingstoke and Popham Beacon; but the parsonage has long been pulled down. It is said to have been a square, comfortable-looking house on the other side of the valley to the present one; it was approached from the road by a shady drive, and was large enough to contain not only all the Austens and their household, but at different times many other people as well. It had a good sized old-fashioned garden, which was filled with fruit and flowers in delightfully indiscriminate confusion, and sloped gently upwards to a most attractive terrace. Every reader of "Northanger Abbey" will identify this terrace with a smile. From the parsonage garden there was a curious walk to the church; it was what the natives of Hampshire call "a hedge," which may be explained to those who are not natives of Hampshire, as a footpath, or even sometimes a cart track, bordered irregularly with copse wood and timber, far prettier than the ordinary type of English hedge, and forming a distinctive characteristic of the country. Jane Austen displayed her Hampshire origin when she made Anne Elliott, in "Persuasion," overhear Captain Wentworth and Louisa Musgrave in the hedge-row behind her, as if making their way down the rough, wild sort of channel down the centre.

Among the Moose.

As some friends were chatting a few nights ago in a suburban house in this city *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*, one of the party spoke of the considerable number of Canadian books which, though of acknowledged merit, remain almost unknown through lack of enterprise. One of the works mentioned as of especial interest, dealing with a subject peculiarly Canadian and written by one to the manner born, was a small volume entitled "Three Months among the Moose—A Winter's Tale of the Northern Wilds of Canada." From the title-page we learn that it was written by a military chaplain, and not long after the publication of the book it transpired that the author, as well as the hero of it, was the late Rev. Joshua Fraser, for some time chaplain to the 78th Highlanders during the stay of that regiment in Montreal. We can well recall a ceremony which took place on the Champ de Mars in which the author of this "Winter's tale," was the chief officiant. The circumstance under which he obtained the data for his narrative we learned, not only from himself, but from his physician, who took no little pride in the book as indirectly of his own creation. The author, whose health had suffered from severe physical and mental strain, was about to take a trip across the Atlantic, when a friend, a lumber merchant of the Upper Ottawa, advised him to try instead a holiday in the woods. The invitation was accepted, and after a four days' drive the invalid found himself at Black River Farm, his friend's lumbering depot. The Black River, which takes its rise in the Grand Lake region, enters the Ottawa opposite the northwest corner of Allumette or Black River Island. On the way to headquarters the travellers passed through some magnificent forest scenery, including an almost continuous cluster of lakees, of which (though many were small) one, St. Patrick, was five miles broad where they crossed it. Some of our readers will probably recognize the locality, as well from this feature as when they learn (for the dedication indicates that it is no secret) that our Nimrod's host was Mr. W. C. Caldwell, for years M.P.P. for North Lanark.

After a few days' rest at the hospitable and well-stocked farm, the seeker of health and adventure set out for an Indian encampment to which he had been recommended, and, having introduced himself to "Seymo" and his family, was ready next morning for his "campaign against the moose." His companions were three—Seymo, a full-blooded Indian, sixty years old, tall, powerful and active; his son, a boy of twelve, and Nick, a cousin, of by no

means prepossessing appearance. It is at this point that the wild camping and hunting life begins in real earnest, and the author's account of it is exceedingly interesting. Though he did not manage to have the first crack at the splendid animal that soon rewarded their eager pursuit, he had the privilege of giving him the *coup de grace*. It was an immense fellow, larger than the largest horse. A pang of regret was the first feeling, on gazing at the grand proportions of the noble brute, as he turned weary and despairing eyes on his persecutors. In a moment, a ball crashed through his brains and all was over. Before they thought of turning homewards, the party had three giant carcasses, besides having enjoyed abundance of sport, including partridge shooting, the trapping of martens, and other fur-bearing denizens of the woods.

A week spent at the farm, in company with "Jim," his host's brother, a capital shot, sufficiently recruited our hero for another experience of the distant forest. A trapper, "Steve," was his new guide and comrade, who had for "chum" a *fidus achates* named "Xavier, a little, wiry fellow, with a perpetual roguish twinkle in his eye." With these Arcadians, he was initiated into the mysteries of otter and beaver trapping, learned how to build a winter camp, how to ward off the rigour of the coldest weather, had many a long and adventurous tramp, experienced the sublime terrors of a winter hurricane, and, with thankful heart and high spirits, returned to the borders of civilization. Having tasted the delight of reading a newspaper after two months' exile from the busy world, he determined to have one more moose hunt, and set out with a new guard of Indians, no longer a novice. This time, also, his luck was good, but on one occasion he encountered no slight danger, having had to flee for dear life from an infuriated moose. An unloaded team, with the owner of which he happened to be acquainted, being about to return to the settlements, he seized the opportunity of starting "for home and duty," on the way being as lionized as if he were "a second Cummings, fresh from South Africa."

Besides the entertaining insight which it gives into the life of the hunter and trapper, the book contains many instructive passages on natural history, on Indian character, on the scenery of our Canadian wilderness and the reflections to which it gives rise. It is to the sportsman, however, that it will prove most interesting. It is just possible, indeed, that its Nimrodian features may be, in a few cases, too marked to give pleasure to the ordinary reader. For instance, we may ask why should a man of education and (otherwise) of refinement over-drive his "beautiful mare" until she dropped down exhausted and almost lifeless? Why should another man, because he felt a return of health and spirits, fire his rifle "at everything he saw from mere wantonness of mirth?" And why should a third man, for the mere sake of showing off his skill, deprive of life a "little black-cap tit-mouse," "the smallest bird that flies in the woods," a "beautiful little creature of greyish blue colour," which "never migrates south," but faithfully stays in its chosen haunts during the live-long winter? Surely man's servant and companion that spends his life in his service is worthy of different treatment. Surely the bright little birds and "timorous beasts" that share the earth with him, as long, at least, as they do not invade his domain or damage his property, have a right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness in their own way. If the dwellers in the woods have any historical faculty, how they must regret the exchange from the fawns and nymphs of antiquity to that strangely constituted being of modern time, who goes like an animated fire-cracker in an explosive zigzag through the fairest scenes of nature. This is rather a matter of opinion, however, and its expression is not intended to detract from the value of the book before us, in which, in our eyes, it is the only blemish worth noticing. The publishers are Messrs. John Lovell & Sons.

J. R.

Toronto Theatricals.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—All who have seen this house since the changes in it have been completed, have been loud in their praises, but none knew till last Monday evening, at the grand opening, what a handsome and thoroughly comfortable place the Academy has been made. The effect of the electric light, thrown in a soft way upon the handsome decorations, the sumptuous furnishings, the pretty draperies and hangings, was beautiful in effect, and the favourable verdict of the *tout ensemble* was unanimous. Toronto's *élite* turned out *en masse* to welcome André Messager's comic opera "Famette," presented by the Boston Ideal Opera Co., and all who saw the piece were well pleased with the finished performance they were given. The characters were well taken on the whole, and the choruses, though fair, improved during the week.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.—Hallen & Hart's "Later On" held the boards at this theatre for the past week. The entertainment was fairly good—songs and dances being its principal order. The piece is rather drawn out; but at times is so inexpressibly funny that one is inclined to overlook that fact. Next week "Faust up to Date" is to be the attraction.

JACOB & SPARROW'S OPERA HOUSE.—A strong drama, "Master and Man," by Sims & Pettit, was at this house the past week. The plot is original and racy, never losing interest, and the caste is good—the only fault being that one or two of its members were decidedly stagey. The authors of the play have put a strength and skill to it that pleases and interests all who witness the production. Next week "Held by the Enemy" will occupy the boards.

MY QUEER PARISHIONERS.

I had lately been appointed to a new rectory. My parish was a large one, embracing an area of some thirty miles, and the little town where the quaint old church, of which I was the only minister, stood had been historic in those times—a century ago—when men formed communities according to their tastes and descent, not as now, wherever commerce, following on the heels of the railroad, calls them. There was a pretty parsonage, but it was under repair, and I spent the few weeks necessary to its renovation with one of my church-wardens, a young farmer, whom I was proud to find well-bred and well-read.

I was anxious to know something of my people in order that I might the more readily understand their needs, and put myself at one with them, not only as regarded the next world, but this; for it has always appeared to me that unless a parson knows a little, at least, of his people's lives in the world, their successes, their failures, their aims, their hopes, their pleasures and their trials, he may preach till the day of doom, but he will never get at their hearts and so lead them up to the heart of Him, the Father and Lord of us all.

It was a lonely afternoon in late July, the hay was in, the peas were nearly ready, the wheat promised well, the cattle in the field looked lazily well-to-do, the colts, well-grown and already showing their points, frisked around the grave old mares, the trees were in full leaf and had that fully developed and robust look that gives July its glory, and though the roads were dusty, the sun hot and the grass somewhat scorched, we, my church-warden and I, bowled along in his top-buggy very cosily, talking as we went.

My parish stood high, and overlooked a wide valley, and as we went along the stony high-road that skirted the lower levels, more than one church spire, surrounded by a cluster of dwellings, showed in the distance, and told of population and human endeavour.

It was a pretty scene from the hillside, for the tin-covered spires shone like silver in the sun. Many of the larger houses, square, well-proportioned, and embosomed in trees, spoke of prosperity and the tall sails of a ship or two moving slowly along the canal that threaded the valley told of those great waterways by which people have traversed the continent ever since Nature stretched out wealthy hands to whosoever should come and take. I was absorbed in the thoughts that the prosperous view called up, when my companion remarked, as he pointed with his whip to a large stone house in the midst of wheat-fields: "Yonder live some people you will find very queer, and probably hard to get along with."

"Indeed!" I replied. "Why are they queer, and who are they?"

"The family consists of two old men and one old woman. They have lived there ever since I can recollect, and I have often heard my mother say they lived there when she and my father were married and came to Crab-Tree Farm."

"They must be very old," I remarked.

"Nearer seventy than anything less."

"And what is queer about them?"

"Everything. They do all their own work, farm and dairy, except such help as a boy can afford. They build their own farm waggons, scrub the floors of cow-house and stable, and never visit nor receive visitors."

"How, then, am I to make their acquaintance?"

"I fancy they do not consider their rector a visitor; though the late rector, Mr. Melton, never set foot inside their house but once, I believe. But he had no tact, and was always treading on somebody's corns. Mr. Pelham got on with them excellently, and I hope you will. There is some secret about their lives, and if they wish they have a right to conceal it. Nevertheless, they are queer, and it is the wonder of the district how these old people manage to get through so much work, and also what they do with their money, for they must be rich."

"Why do you think they are rich?"

"Two hundred acres well-titled, no rent to pay, wood for the cutting, and nothing beside tea and sugar and a bit of clothing to buy is generally reckoned a good income for a man with a family. I am not better off myself, yet I have a little in the bank."

"What is the general impression about these people, and what name do they bear?"

"They are English—so English people say, but no two agree as to where they came from. Their name is Smith, and they are regarded as cracked, that is all."

"Do they attend church?"

"Regularly. And they pay punctually both pew-rent and tithes. Moreover, they give to such collections as are

made in the church, but nothing out of it."

"Tithes! Why that is a demand not in force here, is it not?"

"No. There are no tithes in Canada, save in the Lower Provinces; still the Smiths insist that all ought to pay tithes for the support of whatever church they believe in, and therefore your salary has these self-imposed tithes in its make-up."

I was very proud, and did not like the idea of using money contributed as a tithe—a legal claim, as it is considered in the older countries—and yet if all my parishioners had contributed the tenth of their means, leaving out of the computation the poor or labouring class, I should have been a much better paid rector than I was; indeed, there would have been a good sum left for charitable and mission work over and above a fair income for myself. But these are the days of *quid pro quo*, and spiritual service is not reckoned as an asset.

Not many days elapsed before I called on my queer parishioners. As I approached the house I was struck by the exceeding neatness of everything. The very bee-hive benches were white with good scrubbing, and the stone steps of the great, square, dark-looking house, built of a stone that easily took the weather, leaving its lime-mortar in white lines between the courses, were as white as if newly quarried.



"I PERCEIVED A MAN COMING TOWARDS ME."

I knocked, but no one came to the door, and so I anticipated all might be at work on the farm. I went round the house to see what I could see. Three or four hens with young chickens in coops were clucking and calling in a little yard fenced off by high rails and a run of string above. At the side of the house the shutterless windows shone bright in the south sun and were shaded by white curtains, very homely and pleasant to see. An old orchard of apples, pears and filberts stood on the side of a little hill that fell away to the valley, and a large pig-sty, with several gruntings lay further away from the back of the house. The kitchen door, shaded by a stoop, stood open, but I could neither see nor hear any person within. A great white cat came forward to greet me, however, and I felt that human hearts beat in the breasts of my queer parishioners, if a cat meant anything. Looking around, I perceived a man, apparently seventy years old, very much bent with long white hair, calm and stern eyes, and a mouth that had once been handsome and firm before the teeth had departed, coming towards me. I bowed and advanced.

Notwithstanding the shrivelled arms, the brown skin (the usual farming skin), a shirt of homespun grey flannel and brown homespun trousers the worse for the weather, I perceived at once that this man was no clock. I introduced myself, and was asked to enter, not by the kitchen door, but from the front. We entered a wide hall ornamented with a hatchment, showing that somewhere in the family was, or had been, nobility. Several pairs of horus, a musket, two rifles—strange place for modern rifles, I thought—and an oak bench furnished this apartment; but I was shown into a room on the right hand, evidently the parlour.

Saying "Pray be seated, sir, I will call my brother and sister," my host left me and I was at liberty to look around. Not a vestige of carpet was on the floor, it was polished like a mirror, but the colour was of the natural

wood, a hard wood, evidently, but I could not tell what. A black satin embroidered screen on a gilt stand stood near the open fire-place. A large oval mahogany table occupied the centre of the room, and the legs of it were beautifully carved. So also were a very high-backed lady's chair and two easy chairs, which, together with a large secretary having a book-case top, completed the furniture of the room. Ornaments stood about and they were all very old-fashioned and costly; books filled the case, but I could not see what they were from my seat. Evidently my queer parishioners were people of culture, or had succeeded to the property of such people. But further conjecture was stopped by the entrance of my hosts themselves. Both the men had on coats donned for the occasion, and slippers—home-made, evidently—instead of their farm boots. They bowed; the elder, whom I had already seen, introduced the younger, a man very like himself, but taller, not so bent, grey, and with a stern, hard mouth, and he in his turn introduced me to the lady, whom he simply called "my sister."

Miss Smith was younger than either of her brothers. She was slight, wiry, bent, but her hair was nearly black, wavy and gathered in a loose knot, leaving it at liberty to fall into curls when loose or long enough. Her eyes were soft, gentle, but melancholy, and she was dressed in a black satin dress made when she was a girl, I concluded, its short waist, straight skirt, puffed sleeves, which had been lengthened by some other black stuff, reminding me of my grandmother's wedding dress, which had often been displayed to us youngsters to show us the style of fifty years ago.

We talked for some minutes on ordinary topics, and there was nothing in the manner of my hosts to indicate any "queerness," save that they were very old to be living alone and doing the hard work of a farm of two hundred acres. And I left them with a feeling of content, mingled with some constraint, since I knew something must be in hiding to have placed and kept three well educated, well-bred and good-looking people on a lonely farm for so many years, without them having formed any ties of love or friendship among their neighbours.

In most parishes the rector has the happiness of numbering one wise, good and helpful lady among his parishioners. I had such a one in Mrs. Keesor. She was a widow with sufficient income to live on like a lady and allow her to do the many little charities that a kind and sympathetic heart will find to do wherever human beings are congregated.

"It is my firm belief," said this lady to me one day as we were talking about my queer parishioners, "that their name is not Smith, and that they are working out a vow of some kind. Even twenty years ago they looked as old as they do now, and lived quite as secluded a life, though many of

us showed them attention and invited them to our houses."

They always thanked the inviter and begged to be excused, as "they never went out," and if any one pressed them by jest or remark they were at once resolutely stubbed.

"Are they never ill so as to need help?"

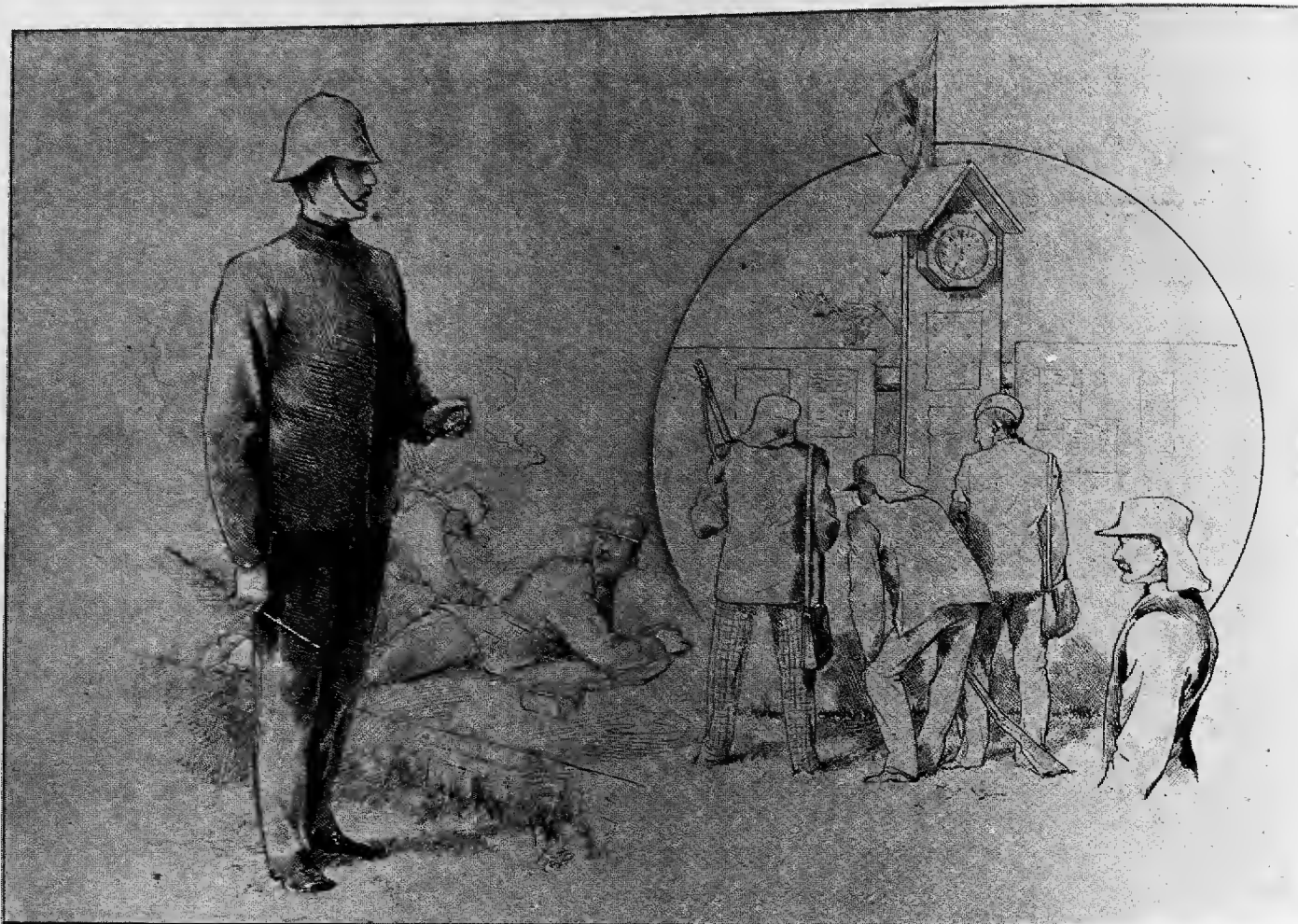
"I never knew them ask for help but once, and then Samuel, the eldest brother, fell off the hay-waggon and broke his arm. No hired man could be had, but young Rogers offered to help the harvest through, and to his great surprise his offer was gratefully accepted. They did not speak of wages, as ill-bred people would have done, but they sent him a beautiful yearling heifer, together with their grateful respects in the following summer. That the sister works as hard as the brothers is, I think, not strange, as, if they kept a servant or man, it would be a kind of incubus on the purely family life, and therefore unendurable, unless they were prepared to live in more general relations with their surroundings than they are willing to do. Certainly they are morbid on the subject of cleanliness, but such a life cannot fail to develop some crane or other, and cleanliness is as desirable as it is comparatively unusual on our farms."

"Then there is nothing for me to do but call when I think it expedient; watch over them from a distance until one or other of them breaks down under the strain of life, and take their tithing as it comes." [I forgot to mention that these tithes were paid in kind, even to fruit, and not in money at all. My predecessors had mostly turned the levy into money, but at their own risks.]

"I think not. I am glad they like you, however, as it is a comfort to them, I am sure, to have a friend in their clergyman; if they were irreligious it would be different."

(To be continued.)

All the Canadian exhibitions of this fall have proved successful.



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HUMOROUS.

MYRTLE: Florence, is that Fred Dumley's handwriting? Florence: Yes, dear; I'm engaged to him, you know. Myrtle: Yes, I know it. I was engaged to him last summer. Florence: The dear boy! I wonder who will marry him eventually.

A PRACTICAL MEMENTO.—Sir James: And were you in Rome? American Lady: I guess not. (To her daughter.) Say, Bella, did we visit Rome? Fair Daughter: Why, ma, cert'nly! Don't you remember? It was in Rome we bought the Lisle-thread stockings! American lady is convinced.

MISS LENTILS (in Boston): I have just discovered a poem in this magazine which I can't understand. Miss Beans: Oh, how nice! Let us organize a club immediately.

AS OTHERS SEE US.—Tekelheimer: Vere are you shytaying dis summer, Mr. Isaacstein? Isaacstein: Down by Bath beach. Tekelheimer: Is dere many Christians dere dis year? Isaacstein: No, not a great many; dot is to say, not enough to make it disagreeable.

TRYING TO BE POPULAR.—"I guess I'll quit trying to be popular," said Willie Wishington, dejectedly. "Why?" "A young woman to whom I was talking lawst night intimated verwy bwoadly that I made huh tiated." "Did you make any reply?" "No, only I told huh that even that was something of an achievement foh me, considering that she appeahed pwetty wobust, you know."

MAMMA: Ethel get up, my dear. Don't you know it's naughty to play that way? Mr. Smith's little girl doesn't play so. She is a good little girl. Ethel (quickly): Well, Mamma, Bessie Smith ought to be a better girl than I am. Her papa's a Minister and my papa's only a Deacon.

AT AN EBB.—Mr. Van Etten (trying to conceal a yawn): Where did you say you were going this summer? Miss Marigold (who has seen his trouble): Mr. Van Etten I am having just as hard a time as you are, and I should feel indebted if you would yawn for me also.

MAMMA had found it necessary to discipline Georgie for being naughty one day and the usually forgiving nature of the child was held in check until his father came home when the little boy ran to him and said: "Papa, I want you to do sumpfin for me; I want you to discharge mamma."

A WELL-KNOWN violinist was sitting in a village inn when a strolling player in the street began a melancholy performance on his creaking fiddle. Our artist went out, requested the instrument for a short time, and played a few airs in exquisite style. When he had done, the owner of the fiddle stepped up to him, and, tapping him on the shoulder, said in a patronizing tone: "A little more practice, young gentleman, and you'll soon be as good a player as myself!"

Weeping Trees in the Northwest.

In the forests of Washington and British Columbia I have frequently seen trees dripping copiously during clear, bright days, when no dew was visible elsewhere. The dripping was so profuse that the ground underneath was almost saturated. The phenomenon in this case was caused by the remarkable condensing power of the leaves of the fir, and it occurred only when the relative humidity was near the dew point. The dripping ceases after ten or eleven o'clock in the morning, but resumes at or near sunset. In Hakluyt's Voyages there is an account of Hawkins' second voyage to Africa and America, written by a friend who sailed with Hawkins, in which we are told that in the Island of Ferro there is a weeping tree that supplies all the men and beasts of the island with drink, there being no other available water supply. Further, he states that in Guinea he saw many weeping trees, but of a species different from that at Ferro.

Artificial Ivory.

As the manufacturers abroad claim that the supply of ivory is too small to meet the demands of industry and art, an extensive industry has arisen in France to supply an artificial substitute for natural ivory. Until recently the substitute used has been obtained by interjecting white wood with chloride of

lime, under strong pressure. Within a short time, however, it has been established that a substitute may be prepared with the bones of sheep and waste pieces of deer and kid skins.

The bones are for this purpose macerated and bleached for two weeks in chloride of lime, then heated by steam along with the skin so as to form a fluid mass, to which are added a few hundredths of alum; the mass is then filtered, dried in the air, and caused to harden in a bath of alum, the result being white, tough plates, which are more easily worked than natural ivory.

Half a Loaf.

It is an enviable spirit which is always ready to feel that half a loaf is better than no bread. The most of us are so grasping that we would gladly have the whole, and are correspondingly dissatisfied if we fail to obtain it. We met the other day a young lady who had taken a two weeks' vacation from a busy life. Seven of the days she was severely sick, but her face beamed all over as she told of the pleasure the other seven brought. Scores of children who go out on a single excursion, having the whole pleasure of the summer crowded into the few hours of a summer day, find even these crumbs of happiness better than none at all.

Anecdote of George III.

One day when George III. arrived from Windsor at Weymouth there was a great crowd to see him go to Cumberland House on the Esplanade. He was always very shy, and, hating display, wanted to avoid the shouting, and asked the landlord whether there was any way by which he could get out at the back. The man told His Majesty of a path through the fields by which he could go round, and the King went alone. Passing through a field he saw a woman very busy making hay, and went up to her, saying, "What, all alone, working so hard and no one to help! Where is your husband?" "Oh," said the woman, "he is gone into the town to see the King." "Ah, well," observed His Majesty, "you have stuck to your work, and he will miss his object." Then, handing her a guinea, he added, "You have kept to your duty and seen the King."

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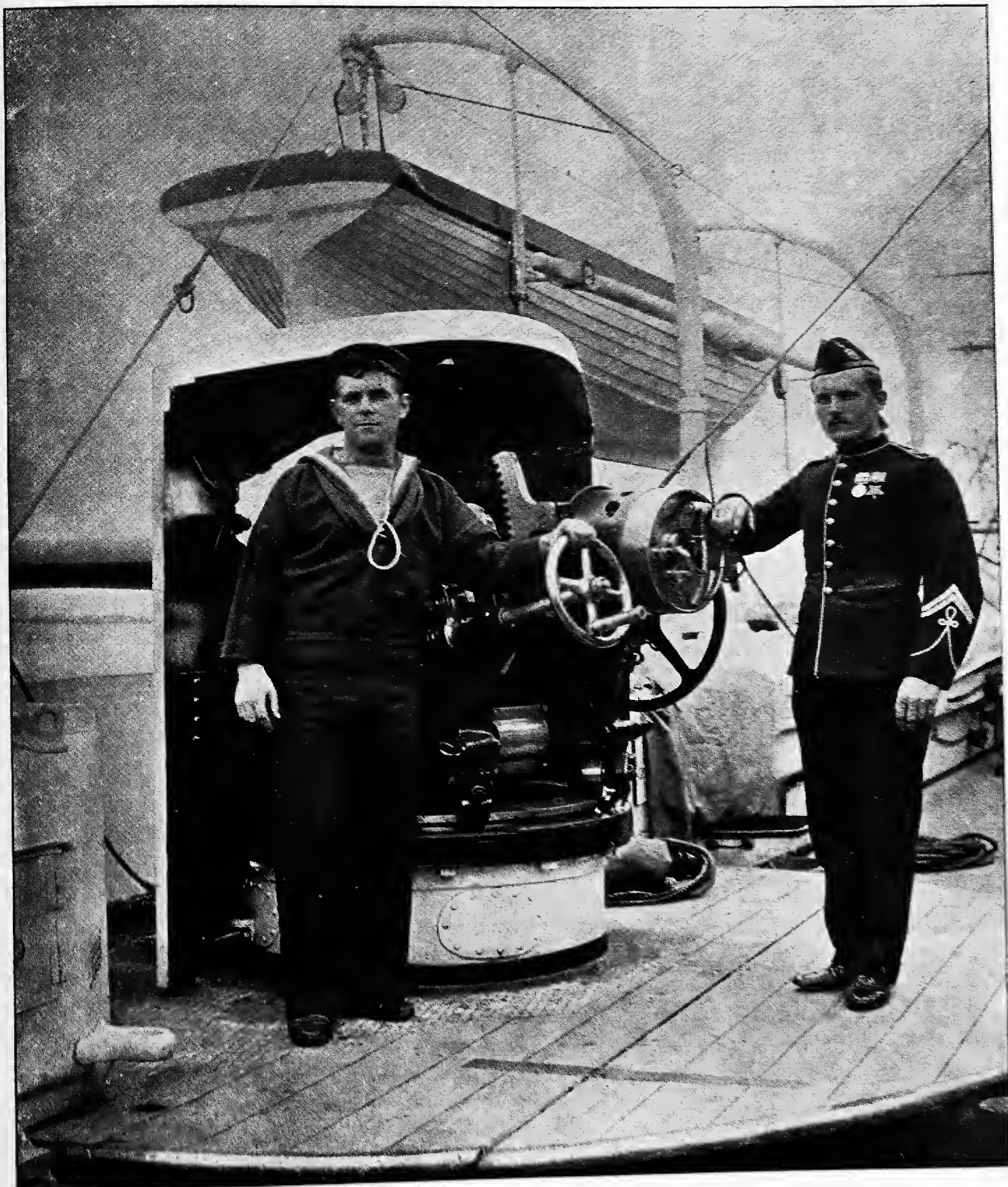
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Vol. V.—No. 116.

MONTREAL AND TORONTO, 20th SEPTEMBER, 1890.

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SOLE AGENTS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

20th SEPTEMBER, 1890.



Some notion of the growth of the British navy during the last three centuries may be gathered from the comparison of a few simple figures. In 1578 Queen Elizabeth had twenty-four ships in her own royal list. Besides these, she could, in emergency, depend on merchant and other ships throughout the kingdom of 100 tons and upwards to the number of 135; on barques and other craft of from 40 to 100 tons, 656; on about 100 sail of hoys (small sloops used for the transport of passengers and freight), and an indefinite number of fishing boats and other such craft, reckoned to be at least 600. Evidently, with the exception of Her Majesty's ships (that is, the royal navy proper), the vessels in this enumeration (the naval reserve, so to speak), would be of exceedingly small account in our time. Of course, the stage of advancement which ship-building had reached in other countries, as well as England, in the latter part of the 16th century must be remembered. Another list—that of the Armada year—shows what a naval force could be mustered with the willing help of patriotic merchants, noblemen and gentlemen. Let us see what the great readjustment of last year has already effected in the service. Not until 1894 will all the changes contemplated be carried out. Of battle ships of the first class there are 17, with an aggregate tonnage of 165,330. In 1894 these will be increased to 30, with a total tonnage of 333,950. Of battle ships of the second class there are 15, with a tonnage of 97,010, which are to be increased to 17, with a tonnage of 115,010. Of other classes of battle ships there are 6, with a tonnage of 55,660. Of coast defence ships the number is 12, with a tonnage of 37,230; of first-class cruisers, 12, with a tonnage of 76,650. The total of armoured ships is 62, with a tonnage of 431,880, to be increased to 77, with a tonnage of 618,500. Of protected ships there are to be 11 cruisers of the first-class, with a tonnage of 84,150; of the second-class there are 10, with a tonnage of 39,000, to be increased to 51, with a tonnage of 169,625; of the third-class, 18, with a tonnage of 37,900, to be increased to 24, with a tonnage of 46,800. There is to be one torpedo depot ship of a tonnage of 6,620. There is one torpedo ram of a tonnage of 2,640. There are in all 29 protected ships, with a tonnage of 78,540, to be increased to 88, with a tonnage of 309,915. There are of unprotected ships—second-class cruisers, corvettes, sloops, gun vessels, torpedo cruisers, torpedo gunboats, first and second-class torpedo boats, dispatch vessels, special service ships, etc.—a total of 282, with a tonnage of 168,724, to be increased to 336, with a tonnage of 198,654. The complete list of effective ships afloat in January, 1889, is 373, with a tonnage of 679,144, which in 1894 will be increased to 501, with an aggregate tonnage of 1,127,049. This list does not comprise ships, like the Thrush, then under construction, on whose completion a sum of £1,546,000 was to be spent. The total cost of the addition required to bring the navy to the standard contemplated in 1894 is computed to be £22,669,000. This enumeration does not include the seven vessels being built for an Australian squa-

dron, nor the twenty-three vessels on the Cunard, Peninsular and Oriental, and White Star lines, retained as Reserved Merchant Cruisers.

A finer fleet was never brought together than that which passed under the admiring and astonished gaze of the young German Emperor at Spithead in the summer of last year. Since the practical initiation of the great scheme of reform introduced by Lord George Hamilton, a large number of new vessels had been launched, while some thirty-five ships of the smaller type, deemed inadequate for the improved standard of construction, were variously disposed of. After His Majesty's inspection, the vessels of the fleet dispersed for the summer manœuvres. The main feature in the evolutions was the defence of the British coasts against a powerful enemy who had Ireland as his base. The enemy's tactics of sending a squadron piecemeal up the channel resulted in the capture of some of his most valuable ships. A fast squadron was then sent round by the north of Scotland to bombard the towns of the east coast, but the defence sent a squadron through the strait of Dover to intercept the attacking foe, and, notwithstanding the damage done by the Irish flying squadron, all but one ship of it was captured, while the assailants gained little or no compensating advantage. The inference drawn by naval strategists from this result was that the channel was not so difficult to defend as had been previously imagined. The naval manœuvres of the present year provoked more controversy, opinion being divided as to the significance of the result. In this case the invaders utterly disappeared, and it seemed doubtful whether their dispersion was to be deemed a victory for the defence, or their escape scatheless to be regarded as a discomfiture. For the management of their respective squadrons, however, fair credit has been given to both admirals—Sir George Tryon, who personated the commander of the defence, and Sir Culme Seymour, who led the invading force.

Canadians have been reproached (and not without some reason) for neglecting to avail themselves of the opportunities for the study of aboriginal ethnology, languages and tribal characteristics, though due credit has been given to our governments and people for their treatment of the Indians. On the other hand, our neighbours have been severely blamed (and not by outsiders chiefly) for cruel injustice and disregard of solemn obligations in their intercourse with the native races, while the fruitful zeal and pains which they have devoted to the scientific study of the native American tribes have won the admiration of learned circles in the Old World. No more sweeping indictment was ever brought against a nation than that which the late Helen Hunt Jackson has brought against her fellow-countrymen in her able summing-up of the case for the Indians—"A Century of Dishonour." And that her charges are not prompted by the romantic benevolence of a humane, warm-hearted woman, stirred to profound indignation by what she deemed wanton cruelties inflicted on a defenceless people by the greed of white settlers, the unscrupulousness of government agents and the bloodthirsty barbarity of frontier garrisons, is shown by the strong confirmation of every one of her assertions from living and reputable witnesses, as well as documentary evidence. Bishop Whipple, who has spent his life among the Indians, bore willing testimony to the truth of her narrative, which he complemented by a chapter from his own experience. The author of "The Massacres of the Mountains" has undertaken to unfold an important part of the record with strict impartiality, but his conclusions do not differ materially from those of Bishop Whipple and Mrs. Jackson. In recent years, however, there has been an appreciable change in the relations between the Indians and the United States authorities, and at present it may be said that on both sides of the frontier there is harmonious coöperation between those who have dealings with the tribes whether as missionaries and teachers, as students of language and folk-lore, or as agents of either government. For a number

of years past the Rev. E. F. Wilson, of Sault Ste. Marie, has, in "Our Forest Children," treated the Indian question at once from an economic, philanthropic and scientific standpoint. The four volumes of that instructive magazine, which have been published, contain a mass of information as to the history, traditions, condition and prospects of the Indians not to be found in any other publication. We have already referred to Mr. Wilson's larger enterprise—"The Canadian Indian," and need only remind our readers that the first number of it will make its appearance next month. Mr. Wilson has been assured of literary assistance from qualified persons on both sides of the border, and there is good reason to hope that his venture will be in every sense a success.

The amendment to the Contract Labour Act, recently adopted by the House of Representatives, Washington, and which increases the stringency of the law prohibiting Canadians in the border-towns from working in the States while having their homes in Canada, would doubtless be reasonable enough if the competition with citizens of the Republic resulting from the usage were more extended and more formidable. But the whole number of Canadians who have been availing themselves of opportunities of securing work across the boundary, without being obliged to change their domiciles, is necessarily too small to assume the character of an international grievance. There are a great many Canadians who go to the States for a part of the year, and, at the close of the labour season, return to Canada, while there are thousands upon thousands of Canadians residing in the States who have neither changed nor intend to change their allegiance. On the other hand, how many Americans are living in Canada on exactly similar conditions, and yet no one objects to them. In both these cases there is competition, and the difference between resident aliens and alien workmen who reside in their native land, is virtually (under the circumstances) of small importance. Of course, if the United States authorities are opposed to the practice, they are right in making the law so stringent that it will be more than a mere form.

THE CANADIAN OF THE FUTURE.

Under the head of "Expansion of Our Race," *La Minerve* publishes a long statement compiled by M. Rameau de Saint-Pere, a writer to whom French Canada is not a little indebted, in which the natural growth of our French Canadian fellow-citizens during the thirty years from 1851 to 1881 is contrasted with that of British Canada. The census returns are employed as the basis of this comparison, and M. Rameau endeavours to show that in the old provinces the ratio of increase of the French Canadian population has largely exceeded that of either English-speaking Protestants or English-speaking Roman Catholics. First of all, he deals with the increase of population as a whole, which from 2,312,916 in 1851 increased to 4,044,060 souls in 1881—or 75 per cent. Regarding the two nationalities as a whole, he finds that the British element increased during the same period 75 per cent. and the French 72 per cent. But the advantage which these contrasted ratios give to the English-speaking people of Canada is, he maintains, more fictitious than real, as the augmentation recorded was largely due to immigration. He then calculates the natural growth of the various elements, and calculates that in Ontario, while the British Protestant population increased at the rate of 105 per cent., the English-speaking Roman Catholics at 54, the French Canadians in Ontario showed an increase of 288 per cent. The total increase was 102 per cent. For Quebec, the rates were: Total 93; English Protestants, 31; English-speaking Catholics, 24, and French 60. In New Brunswick the total showed a rate of 66 per cent., the English Protestants 71, English Catholics 10, and the French 156 per cent. In Nova Scotia the rates were: Total, 59; English Protestants, 56; English Catholics, 70, and French, 73. From this showing, M. Rameau concludes that the French Canadians are the most solid and enduring element of our population—the people of the future. M.

Rameau has made a slight mistake in maintaining that the increase of the French Canadian element in Ontario, which is the most remarkable outcome of his exposition, was due to natural growth. It was assuredly almost entirely the result of immigration. A natural increase of 288 per cent is a little too tall even for our thrifty compatriots. No person denies that the French-Canadian is moral and steady, and that his habits are favourable to the growth of population. But a comparison based simply on those qualities is misleading. Indeed, the proverbial rebuke of all comparisons is not inapplicable to statements of this kind, which naturally tend to excite jealous rivalry and to provoke unfriendly retort. The Canadian people of the future will, we feel assured, be something very different from that ideal community which national vanity, whether French or British, Catholic or non-Catholic, is wont to contemplate in its forecasts. Of one thing we may be sure, however, that the more faithfully we do our duty in our generation to the country at large, to our own people and to ourselves, the more admirable will be the Canadian of the 20th or 21st century. But no man, however clever, can gauge, by taking thought, the development of a complex nationality like ours.

THE BRITISH NAVY--A RETROSPECT.

The visit to Montreal of some of the vessels of the "Queen's navy," one of them in command of Her Majesty's grandson, Prince George of Wales, suggests a retrospect that embraces many changes. It is worth recalling, perhaps, that it was on board a ship called the Prince George that our royal visitor's great-granduncle, Prince William Henry, Duke of Clarence, afterwards William the Fourth, swung his first hammock. She was a ninety-eight gun ship, under the command of the Hon. Robert Digby, Rear Admiral of the Blue. Like the Thrush, she had at that time (1779) been only lately built, and she had been named after the Prince of Wales. Those were still the days of "wooden walls," and we can imagine what a contrast, in more than material, she would have presented to the men-of-war of our own generation. It was a period of trouble and transition when this elder sailor prince of our royal house visited the shores of North America. Some of our readers can doubtless recall the years when he wore the crown and our gracious Queen was still the Princess Victoria. From his boyhood till his death he was at heart a sailor and the friend of sailors. But the service has undergone a wondrous transformation since William the Fourth was King. The art of shipbuilding has developed in a manner and to an extent of which His Majesty and his contemporaries never dreamed. Indeed, it may be said that the great warships of the present surpass the finest products of naval construction fifty years ago more than the latter surpass the greatest triumphs of the Tudor period. Though Henry the Eighth was the first to establish royal dockyards in England, the motherland did not lack ships before his reign. In the nature of things our forefathers were a sea-faring people. Even in Cæsar's time there was the semblance of a fleet, and those who made their homes in Britain after the Romans retired were the boldest and most skilful sailors of their age. England had been no sooner united under a single sovereign than some plan of naval defence became necessary to repel ever fresh assailants. Alfred the Great was admiral of the fleet as well as king. The Cinque Ports are a memorial of the Conqueror's naval policy. Under his successors down to the accession of the Seventh Henry we read of great sea fights and of fleets of from 200 to 500 vessels. But the most of these were pressed into the King's service, and many of them were built abroad, or, if in England, by foreign craftsmen. It was customary to hire ships from the Venetians and other trading communities. Henry the Eighth invited mechanics and artisans to build and equip him a navy for his war with France. After a battle in which, though not without loss, the English fleet remained mistress of the sea, he caused to be erected that Great Harry, whose tradition is still unconsciously preserved in a familiar oath. Though

assigned a gauge of 1,500 tons, it is generally thought by experts that 1,000 would be nearer the truth. A list is extant of the other vessels of the royal navy in Henry's time: Gabriel Royal (650 tons), Mary Rose (600), Barbara (400), Mary George (250), the Great Galley (800), John Baptist (400) and the Great and Less barks (250 and 180 tons, respectively) are its most noteworthy features. The Henry Grace de Dieu, or Great Harry, was built to replace the Regent, which was blown up with a French ship in the battle of the Bay of Brittany, already referred to.

William Harrison, in his "Description of England"—one of the most minute and yet comprehensive pictures of contemporary life ever written—devotes a chapter to the navy of Elizabeth just before the struggle with the Spanish Armada. Among Her Majesty's ships he mentions the Bonaventure, the Elizabeth Jonas, the Philip and Mary (a memorial of the previous reign), the Bull, the Tiger, the Lion, the Swallow, the Bark of Bullen (which commemorates her mother's family), and a number of other "great ships." The Mary Rose still survived, and it is worthy of mention that such names as the Dreadnaught, the Swiftsure, the Sanspareil were as familiar to Elizabethan as they are to Victorian sailors. But if the vessels bearing these names three hundred years ago and now could be placed side by side, what a contrast they would make! As yet, British men-of-war were of foreign build. Sometimes the very names, as in the first of the list just given, as well as the Bona Esperanza and the Bona Confidentia indicate the nationality of the builders. But whatever the ships were like or by whomsoever constructed, they were commanded and manned by as fearless soldiers and mariners as ever ventured into unknown waters. The Willoughbys, the Chancellors, the Frobishers, the Drakes, the Raleighs, and other great captains of that time, will be reckoned among England's worthies while England lasts. It was then that the colonial movement began. Then began that quest for a north-west passage which only found its solution in our own day, while, in frozen wastes of the arctic old world, two daring adventurers anticipated the fate of the still-regretted Franklin. With the accession of James, who was a man of peace, there was a lull in maritime adventure. But the seas swarmed with pirates, and to protect navigation and commerce ships of war had to be maintained. The merchantmen of that time were feeble craft—not over 400 tons, it is said. The East India trade made it necessary to enlarge their dimensions. In 1609 a vessel of 1,100 was built, and she went to sea fully armed. The number of the royal navy was doubled. The dockyards showed unusual activity, and the first great impulse was given to native shipbuilding. The Prince Royal, of 1,400 tons burden, Phineas Pett's first masterpiece, was deemed the naval wonder of her age. In foreign ports she was visited, as the Great Eastern used to be some years ago, by admiring crowds. The development of shipbuilding continued till, in 1637, the Sovereign of the Seas, "a monstrous vessel," as Evelyn records, "being, for burthen, defence and ornament, the richest that ever spread cloth before the wind," was sent afloat, carrying 100 brass cannons, registered at 1,600 tons, and an unrivalled sailer. For sixty years the Sovereign attracted the admiration of both Englishmen and aliens, and to the close of the last century no English ship could claim to be her superior.

But a new era in naval architecture was approaching, and the propulsion of ships through the water was no longer to be dependent on wind or oar. Wooden walls, moreover, were to give place to iron bulwarks. But these changes did not come in a day nor without strong opposition from the strenuous inertness of novelty-hating prejudice. As early as the reign of King James, even while Phineas Pett was engaged on his Prince Royal, inventive minds had conceived the possibility of urging vessels through the water by steam. But the proposal was laughed to scorn. Nearly a hundred years later—so slowly did the world learn to prize its best benefactors—Denis Papin, French by name, English by adoption, had the grief—for it absolutely killed him—to see his model of a ship-

propelling steam-engine destroyed by Weser boatmen, jealous of a possible rival. The idea was destined to triumph ultimately, though it was not till another century of weary waiting and many a disappointment had elapsed that the first steam-boat was seen on the Thames. Years afterwards a famous English scientist staked his reputation on the conviction that steam would never carry a vessel across the Atlantic. Now, the days before steam locomotion on land and sea seem virtually antediluvian. Like opposition was made in high quarters to the proposed substitution of the screw for the paddle. It required half a century of demonstration to convince learned doubters of its practicability. But the screw carried the day at last. One of the miracles of the Old Testament is the making of iron to float. Thousands of pious believers in the marvel scouted the notion of building iron ships. But for years monsters, compared with which the Great Harry, the Prince Royal or even the Sovereign of the Seas would be mere lighter-boats, have derived their material from the mine, not the forest. By this time, indeed, had the old system continued, British oak would be a mere tradition. In his chapters on the warfare of science, ex-Principal Adams confines himself mainly to the religious obstacles to scientific progress. He might add a fresh chapter on the martyrdom to which inventors have been subjected from the rulers in their own domain through the jealous obstinacy of sheer old-fogeyism. At this moment the English press is doing honour to the memory of a man whom England's naval authorities turned away, though he brought them a gift of untold value. Ericsson was welcomed by an officer of the United States navy and, in gratitude, made the New World his home. But by the Washington Government he was treated with base ingratitude. In the New World, as in the Old, he fell a victim to Red Tape. Yet none contributed more than Ericsson to the salvation of the Union.

But the story of the British navy has a romantic, as well as an industrial side. Through all these changes, from the time when great fleets of little craft did battle for the Edwards and the Henrys, from the days of the Elizabeth Jonas (so-called in memory of rescue from the devouring wrath of the haughty Spaniard), of the Prince Royal and the Sovereign of the Seas to the régime of great armour-plated battle ships like the Inflexible, the Thunderer and the Colossus, the British tar, whether he served under a Drake or a Nelson, a Napier or a Seymour, has ever been true to his Viking blood and to "the flag that braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze." Criticism may cast deserved reproach on administrations: the valour of England's sailors fears it not, and while in every sea her power is guarded by such defenders we need not be apprehensive for the safety of our Empire.

Sonnets.

AT THE LAST.

In youth, a prodigal I leaped and played,
Profanely wanton in my sensuous joy.
Treasure, like that the father gave his boy
When he his substance most regardful weighed,
I took and squandered, as spent leaves the glade
Cast to the pools in autumn; then I drew
My famished, painful breath, and, groaning, knew
The far land's desolation. Lone, dismayed,
I looked around, and no help did I see.
"Oh, Thou, so wronged, let me return to Thee!
Lord, let Thy hand bread scant and bitter break!
Let the sun clearly set that brightly rose:
My morsels now I humbly thankful take,
And husband my spent taper at its close."

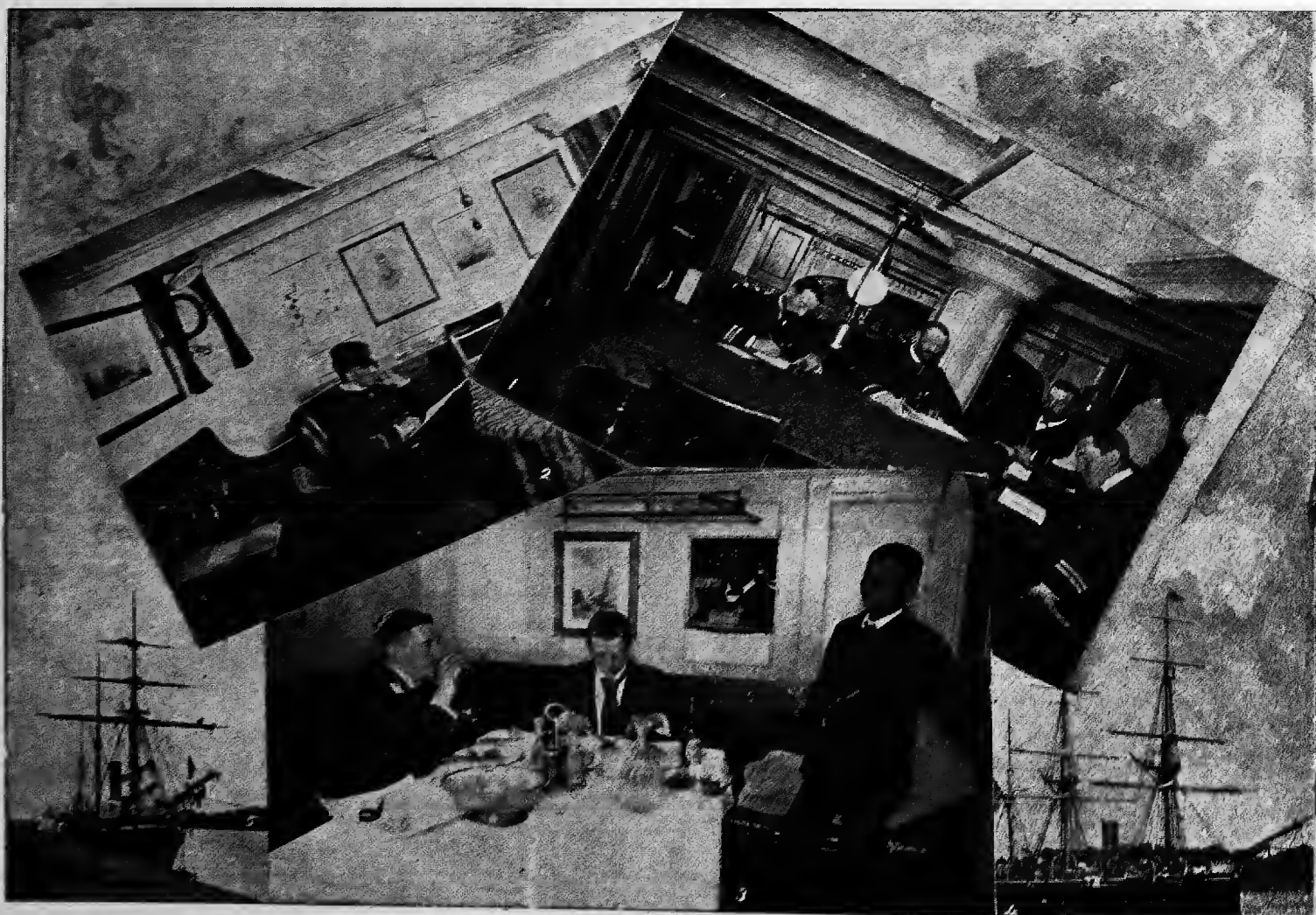
AFTERWARD.

Life's fever cooled in Death's reflux wave,—
When on our fainting brows have ceased to beat
Distempered suns; when travel-weary feet
No longer wander o'er Time's burning pave
Uncovered:—*lais, c'en fais*, we fain would have:
If, the long thirst appeased in that soft tide—
The yearning still'd—we come up satisfied
That this was mis-called *Death*, or that the *Grave*,
We shall not care. Nay, ceases Earth's lament
'Mid rapture's jubilant voices at the pitch
Of everlasting song! Calmly content,
Love flies to her abode, securely rich,
To bless her glad-eyed children purely bent,
Where frustrate hopes have to fruition come,
And our divine Ideal is at home.

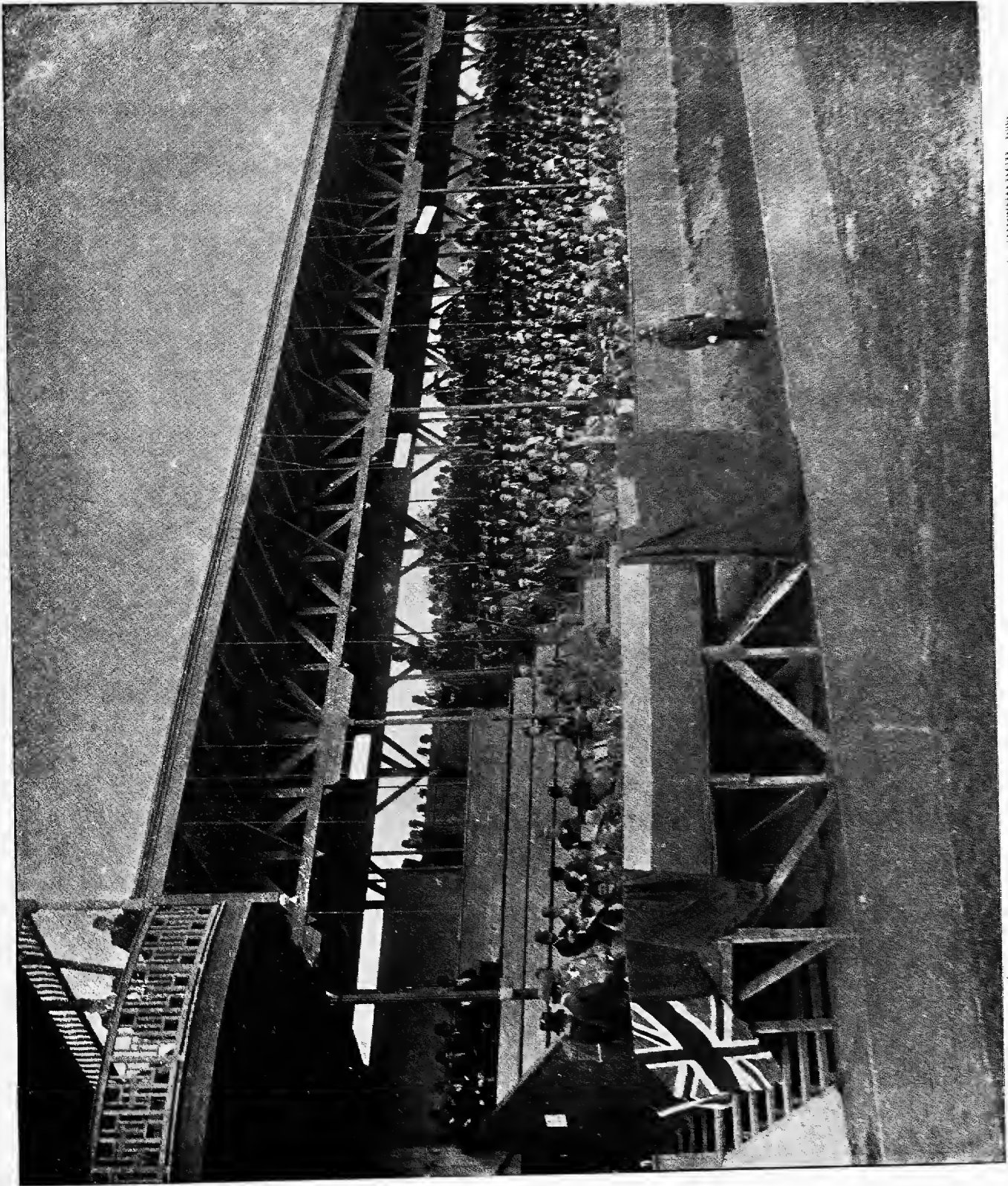
ARTHUR JOHN LOCKHART.



GROUP OF OFFICERS OF H. M. S. CANADA.



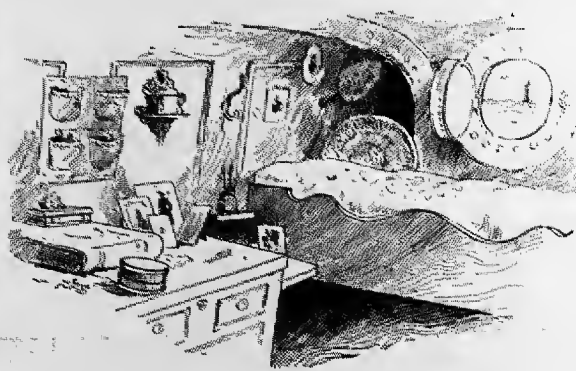
1. Ward Room H. M. S. Canada. 2. Ward Room H. M. S. Thrush. 3. Gun Room H. M. S. Canada—Middies at Dinner. 4. H. M. S. Canada. 5. H. M. S. Thrush.



H. R. H. PRINCE GEORGE AND PARTY WATCHING LAURELSE MATCH ON M. A. A. GROUNDS, 20th SEPTEMBER, 1890.

OUR ENGRAVINGS

THIS WEEK'S ILLUSTRATIONS.—In this issue our engravings are devoted to the illustration of the visit of Prince George to this city. In connection with that event we present our readers with a number of views taken on board the Canada and the Thrush, so as to afford a general notion of life in the Royal Navy. Where these engravings consist of figures, they may be said to explain themselves, the nature and significance of the various groups being indicated by the titles appended to them. The personnel of the British navy consists, as most of our readers are aware, of two different classes of men—the seamen proper and the



navy pass their spare time. The remainder of our illustrations deal directly with the Prince's visit to Montreal, the ball, the lacrosse match, etc., to which occurrences fuller reference is made in the succeeding columns.

Visit of Prince George of Wales.

It is more than a hundred years since the people of Canada were first gratified by the advent on their shores of a prince of the royal house. It is noteworthy that the august visitor on that, as on the recent occasion, was an officer in the Royal Navy. Prince William Henry, Duke of Clarence, afterwards William the Fourth, first entered the service in the year 1779 as a midshipman on board a vessel called the Prince George, a vessel which, like the Thrush, had only just been built. She was a ninety-eight gun ship, in command of the Hon. Robert Digby, Rear-Admiral of the Blue. In 1787 His Royal Highness landed at Quebec. He had already seen a good deal of the North American continent, and had at one time, while staying at New York, narrowly escaped seizure by the revolutionists. Four years later H.R.H. Prince Edward, Duke of Kent, father of our Gracious Queen, arrived at Quebec, where he was a familiar figure for a considerable period. In 1860 Canada was delighted with the presence of Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, heir to the throne, who inaugurated the Victoria Bridge and laid the foundation stone of the Parliament Buildings at Ottawa. In the following year we had a visit from Prince Alfred, the Duke of Edinburgh, Her Majesty's second son, and, like his granduncle, Prince William Henry, and his nephew, Prince George, an ornament of the "Queen's navy." His Royal Highness paid us a second visit in 1878. The years 1869-71 were signalized by the sojourn in Canada of Prince Arthur, Duke of Connaught, who, with his consort, paid us another visit this year on his way home from India. In 1878 the Princess Louise arrived, with her husband, the Marquis of Lorne, and remained long enough in the Dominion to make many friends and win wide popularity. In May, 1880, Canada enjoyed the privilege of a visit from the late regretted Prince Leopold, Duke of Albany. Thus, altogether, during little more than a hundred years, Canada has had the honour of entertaining first the uncle, then the father, and, after a long interval, five of the children of Queen Victoria. And last week one of Her Majesty's grandsons was added to the illustrious list.

Prince George of Wales was born on the 3rd of June, 1865, and at an early age entered the Royal Navy. During the present year he was promoted to the command of the Thrush, a screw gun-boat recently built, of 1,200 horse power. On Saturday, September 6, the citizens' sub-committee which had charge of the reception to His Royal Highness appointed a deputation to go to Quebec to get the approval of the Prince. The following gentlemen were selected to wait on His Royal Highness: Aldermen Rolland and Villeneuve, of the City Council; Mr. R. D. McGibbon, Q.C., and Captain Campbell Lane, of the Citizens' committee, and they left for Quebec on Saturday evening, September 6. The deputation was courteously received by His Royal Highness, Admiral Watson and Flag Lieutenant Trowbridge on board the flagship Bellerophon, when the details of the reception were discussed, approved and adopted. His Excellency Lord Stanley of Preston very kindly assisted the committee with his counsel and advice, and expressed his regret at being unable to visit Montreal during the week.

During the forenoon of Tuesday, September 9, the wharves of this city presented an aspect of unusual bustle and expectancy. A multitude of loyal citizens had assembled to witness the arrival of H.M.S. Thrush with her royal commander on board, accompanied by the gunboat Canada. The vessels in the neighbourhood of the Victoria wharf had run up their showiest bunting, the battery on St. Helen's Island had hoisted its flag of welcome, and from the top of the City Hall and the Harbour Commissioners' building flags floated gaily on the breeze. The Canada was first espied down the river, her bow bearing the Dominion standard, while the white ensign floated from the mizzen gaff. The deck was crowded with blue-jackets, with a sprinkling of red-coats, and the guns peeping out fore and aft left no doubt as to her character. When she reached the wharf an informal reception took place, among the personages sharing in it being the Hon. Judges Taschereau and Davidson, Sir Donald A. Smith, Lieut.-Cols. Houghton, Butler, Turnbull, Caverhill, Major Prevost, Capt. Howard, Campbell Lane, J. A. Strathy, Desnoyers, Chief Hughes

and Messrs. R. D. McGibbon, Q.C., D. Macmaster, Q.C. and G. McCrae, Q.C.

As the Canada cast anchor the Thrush hove in sight and down the river, and at 1.30 she was moored close to the stern of the Canada, the crowd extending a hearty welcome to her royal commander, which Prince George, who was standing on the bridge issuing orders and conversing with the pilot, acknowledged by raising his hat. As soon as the Thrush was in her berth the Prince went below, but a few minutes later, accompanied by his aide-de-camp, came along the gangway and on the wharf in order to get aboard the Canada. As he passed along every head was uncovered and cheering was the order of the day. His Royal Highness, who was now attired in full naval costume, was observed to be like his father, the Prince of Wales. Of medium height and build, he has frank, blue eyes, fair hair and refined features, and is in every respect what is commonly called a good-looking man.

Whilst the Prince was on board the Canada, Mr. Bulmer, Mr. Richard White and Captain Howard, representing the Harbour Commissioners, were shown into the presence of His Royal Highness and Admiral Watson, whom they extended a cordial welcome to the city. Prince George returned on board his own vessel at 2.45.

In the evening the civic reception took place at the City Hall, which was tastefully decorated for the occasion under the supervision of Mr. Beullac. Flags, drapery and tapestry gracefully disposed, with mottoes and devices aptly interspersed, produced a harmonious and gratifying *ensemble*. The invited guests began to arrive about 7 o'clock, and at 8.30 an unusual animation at the doors indicated the approach of the Prince and his distinguished companion. The Mayor and City Clerk Glackmeyer, in the way, followed by the officers of the fleet, who preceded the Admiral and his royal comrade, who were in turn followed by Lieut.-Col. Houghton, D.A.G., Lieut.-Col. Mattice, B.M., the commanding officers of the various militia regiments, and a goodly representation of the other officers. The Prince, who was in full uniform, wore the blue sash and insignia of a Knight of the Garter, as well as several other decorations. The procession, as it made its way up the stairs to the City Council chamber, was greeted by the strains of the national anthem from the Harmony band, which was stationed in the corridor in front of the entrance to the conclave chamber.

As soon as the Admiral and the officers had taken their places on the dais, the Prince being flanked on the one side by Admiral Watson and on the other by Lieut. Trowbridge, and when the civic delegation had formed themselves into a semi-circle, the centre of which was occupied by the Mayor and the City Clerk, His Royal Highness read the address of welcome, to which His Royal Highness made a simple but suitable reply. After a brief lull, Mayor Grenier introduced the members of the Council, headed by Ald. Rolland, and afterwards the other citizens in the hall were duly presented. Refreshments were then partaken of and conversation indulged in, and after a stay of a couple of hours the Prince and his party left for the Windsor. The illuminations on the harbour were very fine, and attracted admiring thousands from all directions. The scene along the wharves was one of singular beauty and animation.

On Wednesday the Prince and his friends enjoyed themselves quietly. In the forenoon they had a short drive to the Mountain Park, on the return from which they took luncheon at the St. James Club, of which (as of the other city clubs) they had been made honorary members. Shortly before three o'clock the Prince and party drove out to the Montreal Lacrosse grounds and witnessed the exhibition of the national game given by the Montreal and Shamrock teams, the Prince exhibiting a lively interest in the



marines. The officers of the former division are again divided into the military and the civil branches. The military branch is composed of flag-officers, commodores, captains, staff captains, commanders, staff commanders, lieutenants, navigating lieutenants, sub-lieutenants, chief gunners, chief boatswain's, chief carpenters, gunners, boatswains, carpenters, midshipmen and naval cadets. Flag-officers are of three ranks—rear-admiral, vice-admiral and admiral. Commodores and captains of the fleet are only temporary ranks. In small vessels the commander has chief control; in the larger he is chief of staff to the captain. The warrant officers of the navy answer to the non-commissioned officers of the army. The civil branch of the service consists of the engineer, the paymaster, (who is assisted by clerks), and various petty officers. The crew of a man-of-war consists of leading seamen, able seamen, engine-room artificers, leading stokers, stokers, coal-trimmers, boys and marines. Every division of Royal Marines has a force of 16 companies, with a colonel commandant,



second commandant, 4 lieutenant-colonels, 14 majors, 20 captains and 42 subalterns, including the divisional staff of instructors of gunnery, musketry, etc. There are also three generals, three lieutenant-generals and six major-generals on the active list. The entire Royal Marine numbers 48 companies of infantry, and 16 of artillery, giving a total of 2,532 artillery and 9,862 infantry. Besides the personnel just indicated, there are chaplains, medical officers, etc. The relation of military to naval precedence gives the advantage to the latter—colonels ranking with captains of three years' standing, lieutenant-colonels with captains under three years, and so on, up to field-marshal who ranks with admirals of the fleet and down to second lieutenants, who rank with midshipmen. In naval construction a wonderful development has taken place in recent years. Some of our engravings show the most striking features in modern war-vessels. Others in our list of views reveal how the officers and men of Her Majesty's



game. Mr. R. D. McGibbon, Q.C., vice chairman of the citizens' reception committee, had the honour of dining with the Royal visitor and his companions at the Windsor in the evening, and afterwards accompanied them to the Academy of Music, where Miss Mather's representation of the "Honeymoon" was much enjoyed. The party—which comprised, besides Prince George, Admiral Watson, Flag Lieutenant Trowbridge, of H.M.S. Bellerophon; Lieut. Godfrey Faussett, H.M.S. Bellerophon; Lieut. the Hon.

Victor Stanley, H.M.S. Canada; Sub-Lieutenant Saunders, H.M.S. Thrush; Chief Engineer Steward, H.M.S. Thrush; Assistant Paymaster Dyer, H.M.S. Thrush; Lieut. Watson and Midshipman Streetfield, of H.M.S. Bellerophon, and Mr. McGibbon—were met at the entrance by Manager Henry Thomas, given a hearty welcome and escorted to the royal box. The visit had been unannounced, and but few of those present knew, until some time had elapsed, that His Royal Highness was in the house. Mr. Thomas had had neat programmes specially prepared for the party, the bill of the play having been tastefully printed upon fringed China silk. At the conclusion of the performance the Prince assured Manager Thomas of the pleasure that the performance had given him.

The great event of Prince George's visit was the ball at the Windsor Hotel on the evening of Thursday, September 11. The decorations, which had been placed in charge of Messrs. Beullac and Campbell, were a credit to those gentlemen and to Montreal. The corridors and reception rooms were tastefully set off with a wealth of the choicest flowers, so arranged as to magnify, by harmonizing, their charms of form and hue, while the fragrance of the tropics filled the air. The ball-room was, however, the *chef d'œuvre*. The lighting was splendid, and the display of flowers magnificent. At the west end of the room was a portrait of Her Majesty with national flags draped around it, and in front an illuminated welcome to the Prince.

The background of the dais in the north side of the room was formed of embossed crimson velvet, bordered on each side with gold flowers in relief, and in the centre the badge which is borne on the sinister side of the helmet on the arms of the Prince of Wales worked in gold. The chair that was assigned to the royal visitor was of curious wicker work, and on each side, amid the spreading fronds of the Pteris Tremula and the luxuriant foliage of Dracæna Indivisa, was placed a cannon. On the right and left a panel was formed of the most exquisite Goblin tapestry, which was recently imported by Mr. Beullac, and was the admiration of all connoisseurs. Immediately opposite the dais was the orchestra, on which like artistic skill had been bestowed. The rest of the decorations were in keeping with the foregoing, and the whole scene, with the exquisite costumes of the ladies and the uniforms of the different services, formed a spectacle of rare beauty and magnificence. At 9.30 the sounds of the pibroch announced the arrival of the guard of honour which was furnished by the Royal Scots. The detachment numbered 120 and was under command of Major Blaiklock, Captain Cameron, Lieut. Cantlie and Lieut. Sims. They took up their position on the left of the handsomely decorated corridor and presented a very soldier-like appearance. A little later the command to present arms betokened the approach of the royal party, which was seen making its way towards the hall between the guard and the guests. Mr. Justice Davidson led the way; he was followed by H.R.H. Prince George of Wales and Sir Donald A. Smith, K.C.M.G.; then came His Worship the Mayor, Admiral Watson, Lieut.-Col. Houghton, D.A.G., Lieut. Faussett, A.D.C., Flag Lieut. Trowbridge, Major Prevost, A.D.C., and a full representation of officers from the various city regiments, including Lieut.-Cols. Henshaw, Massey, Dugas, Turnbull, Caverhill and others.

THE SET OF HONOUR.

The hall having been reached, the Prince and party proceeded to the dais, where a kind of informal reception was held, some score or so of ladies and gentlemen being introduced. A few minutes' pause gave an opportunity of admiring the decorations of the hall, and the Gruenwald's orchestra started up the warning bars for the opening quadrille. Partners were secured and then the dancing began, the following being the set of honour:—

H.R.H. Prince George and Lady Hickson.
Mr. R. D. McGibbon and Miss Murphy.
Lieut. Trowbridge and Mrs. R. D. McGibbon.
Capt. Dowling and Mrs. Judge Taschereau.
Admiral Watson and Hon. Madame Lacoste.
Mr. Justice Taschereau and Miss Roy.
Lieut.-Col. Houghton and Miss Angus.
Lieut. Faussett and Miss Connor.

Dancing then went on in good earnest, and was kept up till midnight, when a procession was formed to the dining room. Among the ladies who had the honour of dancing with His Royal Highness were Miss Angus, Miss Bond, Miss Murphy, Miss O'Brien, Mrs. McShane, Mrs. Rowand, Mrs. R. D. McGibbon, and Miss Connor. The Prince took Lady Hickson into supper. The menu was a credit to the Windsor and its chef, and the serving, in charge of Steward Ebbitt, left nothing to be desired. There was little formality and no toasts were proposed.

Our lady readers will, no doubt, like to know something about the costumes. Lady Hickson wore a very handsome gown of white brocaded moire, trimmed with rich old lace, the bodice being ornamented with iridescent embroidery of beads. She carried an exquisite bouquet of pink roses. Mrs. Wurtel had on a train of black velvet and the petticoat was composed of rich white pearl embroidery; her daughter, Miss O'Brien, looked charming in white tulle and satin, ornamented with white moire ribbons and lilies of the valley. Miss Masson wore a simple white gown of satin, the skirt being covered with dewdrop tulle à la ballet and caught down here and there with garlands of lilies of the valley. The bodice, made of white satin, was trimmed with dewdrop tulle and lilies of the valley, and on the left shoulder a remarkably life-like butterfly was poised, looking as if it was about to fly away. The height of art

is to conceal it. Mrs. J. E. M. Whitney looked remarkably well in a gown suggestive of Paris and French combinations. It was composed of gold-colour satin (by the way gold colour still continues very popular) covered with a skirt of pale green net, that in its turn being covered with another skirt of gold-coloured net. These were covered at intervals with buttercups and stalks, and round the rim of the skirt was a row of the same flowers, looking as if they had been freshly culled from green pastures. The bodice, cut round, was draped with green and gold net, and buttercups trimmed it also. It will be seen that this had a very charming and novel effect. Mrs. Houghton's gown was composed of white moire and rich embroidery. Mrs. Clarence Lyman wore black satin with garniture of old gold satin. Mrs. Peterson looked charming in black silk and lace covered with rich black jet embroidery. Miss Marion Kilby, who has lately returned from New York, wore a fascinating gown of heliotrope tulle with panels of heliotrope moire. Miss Beatrice Kilby wore salmon-coloured silk covered with fish net of the same shade. Miss Grace Robertson wore black lace. Miss Angus wore a skirt of gold and blue figured satin covered with pale blue tulle, and ornamented with panels of figured gold satin. The bodice was of figured blue and gold satin, and this was one of the most charming costumes in the ball-room. Miss Elsie Angus looked well in maize-coloured tulle with white panels of moire ribbon. Mrs. Murphy wore a handsome gown of black silk. Miss Murphy wore pale blue silk covered with iridescent blue beads. Miss Dora McDougall wore pale blue silk and tulle with panels of white figured silk. Mrs. McGibbon looked very well in white silk, with handsome gold embroidery. Miss Dora McDougall had on a charming gown, composed of a skirt of pale pink satin, covered with moss green tulle; the bodice was of moss green velvet, and her ornaments were pale pink rose buds. Mrs. Van Horne wore an esthetic gown of smoke-coloured silk, slashed with pale pink silk. Miss Van Horne wore a pretty dress of light blue cashmere and silk. Miss Judah wore a dainty costume of white satin and tulle. Miss Cassils looked well in white satin and tulle. By-the-way, white is becoming very fashionable, particularly at balls of this description, where it forms a pleasing contrast to the naval and military uniforms. Miss Lizzie Scott wore a gown of pink and white satin covered with crêpe lisse. Miss Hall, the golden-haired belle of Sherbrooke, looked remarkably handsome in pink satin richly embroidered. Mrs. Hope wore buttercup satin covered with the same shade in crêpe lisse. Miss Galerneau wore a soft white and red China silk trimmed with velvet. Mrs. McShane had one of the most elaborate toilettes in the room, and, as usual, looked very well. It was composed of a heavy white embroidered silk train; the petticoat was of white satin richly embroidered in gold and the bodice was trimmed with fine old lace and embroidered thickly with gold. Round her neck she wore a magnificent row of diamonds.

Amongst the American visitors who came on expressly to obtain a view of a Prince of the reigning house of Great Britain were several who were very tastefully attired. One wore a smoke-coloured tulle gown made with many skirts and caught down with garlands of Gloire de Dijon roses. Another had on a moss-green tulle in something the same style.

The Prince seems to have enjoyed himself thoroughly during his stay in Montreal. Among the points inside and outside of the city that he visited was the Forest and Stream Club at Dorval, where H.R.H. was received by Sir F. Johnson, Sir Donald Smith, Mr. R. B. Angus and Mr. R. D. McGibbon. After lunch, at which Aldermen Villeneuve and Rolland, of the Civic Committee, were also present, the whole party proceeded to the races, which the royal sailor witnessed with zest. Friday was unhappily a day of gloom, and the Prince was obliged to remain in his rooms at the hotel. Before leaving the Windsor at 5.30 p.m. His Royal Highness assured the manager, Mr. Swett of the pleasure which he had derived from his visit, and of his extreme satisfaction with all the arrangements made to entertain him. He also expressed the same sentiments to Mr. McGibbon, vice-chairman of the Citizen's Committee, dwelling on his gratification at the cordiality of his reception and his warm appreciation of the manner in which the programme had been carried out. The officers and men of the Canada and Thrush were at no loss for attentions during their stay, and they all carried away, as they left behind them, very pleasant memories of their visit to Montreal. Sir Donald Smith has invited Admiral Watson to pay a visit to the Pacific coast next year by the Canadian Pacific Railway. Early on Saturday morning, September 13, both the warships weighed anchor for Quebec, attended by the good wishes of all classes of our population.

Our Illustrations.

We are indebted to Mr. G. R. Lighthall, N.P., and Mr. R. C. Holden for a great number of the views reproduced in this issue, some of which, it might be mentioned, are from "flash" photos.

OLD CHURCH FLOORS.—Church floors present many interesting details. In York Cathedral, on the pavement, there used to be certain stones that marked the places where the leading personages were to stand in ceremonials. In Westminster Abbey there used to be a straight line of small stones in the middle of the paved floors to enable processions in the centre of the ambulatories, portions of which may still be traced.—*The Gentleman's Magazine*.

A Day in Quebec.

Fired with the desire to see something of the old city of Quebec, Slowbridge and I started from Murray Bay by the night boat. The September moon threw its silver track across the wide stretch of water, and made us content to sit silent on the deck and dream, until the crisp wind grew colder and we sought our cabin for a night's rest; but the rest would not, could not come. There were distant cries from the boat's crew, close groanings from the boat's screw; the rat-tat-tat—rat-tat-tat of the window, more constant in its complaining than Poe's persistent raven.

Tucked in my warm red winter cloak, I listened miserably to Slowbridge's shiverings from the upper berth, Slowbridge's beseeching call through the cabin door, "Stewardess—stewardess, I want another blanket," repeated again and again in most pleading accents, but in vain. No stewardess was to be found, no extra blanket forthcoming; and presently, wrapped in day's discarded garments, which had given the cabin walls a wonderfully gay appearance, Slowbridge sank into a righteous rest, leaving me widely awake to all the weird noises of the boat's passage through the night, the turmoil incident to "making the wharf" or, as it seemed to my strained fancy, "not making the wharf." But then something grey appeared—the delicious dawn—and after a cup of tea, a slice of bread, for the barter of twenty-five cents, we sallied forth and sought the door behind which Howells had stayed, through whose room we had wandered before with Kitty.

After securing a comfortably cushioned *calèche*, Slowbridge and I started on our tour of inspection, driving along the level St. Louis road, through the lovely, winding, wooded avenues of Spencer Wood, while *Calichey*, with a wave of his whip, pointed out the places of peculiar interest. Here was a vacuum which had before been filled by the old house built in 1632, the house in which General Montgomery's body was laid out, and which house had just been carried off for exhibition in the World's Fair to be held at Chicago. There was the monument erected to Wolfe's memory on the very spot where he fell that fateful 13th of September. Was there not something more than heroic in the nature of that man who, while he would rather have written "Gray's Elegy in a Country Churchyard" than have taken Quebec, could live and die such a soldier?

Coming by the Coves, we could see "Wolfe's Tramp"—a narrow, perilous pathway, now made picturesque by the luxuriant growth of trees on either side—while *Calichey* jerked a grimy finger in the direction of the river to attract us to the Billy-ruffin anchored in the middle of the current, in a line with the Thrush and the Canada.

We were rowed over to the Bellerophon later, to look in silent wonderment at guns and cannons, conveying nothing to our feminine intelligence, but the fact that they were fabricated for human destruction. We turned with more eagerness, more interest, to the mess-rooms, where, after their mid-day meal, the sailors were enjoying a "stand-off" afternoon. For the most part the men were spending their "stand-off" time in sleeping, there were so many unconscious figures there, stretched at full length on the boards, with a stool, a black-looking bag or a pair of brawny arms for the head's resting place. It made a mysterious picture to the unaccustomed observer—the dim light, the red gleam from the ranges, the mammoth guns, looking like dread demons, and that congregation of sunburnt, bare-footed sailors. There were cards being played in one corner, a man near by penning a letter—how much there was for surmise here—another plying his needle, and here and there a man laying on his back engrossed in a dog-eared book.

Wishing to see the interior of the English Cathedral, and finding the doors fastened, we applied at the rectory for the keys, to meet with right refusal. "The doors were never opened before two o'clock; could not be opened before two o'clock," and the only satisfaction the woman would give us was that they were sometimes opened a little before!

Then we turned to the Roman Catholic church. No difficulty here to those desiring entrance. The sick, the sorry, the tired and the thankful, can creep in here at any time to whisper their prayers in the place consecrated to prayer, or idlers like ourselves can enter with reverential air as well as curiosity.

We had been told to go to the "Victoire" church, and so we found it, with its memorials of years. As you enter, to the right is this inscription: "1688, 1er Mai. Posé de la pierre par le Marquis de Denonville, Gouverneur; Innocent XI, Pape; Louis XIV., Roi de France."

After a morning which might stir much chivalrous feeling, we retraced our steps to that brass-plated door in St. Louis street, carrying with us prospective thoughts of hot "gulleys" and hotter coffee. While we were at luncheon an excited maid burst into the room, crying "The Prince is passing—the Prince is passing!"

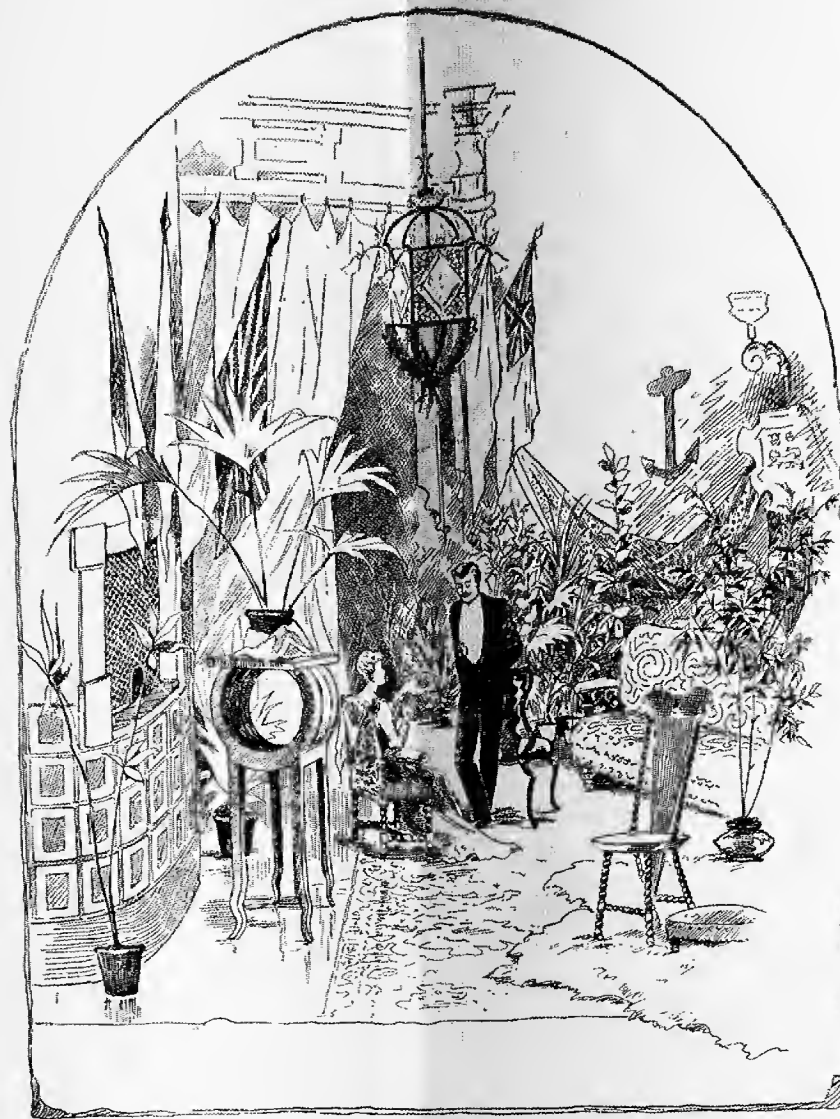
But, like the Charlotte of tradition, we, "like well-conducted maidens, went on eating bread and butter." The Prince had passed, and we had not seen him. Yet was there not solace in the thought that we could still picture him as the Prince of our baby books, our childhood's conception, with a halo of gold about his head—a glory not of earth, or sky, or sea around him!

MAY AUSTIN.

Montreal.



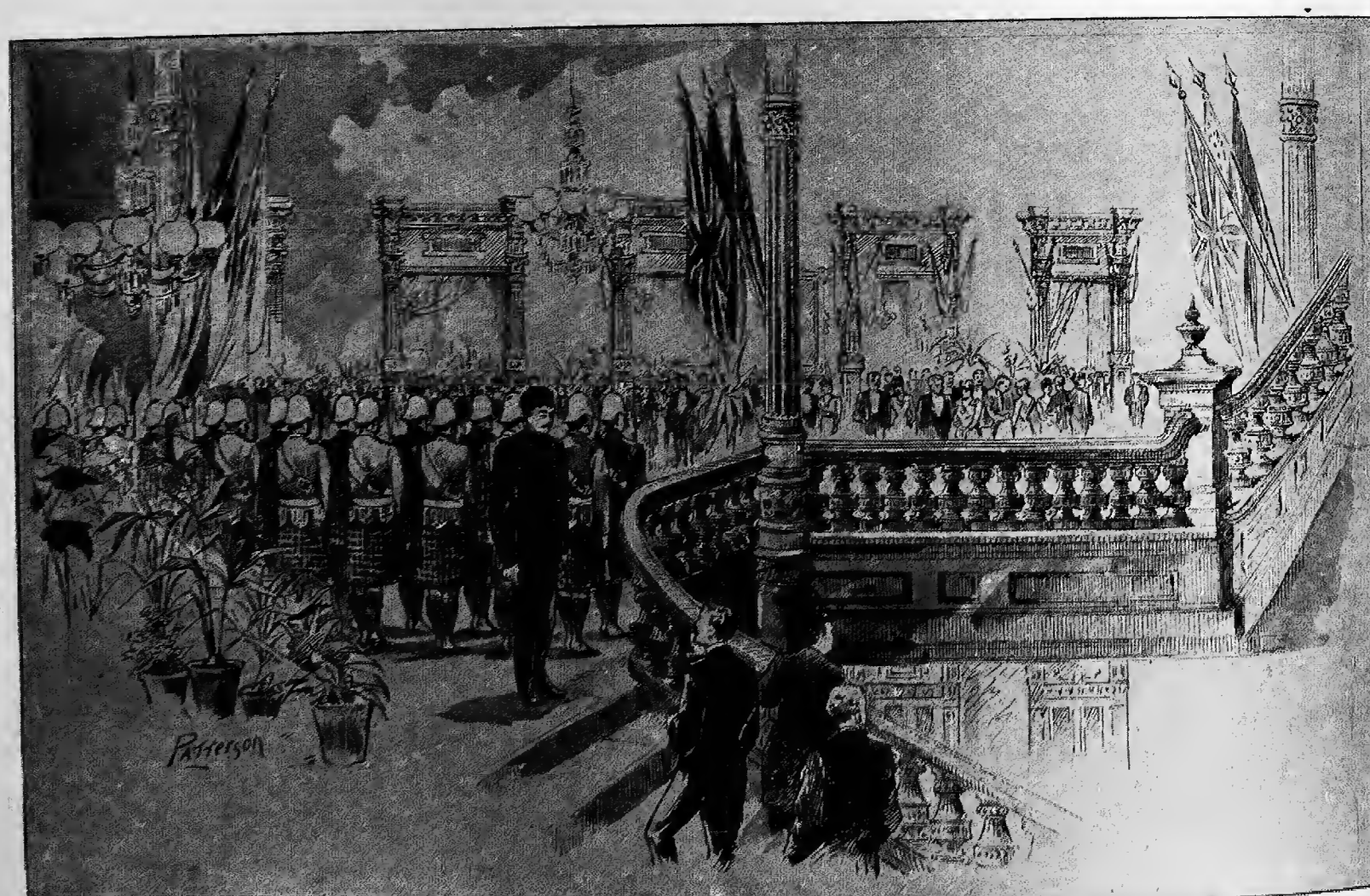
THE SUPPER ROOM.



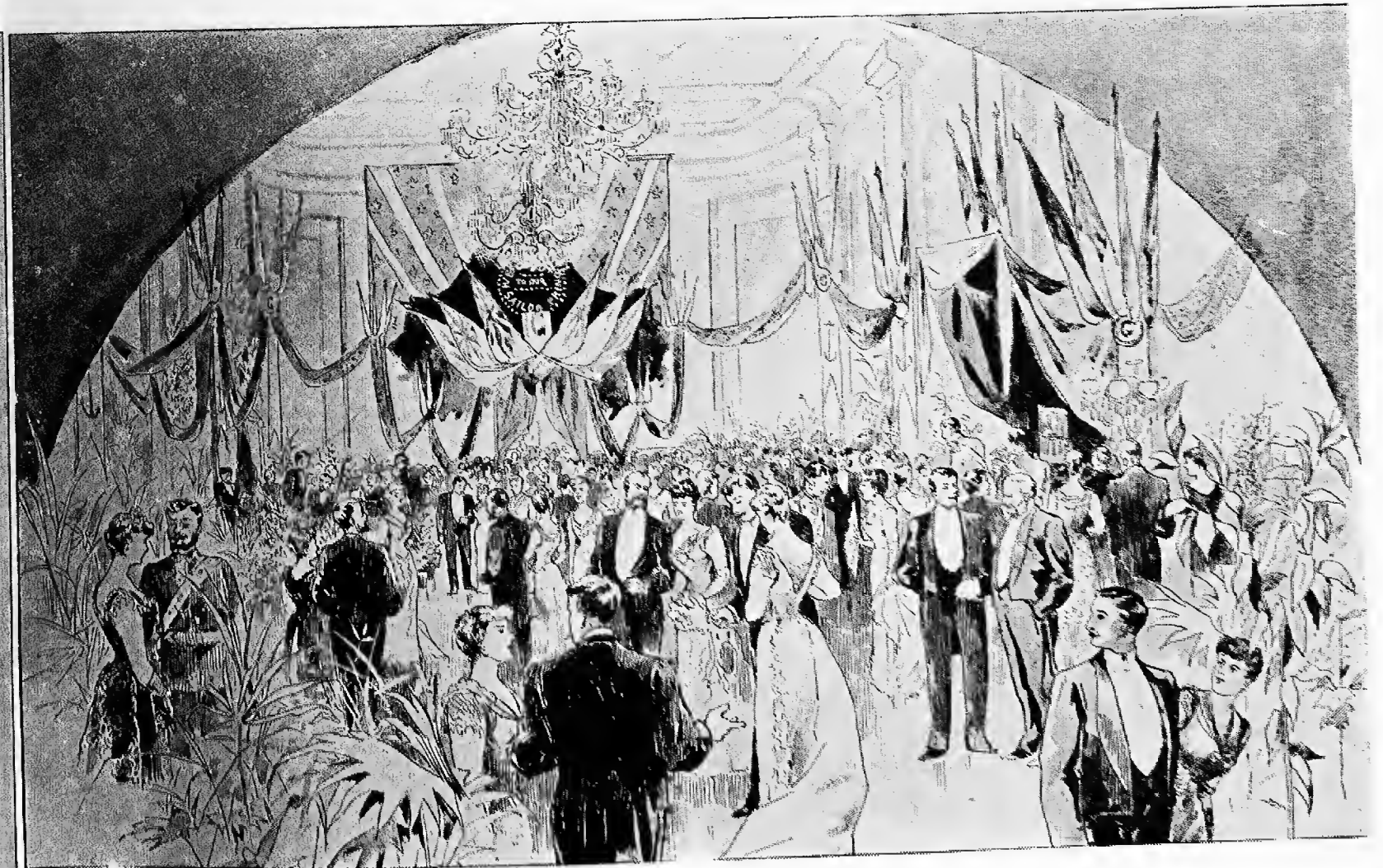
A QUIET CORNER.



A REST BETWEEN DANCES.



STAIRCASE AND CORRIDOR. Guard of Honor furnished by Royal Scots.



THE BALL ROOM.

SCENES AT BALL GIVEN TO H. R. H. PRINCE OF WALES BY THE CITIZENS OF MONTREAL, 11th SEPTEMBER, 1890.
(Drawn by our Special Artist.)

Sir Edwin then talked of the relative work of Shinto

Confucianism and Buddhism, and confessed how he was struck with the grave politeness of Japan and how clumsy he found himself in trying to attain to it.

Sir Edwin had been at a fancy dress party for children the day before, at which most of the foreign Ministers were present, and, after the children had done, the spirit suddenly moved all the big wigs to plunge into their games, such as ring and rope, at which they behaved much worse than the children had done.

We had, among other dishes, copper pheasant, and Sir Edwin sent into the drawing-room for a vase of its tail feathers to show us how curiously they imitated the joints of the bamboo groves, in which the bird makes its habitation, bearing out the Darwinian theory of defenceless creatures assimilating their appearance to their surroundings.

Henry Landor, with old Walter Savage's spirit, took exception to Sir Edwin's theory that one should not wear boots in the house. He didn't see the use of a floor one could not use, and I said that I had concluded to wait for wings before I gave up boots. Then, with the ladies still at the table, Sir Edwin brought cigars, and feeling the soothing influence of the magic weed, he remarked:

"Japan is to me a soft tonic. Fancy the delight of finding a place where they have never heard of the Irish question." This drew from Landor the suggestion that perhaps Gladstone might find a fresh tonic in Japan in cutting down houses instead of trees—perfectly feasible where they are made of wood and paper as they are in Japan. "They call this the heathenish East," he said, "and yet they can do without doors or furniture, and do not make streets of their homes."

"The music of the Tom Tom is by no means to be despised," retorted the irrepressible heir of the genius of the Florentine Diogenes.

Sir Edwin parried it with a good-humoured smile, and, perhaps, a veiled sarcasm. "Japan is so infinitely restful for lovers of good manners. The Japanese peasant lives in an atmosphere of Buddhism without thinking about it, just as the American workman lives in an atmosphere of science, travelling in electric cars along streets lit with electric light, and using complicated machinery in his work, often without any knowledge of any of them beyond the mechanical part of his own work;" and getting on to the subject of Buddhism, Sir Edwin said that the most Buddhistic book in the world was the New Testament, as instances citing the texts, "Are not three sparrows sold for one farthing, etc.," and "The Kingdom of Heaven is near unto you, near unto your very souls."

Before we took our leave he allowed me to copy his very latest poem, which has never before been published. It is a translation of the little Japanese dodoitsa:

"Kadomatsu wa
Meido no tabi no
Ichi re zuka
Medeto no ari
Medeto no nashi."

Sir Edwin Arnold's translation is as follows:

"The gateway pines we place
Are milestones of life's road,
Marking the stages past
And glad the way for some
And sad for some the way."

I am glad to be able to give it to the world in the columns of this journal.

How sorry we were to take leave of this great poet and fascinating personality, as happy, to use his own phrase, as a bird escaped from its cage, in his Japanese home, leading the lotus-life of Japan with no effort except that of learning how to lead it in the native way. Here was the spectacle of the man who acclimatised Buddhism in England by his great poems and his teachings and speakings, revelling in that wondrous Eastern Garden, in the land of the Rising Sun, where Buddhism has acclimatised itself so strikingly. If I can only impart to your readers one tithe of the pleasure I found in renewing my acquaintance with Arnold in his new home, these notes will not have been written in vain.

DOUGLAS SLADEN.

Men and Matters in Ontario.

[From our own correspondent.]

TORONTO, September, 1890.

The past week has been crowded with fashionable weddings, a couple of which in different parts of the Province attracted exceptionally brilliant gatherings to witness them.

At St. Luke's church, Toronto, the high contracting parties were Mr. Arthur H. S. Van Koughnet and Miss Edith Smith, of Sherbrooke, Quebec, who is a sister of Mrs. J. B. Morrison, of this city. Only intimate friends of the respective families were present, but their numbers crowded the church. Mr. Charles Walker, of the Dominion Bank, was the groomsman. One of the most lovely women in the church was Mrs. George McKinnon, of Montreal, who was the last of the Van Koughnet girls to be married. The family of the late Salter Van Koughnet, Q.C., meaning especially the girls, were famous in society for their beauty. All the weddings in the family were highly fashionable events.

At Guelph was celebrated the nuptials of Mr. Thomas A. Lenfesty, of Cairo, Ill., and Fanny F. Dixon, daughter of Archdeacon Dixon, of the Royal City. Miss Kate Clarke, of St. Catharines, acted as bridesmaid. The ceremony was performed by the father of the bride.

At All Saints' Church, Hamilton, Mr. Frederick Clarence Jarvis, son of the late Sheriff Jarvis, of Toronto, and

Miss Mary Ethel Stewart, daughter of the late C. E. Stewart, were married. The ceremony was performed by Rural Dean Forneret, assisted by Very Rev. Dean Geddes and Rev. Mr. Bridges, of Lakewood, N.J., brother-in-law of the groom. The bridesmaids were Miss Mabel Stewart, sister of the bride; Miss Atkinson, of Chatham; Miss Amy Mason, of Toronto; Miss Kate Mills and Miss Annie Lindsay, of Toronto.

At Guelph took place the wedding of Mr. James Scott, jr., and Miss Jennie Guthrie, daughter of Donald Guthrie, Q.C., M.P.P. The event came off in Chalmers church. The guests came from Montreal, Toronto, Hamilton, Woodstock and other places. The bridesmaids were Miss Scott and Miss Brodie, of Toronto; Miss Hobson, Hamilton; Miss Evelyn Guthrie, of Guelph. The groomsman was Mr. George R. Hoffee, of Wilmington, Delaware. The ceremony was performed by Rev. D. H. MacVicar, D.D., uncle of the bride. A grand reception was subsequently held at the Guthrie residence.

A commendable movement has just been started by some of the members of the Ontario Society of Artists, the object of which is to have a permanent gallery and sort of club room for the society. It is possible that an arrangement will be made with Mr. J. Enoch Thompson either to join his gallery with that of the O. S. A., or to take it over altogether for and in the name of the society. The benefits which this would bring can be estimated from the results of what have come from the gallery in connection with the exhibition closing this week. The artists were united in their effort to make their control fruitful of success, and they succeeded beyond their expectations. Some of the pictures already exhibited attracted as much notice as if they were new and had never been talked of before. Among these were Mr. Bell-Smith's "Dulse Gatherers" and "Cape Trinity," and his patriotic pictures of Rocky Mountain views, and George A. Reid's "Mortgaging the Old Homestead" and "The Other Side of the Question," as well as several of Mr. Sherwood's, Mr. Revell's, Mr. Verner's, Mr. Homer Watson's, Mr. Matthew's and Miss Mary McConnell's. Mr. J. W. L. Forster exhibited two portraits. Mr. Robert D. Gagen would do well to take his cue from Mr. Bell-Smith and lean more towards patriotism in his art. Mr. M. Hannaford showed several praiseworthy landscapes, one or two of which were not up to his high standard. Miss Mary McConnell, who is a devotee at the shrine of art, has met with unequivocal success. Her portraits are excellent. She will yet do great things.

Rev. Edward Lloyd, the new professor of classics in Trinity, is a gentleman who has already won popularity in the university. He is endowed with a great many social graces; he is, as a scholar eminently suited to the position; being an apostle of muscular Christianity, he is more than a favourite with the students; in short, Trinity likes him as well as he seems to like Trinity. Mr. Lloyd is a first-class honours man of Cambridge, and has been engaged in educational work in Japan.

The recent judgment of Mr. Justice Rose on the St. George's bridge accident case of Knight and others against the Grand Trunk Railway created, it is safe to say, more public interest than any judicial decision delivered in Osgoode Hall within several years. Usually the press is the medium for the conveyance of important legal news to the people; but here, when the judgment was delivered in the morning, its effect was known and talked about on the street and even at the fair grounds an hour later. While the decision is a great disappointment to many, since it almost inevitably means a second performance of the most tedious and wearisome trial known to the majority of Toronto lawyers, still the clearness of the learned Judge's analysis of the evidence, or rather of the answers of the jury to the questions which, after his charge, he left them to solve, the concise form of the judgment itself, all combined to stamp this judgment as a celebrated and remarkably able deliverance.

The fall meet of the Hamilton Bicycle Club was largely and fashionably attended. An excellent programme was well contested. The prizes were distributed by the Countess of Aberdeen.

On Wednesday afternoon, on the occasion of the return visit of the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen to the Industrial Exhibition, Sir David and Lady MacPherson gave an "At Home" at Chestnut Park, the beautiful family mansion. Mrs. Banks, the daughter of the house, assisted Lady MacPherson to receive. This is the first hospitality at Chestnut Park since the return of the family from England.

The general public and the graduates of Toronto University throughout the Dominion will be glad to learn positively that the University building is to be restored without any change in the general external appearance.

The extremely impressive ceremony known as "taking the veil" is always of the greatest interest to Catholics. Last week at Loretto Abbey this ceremony was witnessed by a large assemblage of clergy and lay spectators. The Archbishop of Toronto delivered a touching address to the young ladies before they assumed the religious garb. The candidates were Miss Long, of Collingwood, Sister Mary Irene; Miss Uhl, Chicago, Sister Mary Agnes; Miss Gumprecht, Germany, Sister Mary Gertrude; Miss Farrelly, Lindsay, Sister Mary Pulecharia; Miss Barry, Ottawa, Sister Mary Dorothea; Miss Lacy, Egansville, Sister Mary Benigna; Miss Phelan, Walkerville, Sister Mary Felicitas.

The Benwell murder trial is now the absorbing topic in Ontario. The newspapers of this country, the United States and England have made special and elaborate preparations for reports of the evidence. The admissions

issued to the court room are few, almost confined to the jurors, the lawyers and the reporters. Birchall, the prisoner, is looking cheerful and well, and his lawyers say that he has no fear but that his innocence will be established. The defence will rely largely on the incomplete testimony which the prosecution is expected to bring forward. Since the arrest of Birchall his friends have had private detectives at work on the case testing the strength of every link in the evidence brought forward before the commitment for trial. The preliminary expenses of the defence even up to the present time have been enormous, but it is said that Burchell's relatives in England are wealthy enough to stand it.

The famous Toronto yacht Aileen on Saturday last met a mishap which almost proved disastrous. Mr. G. T. Blackstock and Mr. T. G. Blackstock were returning with her from Port Dalhousie when they were struck by a squall. Mr. G. T. Blackstock's skill averted a capsizing, but the mast and boom were broken off short, and all the rigging and canvass went overboard. The dismantled Aileen was towed to Toronto by a passing steamer.

The Ontario Cabinet has been reconstructed, and the reconstruction is neither a surprise nor a disappointment. Though the party papers said not a word on the subject till the proper time had arrived, yet the public had more than a suggestion as to who the men would be. The *Montreal Gazette* a month ago named correctly every man in this Cabinet. Mr. Bronson, of Ottawa, Mr. Richard Harcourt and Mr. John Dryden are all strong men, and their acceptability was well tested before Mr. Mowat positively declared the selections. The fact that Mr. Bronson is invited to a seat in the Cabinet without portfolio shows, in the general opinion, that his selection was publicly expected.

Ripple, Ripple, Little Brook

Ripple, ripple, little brook,
Ever and anon,
In and out each shady nook
Thy gravelly banks upon,
Through the yellow lily beds
Onward to the glen,
Where water-cresses raise their heads
And drop them in again;
Ripple 'mong the waving reeds
And tender lichens green,
Sparkle 'mid the flowery meads
That crimson berries screen,—
Babble out by pleasant fells,
And verdant fields along,
Where sloping hills and shady dells
Repeat thy rippling song.
Onward by a ruined wall,
A garden gate before,
And o'er a tiny waterfall
In crystal grandeur pour.
Shout to a lattice ivy hung,
Sing to a face most fair,
In ripples of thy silver tongue
A humble message bear;
And if a stranger should be near,
Steal through the broken pane
And chant it lowly in her ear,
And ripple back again.
Tell her, gentle little brook,
My pleasures all are flown;
No more for happiness I look,
But wander on alone,
And sadly view the hidden path
Where oft in infancy
We watched the robins take their bath
Beneath yon spreading tree—
When all was bright and fresh and fair,
And happiness and bliss,
And I gathered roses for her hair
As forfeits for a kiss.
And the cricket in the hollow
And the honey-laden bee
Joined with the twittering swallow
In congratulating me.
Adieu—and still it is not night,
The farmer's at the plough,
Yet something hides thee from my sight,
I cannot see thee now.
But ripple, ripple, dash along
Thy sunlit pebbles o'er,
And through the pane thy babbling song
Into her chamber pour,
And sing a psalm soft and low
Of love that lives in vain,
A ruined life and broken vow,
And ripple back again.

St. John, N.B.

FRED. DE VING.

HAIR POWDER.—On February 23, 1795, Mr. Pitt proposed a tax on persons wearing hair powder, which he estimated would bring to the revenue £210,000 annually, but was the death blow to the custom, for its use was immediately discontinued. Those persons who continued to wear it were termed guinea pigs, because 1 guinea was the amount per head of the tax.—*Notes and Queries*.



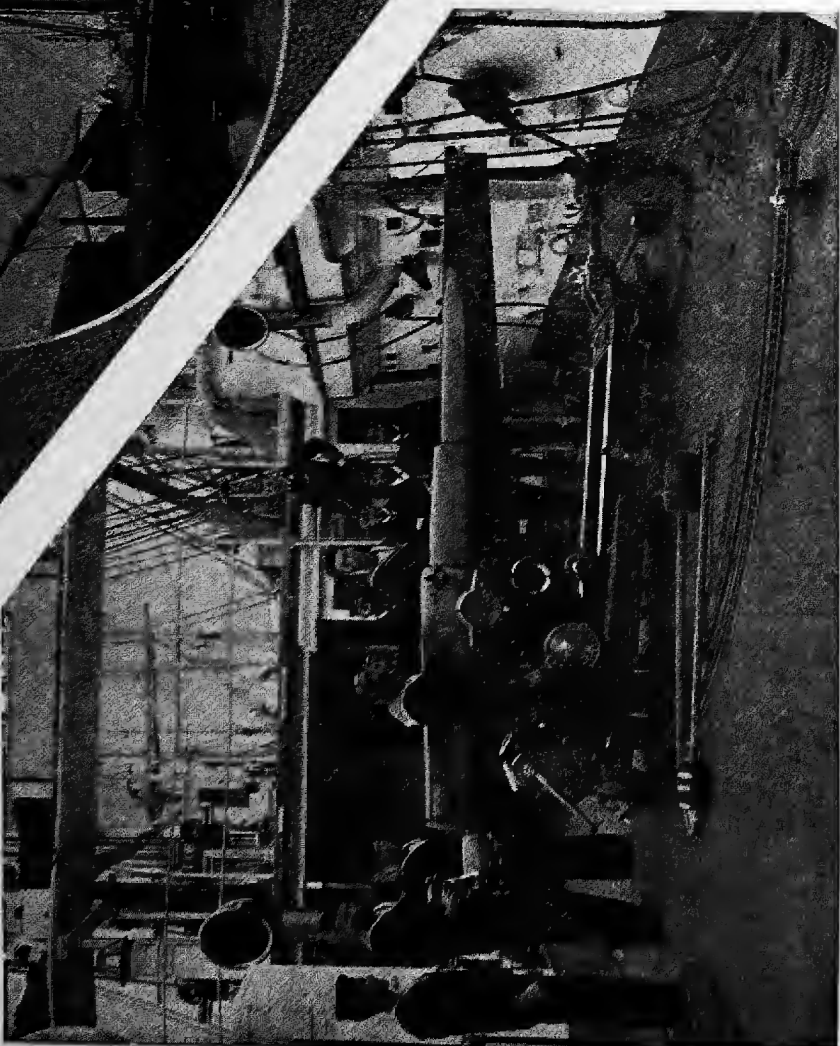
View of Main-deck.
Marine Mess.



The "Canada" at the Wharf.
SCENES ON H. M. S. "CANADA."



Wheel House.
Port Quarter-deck Gun.

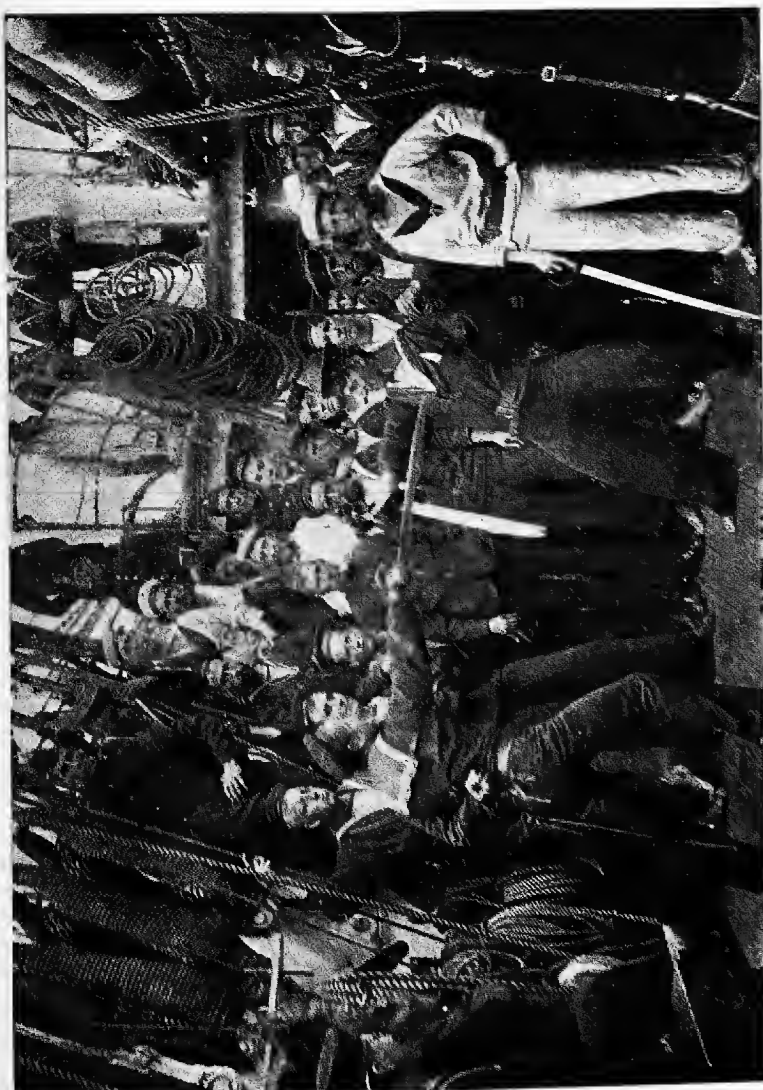




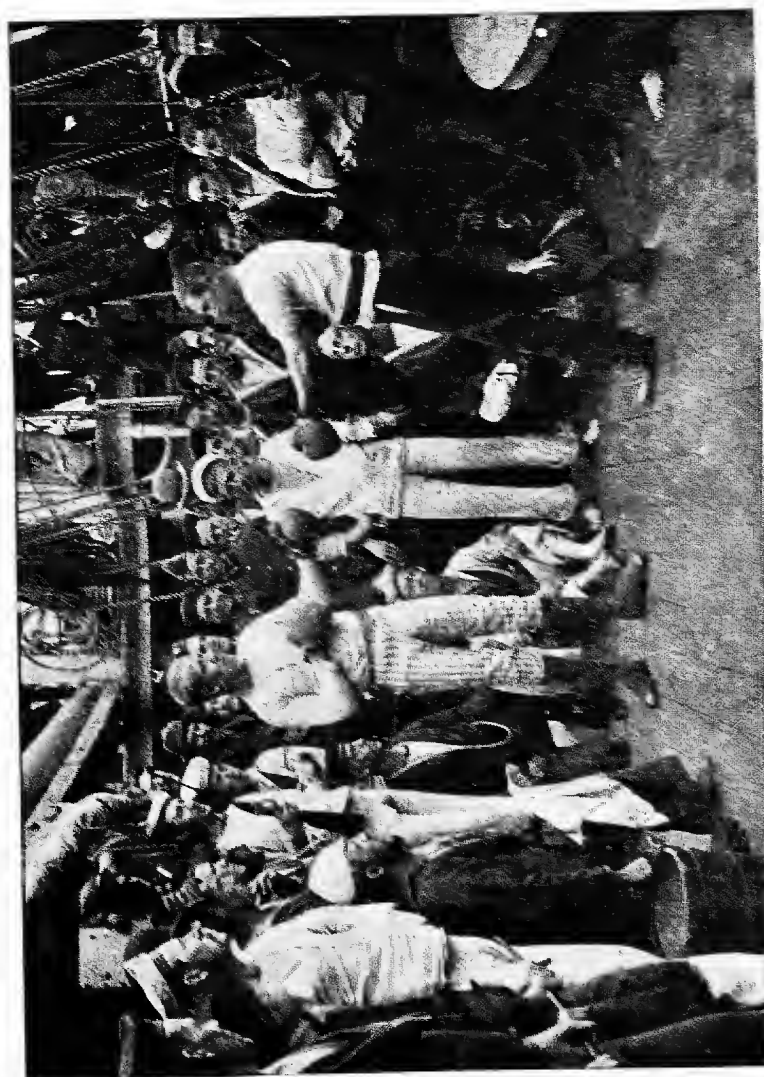
BAYONET VS. BAYONET.



A JOLLY CROWD.



A BOUT WITH CUTLASSES.



A BOXING MATCH.

RECEPTION ON BOARD H. M. S. "CANADA" AND "THURMOUTH."

Barrundia.*

Haul down the "Flag of Freedom"
And trail it in the dust,
Since it has lost the power to keep
Its highest, holiest trust;

Since from its clustered stars, the gleam
Is but the phantom light
That lures the fugitive to death
Across the swamp at night.

Shame on the Yankee cruisers
That in San José bay,
Lay like abandoned derelicts
A pistol shot away.

While on the Acapulco's deck
Was wrought the deed of death,
And brave Barrundia yielded up
Beneath their flag—his breath!

A stranger sought the ægis
Of the Republic's fame;
The guardians of her honour
Smirched her fair face with shame.

Oh! for a British midday
And a dozen British tars
To have kept undimmed the glory
Of Columbia's crown of stars!

Waiting no captain's orders,
Heedless of legal flaw,
Writing with sword and cutlass
All that they knew of law—

Law to protect the helpless,
To strike assassins down,
Even to suffer death—to win
A deathless deed's renown.

BARRY DANE.

*General Barrundia, ex-Minister of War of Guatemala, while a passenger on board the American steamship Acapulco, from Mexico to San Salvador, was shot on that ship while lying in the port of San José by agents of the existing Guatemalan Government. No effort to defend him was made by the American gunboats lying within sight, although they had been appealed to by the captain of the Acapulco. The commanders of the gunboats declined to interfere without orders from the "Port Captain."

English Landscape Art.

When Cecil Lawson died landscape art seemed, for the moment, to be almost lost to this country. We had then, as we have now, Vicat Cole, Leader, and Keesley Halswelle, and to them we had to cling *faute de mieux*. But where are they now? Vicat Cole travels steadily down the hill to his appointed goal: Leader this year, it is true, almost inspires a hope in the breasts of art lovers that his downward progress has been arrested; and Keesley Halswelle's "Venice—Early Moonrise" (Grosvenor 1886) is a welcome surprise. In this pleasing picture the sky is admirably painted; the artist has had the courage to break fresh ground. But neither to these painters nor to such as Millais or Watts—whose laurels, for the most part, have been won on other fields, and who, returning in their old age to landscape, the highest and most exacting of all forms of artistic expression, paint in a manner which clearly shows that for them such giants as Rousseau, Daubigny, Mauve and Corot have never existed—do we look for vital landscape art; in that, to waive, for the moment, all other considerations, their methods place them wholly out of court. Mr. Frederick Goodall's "The Thames from Windsor Castle" bears a strong family likeness to certain boyish performances that I have been permitted to see of one of the most able of this band of young English landscape painters to which I have referred. I allow, of course, that so far as mere painting goes Mr. Goodall's achievement is on a different platform, but Mr. Goodall has reached no higher artistic ground in the prime of his life than this born artist stood on in his earlier days of striving and groping. Mr. Watts and Sir Everett Millais would appear to have found in the unsatisfactory technique of Mr. Vicat Cole and Mr. Leader something worthy of emulation. I am aware that in this I am only half stating and imperfectly stating the case. Old methods die hard. Mr. Sydney Cooper and Mr. H. W. B. Davis continue to paint landscapes with cattle in a way which very properly pleases the stock-rearer, whose art perceptions have received their chief stimulus at the market or fair, based upon the productions of the itinerant dauber, skilful in bringing out points which have no existence save in the imagination of vain or self-interested owners. But neither Mr. Sydney Cooper, nor Mr. Davis, nor Mr. Peter Graham can be held to represent the vital landscape art of this country. It is, as I have already said, in the keeping of younger men, who, although they have not been directly influenced by the Barbizon painters and the other great romanticists affiliated to that school—the men I have in mind, and whom I shall presently mention particularly, are as individual as Michel, Troyon, Corot, Rousseau, Herrier and Daubigny—still, in an historical sense, they must be held to be their associates, while, in an artistic sense, they are their lineal descendants. Could any painter crave a nobler ancestry? I must be distinctly understood. I claim for the young English romanticists full equality—they are the peers (in some instances peers of higher rank) of their French and Dutch forerunners. They are not imitators, they are carrying on and developing the landscape painter's art which, in the hands of those great men, had not only

reached a height it had never attained before, but had become nothing short of a new art; for the work of the romanticists is so far removed in poetry, knowledge and power from any other landscape art known to the world—we get an anticipatory foretaste of it in Cuypp, Ruysdael and Berghem, it is true—that it may be held to be a new art. It bears the same relationship to the landscape art of the pretty school as do the rude drawings on the caves of the Bushmen to the frescoes of Signorelli. While all landscape art in the near future, if it is to have any value, however transitory, however partial, will be tinged with the work of the romanticists, there will be few great painters. A great painter is a great creator; one who conceives original and untried combinations of beautiful objects and effects. Still it will be as impossible in the future for a landscape painter who does not wish to be contemptible to ignore what I may almost call the discoveries of the romanticists, as it is now for the ordinary medical practitioner to ignore the discoveries of Pasteur and Koch. Nevertheless, to accept teachings does not make a great teacher, any more than to be in the vogue makes one a leader of fashion. If, then, I only trust myself to speak with certainty of a limited number of landscape painters, for whose art this high place can be fairly claimed, it is because one must see a good deal of any given painter's work, and work the doing of which has spread itself over a considerable period of time, before one can feel absolutely sure of the staying power or the origination genius of the painter in question. Many are called, but few are chosen. A great artist is, as I have said—a great creator, he himself is a great creation; another entity added to the world of being. This is so although he is eclectic, gathering up and selecting from that which has gone before; the best of it. But he is not a reflex; he gives back with a difference. He neither repeats others nor does he repeat himself.—James Stanley Little, in the "Artist."

Herrick.

I.

Thou wast a birth of Morn;—yet not the star
Lamp of his throne—so silent, and so far;
A mellow light, leaned low,
Where all the hills could know;
Or hap, the home-flame on the hearth
With wit's warm sparkles still caressing earth,
Thy most familiar muse, without disguise,
Cometh with safe allurement to our eyes;
Thou breakest like a sun thro' all thy sphere,
And sound'st a joyful clarion on the ear,
Singing,—Rejoice! rejoice!
With a most May-glad voice.

II.

England's Elysian Field, mead o' the mind,
With daisies plenteous sown;
Where a hid tangle of young brooklets wind
And all the winds of Arcady have blown!
In thee young virgins rove and dream—
Perilla, Sappho, Dianeme—
And infants in the dawning sport alone.
There by the margents may we walk,
And with olden poets talk;
And pluck us flowers of fadeless fantasy,
Dabbling our hands with the dew-dripping lea,—
The sunrise of our youth not left behind;—
O, rich domain!
Shall we not come again and breathe in thee?
Spirit of fresh delight!
Yield us thy jocund might.
Shalt thou not come, and o'er our hearts again
Fall like glad sunshine and the gently-dropping rain?

III.

Faint elmy tenderness,—ethereal green,—
Soft phantom-beauty, seen
On frilled and fluted tips in lofty-lighted eve!
Gazing, our youth gleams on us ray'd through tears;
So, when thy page appears,
The dancing lights start up the leaves between;
The subtle joy strikes home, and still most tenderly we
grieve.
Thus does the open Primrose shine,
The Rose new-blossom from thy line,
The Lily in a crystal live,
As thou th' unfading shrine may give;
While all life's glancing waves express
A sympathetic cheerfulness.
And while we hear thee mourn the Daffodils
Each thoughtful pulse a sweet compassion fills.
So, later, one upon the fields of Ayr
Carroll'd his joy and musical despair,—
Challeng'd the birds on ev'ry thorny tree,
For dreaming memory turns again
To his immortal bliss and pain,
Thy brother-bard and generous mate,
Who wept the Daisy's kindred fate;
Musing, while yet th' unbounded flower was fair,
The drooping, the decay, the fading, that must be.

IV.

Hesperia's Garden, full of dainty plots,
Fantastic set, and quaintly bordered;
What golden fruits in thee,
From many a laden tree,
Fall at our feet, as down thy walks we tread!
There, simply set, or in fraternal knots,

The flowers we love their olden perfume shed,—
Where the "fair Daffodils" we weep for grew;
Where dawn the golden hours
And drop the honeyed showers,
And Oberon's chalice holds its sop of fairy dew.

V.

Wild blossom-world, alive with minstrelsy,
Where, on smooth-shaven lawns,
Caper light maiden feet in twinkling glee;
Thou lightest up from immemorial dawns
Immortal May-days, which shall summon down
Drowsy Corinnas, to o'ertrip the lea;
While drowsses low the bee
To all who roving be,—
The rose-lip'd maid, and gentles brave and brown.

VI.

Fair is thine England,—blossomed from the sea;
Great are her bards, but truer none than thee
To all her ancient life; for Nature laid
Thy heart unto her lips, whereon she played
A flute-like carol of bucolic glee;
So, as thou comest near,
We evermore may hear
Laughter of wasteless brooks, re-echoing clear;
Joys spring like birds, while cloud-white sorrows show
Fleet shadows of a flying gayety,—
Winged shapes, whose fleeting, gray uncertainty
Can no continuance know.

VII.

Fair is thine England,—not less bloomy fair;
But thou, her sparkling soul, art thou not there!
Singing of brooks, of blossoms, birds and bowers,
Of April, May, of June, and July flowers;
Singing of May-poles, hock-carts, wassails, wakes,
Of bridegrooms, brides, and of their bridal cakes?
See, thou remainest still; we hear thy voice;
For, while we wait, thou bringest us anew
Mirth's rich profusion, Music's accent true,
And biddest not to sorrow, but rejoice!
Fair is thine England; fair thy native scene—
Thy leafy Devon still puts forth her green;
Pierces her dingles the re-echoing horn;
The wild Dean Borne sings of its old renown,
And, high aloft, o'er many a dale and down,
The lark is shouting in the ear of morn.

ARTHUR J. LOCKHART.

Balzac's Commission.

Curmer had conceived the idea of the publication to be called "Les Français peints par eux-mêmes," and came to Balzac to secure his support and contributions. Balzac accepted, on condition that the work should include a study of Balzac and his work, to be written by Théophile Gautier. Curmer accepted the condition. Balzac rushed to the Rue de Navaria, where Gautier was then living, and offered him the commission, which was accepted with joy. "The price," said Balzac, "will be 500f." Théophile had soon written the article and taken it himself to the publisher, but was too modest to ask for the payment. A week passed, a fortnight passed, and he heard nothing more of the article or of Balzac. One fine day Balzac came to see him and said, "I do not know how to thank you. Your article is a masterpiece. As I thought ready money might not come amiss to you, I have brought the amount agreed on with me." So saying he put down 250f. "But," said Gautier timidly, "I thought you said it was to be 500f. Of course, it was my mistake." "Not at all," Balzac replied; "you are perfectly right. It was to be 500f. But just think a moment. If I had never lived you could never have said all the fine things you have said of me. That is obvious. Without my existence there would have been no article—without the article there would have been no money. Very well, I take half the money as the subject of the article. I give you half as its author. Is not this justice?" "The justice of Solomon," answered Gautier, and, what is more, he always thought so.—Longman's Magazine.

Remembrance.

Earth cannot bind me when I think of thee,
Drawn am I upward by mysterious ties;
I then can hear sweet minstrels of the skies
Touching melodious chords that say to me—
Heaven's first dawning lies in woman's eyes.

Aylmer, P.Q.

DIXIE.

Seasonable Advice.

A SOUND, healthy person takes no harm from a slight chill, and if in the late summer and in autumn we accustom ourselves to cool rooms and but a moderate amount of clothing, we are so much the better prepared for winter. The matter is, of course, especially important to merchants, lawyers, and others who spend most of the day in offices. I have seen learned counselors panic-stricken by the raising of a window, and I understand that some judges would probably fine for contempt of court anybody who would introduce a current of pure air with their jurisdiction. No wonder that litigation thrives in a bad atmosphere.—Boston Post.



To reward an old and faithful servant on his retirement after years of honest service is always a pleasant task. It is pleasant to the donors to be able to thus testify to their gratitude and esteem, and it is doubly pleasant for the recipient to accept a tangible token of their satisfaction with his services and of their good wishes for his future prosperity. To so a loyal a servant as Mr. Wm. Drysdale, then, the moment of the presentation of the Hunt Club's testimonial to him must have been the proudest of his life. It was nicely done too, and under circumstances that made it especially appropriate and impressive. For one hour the old man stood again among the hunting men he had so often led across country. For one moment he was again huntsman, and standing thus among his old employers, his thoughts must have involuntarily flashed back along his 35 years of unbroken service to when he first entered the Hunt as junior whip. What changes the old man must have seen! How many young Nimrods he must have watched taking all before them and riding straight to hounds with that daring and dash which has made the British horseman the ideal trooper, who are now staid middle-aged citizens, whose most stirring ride is now in the common-place street car. What tales of fast runs and blank days the old man could unfold. Every covert and earth on the island must be as familiar to him as the post office clock. In a few well chosen words he endeavoured to convey a few of his reminiscences as well as a sense of his loyalty and gratitude to the members. He reminded them that he had served under thirteen masters. Lieut. Cox, R.E., Mr. D. Lorn McDougall, Captain De Winton, Mr. W. M. Ramsay, Mr. Wm. Cunningham, Mr. John Crawford, Mr. Andrew Allen, Mr. Hugh Paton, Mr. J. R. Hutchins, Captain E. A. C. Campbell, Mr. Baumgarten, and then Mr. Crawford again, have in turn profited by his experience. He married and brought up children in the service of the Hunt, and, throughout his long connection with it, was honestly proud of being its huntsman.

The testimonial itself consisted of a gold watch, chain and locket; the latter containing portraits of Mr. H. Baumgarten, the ex-master, and Mr. John Crawford, the present master, and engraved with a suitable inscription. In addition to this, Mr. Crawford handed to him a purse of \$200, specially presented to him by Mr. A. Baumgarten, in token of his especial liking and esteem. The subscribers to the watch number nearly all the prominent members of the club, among them being Messrs. John Crawford, M.F.H., A. Baumgarten, ex-M.F.H., Hugh Paton, ex-M.F.H., J. Alex. Stevenson, Hon. Secretary Leslie H. Gault, Dr. C. McEachran, E. J. Major, H. Montagu Allan, Hon. Honore Mercier, Colin Campbell, R. B. Ross, J. P. Dawes, J. A. L. Strathy, Robt. Allan, L. Galarneau, W. H. Meredith, F. F. Rolland, J. O'Brien, sr., J. O'Brien, jr., F. J. Robertson. A large number of ladies were present on the occasion, and altogether the old man has just reason to be proud of the manner in which the Hunt Club have treated him, and the hearty applause with which they greeted his farewell remarks.

The Bel-Air Fall races have come and gone and the miserable weather had a good deal to do in detracting from the pleasure of attending them. Then the track was so heavy that nothing but a mud horse had any kind of a chance; still there were two-year-olds out on Saturday, and the owners are probably sorry for it by this time. The racing, under the circumstances, could not be called interesting, and in a couple of events the jockeys were not above suspicion. The gentlemen at the head of the Bel-Air club have displayed sportsmanlike generosity both in their purses and the improvements made in their track, and it behooves them to look with a jealous eye on everything that even appertains to suspicion. It would be a pity if, after going to all the expense that has been incurred, the public confidence in the course should be shaken by the chicanery of a jockey. A little severity would teach a wholesome lesson to some boys, and the effect all round would be salutary. Another thing that is regretted is the small number of starters. It is discouraging for a club to hang out a respectable purse and then see only three horses face the starter. But the owners will be the sufferers in the long run. Take for instance the Carslake steeplechase, the richest purse in the meeting, and only three starters, with apparently only one horse in the going. That certainly is not encouraging. But Rome was not built in a day, and neither can a jockey club be. There has been steady improvement since the beginning, and I hope to see still greater improvement in the future, but everything possible should be done to sustain public confidence.

Sergt. Major Morgans, of the Royal Military College, Kingston, is now the acknowledged champion at all round swordsmanship. On the 11th he met Professor McGregor, whose knowledge was gained in the Thirteenth Hussars. Morgans won easily in every contest on the card. With the foils Morgans scored 5, McGregor 3; sword v. sword, the score was the same; bayonet v. bayonet, Morgans 5,

McGregor 1; sword v. bayonet, Morgans 5, McGregor 2. The rest of the programme was not carried out, as the 13th man acknowledged his defeat.

The regatta season is about wound up, and the Grand Trunk and Longueuil clubs' supplementary contests took place on Saturday and may be looked on as the finish.

The weather has been of such an obnoxious character that such a thing as a trotting meeting has been entirely out of the question. A new aspirant for public patronage in the trotting way is the track at Blue Bonnets, which will be opened with a two days' meeting on Monday. The Longueuil club have abandoned their meeting altogether, as further postponement would make dates clash with the races at Marieville and other places.

The annual games of the Ottawa Amateur Athletic Association on the Metropolitan grounds were a grand success. Only one record was broken, and that in a dubious way that will bar its recognition, but the time made was very creditable all round, and the games were thoroughly enjoyable ones. G. R. Gray, the Canadian shot-putter of the New York A. C., put the 16 lb. shot a distance of 46 feet 8 inches, which would beat the existing record by eight inches; but, unfortunately, when the put was verified, it was discovered that the shot was three ounces light, and, therefore, the record still stands at the old figure.

If cable reports are correct, and in the face of the affidavits it seems impossible to doubt them, W. B. Page's record of 6 feet 4 inches for the running high jump must be relegated to the back-ground. A volunteer of the 5th Battalion Devonshire Regiment, at the regimental sports at Haytor Camp, cleared 6 feet 3 3/4 inches, according to the rules of the Amateur Athletic Association, the measurement being taken from the centre of the bar and the ground tested with a spirit level. His name is George William Rowdon, a member of the Dawlish Athletic Club. He is compactly built, stands 5 feet 9 inches tall, and weighed 152 pounds when he broke the record.

The annual championship games of the Amateur Athletic Association of Canada, which will be held in Montreal on the 27th inst., give every promise of being the most important and best contested ever held. The big athletic rivals of New York will be represented in their full strength, and several other leading clubs in the United States have made known their intention of sending numerous entries. Mr. G. A. Avery, of the Manhattan Club, has also notified Secretary Weldon that he will officiate as time-keeper. The Salford Harriers of England will also be on hand, and amid such an array of athletic talent it appears to me that the Canadians will not have much of a show for first places; but still we might manage to get one or two. One thing, however, must not be forgotten, and that is, that to win in such company steady work on the track must be kept up. From the way in which some of the ground has been covered on the M.A.A.A. path, there is every reason to suppose that Montreal will make a very creditable showing, but creditable is not good enough; we should have some winners. By the way, why is there not more attention paid to the weights and the hammer? There is plenty of material in the M.A.A.A., and it only wants a start properly made to develop it.

Once more the Lulu has come to the front and carried off her third prize flag. It was in the last of the S.L.Y.C. series, and was practically a match race between the Lulu and the Chaperon, but the latter's board was carried away, and, of course, she was out of it. Up to date the Lulu can fairly be considered the champion of the lake.

The Pointe Claire Canoe Club crew has practically wound up its season with the annual meeting, which was held on Saturday last, and the statement of affairs was a most satisfactory one. A handsome silver cup, which is the Pointe Claire Canoe trophy, was presented by Mr. W. T. Wallace, and, in turn, Mr. B. Tooke handed it over to Mr. Archibald, who had won two out of the three races sailed for it. Mr. Montserrat was the happy recipient of the skiff trophy, which is a handsomely engraved pewter. The election of officers resulted as follows:—Captain, W. J. Wallace; mate, A. C. Thomas; purser, Chas. Archibald.

The bicyclists still keep smashing away at the records, and Peoria, Ill., has been the scene of the latest performances in this line. The tandem bicycle record for a mile was the first to go—Smith and Murphy doing the distance in 2.25, a reduction of eight seconds in the world's mark. Rich, of the New York Athletic Club, also did a little smashing, and he now holds the world's amateur five mile mark. His time was 13.51 3-5, which is 6 1-5 seconds better than the English record. The best previous American record was 14.07 3-5. Then Windle stepped in, and the world's record for the mile was dropped a notch, and with a solid tire the pneumatic tire was forced to lower its colours. The record was 2.28 1/4 on a solid tire and 2.26 on a pneumatic tire. Windle made it in 2.25 3-5 on a 4-5 on a pneumatic tire. Berlo made a mile in 2.30 on a safety solid tire. England's solid tire record was 2.34 1-5 and the

American two seconds slower. This was also smashed by the pneumatic record of 2.32 4-5.

The Orientals returned from their Eastern holiday trip with a good deal of healthy exercise and some additional adipose tissue showed away under their waists. They speak in the warmest way of the manner in which they were treated in every city visited, and the cities in return got some exhibitions of good lacrosse. This excursion scheme is a good one, and the example might be followed with advantage by other clubs.

How have the mighty fallen! The invincible Crescents to lower their colours to the Montreal Juniors! But such is the fact, and it is easily explained. They thought they could play on their reputation, and they were very much surprised when they found they could not. It will perhaps teach them in future not to despise their opponents and to do a little practising beforehand. The day for terrorizing a team into defeat at lacrosse has gone past, and whoever wants to win has to come on the field in something like condition and play hard.

The Montreal Fall games, which take place to-day, will give a fair insight into what kind of work the Montrealers may be expected to do at the championships the following week. The showing made at the Ottawa games was a satisfactory one, but better should be done on the Montreal track.

The lawn tennis contingent have watched with interest the progress of the tournament at McGill grounds, and this afternoon the friends of the club will be entertained at tea.

Now is the time for the football men to begin thinking about the Fall's sport. The Montreal F.B.C. have got pretty well under way and intend to carry along their championship form of the past few years. But it is said also that there will be a big stir up in the old rival club.

The West Indian cricketers will not have the pleasure of meeting a Canadian eleven this eleven, as the proposed match has been abandoned on account of the impossibility of getting a Canadian team together.

There has been a good deal of talk recently about an international football team. It will be remembered that when Canada sent away an association team two years ago they did every credit to the Dominion, and held their own with the best elevens on the other side. There is no reason why such a thing should not be done again, and there are many suggestions as to the men who should compose the team. Among others the following are worthy of consideration:—Shibbin or Carrett for goal; Lawrence, Crawford, Clinick, Fernier, Robertson, Hill, Emmett, Jacoby, Forbason, Cameron and Hill, of Valleyfield.

From what I hear there would be nobody surprised if the old-time herculean goal-keeper of the Tococtos should once more be seen on the field—not as a player or an official—but simply to see how far he can send the ball from a lacrosse stick. And it is safe to say that every lacrosse man in the country would be glad to be on the field that day.

There ought to be great racing in the Argonaut Rowing Club's meet to-day. Just imagine seventeen four-oared crews practising for the Fall meet. That shows enterprise, at least, that is worthy of imitation, and there the club has two new Wharfin four-oared practice boats. Our local clubs might take a hint from the Torontonians.

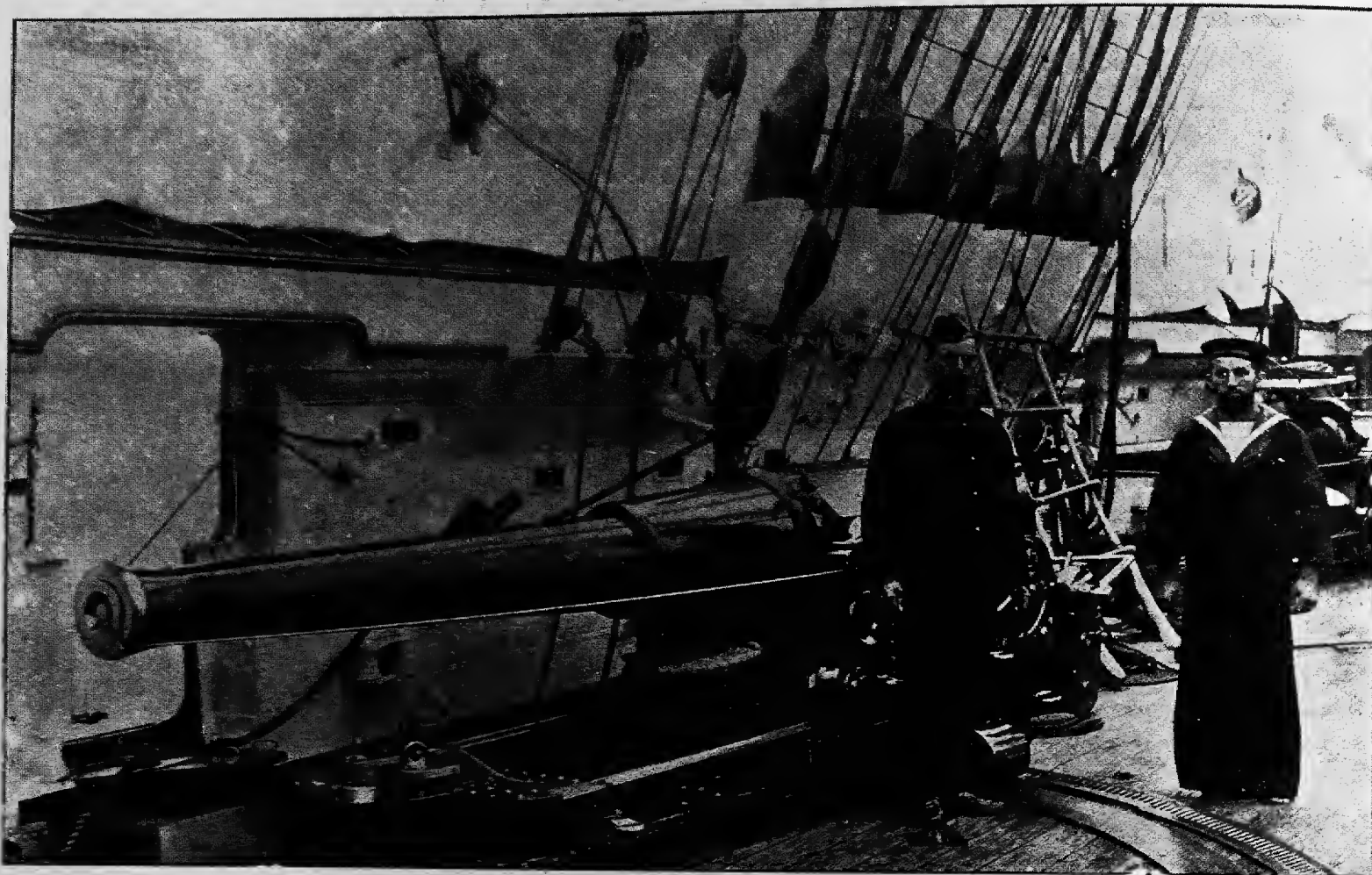
At the annual meeting of the Western Football Association the following clubs were represented:—Woodstock, Berlin, Seaforth, Toronto, Elora, Galt. The date of the annual meeting was changed from September to December, which practically means the changing of the championship from a semi-annual to an annual affair. It is also likely that an inter-association match will be played this Fall, the arrangements for which have been left in the hands of a committee, and the winners of the cup series in the West will likely be recommended to play off with the winners in the East.

The bad management of driving a good horse too far is just now being illustrated in the case of Axtell, who will not be seen on the track again this fall. Last season's heavy campaign told on him, and a very slight injury was sustained, which it is hoped will not be permanent; at least the best vets in the United States say so. It would be a pity if the great stallion was off the track for good. He will probably be around in good shape for next season, but still the incident conveys a lesson for other owners.

Once more I hear that Mr. T. H. Love has parted with the services of W. McBride, who has had the Love stable in charge. The owner has not been playing in particularly good luck this year and better things were to be expected from his string.

R. O. N.

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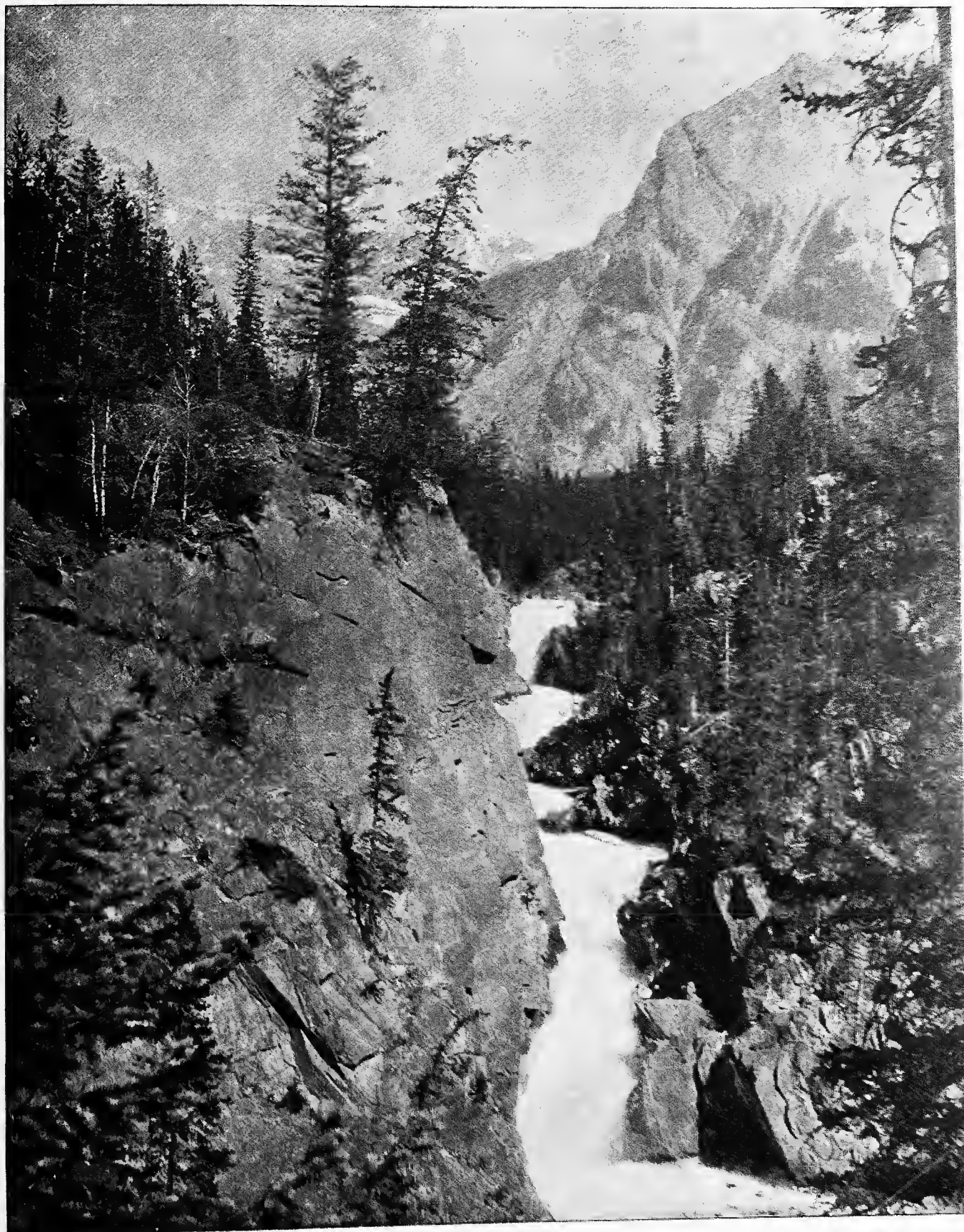
ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF PARLIAMENT OF CANADA, IN THE YEAR 1883, AT THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.

REGISTERED

Vol. V.—No. 117.

MONTREAL AND TORONTO, 27th SEPTEMBER, 1890.

\$4.00 PER ANNUM. IN GREAT BRITAIN, 25s. 6d. PER ANNUM. 10s. 6d. PER COPY.



BRITISH COLUMBIA SCENERY. VIEW OF FALLS THREE MILES FROM FIELD.

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\$4.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.
 THE SABISTON LITHOGRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING CO.
 RICHARD WHITE, PRESIDENT
 ALEX. SABISTON, MANAGING-DIRECTOR,
 73 St. James Street, Montreal.
 GEORGE E. MACRAE, WESTERN AGENT,
 36 King Street East, Toronto.
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 Agent for Manitoba and the North West Provinces
 London (England) Agency:
 JOHN HADDON & CO.,
 3 & 4 Boulevard Street, Fleet Street, E.C.
 SOLE AGENTS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM

27th SEPTEMBER, 1890.



The eagerness with which United States papers that claim to be respectable and whose comments on other subjects show them to be intelligent repeat the outrageous falsehoods of the most contemptible of Canadian sheets is surprising. A Quebec paper, of no influence whatever as an organ of opinion, came out some time ago with an article, in which England was said to be as ready to give up Canada as she was to give up Heligoland. In the same article we are told that the annexation sentiment is making great headway in Canada, and that it is sure to come before long. We may be certain that if ever a movement in favour of annexation begins in Canada, the evidence of its existence will not have to be sought in the columns of the *Quebec Telegraph*. As for the hirelings who, for value received or promised, manufacture annexation sentiment according to the demand, their cock-and-bull stories only amuse Canadian readers. Our contemporaries across the line may be assured that a great national movement of the kind in question cannot be set afoot by an obscure clique or by the paid agents of a hostile or traitorous press. As for the McKinley tariff, Canadians would be so small-spirited that Great Britain might well wish to let them go their ways if such a *brutum fulmen* frightened them into surrender. Because a certain proportion of our population may be temporarily inconvenienced by the working of a spiteful measure, does Canada lack manhood enough to bear with the disappointment and capacity and energy enough to turn it to ultimate advantage? It was not so in the days when our dependence on reciprocity was made hopeless through a like unfriendly policy. On the contrary, the withdrawal of the prop was the first real test of the strength of the British provinces, and before five years the Dominion of Canada was an accomplished fact. The cessation of the treaty was a blessing in disguise, and the day may come when the McKinley tariff will be recalled as the starting-point of a new era of our commercial expansion and national prosperity.

The lunatic colony of Gheel, in Belgium, has been so often described that its name and character are doubtless familiar to most of our readers. Now, however, that the treatment of the insane has been the subject of so much discussion in this province, it may not be out of place to indicate its main features. We may say in the first place that Gheel is a town in the Province of Antwerp, containing, apart from the insane, about 5,000 inhabitants. As the system in vogue does not admit of crowding, a number of small hamlets are attached to the town, and in these, as well as in Gheel, the patients are lodged and cared for. The entire community, forming the "City of the Simple," as it has been called, is, therefore, not less than 12,000. From time immemorial the place has afforded refuge to the weak-minded, and a pious tradition of a certain Saint Dymphna traces the origin of the usage back to the sixth century. There is documentary evidence that Gheel was an asylum more than two centuries ago. In 1856 the institution, which had previous-

ly been in charge of the commune, was placed under control of the government, and in 1882 a system of regular inspection was initiated. The patients are, as to social status, of two classes, those who pay and those who cannot pay. The former can have all the comforts of ordinary rustication—and can amuse themselves according to their tastes with music, sketching, reading, being made to feel the surveillance as little as possible. The curable patients are completely separated from the hopeless and under separate physicians. There is also an infirmary for those who require special attention. The great advantage of Gheel to the insane lies, however, in the fact that the householders who are permitted to board them have, in the course of successive generations, become born experts in their vocation and understand the insane much better than ordinary people understand their neighbours. Lunatics have been familiar to them from their childhood, as they were familiar to their fathers and grandfathers, and what puzzles or alarms outsiders is no mystery to them. But apart from that peculiar merit, the boarding-out plan has itself a great deal in its favour, and experiments made elsewhere tend to show that it may, with judicious oversight, be successfully substituted for the barrack system. Several of the new rural asylums of England are laid out in pavilions instead of consisting of one great building. It admits of thorough classification, for one thing; the danger from fire is reduced to a minimum; the physician and attendants are always within call, when needed, and the more home-like appearance of the houses has a salutary effect on the diseased mind, which is repelled by a vast structure of prison-like aspect. The plan has also been tried to some extent in the States and in Ontario.

Russia has been coming to the front of late in the matter of scientific and other congresses. We learn now that an international exhibition of typography is being organized at St. Petersburg. It is to be on a comprehensive scale, the exhibits being designed to illustrate the development of the art in every country from the first introduction of the printing-press to the latest improvements effected by machinery. A few years ago a monument was erected at Moscow to Ivan Feodoroff, who was the earliest of Russian printers. It was not till 1553 that the first press was set up in the ancient capital of the Czars—1564 being the date of the first book printed in the Empire. It seems almost incredible that, even at that late date, nearly a century after printing had been established in England, the jealousy of the copyists was so intense that Feodoroff and his companions were forced to leave the country. Some of the ruder of the clergy sided with the malcontents on the ground that it was a degradation to the sacred books to be multiplied artificially—an objection still made by the Arabs to the reproduction of the Koran. It was not till 1581 that the first Slavonic Bible was printed. Up to the year 1600 sixteen books had been issued at Moscow. Until the close of the 17th century Russia's literature was mainly confined to old chronicles, martyrologies, and fragmentary works on history. The Russian *renaissance* (if such a term be applicable to a country so clearly out of the range of ancient culture), which began in the first half of the 18th century, was largely due to France, whose masterpieces formed the models of the northern poets and prose-writers. The present century has been distinguished by men like Pushkin, Lermontoff, Gogol, Turgeneff, Solovieff, Belinski, and other writers—poets, historians, novelists and critics—while in science Russia has made remarkable progress. The approaching congress will, doubtless, shed needed and welcome light on the whole range of Slavonic literature and philology.

Though it is of French duels that we hear most frequently, it seems that the sanguinary code flourishes in Italy even more than in France. One of those analytic statements in which certain students of sociology delight has brought out very clearly the extent to which duelling prevails and

the circumstances under which duels are fought in the realm of King Humbert. During the last ten years the total number of these encounters was 2,759. Of these 2,489 were fought with sabres—that is, about 90 per cent. of the whole. Three per cent. of the combatants chose swords as their weapons. The engagements in which pistols were used numbered 680, or about 6 per cent. While, as a rule, the gentlemen who thus sought or gave satisfaction suffered little injury or inconvenience, we find that in fifty cases the results were fatal to one of the antagonists. The number of wounds received is computed at 3,601, but in general they were of a slight nature, and, with the exceptions mentioned, none of them caused the death of the victims. An interesting result of Signor Gelli's inquiries is the record of provoking causes. Insults and acts of violence were the causes assigned in 8 per cent. of the cases. Private or family discussions were responsible for about 7 per cent. Newspaper controversies carried the day, however—about 36 per cent. of the entire enumeration being attributed to that cause. About 27 per cent. are set down to various causes, including disagreements consequent on religious discussions, gambling disputes, and altercations about ladies. As might be expected from what has already been said and from what we read of other countries, journalists are next to military men the most notorious duellists. Out of a hundred it is calculated that 30 will be soldiers and 29 newspaper men. The complete disappearance of duelling from the United Kingdom is one of the most noteworthy, social and moral phenomena of our time. The day is gone forever when ministers of the Crown and judges of the higher courts deemed it necessary, for the defence of their honour, to make targets of their bodies. On the continent also the usage is, doubtless, doomed, though it dies rather slowly.

Among the telegraphic news that appeared in last week's morning papers, we were somewhat startled to find a special despatch devoted to certain extraordinary developments of the oceanic system of the planet Mars. The observer was no less illustrious an astronomer than M. Camille Flammarion, and the phenomena to which he calls attention have not now been noticed for the first time. In one of his most remarkable works, *Les Terres du Ciel*, a double-page coloured map, shows the distribution of the planet's land and water, while a series of views illustrates the aspects of its surface at different periods of observation. These variations in its appearance used to be attributed to the dense clouds that float sometimes over one region, sometimes over another. Some of the changes noted cannot, however, be accounted for in that way. It looks as though immense ridges of sand had been forced up in the midst of some of the Martian oceans, dividing them into two parts. One of them, however, which has been compared to the Black Sea, presented a uniform aspect until June last, when Signor Schiaparelli discovered what looked like a yellow band dividing it unequally. Similar phenomena have been observed in other parts of Mars by other astronomers. The geography of the planet is very different from that of the earth—there being rather more land than water, while the latter is so distributed as to form a number of Mediterranean or great inland seas. Some of these bodies of water (which have been named after famous astronomers—the two largest being known as the Kepler and Newton oceans, others as the Seas of Beer, of Maedler, of Huggins, etc.—the continents being similarly distinguished by the names of Copernicus, Herschel, Galileo, etc.) are connected by long straits or channels. An English astronomer has observed, in some of these latter, phenomena similar to those to which M. Schiaparelli has called attention as existing in the Lockyer Sea. By and by, perhaps, we shall know more about what is going on in Mars. M. Flammarion, who is indisposed to limit animated nature to this earth of ours, thinks that Mars may be peopled by a race of beings taller than men and furnished with wings. The late Prof. Proctor, on the other hand, maintained that, though Mars is the planet

that most nearly resembles the earth, all forms of terrestrial life would quickly perish on its surface. If we accept this view, we have, at least, no reason to fear that the phenomena that are now puzzling astronomers will prove disastrous to sentient and reasoning beings like ourselves.

Civilization may well be indignant at the perverse policy that the Germans are pursuing in East Africa. It may be recalled that the first result of the Anglo-German Agreement, as it affected England, was the proclamation by the Sultan of Zanzibar of an edict prohibiting the slave traffic within his dominions. It was issued on the 1st of August, and, of course, was an unwelcome surprise to all those who were directly or indirectly concerned in the slave trade, whether Arab or European. The friends of Africa, on the other hand, were delighted at the prospect which the new dispensation opened out for the cause of emancipation. They hoped that the generous policy of the Sultan would serve as an example for minor Arab rulers in the interior. The last thing that they apprehended was that a European power, which had taken a prominent part in the Anti-Slavery Conference, and had assented to its decisions, should be the first to go directly counter to the Sultan's humane reform, thus actually supplying the slave-traders with the sanction which the Sultan denied them. The immediate consequences of the Bagamoyo decree were such as to confirm the worst fears of those who protested against it. The slave-dealers, expelled from Zanzibar, found there every opportunity of continuing their nefarious traffic in security, and it was reported from the coast that a thriving business in slave-dealing was already carried on. For a time some contradiction or countermmand was expected from the Berlin Government, but the expectation was not fulfilled. On the contrary, it was announced in the official press that the Zanzibar edict had no authority in German territory and that it was not the Government's purpose to abolish the slave-trade save by gradual processes and with due regard to the existing order of things. It is thus made quite clear that Germany's African movement is purely speculative and commercial, and not in the interest of the natives. The condemnation of the Bagamoyo decree by the Liberal press shows, however, that all Germany does not approve of the company's selfish and inhuman action. The adverse agitation which the latter has aroused in Europe and on this continent may, notwithstanding, eventually bring Bagamoyo into line with Zanzibar.

The organization of the Massawippi Junction Railway is an event that is full of promise for a large and important section of this province. It is now several years since the enterprise was first conceived, and although, from various causes, effect was not given to the idea till a couple of weeks ago, it was never entirely lost sight of by the public-spirited men who have it at heart and in hand. The meeting held at Coaticook on the 17th inst., mainly under the direction of Judge S. W. Foster, was attended by some of the most influential residents in the district and was a gratifying success. The initial steps were taken with an enthusiasm that leaves no doubt of ultimate triumph. Not the least interesting part of the proceedings was the record presented by Judge Foster of the early railroad movement in that part of the province. He recalled the gathering that took place in Magog in the winter of 1843-44 to agitate for the trunk line then projected through the Townships, *via* Magog and Stanstead Plains, to the international boundary line. The line was carried by Sherbrooke and Coaticook mainly through the influence of Sir Alexander Galt. In 1851 the project was again taken up, and the late Hon. H. B. Terrill succeeded in securing part of what they aimed at, and their object now was to resume the unfinished work and to give the line the destination originally intended by the charter. Judge Foster trusted that before the close of another season they would have the proud satisfaction of connecting Montreal with the Atlantic

seaboard over the line of the Massawippi Junction Railway. The scheme was one that merited the active support of the Eastern Townships, the representatives of which in the Commons and in the Local Assembly had their hearts in it, and he knew they could rely on the influential aid of the Hon. Mr. Colby. In his retrospect Judge Foster mentioned the names of those who were interested as petitioners, incorporators and directors in the original project, and said that of all who took part in the proceedings nearly half a century ago only seven survived, of the speakers Judge Doherty alone being left in the land of the living. Both his retrospect and his forecast were listened to with deep attention.

PERSONAL AND ANONYMOUS JOURNALISM.

Some of our daily contemporaries have been discussing the comparative merits of personal and anonymous journalism. The subject has frequently been dealt with, and each side of it has had its able advocates. It cannot be denied that the personal element has its value in certain circumstances. A great name signed to an article or a criticism will enhance its worth in the eyes of the public, altogether apart from its intrinsic importance. The late Allen Thorndike Rice, gave a fresh impulse to the popularity of the *North American Review* by a judicious use of distinguished names. He sought the co-operation of celebrities of every type, statesmen, soldiers, diplomatists, millionaires. He opened his columns to persons of every race and creed, profession and business. Some of these contributors, thus pressed into his service, were famous writers; some of them were novices in the use of the pen. Generally they were asked to write on topics in which they were experts or in which they were intimately concerned. If the theme was fast sailing, he secured a consensus of steamship captains. If the Chinese Exclusion Bill was under consideration, an educated Mongolian was appealed to. If some point in military tactics required elucidation, Lord Wolseley or General Sherman was asked to throw light on it. If the wrongs of Japan at the hands of the treaty powers were to be exposed, who could discharge the task with more knowledge than a subject of the Mikado? If the tariff problem was to be solved, the views of Mr. Gladstone or Mr. Blaine were brought into requisition. Sometimes a single noteworthy writer was deemed sufficient to clear up the matter in controversy, at others the plan of the dialogue or symposium was adopted. But the great desideratum was to make use of famous names. Published on their merits, some of these articles might or might not be read with profit. Their authorship was sure to attract attention to them. We have mentioned Mr. Rice, not because he was the only publisher who in this way availed himself of the popular *punchant*, but because he was the first who reduced it to a system. To some extent the usage has prevailed since printing began—the dedication in older generations giving to an ordinary essay or poem the prestige of a great name. So in our own country we see it announced that some of our former governors or other persons of rank will lend their sanction or their assistance to some new literary undertaking. These courteous noblemen, who may not be without literary ability, know perfectly well why their names are sought, and if the petitioner is not actually disreputable they are not likely to refuse the favour. Even if (as sometimes happens) the name is really all that the celebrity has time to give—the rest being the work of skilful secretaries—the public is just as wise and is none the less pleased. If we believe all we hear, indeed, it is not the public alone that is thus led astray by appearances. The influence of names—of the personal element—rules in many an editor's sanctum.

Even in professedly anonymous journalism there is generally an individuality associated with all authoritative utterances. Some person must be responsible for the statements and comments of a newspaper. The business of the world cannot be conducted anonymously. What some of our con-

temporaries have been discussing is whether the public have the right to know in every instance who is addressing them, and whether the article which they read with dissent or acquiescence was written in good faith or is simply a way of putting things—the writer being just as ready, on occasion, to present a different view. That is, or rather implies, an ethical question of undoubted significance—a question which was debated long before there was any press in existence, long before Christianity was preached. The consensus of the moralists of all ages is against such double dealing. The man who can be all things to all men in a sense that the Apostle certainly never contemplated, who would champion one cause to-day and another to-morrow, and betray them both the day after if it were made worth his while to do so, would have been condemned in Athens or Rome, in India or China, thousands of years ago, and if he is tolerated to-day he certainly is not approved. Nevertheless, there have always been free lances in letters and in diplomacy as well as in arms, and such persons there always will be so long as their service commands its price. The newspaper press is as free from men of this stamp as any other department of intellectual industry, and when a more than usually glaring instance of unscrupulousness occurs, the press itself, after its manner, is the first to give it publicity and to condemn it.

Some of our contemporaries maintain that the only way to purge the craft from this dishonesty is to adopt the plan of signed editorials. Readers will then, it is urged, associate a writer with his opinions, and the opinion of a paper with the individual writer. But to introduce such a change in the press of the English-speaking world would be impracticable, even if it were desirable. The most influential newspaper in the British Empire—in the world, perhaps—has for a hundred years been edited by men of whom the mass of readers knew nothing—men like Sterling, Barnes, Delane, Chenery, Buckle. When Mr. Chenery, who was a rare scholar as well as an able writer, died a few years ago, thousands to whom he had been speaking for years, heard his name for the first time. Many of the correspondents, dead and living, of the *Times* and the other great London dailies—Russell, Sala, Henty, Beatty-Kingston, McGahan, Williams, Forbes—won world-wide reputations but the writers of even the most brilliant articles are unknown beyond a narrow circle to this day. The system admits, it is true, of signed contributions as well, but we doubt if the power of a great journal—the Thunderer or any of its compeers in metropolis or province—would be as great as it is if the continental method were in vogue and more prominence given to the individual. In the course of time a newspaper acquires an individuality of its own, on the nature of which its influence depends and which attaches to its utterances an authority almost wholly unaffected by changes of personnel. It becomes in an almost literal sense an organ of public opinion, and we read its comments on questions of the day, using our judgment as to their pertinence and sufficiency, undistracted by any thought of their source.

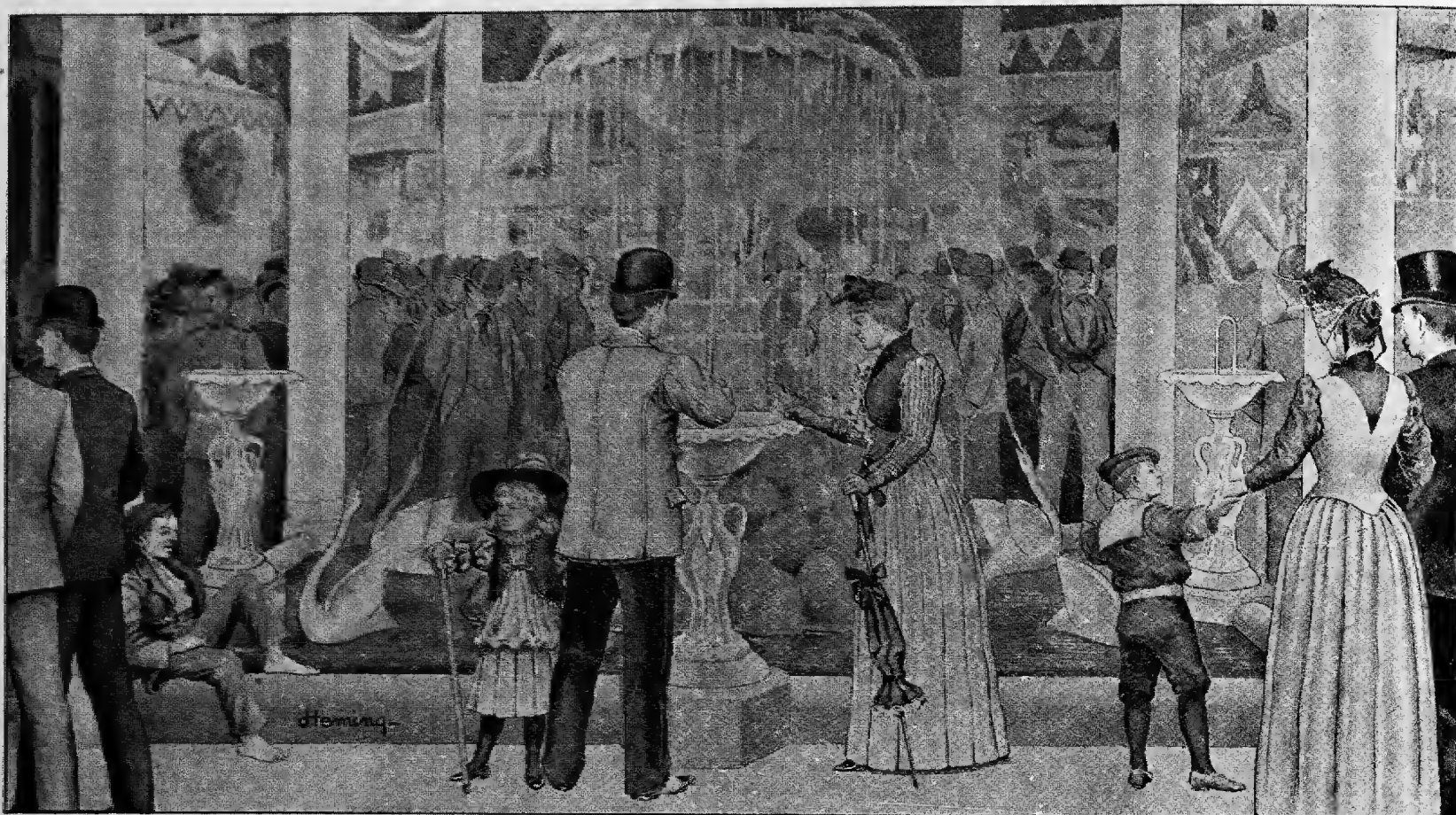
"False Witness."

Comes a demon in the darkness
Cries, why struggle, fight and fall—
When to dust thy dust is driven
What will struggle then avail?
Man was very meekly given
Three score years beset with pain,
Wherefore fill them then with searching
For a truth that is but vain.
Take the hour, and turn its measure
To your use, nor think of those
Who may follow; yours the moment,
What to you men's after woes?

Comes an angel in the morning,
Bids me still be true and strong,
Whispers to me, pain and passion
Passes, it is not for long
That we suffer here in silence;
That each hardly conquered fight,
Is a step upon that pathway
Leading us to lasting light.

Montreal.

MAY AUSTIN.



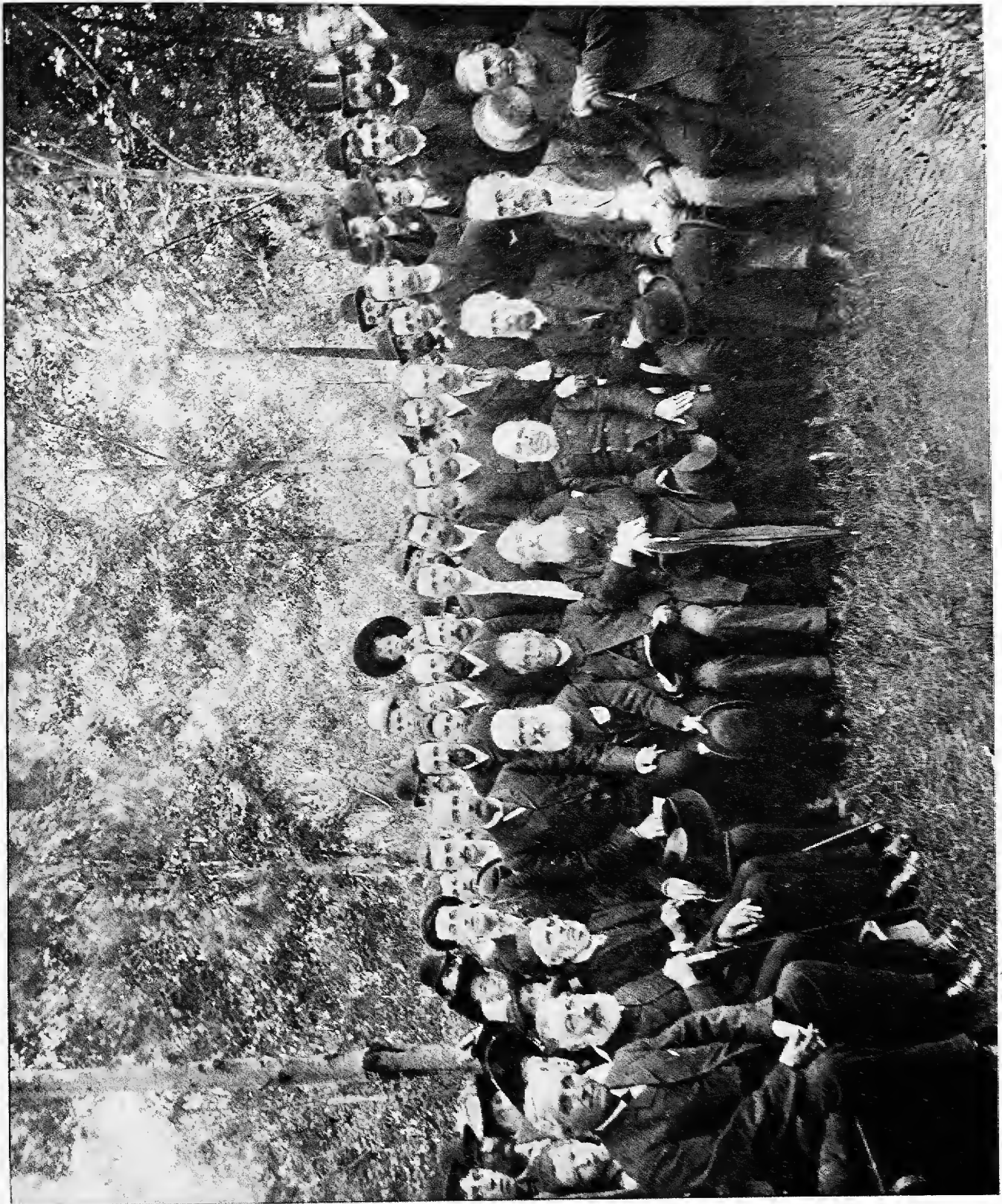
THE FOUNTAIN IN MAIN BUILDING, TORONTO EXHIBITION. (Drawn by our Special Artist.)



MISS SARA JEANETTE DUNCAN.



SENOR BALDASANO Y. TOPETE, Quebec, Consul-General of Spain.



LEADERS OF FRENCH PROTESTANTISM IN CANADA. Anniversary Meeting, St. Hubert's Island, 20th June, 1888.



NO GRANDE BILL —



LEFT HAND —



Col J. T. MURTHA —



CAPT. H. HORNE —

TYPES OF THE WILD WEST SHOW AT TORONTO EXHIBITION, 1890.

OUR ENGRAVINGS

SKETCHES AT THE TORONTO EXHIBITION.—These characteristic views give a fair idea of the grounds (which have already been illustrated and described in this journal) and of the more salient features of an annual Fair, which grows more and more attractive from year to year.

BRITISH COLUMBIA SCENERY.—Some of our readers will, we are sure, thank us for returning to our first love and giving them a fresh glimpse of the manifold charms of our great Western province. It makes us proud when we look at such scenery and think: "This is my own, my native land."

ARTILLERY COMPETITION IN QUEBEC.—This engraving shows one of those military scenes which, during the last couple of months, have proved so attractive to our valiant defenders and their civilian friends. Quebec is such a grand old fortress and has so many proud martial memories that military movements or evolutions in or near it have an additional and peculiar prestige.

SPORTING SCENES ON THE JACQUES CARTIER.—In this engraving we present our readers with some typical sporting scenes of older Canada. As its name implies, the Jacques Cartier river is associated with the visit of the illustrious explorer who, more than three centuries and a half ago, made the St. Lawrence valley a land of promise to the kings and people of La Belle France, who named our mountain Mont Royal, and spent a winter within hail of the ancient capital. It takes its rise in a cluster of lakes situated about fifty miles back from the St. Lawrence, and after a sinuous course through diversified and picturesque scenery, enters that majestic river about thirty miles from Quebec. Besides being the home of myriads of the finny tribes—including excellent salmon, which entice the angler to its banks—and watering a region of rare natural grandeur and full of attractions for the sportsman, the Jacques Cartier is a power in the world of industry, and many a mill is turned by its tumultuous waters. The river has also played a part in our military history, having been long regarded as one of the natural defences of Quebec and its environs. The views were taken by Mr. Joseph E. Vincent, amateur photographer, vice-president of the Jacques Cartier Fish and Game Club, while on a fishing trip with a party of friends up the Jacques Cartier River.

MISS SARA JEANNETTE DUNCAN, AUTHOR OF "A SOCIAL DEPARTURE," ETC.—In this issue of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED we have much satisfaction in being able to favour our readers with a fine likeness of Miss Sara Jeannette Duncan, one of the ablest and most successful of Canadian writers. Though still in the dawn of womanhood, Miss Duncan, by good use of rare endowments, has won a reputation, which many an older *littérateur* may envy. Before undertaking with another young lady the tour round the world, which she has so charmingly described in the handsome volume published in London and New York, she had made her mark as a contributor, in prose and verse, to a number of journals and periodicals both in the United States and Canada. She not only wields the pen of the ready writer, but has a trenchant and vigorous style, a quick and true insight into character, in painting which, as well as in descriptive and narrative writing, she is surpassed by few. Those who deny woman humour must go to Miss Duncan's pages to be cured of their heresy. She is a daughter of Ontario, and the Dominion may well be proud of her, as it is. A distinguished career, we are sure, awaits her, if she is only true to herself.

LEADERS OF FRENCH CANADIAN PROTESTANTISM.—The interesting group in this engraving was taken on the 20th

of June last in a quiet spot on St. Helen's Island, opposite Montreal, where on that date there was held a gathering ever memorable in the annals of French Protestantism in Canada. Not less than six hundred delegates and friends of French Missions in this country had assembled to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the missionary work on the north shore of the St. Lawrence on the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. D. Amaron, both of whom are still living. The French Protestants and Huguenots in Canada at that time might have been counted on both hands. Since then the work has progressed so remarkably that to-day the French Protestant population is not less than 40,000, served by hundreds of missionaries and ministers, with schools and well organized congregations. The group comprises a fair representation of clergymen and leading laymen. In the centre front row may be seen the Rev. Charles Chiniquy, to his right Mr. D. Amaron, then the Rev. Mr. Vernon, Mr. J. Provost, Rev. Theo. Lafleur, M. Cruchet, M. Dorion; then to Father Chiniquy's left the venerable co-worker with M. Amaron for some forty years, the Rev. Joseph Vessot, then the Rev. R. P. Duclos, M. L. E. Rivard, publisher, and Mr. Sadler. In the second row may be recognized the Rev. C. E. Amaron, J. L. Morin, A. B. Cruchet, Jos. Allard, Principal Bourgoin, S. Rondeau, B.A., Jos. Loiseleur, M. Guérette, S. Vessot, M. Agniet, while the third row presents us Rev. M. De Gruchy, M. St. Aubin, M. Bousquet, S. P. Rondeau, S. Vessot, and a number of others.

CANADIAN HORSES AT DETROIT FAIR.—In this issue we present to our readers a few sketches of the horses successful in gaining premium honours at the Detroit fair, held during this month: No. 1, Strathspey, a thoroughbred stallion, was awarded the first premium, and was the winner of the first prize and silver medal at Toronto Industrial Exhibition of 1889. Strathspey has won 38 races, and \$23,585. No. 2, Wild Thorn, won first prize in saddle class. No. 3, Bird's Eye, was the winner of two first premiums as saddle cob and park hack, respectively. No. 4 (tandem), Snowflake and Tantivy were awarded first premium for carriage pair under 15.3, and first premium in tandem. Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4 are the property of Wm. Hendrie, of Hamilton. No. 5, Polly Craig (Imp.), Clyde mare, winner in a large class of first premium for heavy draught mare 4 years old and over. Very few better mares of Polly Craig's breed and stamp ever crossed the ocean, and she is a credit to her present owners and importers, E. W. and G. Charlton, of Duncrief, Ont. She was bred in Lanarkshire, Scotland, and imported in 1886, and has been a frequent prize-winner wherever shown. Her immense size (2,000 lbs.), good colour, large bone, with good quality, were a source of wonder to the Michigan farmers. No. 6, Princess Beatrice, is a Canadian-bred shire mare, the winner of many first prizes at all the most prominent shows in Canada, and successful in carrying off the silver medal at Toronto Industrial Fair, 1889, for general excellence. She was bred and is owned by Messrs. Hendrie & Co., of Hamilton. In cattle, Canadians were well to the fore, carrying off the largest share of the prizes; in sheep, they swept the board. The fruit and roots on view were not up to standard, but those sent from the Dominion usually gained the honours. As is the case with most of the Canadian shows also, the stock, agricultural and dairying features were placed too much in the background, and their places filled by side-shows, "fakes" of all descriptions, snap shooting contests, etc., which may possibly attract and amuse a certain class, but cannot be of any real benefit to the farmer and his wife. In this age of scientific farming and dairying our farmers should be wide-awake to all chances which tend to increase their knowledge. That we are still a long way in front of our neighbours as farmers and breeders of stock (except blooded), the active demand at all times for our heavy horses, high-actioned carriage pairs and hunters clearly show; and the various fairs held throughout the country are of lasting benefit in other

respects, and to a certain degree have helped to this end. To be a successful breeder of stock of any kind, one must breed from the best strains, and our shows are the places to get the required information on that point.

L'ILLUSTRISIMO SENOR DON ARTURO BALDASANO Y TOPETE, CONSUL-GENERAL OF SPAIN IN CANADA.—We have the pleasure of presenting our readers in this issue with the portrait of the Consul-General of Spain in Canada. L'illustrísimo Senor Don Arturo Baldasano y Topete, gentleman distinguished as well by birth as by rare talents. In the various countries in which he has represented his native land, he has rendered her signal services, which his sovereign has recognized by conferring upon him the order of Charles III., of Isabella the Catholic, of Naval Merit etc., while he has also been decorated by several foreign governments. Of those who have filled in Canada the important position which he holds, not one has shown more energy and judgment in endeavouring to cement the commercial relations between the two countries; and we have the satisfaction of knowing that his efforts have not been fruitless. Some months ago he sent Don Ovidio Fréchette, Vice-Consul of Spain for this province, on a mission to the Spanish Chambers of Commerce, and that gentleman had an opportunity of setting forth the advantages that would arise from closer intercourse between Canada and the Spanish monarchy. It is noteworthy, as marking the results of M. Fréchette's mission, that just now for the first time the products of a foreign nation figure in a Canadian provincial exhibition. Though the prevalence of the cholera unhappily prevented the arrival in time of a number of exhibits that would otherwise have been on the ground, the Spanish section in the Toronto Exhibition has been much and deservedly admired. In a recent issue the *Globe* had the following remarks on the subject:—"A new feature this year is an exhibition of Spanish products, sent direct from Spain to Toronto, in bond, especially for this exhibition. It consists of wines, brandies, chocolate, Guava jelly, olives, cigars,—all of the first quality. These goods are supplied by leading houses in Spain, and of the same quality as furnished by them to Spanish, Italian and Austrian royal families. The exhibit would have been much larger, but owing to the outbreak of cholera a large consignment was delayed in quarantine and could not reach here in time. The new Spanish Consul-General, Senor Baldasano y Topete, is fully alive to the importance of the Canadian trade, and is showing great energy in promoting it." Senor Baldasano y Topete served for more than eighteen years at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, Madrid, and in Cuba as Secretary to the Governor-General. He has also been Consul at Singapore and at New Orleans—both posts of high importance. At the former he distinguished himself by the energy and tact which he brought to bear on the settlement of two most difficult international questions, while in the latter he was instrumental in putting a stop to the Cuban filibustering movement. Though still in the prime of life, the new Consul-General has had a large experience of men and affairs, and has made a tour of the world. In 1875 Don Baldasano y Topete married the Marquise Maria de la Cruz Lopez Martinez y Benitez, a lady not only of exalted birth, but of distinguished gifts and accomplishments and of rare charms of person. The Government of Madrid and Montreal are both to be congratulated on the removal of the Consulate-General to this city, the commercial metropolis of the Dominion, where his efforts for the benefit both of Spain and Canada are sure to meet with appreciation and support. What is to be feared, however, is lest the known ability and experience of our new Consul General may ere long cause his transference to a larger sphere of usefulness. Just as we go to press, we learn that the illustrious Senor has set out for British Columbia in company with Don Ovidio Fréchette, Vice-Consul, in order to establish direct communication with Manila, and thus enable importers to avoid the detour by San Francisco in bringing hither the products of that colony.

RED AND BLUE PENCIL

CHERRYFIELD, Sept. 1890.

DEAR EDITOR DOMINION ILLUSTRATED.—I am pleased to find you abounding in literary and artistic labours. Sherbrooke will henceforth be to many no visionary place; but will have a "local habitation and a name." The scenery surrounding that fair city is of a peculiar loveliness. Even the singer has woven it a worthy wreath; for I fancy the sweet stanza on the Magog got a whiff of life-breath perhaps from the bosom of the foamy stream they celebrate. Even a far-famed poet did not pass this region coldly by. Was it not of this "kentry" that Whittier sang as follows in "Snowbound":

Our father rode again his ride
On Memphremagog's wooded side;
Sat down again to moose and sump
In trapper's hut and Indian camp;
Lived o'er the old idyllic ease
Beneath St. François' hemlock-trees;
Again for him the moonlight shone
On Norman cap and bodiced zone;
Again he heard the violin play
Which led the village dance away,
And mingled in its merry whirl
The grandam and the laughing girl.

Whittier, as well as Longfellow, likes sometimes to touch on East Canadian localities,—“the shores of the Basin of Minas,”—the “frozen Brador,”—the Bay Chaleurs, and

“Meccatina,

With its mountains bare and brown.”

I am pleased with these double numbers. It is like having your baker deliver two loaves of bread when you have only ordered and paid for one. If you proceed so you must succeed with subscribers who can be moved by generosity to an exercise of the same precious virtue.

Fraternally,

PASTOR FELIX.

UNCLE DORING AND BROTHER COBB.

Old Uncle Doring sat by my fireside last evening after beating out the music of his heart on his lapstone all day, being at seventy-four personified Industry and Piety as well. Our Cobbler K-e-e-zar never, in close shop, or on “open hillside,” would have spent his breath—

“Singing, as he drew his stitches,
Songs his German master taught,—

if he ever had any; but in crooning the psalmody with which his youth was familiar, and in ejaculating words apparently addressed to some invisible listener. How so much sweet cheerfulness ever got woven into his heart's tissue, amid the distracting crow-fingers of fate, tearing our hopes to pieces—and his in the sad particular—only the Master who presides at the loom of Destiny can determine. He was that melancholy thing, a sole survivor, but for some invisible Presence that always bade him to feel he had one relation left, and that he did not live quite alone in his cabin under the shelter of Luce's grove. His lamp was plainly lit: the lantern he left burning low in my entry, never more unflinchingly trimmed. The Grecian Graces had quietly ignored him, and slipped away from his cradle; while Nature in her most prosaic mood had dealt him out his elements, and plastered up form and feature without a remote suspicion of beauty. His form—in frugal gray homespun, patched here and there—was crumpled and crushed, as if some lubber antagonist, while yet his bones were soft, had pounced on him and held him down; while his great, square head, with its fringe of iron gray hair, and his seamy irregular, wrinkled visage had reached out advanced a stage in their development for art or liberal culture ever to elaborate them. But, like a gnarled rugged tree, with a leaf here and there, and the sunlight upon it, Uncle Doring's person was far from unlovely or unwholesome. His eyes were the jewels of his homely face—blue, liquid, calm, and always lighted—fountains of consolation, wells from which you drew living water.

While Uncle Doring was telling me a late experience of his in the shop—which was often his Peniel—the tall figure of Brother Cobb appeared in the doorway. The austerity and gloom of his face relaxed as much as it could in the light of Uncle Doring's countenance, and took on an unusual expression of shrewd good-nature. Seated beside his mellow neighbour, the lankiness of his figure, and the exceeding leanness of it became the more perceptible; and had you seen him in the discharge of some of his religious duties, you might have supposed the scanty flesh and abundant bone, emblematic of the leanness of his spirit and the bulkiness of his material possessions. The truth is that his religious smithy was annually lit up in the month of September, and then the sparks flew under his spasmodic blows; but he was now so remote from the fervours of “camp-meet'n,” that his spiritual forge, unblown upon by a seven days' wind of the Spirit, no longer glowed and quivered with the unwonted heat. He was, by his own account, no longer “on the mounting top,” but “low down by the cold streams o' Bab'lon,” and the willow on which his harp was hung drooped their branches in the water. It was with a face indescribably painful that he “riz up in

class,” with shoulders stooped and hands grasping the back of the pew in front, to administer in due form his rebuke to those who provided so smouldering a religious fire for him to warm himself withal, to chide his “brethering,” who were so “lackin' of the sperrit,” or who were, what certainly Bro. Cobb rarely was, “unpunct'ual in attendance on the means o' grace.” But, suppose his spiritual forge did lie idle, save when he pounded “the brethering,” it happened that after the annual September blast was over, on the “sounding anvil” of this world his personal affairs were shaped with most exemplary diligence.

“How do the meetings go?” I suggested, as a profitable turn to the conversation.

“Porely. Fac'tis, we've a dry time now. 'Tis n't now as I've seen it,” and he gave a sigh, which was ever the same sigh after the earlier time, which in his estimation was better than the present.

“Pears t' me we dont hev th' same sort o' 'ligion we use' to when I was a lad. We aint ingaged as we waz years ago. Folks dont half preach, or pray, or sing, as though they meant it; an' these b'ys we hev now-a-days aint fit to hold a lighted candle to some ole-fash'n'd preachers fifty years ago. W'y, on'y forty year ago I wuz to a camp-meet'n at Bear Hill, an' I won't ferget it in a hurry. 'Twas w'en ole Elder Peters wuz on th' deestrick, an' he gut holt on God in pra'r one evenin' leadin' at the altar. Sech prayin' I never heerd, afore or sense. He k'menced low down, but he kep' goin' up—up—up—from the leastest whisper, tell it seemed as if he clinched the Almighty's arm; a spray flew from his lips all over us in the altar, an' his v'yce was rollin' like thunder. Gret groans begun to come from all parts of the kangregation; an' then suthin' struck! It seemed to go through us like 'lecktricity; I did'n't know but th' hull shed was a comin' daown onto us, the stand was shuck so. I tell ye, *power wuz there!* Gret gushes o' feelin' went all over us, an' many a onbeliever wisht he was n't there in his sins. Ther' wuz that gre't York Tyrell, with a karkiss like an elephant, an' lungs o' leather,—al'ays leadin' a crew on the encampment,—the woods fairly rung with his yell o' kn'viction, as he cried out in th' aginy of his soul; but on'y for a minnit—fer the light broke in, an' O, what shoutin'! People wuz a-shriekin' an' a-shoutin' all around, an' some on em' fell helpliss an' stiff as logs. Lots o' v'm lay ther' much ez an hour, an' then jumped up, shoutin' ‘Glory! Glory!’ Sich halleluyers! I lost my strength *that time*. My gracious! they don't do th' like o' that now. W'y, a young feller, quite peart like, who'd heerd uv ol' times, an' thought he'd ought t' immortalize the fathers, shouted so in his pra'r last camp-meetin' that he strained his throat an' couldn't speak much fer three days arterwards. Laws! Father Peters never strained *his* throat. He was fresh an' calm w'en he finished; but more awful prayin' I never heerd. An' then the sollum preachin'! I hev heerd sarmens ther', w'en it seemed ez ef the jedgment day hed come. It went clost to folks' consheeness. Elder Powder p'inted his finger at a triflin' feller leanin' against an ellum out on th' aige an' makin' sum gals laff, an' he said slow in a tone to make enybody trible,—‘Young man, remember in Hell there's no laffin’!’ An' w'en he begun to plead weth sinners, 'twas so affectin'; I stood up a minnit with my back ag'inst a yaller birch, an' see the tears runnin' in every direction. Ther' wasn't a dry eye ennywhere. O, we don't hev ennythin' like that now. Seems 'zif 'ligion hed lost its power.”

It might, on Brother Cobb, who warmed his spiritual loins at his neighbour's fire; but plainly it had not on Uncle Doring, who had kept his coal alive, which one day he took from off the Lord's altar. “I recollect,” he said, with brightening smile, “the times you speak ov an' the mighty men ez made 'em, under God. Mebb'y ther' hez been some change; ther' allays is change in this world; an' the sons may be less powerful in their feelins' than the fathers. But I hev faith that things hev generally changed fer the better. But what do we complainin' ov our lots? We ought t' move along our ways like angels o' light, not dreamin' ov darkness. Who is to blame if ther's change fer the worse in our souls? Hez God turned in to live by hisself an' ferget His marcfal purposes to men? They's been changes,—O yes, I've seen a many ov 'em, an' sorrowful ones, too. The fields and woods—the very hills, don't look jist the same's they did w'en I was a lad in my father's house; an' yet, they're jist as fresh an' sweet, an' jist as green. The sun doesn't swaller his beams enny more'n he did then. My apple-tree still drops its fruit clost to my door, and not a little flower turns its face away from me. No'r has my God forgotten to be gracious, but fills me jist ez full o' His glory ez ever He did on ol' Bear Hill fifty years ago. O what right hez a live Christian to ‘plain continuaty o' drouth, an' dark, an' cold? What call has th' quator t' cry coz th' north pole is cold?”

“I know, Uncle Dorin, I aint in the good place you be. I'm a changeable critter in my feelins',—I am, an' al'ays wuz. Sometimes I's up an' sometimes I's down; but I do wish I could on'y hear Elder Peters pray once agin, I know I should be clean on the mounting top. An' sich singin' they used t' have them days! I wuz it wuz enough t' lift the hair o' yer head. Ez fer ther' singin' now-a-days,—all is, I know it don't move me like the old singin'. Sich flat, new-fangled, cricketty airs makes my very ears ache fer Meaw and Chiny to cure 'em. O, if I could on'y hear Chiny ag'in, same's I heerd it at Mary Mullens' funeral—draw'd out so long and sollum like! Now it's all k'reet an' proper, I know,—so's a dead man, in his s'roud, an' jist ez little life. Orgins an' planners enuff t' make a sound on, but not w'at I calls music; no singin' like we

hed w'en Elder Mantsfield* wuz amongst us an' Elder Varrenton. Elder Mantsfield wuz a power at singin'. He went to a woman's door that didn't want no ministers, and she tole him through the window that he couldn't come in. ‘My dear madam,’ he said, in sweetest winnin' tone, ‘may I stan' on your step an' sing?’ ‘Sing, if you will; not that I wish to hear you,’ she said, peart like. And sing he did, and thet singin' was better'n a batterin' ram t' open thet door; it come open as if by magic afore he wuz through the piece. Then ther' Elder Varrenton—he's livin' jist. I jist remember at an' annueal conference, the Bishop wuz kin' o' tired, I guess, an' as't Brother Varrenton to sing. It seemed sort o' queer, right in th' middle o' dry bizness, an' I guess he wuz some s'quard, for he riz up slow, an' he wuz natterally modest an' kind o' d'redent an' know'd all eyes wuz on him. O he looked splendid! fer he was jist a noble-built man, stannin' head an' shoulders above most other folks! He al'ays had a large, kind, b'nevolent-lookin' face; but then ther' wuz a sort o' beautiful light on it, an' his eye wuz misty with feelin' afore he begun, fer the music was deep down in his soul, an' I guess he know'd w'at tune they wanted. But, w'en he struck in it seemed 'zif all Heaven might 'a' stopped t' hear thet singin'. The secataries dropt their pens afore the secon' line,—an' they hardly ever stops for any one's ellerkence. Now, will ye b'lieve me, w'en h'd sung the fast verse there was silence like deth—ye might 'a' heerd a pin drop; w'en he wuz a singin' the secon', floods o' tears wuz runnin', an' choked sobs, an' ‘O my God's!’ came from some, and here an' there a groan or a ‘Blessid Jesus!’ But afore he'd gut t' th' end o' th' last one, thet hull kangregation wuz in a puffic tempist; though out o' th' roar o' ‘Amens’ an' ‘Hallelujahs,’ an' ‘Bless-the-Lords,’ thet clear, sweet, feelin' vice sailed on to th' very close. O, it wuz jist wonderful! I niver wuz enny nigher Heaven an' niver expect to be—”

“Tell by God's marry the gate opens an' ye go in,” chimed in Uncle Doring, now quite in the spirit of it; “an' I with you, as I hope to afore long.”

“Well,” continued Brother Cobb, “w'en he'd gut through an' sot slowly down, I looked fer the bishop, an' seed him a weepin', with his head in his hans'; I hed somewheres about the middle noticed him rockin' back an' forrard, the tears runnin' in rivers daown his face. Fer a long while sobs an' shouts continued to come out o' all parts o' th' room, an' it wuz some time afore they could settle agin an' perceed to bizness. Ther's w'at I call singin'—with some soul in it, an' some sal'ashun, too! Ther's the kind o' singin' I expect they hev in Glory, where I'm afraid a good many o' these music-makin' folks we find now-a-days 'll fin' a diffikilty t' jine in—Laws! it's all-a-most nine! Haow time does fly!”

Then Brother Cobb arose, and Uncle Doring with him. The good man took his lantern from the porch and turned up the light. Then turning to me from the door with a good-natured, meaning smile, he said his “good-night,” and went out, leaving me to manifold reflections.

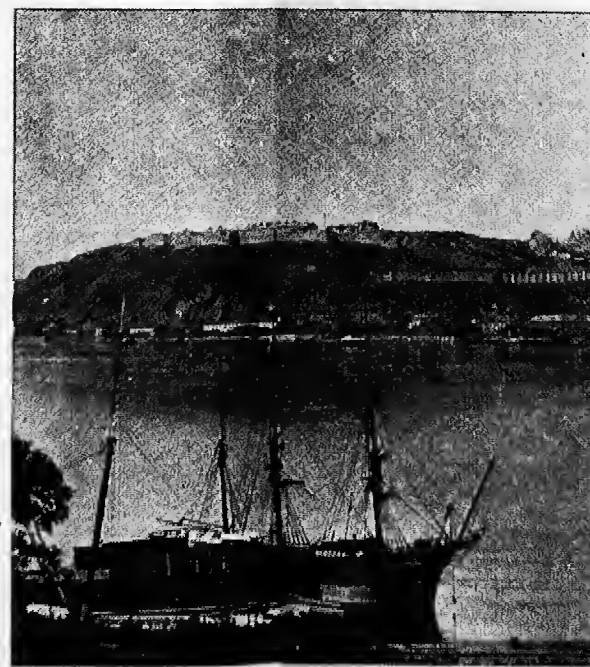
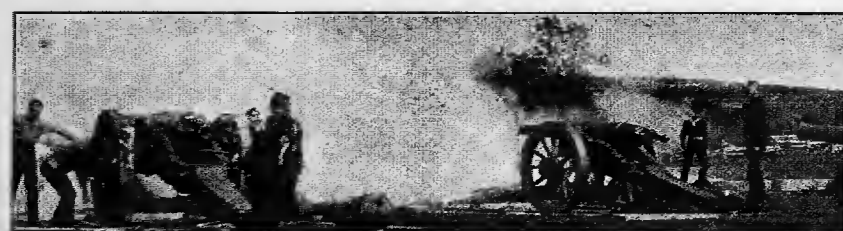
PASTOR FELIX.

*Author of the *American Vocalist*, a manual of church music much in vogue throughout New England and the Maritime Provinces forty years ago.

†Elder Farrington died since this was written. The account of his singin' in the Conference room is derived from Dr. Tefft's “Worthy Brook Sketches.”

A Turkish “Daughter of The Regiment.”

The St. Petersburg correspondent of the *Daily News* tells the following pretty story of a “daughter of the regiment.” During the Russo-Turkish war a private in the Kexholm Regiment when in Bulgaria found a little Turkish girl about four years old, who had been abandoned by her father and mother. The soldier took the little one to his officers, who resolved to adopt it. The child, who was suffering from want of food, soon recovered, and told her protectors that her name was Aish. As soon as peace had been signed and the Russians were allowed to enter Constantinople the colonel bought a quantity of dresses for “the young lady,” and “a hat with a real garden of flowers upon it.” When the regiment returned to Warsaw the officers resolved to do their best for the girl. They imposed upon themselves an income tax of 1 per cent, and resolved to pay to “the Aish fund” ten copecks of each game of cards used at the regimental club, etc. Aish, who meanwhile had been christened under the name of Maria Kexholmkaia, was then placed at the Maria College for young girls at Warsaw. Twelve years have passed and Maria Kexholmkaia has become a pretty girl, and has just finished her college studies. The regiment gave a *fête* in her honour a few days ago; then a state dinner, during which the oldest non-commissioned officer of the regiment, in the name of all the privates, presented a holy image, and in the evening there was a ball. As a sign of her gratitude, Maria Kexholmkaia presented the regiment with a large velvet cushion, on which she had embroidered in gold the monogram of the regiment and exact copies of all the decorations and medals the regiment has received for its gallantry. In one of the corners she had embroidered “Masha (or Maria) Kexholmkaia, 24th January, 1878—19th June, 1890.” The Emperor of Austria is the chief of the regiment, and it is supposed that he will do something to show his interest in the daughter of his regiment, who is now staying with General Pajoutin, commander of the 11th Division, the officer who commanded the Kexholm Regiment when little Aish was found.



Dismounting 64 pr. gun.
Firing 40 pr. at 2,500 yards range.
Loading 40 pr.

Mounting 64 pr. on standing carriage.

View of the Citadel, Quebec, from Lévis.

Shifting Ordnance competition.
40 pr. gun Detachment
64 pr.

MONTREAL GARRISON ARTILLERY TEAM AT DOMINION ARTILLERY COMPETITION, ISLAND OF ORLEANS.
(From Photos by Major Cole, M. G. A.)

MY QUEER PARISHIONERS.

My queer parishioners were not irreligious. On the contrary, they attended church regularly—once a day in the winter, and twice a day in the summer. They partook of Holy Communion regularly, and were always ready to give a little towards any church work I might ask them to aid. And when, on my parochial visits, I would speak of spiritual things, and asked to be allowed to read and pray with them, liberty to do so was willingly accorded, and my heart would often be cheered by an unlooked for and, as some of my parishioners would have said, a very "Methodistic" response or exclamation. Without being told by them in so many words, I knew that they had accepted the Saviour each for his own sins, and I never came away from their society without feeling cheered and strengthened in my own soul.

Yet, their queerness continued. They still scrubbed the floors of their stable and cow-house, much to the benefit of the animals concerned. One brother always sold the hay, the other the wheat. The sister never sold anything, not even her eggs, honey and butter, but she always accompanied the brother who did so, and while all three maintained a strict taciturnity towards all others, they were well liked for their old-fashioned courtesy. If cheating were attempted, no sale, however far advanced, was continued, nor did the offender ever receive the slightest recognition afterward. They went to the post-office twice a year only, and at those times they received but one letter, the post mark of which was English, and it bore a large red seal. If they had a banking account no one knew with whom, and it was a standing wonder with a certain class of gossips where they kept their money, and whether they would ever be robbed or murdered on account of it. I could not have thrown any light on these matters, for I knew no more than the public.

Five years passed happily with me and my dear wife and children in our pretty parsonage. I had once asked leave to take Rosalind with me to see Miss Smith, but was met with a gentle though firm refusal. They saw no one.

I had also asked them to come to the rectory for a little change, assuring them they would meet no one. They desired no change. Therefore, I gave up all overtures and accepted the situation. During the fifth year my queer parishioners suddenly left off coming to church at all in the winter, and were not very regular in the summer. The cause was easy to discern, they were all getting too infirm either to walk or drive far.

Will Rogers was offered a five years' lease of the farm, with the exception of the fifty acres in which the house stood. The rent asked was high, but the land was worth it, and like a wise man Rogers accepted the offer. The cows were sold with the exception of one; the horses went with the farm, but one was to remain at the command of the house whenever he should be wanted. So the life of my queer parishioners became changed in spite of themselves, for who can resist old age?

One cold winter's night, of the same year I was sent for. Mr. Samuel Smith was ill and wished to see me. I found him ill, indeed. So fragile and worn he looked that I feared every breath would be his last. By his side sat his brother, Henry by name, and, busied in necessary duties, Miss Smith moved quietly about, ever and anon going to the bedside to smile upon or kiss her brother.

The room was very neat, but it was painful in its plainness. No carpet, one chair, one table (both home-made, evidently), a small chest of drawers, white curtains at the windows, a white quilt on the bed, this was all; it needed but a corpse under the sheet to complete its death-like aspect.

"I am dying, Mr. Caryll," said the sick man as I advanced, "and I want a confidential friend, not more for my own sake than for these," and he indicated both brother and sister. "They are willing you should be that friend, because we have all learned to love and trust you, knowing you to be a faithful servant of the Master's and, therefore, that you will be faithful to us."

He spoke slowly, clearly, apparently without effort, yet I feared every word would be his last, he looked so wan and weak.

"You honour me, indeed, my dear friend," I replied; "but I will not fail you in anything I can do."

"Sit down and listen to our story and then we will make a request of you."

I sat down, wondering what the revelation would be; whether it would disclose crime, sorrow, vice, or insanity, for all these I knew to be fruitful of romance.

"Take a little broth, brother," said the aged sister, holding a little bowl to her brother's lips. He drank, and wiped his mouth on a handkerchief of finer cambric than I had ever seen in my life.

"Thank you, Nanny. And now Mr. Caryll, my story must be short for I am weak. You can take notes if you like; indeed, I think you had better do so."

The aged brother gave a deep sigh and tears filled his eyes.

"It is nearly sixty years, Mr. Caryll, since Nanny, Harry, I, and our mother first set foot on the soil of Canada, nay, since we first set foot on this very farm, then a part of the great wilderness, a virgin forest."

"You know what our mode of life has been. It was always so, and of our own deliberate choice and plan. We were young, we loved life, we could have taken great pleasure in society, we had no grudge against our fellows, why, then, did we become recluses? I will tell you,

"Our father was a London stock broker and a wealthy man. He gave his children all the advantages of wealth—a good education, a happy home, and prospects sufficiently satisfactory for all reasonable expectations. There had been five children—two died young—so that there were but Nanny, Harry and myself when I was twenty-one. I had been to college and was home for my coming of age. A large party was given, and with my lovely and loving mother on my arm, I had been receiving the congratulations of our guests, among whom were some of the most prominent men and women in politics and literature of that day. Beautiful girls vied with each other in pleasing me, and happiness seemed to hold me by the hand. During the evening my father, who, always genial and hearty, was particularly so on this occasion, was called out of the room, and remained away so long that my mother whispered to me to seek him. I obeyed, and learning from the footman that he was in the library with a gentleman who had called on business, I proceeded thither. The room was at the end of a long corridor, for my father required perfect quiet when reading or work. But as I laid my hand on the lock I heard a loud voice saying:

"You will not help me, then?"

"I tell you, man, I cannot. I have money also invested in the scheme, which I shall lose."

"But you are rich and have more, while it is *my* all that is gone,—*my* all, I tell you, and it is your doing."

"Tut, tut; no such thing. I told you I was putting money into it; but no sane man puts his all into one thing."

"You said it was safe, and I believed you. Now it is gone, I am a ruined man, and my wife and little ones beggars."

"Well, well, man, its no use crying over spilt milk. We must take the world as we find it. Pray go home, Mr. Blank."

"Oh, my Helen! Oh, my children!" groaned the man, then suddenly changing his tones to one of menace, he cried: "I tell you, Hunter, if you do not help me to recover this loss I will kill you."

"Pshaw!" cried my father, "you talk like a madman. If you do not go I will have you put out."

"You will, will you? Never!" and before I could rush in two shots resounded through the house.

"The sight was horrible. A man lay at my feet as I entered, stone dead, and my father was staggering, as though he wished to reach the window. He fell into my arms, bleeding from a wound in his neck, of which he died in half an hour, not having spoken a word. I will pass over the horrors of that night, and the sorrows that came thick upon us. My mother was prostrate with the blow. For myself I seemed suddenly to become an old man."

"The suicide and murderer had spoken truly. His wife and four little children were left penniless, and had no friends to whom they could turn for help and protection. The poor widow died within a month. During that month my father's affairs were wound up. He had lost money in the venture that had cost him his life; moreover, he had left his business in a very unsatisfactory condition, so that, after the first wave of sympathy had spent itself, people began to say harsh things about him and to look askance at Harry and me. God knows, neither he nor we deserved it; but people can only judge from superficials, and when it was known that the suicide had ventured his all upon my father's representations, it was deemed no mitigation that he, too, had lost largely, and that his children's fair prospects were blighted by his murder."

Here the sick man gasped, and while his sister brought him a cordial, the brother lightened his pillows and besought him to rest.

"No! No!" he replied, "I will end the story, it is not long now, and then I will rest."

"Will you not let Mr. Harry tell the remainder?" I suggested.

"No! I prefer ending what I have begun. As I said, I seemed to be made old by the events of my twenty-first birthday, and instead of a merry, lively school-boy, Harry there became a saddened and changed man."

"The value of our father's will had depended on the success of certain business ventures, and these, more or less, fell through for want of his guiding hand. Yet, it seemed to Harry and me, that the suicide's widow and children had an undoubted claim on our estate, though the lawyers tried to reason us out of such 'utopian nonsense,' as they were pleased to call it. But we could see it in no other light, and finding that no more than a few thousands would be left when everything was settled up, we determined our plan of action for the future, providing our mother agreed to it. She was too heartbroken to argue, and having always looked to our father for guidance, now turned to me, as his successor, to decide for her. The suicide's widow died, as I have said, within a month; but we took care that money should be supplied for all her needs, and, after the funeral, we executed a deed, placing four thousand pounds at the service of her four children for their education and support. This we put into the hands of a lawyer, who was to communicate with the guardian of the children, if there was any, and, if not, to act as guardian himself. We also executed another deed, binding our father's advice to their father, since we could not endure the thought that any should suffer through him, who would no doubt have taken means to do justice had he been allowed to live. But, having done this, we had little left for ourselves. We had no business experience; and though friends of our father offered us various positions, we shrank

from them coldly, knowing that, though we were pitied, our father was in some sort held to have brought his fate on himself.

"We had heard of Canada as a land of great openings. We had health and strength and some money, and so we decided to emigrate. At first our mother demurred strongly. She felt keenly the necessity which it would entail of leaving the dust of him who had been all the world to her to the care of others. But Nanny supported our views, and at last we set sail. We would bury the past even so far as to change our name. We would let no one know who we were, so that our dear father's name should never be dishonoured by word or sign again. We would ask no one to associate with the children of a man who had been in the smallest degree blameworthy in the public eye, and we would work hard and pay all that debt to the orphans. Our mother died on the passage. It was a hateful journey then and a long one, and we had not taken one of the fast clippers, lest upon it might be found some one to reproach our father. We three landed alone at Quebec. We got good advice as to selecting a place to settle, and, as we had money, we bought our land out and out, with the house already upon it and ten acres cleared. It was hard work, but even now I recall with joy the happiness of the time. We were young, and except that we kept our vow of perfect seclusion, there was nothing to trouble us. Nature's beauties were on every hand, the land was our own, the air pure, the sky brighter than we had ever seen before, and God was above, where our father and mother were, for we never doubted that our father had meant to do right, and was the best of men. We think so still."

"You may be sure we sent nothing home towards the debt the first year, nor the second, nor the third; but we tried, and the fourth year were able, by great economy, to remit a hundred pounds to our lawyer, with directions to invest it in government consols and place it to the credit of the orphans. From that time we have regularly sent from one to three hundred pounds per year home, for as home we still regard it. Indeed, I doubt whether homesickness is ever entirely cured."

"But," I ventured, "at that rate you must long ago have discharged your assumed liabilities."

"You are right. Yet things have not gone so easily as you might imagine. The children grew up—three boys and a girl—lovely and well educated; but they gave us the anxious vicissitudes that parents generally have to bear, yet we were not the parents and so could not exercise parental authority. When it was found that the children were to be provided for, friends took a great interest in them, and some went so far as to fill their heads with much nonsense as to their rights and future prospects. Our lawyer had to interfere and prove to these foolish people that legally the children had no claim to the support they were receiving. This brought an end to the foolish suggestions, but in the mind of one of the boys they had already wrought evil. He had expensive tastes, and he gratified them—at our cost. Much legal correspondence had to be entered into, and our money seemed to melt away in fees. However, the boy at length saw his folly, and both the three brothers and the sister are prosperous and happy. The men—for they are elderly men now—are in business, capital accruing to them from their father's debt, which was equally divided as it gathered in the course of time. The sister's share was her dower and she married well. We have nothing now to regret; on the contrary, we are very happy. It has pleased God that we should live together—Harry, Nanny and I—through a long life, a very long life, for I am beyond eighty, and they are but a year or two younger. I do not say, Mr. Caryll, that happiness has been ours unbrokenly. Love, friendship, the family, have assailed us with burning arrows; but with the shield of duty and the weapon of hard work, we have quenched them—each for himself—never bemoaning, never regretting, always finding in each other the solace of a high and noble love. And now I have to ask my favour of you—our favour. There is money—a good deal of it—lying in consols to our credit, for it is ten years since the last farthing of our father's debt to the orphans was paid. I am dying, but these may live yet for years. I want you to take my place in a manner—to do the necessary business for my brother and sister, to see that they are cared for according to their infirmities, and, further, to be one of the executors of our will. Our lawyer in Z— will be the other, and we have agreed that the document shall be a joint testament, just as our lives have been joined together for so many years."

"Certainly, my dear sir, I will accept your charge gladly, and I feel proud and happy to know that you esteem me so highly."

"Harry, bring hither the will, if you please."

The invalid lay back on his pillows exhausted, but smiling, and took readily the little cordial his aged sister brought for him. It was a touching sight these three old people—martyrs, heroes, as they were! In my sight a halo radiated from each aged head, and I could scarcely refrain from visible emotion. In obedience to his brother's request Mr. Harry read the will. It was a marvel of precision and brevity.

The money in England was a little over a thousand pounds and was left to a charity there. The farm was to be sold at the expiration of the Rogers' lease, and the proceeds were to be divided between a provincial college and a hospital. A horse, mentioned by name, was given to me, as were all the books, and the secretary, if I cared to have it. The cows—five of them—also mentioned by name, were given one each to poor people in the district who had been known for their honesty and cleanliness;

and scrubbed floors for the cow-houses were the only conditions required. Ten cords of the best wood were to be sent to each of three charitable institutions, named, in the town nearest. All the linen, plate—for they had some of each of great value—the china, and any other household stuff she might like, were given to my wife, with Miss Nanny's love, though they had never exchanged ten words, save of formal greeting. In short, everything was disposed of with the greatest particularity. The lawyer mentioned as my joint executor had been notified, and was expected the following day, at which, I suppose, I looked my apprehensions.

"I shall not die to-morrow or the next day, my friend," said the sick man, "but it will not be long; and now I have another request, or rather two, to make. We have four hundred pounds in the house, saved for funeral expenses, and any sudden demand that may arise. We want you to take this into your personal care, to see that our funerals are conducted quietly and with no waste of money. We have selected our lot in the churchyard. It is bought and paid for, as you will see on reference to the warden's books. When the last of us is buried a stone is to be placed on our grave, with our initials and the date of death only upon it, and the verse, 'Thine, O Lord, is the glory.'"

"If one should be taken and the other left, we ask you to care for the survivor to the best of your ability. And if death should overtake you before them, we ask you to name your successor, for we cannot do it, knowing so little of any one else."

I was more than ever touched by such distinguished marks of confidence on the part of my queer parishioners, and I went home bowed under a sense of coming loss and deep humility, for what had I done to be the subject of such perfect confidence? Rosalind wept as I narrated the scenes I had just been through.

"We must go to them every day, Paul, whenever the separation takes place; fancy two such aged people living alone and unable, by reason of their infirmities, to have recourse to their old assistant, hard work. The change will be very great." I agreed with my wife, for had I not already formed a similar resolution?

The end came quickly. The lawyer, a man of eminence and noted for his probity, arrived. I was glad to find him one with whom I could work in harmony, for he had a tender heart. The will was signed and carried away by Mr. — to be placed in safety, and the trio were left alone according to their wish. The elder brother died in a day or two, and was followed by a long cortege of neighbours, who, perhaps, deserved also to be called friends, since it was out of sincere respect that they attended the funeral of a man whose outer life was all they had ever known.

The complete collapse following upon the loss of one of their little band, and, perhaps, also the sudden cessation of the necessity for thought and work had an unlooked for effect,—the health of both sister and brother gave way, both became nervous and unable to take nourishment. Within a quarter of a year brother and sister lay also in the churchyard, and my office of executor was over for my queer parishioners.

I never divulged name or circumstances, but I did my best to enforce the lesson of their lives and to impress upon my parishioners the value of a high ideal of duty and its faithful performance. The tears that fell from many eyes on that occasion were like soft rains upon seed sown by the example of the pure in heart. S. A. CURZON.

Our British Columbia Letter.

By this time people in Ontario and Quebec will be returning from their wanderings in search of a cooler climate, and settling down at home again with a sigh of relief after the discomforts of hotel and boarding-house life. In British Columbia the annual exodus is unknown, for the simple reason that the inhabitants of the chief cities of our Province fully realize that just where they are is the best place in which they can possibly spend the summer. What an immense amount of mental exertion is avoided by so prompt a solution of the ever-recurring problem, "Where shall we go this year?" Here the question is answered in advance, for in Vancouver and Victoria, Westminster and Nanaimo, the sunshine and the sea breezes have combined to produce the ideal summer climate.

That we are so fortunate in this respect is perhaps the most generally understood fact about British Columbia. Comparatively little is even yet known about this part of the Dominion, so long cut off from rapid communication with the outer world. Many letters from the Pacific Province have appeared in the Eastern papers, many books have been written on the same subject by the irrepressible tourist, but all of these have dwelt upon the wild life of the settler or the miner, or drawn a glowing picture of the sportsman's paradise among our mountain ranges. These descriptions, vivid though they may be in their accounts of camping out or "roughing it" in the bush, do not give a true idea of British Columbia as it is, because they ignore the equally interesting phases of the steady growth of social and intellectual life in the Province. This is, of course, principally centred in the cities, but exists also in quiet country places and even in the yet undeveloped interior, where there are many ranches whose owners have brought with them to the new world the refinements of an older civilization. In many a log shanty, outwardly the ordinary settler's cabin, you will find the table strewn with English and French periodicals, the rough shelves filled with a

small but well-chosen library, often a choice etching or water-colour on the coarse, brown-papered wall, and the whole room, from the ferns and wild flowers in the window to the old violin in the corner, bearing the unmistakable imprint of a cultivated taste. These ranchers, living perhaps miles from their nearest neighbour, manage as a rule to keep in touch with what is going on in the world outside, and in their weekly mail-bag the catalogues of farming implements or advertisements of stock sales may jostle the most tragic of Ibsen's dramas or the very latest story by Rudyard Kipling.

These are the contrasting colours of life in a new country, but the separate touches of literary and artistic feeling that stand out so strongly against the rude background of a pioneer existence are blending into breadth and harmony in our cities and taking shape in many practical directions. The art associations of Vancouver and Victoria, the philharmonic and orchestral societies, the reading circles, libraries and dramatic clubs, all these and many more are springing up as proofs of the rapid growth of interest in intellectual pursuits. The soil is perhaps not the most congenial for the development of the delicate flowers of culture, they are apt to be carelessly thrust aside in the pursuit of more substantial prizes, but now that they have taken root amongst us we joyfully welcome every opening bud that gives promise of crowning our material progress with its beauty.

The latest and most important advance in the direction of higher education is the proposal to establish a university in British Columbia. The first step was taken at the last session of the Local Legislature, when an act was passed regarding it, and since then one hundred and twenty-five graduates of British and Colonial Universities have registered their names. Of these thirty-five were from Victoria, forty from Vancouver, twenty-seven from Westminster and twenty-two from other places in the Province. On August 26th the first statutory meeting of convocation was held in Victoria. About seventy graduates were present and elected three of their number as representatives on the council—the Right Rev. A. W. Sillitoe, Bishop of New Westminster; Dr. Powell of Victoria, and Mr. Charles Whetnam, of Vancouver. The best of good feeling and harmony prevailed at the meeting, and for once the Island and the Mainland forgot all their sectional differences and were united in the one aim of establishing a university of which not only British Columbia but the Dominion may be proud. The question of where it will be situated is for after consideration, but it will probably be placed so as to secure the "greatest good of the greatest number." The next meeting will be held in Vancouver at a date to be named by the committee.

To those who have never crossed the great Canadian highway, British Columbia is still in its social aspects a *terra incognita*. They have heard of the inexhaustible wealth of its mines, fisheries and timber limits, and they know that a marvellous new city has sprung into existence at the terminus of the railway, but society on this side of the Rocky Mountains is by many people thought to be of the typical Western variety. They do not realize that English standards and ideals have even more weight here than in Ontario, and that a Trollope could better describe our manners and customs than a Bret Harte. Perhaps a slightly livelier Trollope, for there is undoubtedly a freshness and a charm that is not possessed by conventional life in England. Those who have once lived here find an attraction that makes them unwilling to return to older communities. In spite of some inconveniences, perhaps harder work and less time to devote to pleasure, there is something in the air that banishes ennui and inspires hopefulness. Perhaps the country in which we live, with its vast reserve force of natural wealth, has in some occult way impressed us with a feeling of illimitable possibilities. Be this as it may, we certainly do not agree with the cynicism that "Life would be tolerable were it not for its amusements," but on the contrary manage to extract as much enjoyment from them as possible.

Victoria is celebrated for the brilliancy of its social entertainments, and the presence of the officers of the fleet contributes much to their success. A particularly good ball was given on August 29th by the citizens to Rear Admiral Hotham and the officers of H.M.S. Warspite, Champion, Amphion, Espiegle, Daphne and Nymphe, all stationed at Esquimalt. The decorations were extremely effective, a profusion of flowers everywhere, a fountain sparkling among myriad tiny electric lights, flags of all colours and masses of tropical-looking foliage, all these changed the assembly hall into a scene from fairy land. The band of the Warspite played the dance music, while Signors Bistaffi and Montanelli gave selections on the guitar and mandolin.

The Amphion and Espiegle have been in Vancouver harbour for some days. The former ship will probably leave this month for Honolulu.

LENNON.

Science and Art in Toronto

[From an occasional correspondent.]

The city is full of the excitement attending the exhibition—or fall fair, as it has come to be called—here and beyond is felt the awakening to life once more of the University term. Professors are returning from their holidays, students are hunting up boarding houses, "years" are beginning to be talked about, and the outside colleges, particularly the ladies' colleges, as Moulton and the Presbyterian, are already at work.

We hear of an increased number of students of the Science course at the University. The School of Science building has been altered and enlarged, and "the Architects" are to have a corner of it.

Our Public Analyst, Dr. Ellis, and his assistant, a lady graduate of Toronto University, had their holidays curtailed by the arrival of a large consignment of samples of milk to be tested and of water to be analysed. Some of the latter was taken from Toronto pipes and proved good enough; in fact, very good, notwithstanding the recent outcry against the city water in connection with the typhoid conditions that lately characterized the city. Many people blame the system that prevails here of having open man-holes at frequent intervals along all our sewers, thus letting the lightest part of their foul contents (the sewer-gas) into the streets for the really unhealthy, though by no means epidemic, conditions under which we live—and die.

The milk test appears to be a most interesting enquiry, not only in ensuring to the consumer less of the "cow with the iron tail," but also in dealing with the source of supply itself. The present exhibition has been utilized by our Dominion analyst, Mr. McFarlane, to enquire into the constitutional fitness of a cow as a milk producer by the test of the quality of the milk she produces. No doubt many other considerations, such as breed, feed, resultant butter, etc., come within the scope of such an enquiry, but if we also get better milk for our little ones and a large proportion of the real Simon Pure in the ice-cream of our larger ones, we shall gain something worth having.

Now that summer resorts are closing, winter conventions are showing signs of activity. The American Association for the Advancement of Women—an offshoot of the famous New York Sorosis—is to meet in Toronto about the 14th October. The president of the association is Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, a name that introduces itself; and with her will be a large number of the literary women of the United States, many of whom will read papers cognate to the object of the association, which is "to consider and present practical methods for securing to women higher intellectual, moral and physical conditions, with a view to the improvement of all domestic and social relations."

Cards of invitation to attend a meeting from which to organize working committees have already been issued to the number of two hundred among our eminent men and women in arts, philanthropy and literature, and invitations will be sent to representative women throughout Canada to attend the convention, reduced railway fares being secured for them. It is expected that certain of our Canadian women writers will read papers on the occasion, and it is felt that such a convention ought to stimulate and encourage thought and form a rallying point for our literary women especially, so that a similar association may be formed in Canada.

Lady Macdonald is invited to be present at the convention as a representative literary woman, and His Worship the Mayor has not only accorded the association an invitation on behalf of the city, but has placed the Pavilion at its service for the occasion, and the City Council Chamber for the preliminary meeting on Friday, 19th inst.

Our gifted townsman, Mr. F. A. Dunlap, has completed for the Government a fine half-length of Col. Gzowski, A.D.C. to the Queen, and has placed it, together with several busts, on exhibition in Hovenden's, (artists' materials), King street. If life-like characteristics mean artistic value, this work of Mr. Dunlap's is of high merit, and need not fear critical comparison with the work of other sculptors anywhere. Mr. Dunlap has a model on the stand of Mr. Howard, the late owner of Howard Park, now belonging to the city, and has also in contemplation a statue of Laura Secord, the heroine of the war of 1812. The employment of sculpture in decorative art, both for public and private purposes is becoming better appreciated in Toronto than before. Consequently, there is more hope of our keeping native-born genius at home, instead of forcing it to seek other countries. Where is our historical painter, too? Or has not one yet arisen among us?

S.

Crime in Fiction.

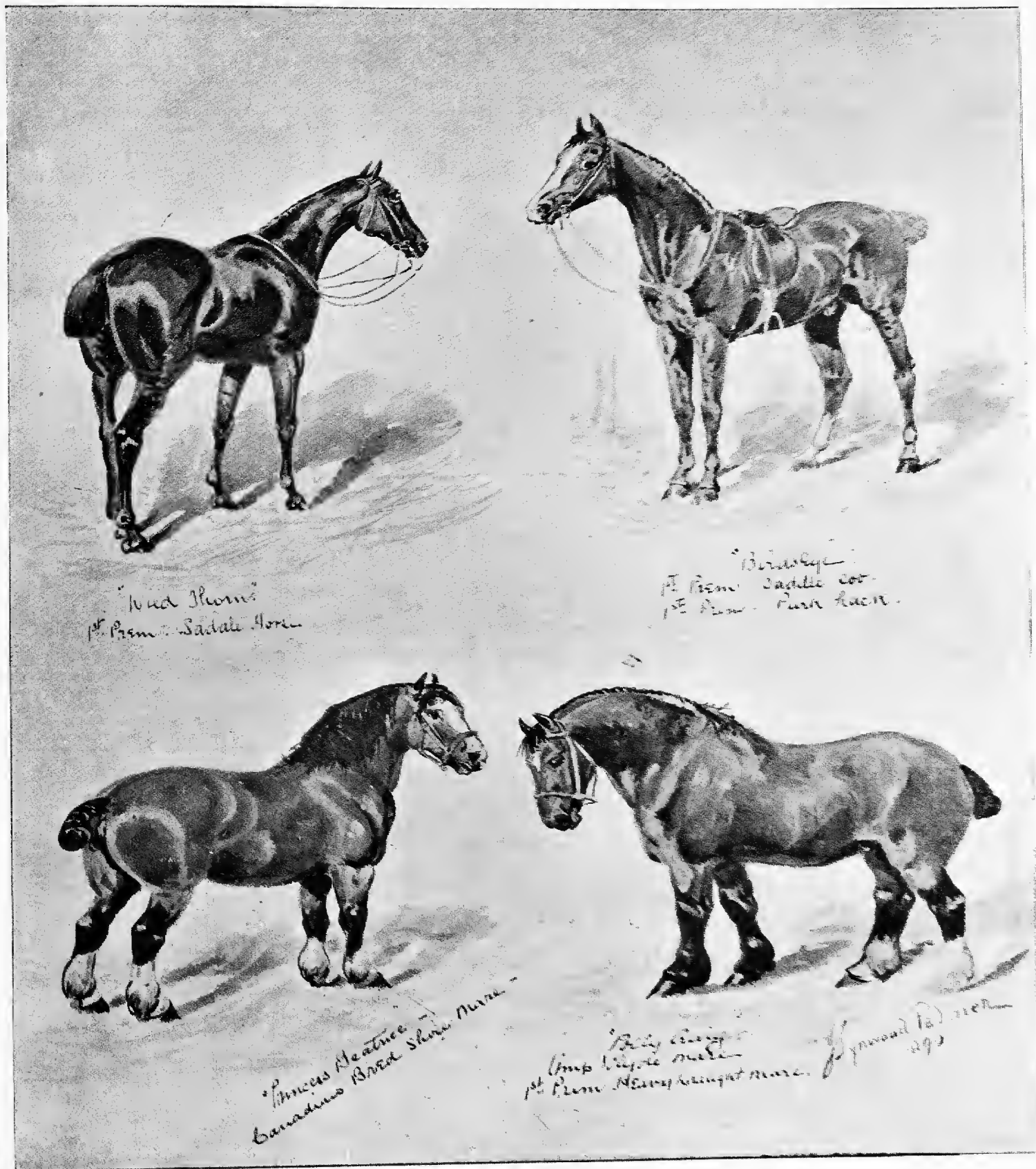
It is asserted, and, we daresay, with some truth, that novels like Ainsworth's "Jack Sheppard," and illustrated sheets like the *Police News*, have largely recruited the ranks of the thieves and the burglars. There the seed had fallen in kindly soil prepared by circumstances and hereditary depravity. The mass of amateurs of the horrible in the upper or middle classes are more prosaically minded or less romantically disposed.

At all events they seldom dream of translating thought into action, and taking the short but dangerous cuts to their crimes which comes so naturally to their favourite heroes and heroines. They are content to admire, to gape, and to swallow; to shrink delightfully at the rustle of the stealthy prisoner's nightdress, and to shudder at the heavy thud of the hired ruffian's bludgeon as it lights upon some respectable head.

Criminal fiction does little direct harm in the sense of shortening inconvenient lives or tampering with important deeds. But it steadily demoralizes the palate for anything milder and more delicately flavoured; the habitual dram drinker will have his stimulants stronger and stronger, and you cannot expect him to turn with satisfaction from spirits above proof, fresh from the distillery, to the choicest of Schloss Johannisberg or Château Yquem.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.



SUCCESSFUL CANADIAN HORSES AT DETROIT EXHIBITION, 1890.



SUCCESSFUL CANADIAN HORSES AT DETROIT EXHIBITION, 1890



Washing floors and shelves with strong pepper tea, or hot alum or borax water, will destroy ants and roaches.

LEMON SAUCE.—One cup of granulated sugar, a large tablespoonful of butter, one egg, the grated rind and juice of one lemon, six tablespoonfuls of boiling water. Mix butter and sugar, add the beaten egg, next the lemon and boiling water, beating briskly for a moment. Set the bowl containing the sauce in boiling water and cook until the consistency of honey.

Laundry bags are convenient household articles. Ticking, feather-stitched awning cloth or a washable cretonne are serviceable fabrics. A good pattern consists of two widths of cretonne, each a yard long, which are slit near the top, bound with braid around the slit, and laid together with a piece of the same size of stout lining in Turkey red twill or any other suitable material laid between them. The edges of these three layers are bound together with braid, and the bag is shirred at the top over a flat, smooth stick or lath about half a yard long and an inch wide. When hung up this makes two bags, one on each side of the lining.

WHITE BROTH.—Place in a large pot on a moderate fire a good knuckle of fine white veal, with all the debris or scraps of meat, including bones, remaining in the kitchen (but not of game). Cover fully with cold water, adding a handful of salt, and, as it comes to a boil, be very careful to skim all the scum off—no particle of scum should be left on—and then put in two large, sound, well-scraped carrots whole, one whole turnip, one whole onion, one parsley root, three leeks and a few leaves of celery. Boil very slowly for six hours on the corner of the range. Skim the grease off, then strain well through a wet cloth into a china bowl or a stone jar and put away in a cool place for general use.

NEAPOLITAN PUDDING.—One pint of orange juice (requiring seven or eight medium-sized oranges), one-half box of gelatine, the white of one egg, one cupful of sugar, one-half cupful of cold water, one cupful of boiling water, a few drops of rose-coloured fruit extract, and the grated rind and juice of one large lemon. Soak the gelatine in the cold water, add the boiling water, the juice of oranges and lemon, and the sugar. Strain and divide into three equal parts, pouring one-third into a flat-bottomed dish and setting away to harden. To the second third, add a few drops of the colouring extract and set this also in a cool place. Let the remaining portion get thoroughly cold, and as soon as it shows symptoms of forming into jelly, add to it the beaten white of an egg, and whip until light and spongy. Pour this into a small mould, which has been dipped in cold water, and set upon ice for several hours. Remove from the mould, cut the coloured jelly into small cubes, and heap about the base.

WOMAN'S DOMAIN.

It is hard to realize that brief, bright summer, with its many pleasures, is over. Yet, in bidding adieu to it, we welcome, on the other hand, one of our most delightful seasons—autumn, with its glorious days of sunshine and cooling winds; days that woo us out of doors to luxuriate in their beauty. It is at this season that we enjoy to the utmost one of the most pleasurable, as well as one of the most healthy of exercises—walking.

Few cities possess such a magnificent Park in which to ramble as we do, when in twenty minutes or so you can escape from the noise and bustle of the city and lose yourself amidst the sylvan delights of hill and vale. Yet, how few seem to avail themselves of this beau ideal of places for walking. While some of our streets are well patronized, our Park is left for driving or riding, and only a stray pedestrian here and there is seen. When our English sisters visit our city one of the first things they say is: "What a charming place for walks." Even our American cousins have at last awakened to the realization of the importance of walking, and in many of their large cities have walking clubs. Every day they organize a long walk, and, in speaking lately to a member of one of these clubs from Cleveland, she said that when she had first joined she was in very poor health, suffering from nervous prostration (that nightmare of so many of our women now a-days), and was only able to go very short distances, but that now she could accompany the rest on their longest walks without experiencing any fatigue, this she proved by one day walking fourteen miles without any effort.

Among the "four hundred" of New York walking has largely entered into their schedule of physical culture, in which of late years they have taken much interest. The marrying age of a young lady among the "four hundred" is from twenty-five to thirty, as she is not expected to leave college before she is twenty, after which, five or ten years more must be spent in travelling, physical culture and development. While the women of other cities are beginning to realize where our English sisters get their good looks and splendid health, let ours not be behind in also practising this much neglected and health-giving exercise.

Just now while grapes are coming in so plentifully, retailing as low as three and a half cents a pound, our housekeepers would do well to put up for winter use grape wine,

which is so beneficial. Miss Willard's recipe for making it is simple and sure:—Crush 20 lbs. of Concord grapes, add two quarts of water and bring to a boil in a porcelain kettle, then strain through a sieve or colander to separate the juice from the pulp and skins, using, in doing so, a little more water as required. Now add to the juice six pounds of granulated sugar, and after the sugar is all dissolved strain through a thick cloth. Heat it again just to the boiling point, then pour it into bottles and seal while hot. For colds, if heated and flavoured with nutmeg, it makes a pleasant drink.

A few years ago the custom of having a dish of fruit on the breakfast table was confined to but few, whereas now every good housekeeper sees that her breakfast table is provided with a tempting dish of such fruits as are in season.

The value of fruits, from a medicinal point of view, cannot be too highly estimated. In the late influenza epidemic the orange was found to have a very beneficial effect, and many of the doctors recommended the fruit as a means of alleviating, if not actually staving off, that distressing complaint.

The process of frosting fruit for winter use, for garnishing, or for dessert, is given in the *Ladies' Journal* as follows:—Put the fruit—such as apricots, peaches, plums, cherries, etc.—into a preserving-pan, with a small piece of alum, and sufficient cold water to cover them; stew for a few minutes, very gently, then take them out, remove the skin and dip the fruit separately into clarified butter, or finest salad oil, and roll in coarsely-crushed loaf-sugar. When the fruit has been entirely coated in this manner, arrange it on baking tins, and place it in a moderate oven, where it must remain until the sugar sparkles, but care must be taken to see that the fruit does not become at all discoloured. A lovely effect can be obtained by coating part of the fruit with white sugar, part with green, and part with pink. If required for a dessert dish, pile the different fruits up when cold on a handsome glass dish and garnish tastefully with fresh green leaves; but if not wanted at once, pack carefully in boxes with air-tight lids, and put a sheet of thin white paper between each layer. Store in a cool place and use as required.

Mr. Barnsley, who had charge of the outdoor sketching class last year, has again taken this position,—the class going out for the first time last Saturday. Mr. Barnsley has but just returned from Holland, where he spent the summer. On the voyage out he disposed of several fine pictures representing scenes in Holland.

Men and Matters in Ontario.

[From our own correspondent.]

TORONTO, September, 1890.

Toronto people were prepared for the decision of the General Conference of the Methodist Church at Montreal on the subject of college federation. The substantial reaffirmation of the position taken by the Conference of 1886 not only settles the main matter for good and all, but settles it to the satisfaction of the majority who went in for the re-construction of Coburg's claims more than a year ago. While those financial difficulties which were then placed in the way of removal to Toronto are still to be legally arbitrated there can be no doubt that the size of the majority in the vote at Montreal will have the effect of hastening the desirable end of a give-and-take agreement upon the rights of Cobourg to compensation. The man who is most pleased with the finding of the Conference is Rev. Dr. Dewart, editor of the *Christian Guardian*. His impartiality to the minority of the connection was more than once called in question, both in the press and on the floor of past conferences. But he stuck by his guns, holding out in the face of all accusations that what had once been decided on by the highest court of the Methodist Church could not be re-opened for discussion. This way of thinking on the part of the editor diverted the flow of correspondence into the secular press, and the result was that bitter feelings were not only entertained but also expressed by many on both sides. Now, when the fight has been fought again all these things are forgotten, and Dr. Dewart's future way is strewn with flowers.

The citizens of Hamilton have reason to be proud of their new public library and the auspicious opening thereof. The Earl and Countess of Aberdeen graced the ceremony; and the latter made a neat little speech, which was enthusiastically applauded, and has been praised ever since the delivery of it on the evening of the 16th. Many well known educationists of the Province were present, among them Sir Daniel Wilson president of Toronto University; Hon. George W. Ross, Minister of Education; Mr. James Bain, jr., Librarian of the Toronto Public Library, and Mr. James Innes, M.P., of the Guelph Library Board. Hamilton has been making great strides of late in every departure of progress. The buildings of the city are constantly improving, and the new free library makes a handsome addition to their number. The building is the habitation of literature, science and art.

On October 14th the eighteenth annual congress of the Association for Advancement of Women will be opened in Toronto. The gathering will be a notable one. Women authors, poets and scientists of the continent will take part in it. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe is the president, and some brainy Toronto ladies are members, among them the veteran apostle of women's enfranchisement, Dr. Emily Stowe, whose eloquence has often evoked the admiration of Toronto audiences. The citizens are making preparations for the proper reception of the delegates, and a reception committee of the City Council has been appointed to carry out the arrangements.

On the 18th instant at Cobourg a novel decision was pronounced by Magistrate J. H. Dumble, of that city. A boy named David Smith was brought up before the Justice charged with stabbing another lad. The young prisoner's guilt was established, but the ordinary punishment provided by the law in such cases did not meet with the approval of the court. Said Magistrate Dumble, "If he was sent to the reformatory at Penetanguishene for five years his morals might not be improved any when he came out." To send the lad to the Industrial School at Mimico the economic Magistrate found would mean an expense to the municipality, and that could not be thought of. To flog the boy would be as cheap a course as any, while the chances were that the moral effect would prove salutary. Arguing in this fashion, the Magistrate suggested that if the lad's father gave him a good flogging with a birch "gad" the ends of justice and the finances of the municipality would be amply conserved. Mr. Smith the elder gladly accepted the proposition, and the lad got a good sound "hiding" right there and then. The ratepayers of Cobourg, it is further stated, commended the wisdom of the court.

For months the Council of Berlin have been investigating the shortages of Registrar McDougall and thinking how to find redress for the loss of \$4,751, which is due to the county. The affair has a slight political hue. The Commissioner appointed by the Attorney-General to investigate the charges made did not consider it his duty to enquire into the amount of the shortage, and after his report was sent in action on the part of the Government did not follow, as was expected. The Council now order the payment by the Registrar forthwith of the sum mentioned, with \$2,106 interest. So far as the action of the Government is concerned, the matter will not be dealt with before the next session of the Legislature. The Registrar claims that the accounts were mixed and that he is ready to pay what is fairly considered due.

Mr. John Dryden, M.P.P., the new head of the Agricultural Department in the Provincial Legislature has already run foul of opposition opinion. He was invited to address the agricultural exhibitors at the Toronto exhibition, and made a long speech, in which he took a fling at the Dominion Government in regard to the delay experienced in the removal of the rifle ranges from the land adjoining the Exhibition grounds. The charge made against Mr. Dryden amounts to this: that he touched with rough hand a delicate matter. He could not be supposed to know the pros and cons of the subject, and his indignation was not only untimely, but might have disastrous effects on the satisfactory settlement of a question between the city and the volunteer corps, in which both sides desire to do what is right. Fortunately, Mr. Dryden is almost alone in his anger, and those in whose hands the ranges difficulty is being got rid of are not likely to be met with outbursts of this sort.

The lumbermen of the Board of Trade met Sir Henry Tyler and Sir Joseph Hickson on their visit to Toronto, and urged on them to help them out of the hole in which slow transportation facilities and shortage of cars have lodged their business. The lumbermen complain, among other things, that their lumber is allowed to deteriorate while waiting removal to their customers. For years they have been asking to be supplied with more cars. They have been blaming Mr. Wragge a good deal, but one effect of their interview with Sir Henry Tyler and Sir Joseph Hickson was to remove this misapprehension. The interview gave them no hope of remedy in the near future, and they are thoroughly dissatisfied.

The success of the Trinitad, Alberta and British Columbia exhibits at the Toronto fair will have the effect, it is hoped, of influencing the Board of the Exhibition Association to give these important departments of the show better and larger accommodation next year.

Torontonians are now face to face with the question whether bay sewage is not, after all, better than having no water at all. While they were grumbling that the liquid was unfit to drink, they had forgotten that it was good enough to run hoists, water the streets, or even to wash in. The water famine, which arrived this week, has been for years something in the nature of a European war cloud. It seems that the Water Works Department, despite all the reconstructive work done on it for the past two or three years is, after all, only reaching a hopeless collapse, and the inevitable consequence of this came on at last. The unbelievers who all along caught their noses when they came near the picturesquely situated reservoir can now take a grim delight in the actual discovery and exposure of its filthy condition. The general impression is that the head ought to be taken off the present water works system and some new and healthy plan adopted in its stead. It is fortunate that the break-down did not occur in the heat of summer.

The Angry Tree.

There is a species of acacia which is commonly called the angry tree. It reaches the height of 80 feet after a rapid growth, and somewhat resembles the century plant. One of these curious plants was brought from Australia and set out at Virginia, Nev., where it has been seen by many persons. When the sun sets the leaves fold up and the tender twigs coil lightly, like a little pig's tail. If the shoots are handled the leaves rustle and move uneasily for a time. If this queer plant is removed from one pot to another it seems angry, and the leaves stand out in all directions, like quills on a porcupine. A most pungent and sickening odour, said to resemble that given off by rattlesnakes when annoyed, fills the air, and it is only after an hour or so that the leaves fold in the natural way.



Fast and sharp as was the game on the Rosedale grounds between the Torontos and the Montrealers, I have seen both teams play far better lacrosse. In fact, the play was far more remarkable for its roughness than its science. There was very little team play—in fact, conspicuously little—and most of the scoring was done by individual "bull-luck." Contrary to general expectation, and decidedly to the disappointment of the crowd on the grand stand, Montreal had the best of the play throughout. The boys in grey were by far the swiftest and sturdiest of the two teams, and when Toronto started in at the opening of the game to do some of the rough work that won them the match against Cornwall, they got it back with a promptitude and warmth that effectually cowed them. Montreal never kicked or appealed to the referee. Although at the end of the second game nearly every man passed into the dressing-room bleeding, there was never a growl nor a complaint. They just laid low and repaid the men who struck them with interest. And how they did it, too! From that out the Toronto players occupied the position of under dog in the fight. They were not in it with Montreal. They were afraid to slug and frightened to run in. As a consequence, Montreal was the aggressor all through, and only the magnificent defence of Toronto saved her from a monumental licking.

There were two amusing incidents during the afternoon. The first was the clever way in which Garvin duped the poor innocent, easy-going referee by playing fox in the second game, and the other was the way in which Sam Martin was turned head over heels by McNaughton when he was foolish enough to try and dodge that swiftest and most tricky of home players. Fancy long Sam, with his great lumbering stride, trying to "joke" Archie! He might have known what would happen. And it did happen. Archie ran right in on the long Torontonians and gave the elbow on the throat with such force that Sam turned a catherine-wheel into the fence, and after he had been pried out of the corner and the splinters combed out of his hair it took fully a minute to rub some sparks of consciousness into his head. Next time he tries to dodge Archie he will wear a shirt of mail and a baseball mask.

The young men who play lacrosse for the Ottawa club may be very nice young men, indeed, and sometimes they play fairly good lacrosse; but it would appear that they are not particular as to the methods they use to attain their ends. Of course, they turned the tables on the Shamrocks for the defeat they had previously suffered at the latter's hands, but they did not turn them in quite a legitimate way. The referee, although in some cases exercising his authority, when it appeared impossible for him to do otherwise, in the majority of cases was as much use as a peg driven into the ground. This may seem harsh; but with the fast lacrosse that has to be played this season there is a great deal left in the hands of the referee. He is particularly responsible for the character of the game, and if a team with slugging tendencies find out that he is of a lenient disposition they will not be slow to take advantage of it, and that was remarkably well illustrated in the case of the Ottawas, for they slugged at every available opportunity, and travelled as far as they could in the way of disgracing the club whose colours they wore. Certainly, not all the members of the twelve can be thus accused, but there were more than enough on Saturday to leaven the whole lump. Will Ottawa try the same tactics when they meet Cornwall? I think not. They might get a dose of their own medicine.

The lacrosse season is practically over and but few outdoor sports are now left us. In fact the indoor birds are beginning to make their arrangements for the long winter nights. There is no pastime which has taken so firm a hold in so short a time as bowling, and last year, what with the monthly continuous competitions at the M.A.A.A. alleys and the league series between the Canadiens, the Victoria Rifles and the Montreal men, the time was pretty well occupied. The Vics seem to be the first to get into shape this year. The alleys have all been gone over, a new set of 9-inch balls has been added and the old ones turned over, so that when the regular season opens on the 1st of October, everything will be in ship shape for a good season. It will be remembered that when the bowling league scheme was first mooted, it was thought that there would be a team from the Metropolitan Club, but it did not materialize, and it is not likely that there will be any more than the original three clubs again this season. There has been some talk in bowling circles already about a change in the rules, which would permit any club to use the finger-hole balls on any alley; but it is not probable that it will be passed. It would be a direct benefit to the Canadiens club team, but not to the others. There is the only advantage of being more accurate, but there is by no means the same amount of exercise in the finger-hole method as there is in the flat-hand, and as it is exercise that most of the competitors go in for, it is not likely that anything will come of the proposed new departure.

The games of Saturday were but thinly attended, owing, no doubt, to the threatening state of the weather, and the number of competitors from outside clubs was particularly small. Toronto was especially noticeable by its absence, and it looks as if, outside of rowing and lacrosse, the Queen City was a long way behind in athletics. There was one very noticeable feature, and that was the improvement shown in style and the number of the younger men brought out since the M.A.A.A. has had a professional trainer. Stevenson seems to have been doing good work, and a great many who are made of the proper kind of stuff have been taking advantage of his services. The handicapping generally was fair, with the exception of the bicycle races, and then the scratch man had too much to carry. The championship games, which will be held to day (Saturday), have every prospect of being the finest ever witnessed in Canada. The entry list is the largest, and all the crack clubs are more than well represented. With anything like fine weather, there ought to be a lowering of some figures. Watch for the Montreal man in the quarter.

It is likely that during the coming winter there will be an innovation at the Montreal Gymnasium, which will go a long way towards keeping the boys in trim during the long months when outdoor athletics are an impossibility. A heavy sandbag will be made take the place of the 56 lb., and there will be no great jar on a thick mattress. Then long and high jumping will be given some attention, and it looks altogether as if, when the time comes for the spring games, there ought to be considerable improvement, at least in the field events. One thing seems certain, and that is, that the athletic committee of the M.A.A.A. are leaving nothing undone to bring Montreal athletes up to the top of the heap.

Art sick of the city's rush and strife,
And the endless chafe of a business life,
The crush and the roar of the busy street,
The jar of pavement, and stifling heat,
The endless toiling for dear-bought gain,
The wearying tension of nerve and brain?
Then cast all from you and hic away
For a glorious restful holiday.

The rod hangs long on the lonely wall,
The tackle is hid 'neath a dusty pall,
The reel has forgotten the song it sings,
The flies would fain stretch their deadly wings;
The basket can boast no tempting spread,
And the flask is cold and its spirit fled.
Man! is it right such things should be?
Why clank your chain when you might be free?

This is the way that "Nomad" sang of the delights of trouting, and the burden seems to have been taken up by the members of the Jacques Cartier Fish and Game Club, and there are no more ardent fishermen in the Ancient Capital than these gentlemen. And they have been fortunate, too, in their choice of a locality, which is literally teeming with game fish. The club's preserves comprise over seventy miles of stream on the Jacques Cartier River, not to speak of thirty odd tributaries from the lakes and rivers contiguous to the Jacques Cartier. This club's rendezvous is only about twenty-five miles from Quebec, and a pleasant drive of less than four hours finds you in the heart of the trouting country. This was the experience of a party consisting of Messrs. Joseph E. Vincent, George Colville, John Daley and Robert H. O'Regan, who pitched their tents at the Grand Portage, several miles above the club house. It might look like a fish story, but it is not, the fact remaining that in two days' fishing the above-named gentlemen landed over one hundred dozen of the speckled beauties, and many of them pulled down the beam at four pounds. The river is literally alive with them, in fact, there seems so many of them that there is not enough to feed them, and they rise to almost any kind of bait, and only want to be taken out. The photographs published in this number have been kindly furnished by Mr. Joseph E. Vincent, vice-president of the club.

This is just the ideal weather for the devotees of Rugby football, and it is about time that the Quebec ties were made arrangements for. The Montreal club have elected officers and been out for a little practice already, but nothing of any account is up on the boards yet. It would be a good idea if the powers that be in football would take time by the forelock this season and make some arrangement with Ottawa College. After the trouble last year with the Ontario Union there should be some way of coming to a satisfactory conclusion with the Eastern end of the string. The Collegians have been pretty nearly invincible, and when the Montrealers carried off the Quebec championship there was a good deal of anxiety to meet the Ottawa men, but dates clashed. If the matter is taken in hand in time this season, there is no reason why both sides should not be satisfied.

The Grand Trunk football team had a comparatively easy thing with the Ottawa association men on Saturday last, but a great deal cannot be said for the merits of the play, which to a large extent was loose and unscientific. The inability to dribble in anything like good form was particularly noticeable, but still there are a couple of men on both teams who might help to make up a passably fair international eleven. This international football scheme is gradually being worked into shape, and now as the Irish

football association has signified its intention of helping the matter out, there will be comparatively little in the way. But there will be an awful lot of local jealousy and heart-burning when it comes to pick the team.

The Ontario Rugby Union have laid out their plans for the season, and the senior series will be played as follows: On or before October 11th, Toronto will meet Hamilton at Hamilton, while at Stratford the natives and Londoners will struggle. On or before Saturday, Oct. 18, Ottawa will meet Queen's University at Kingston. The second round will be winners of Toronto-Hamilton vs. winners of London-Stratford, and the final match will be played when and where the Rugby Union directs.

In the Eastern association the record now stands:—Grand Trunk, 7 points; Ottawa Ramblers, 4; Valleyfield, 4; Cornwall, 1. The Ramblers have three matches yet to play, Grand Trunk and Cornwall two each and Valleyfield one. It is expected that the finish will lie between Grand Trunk and the Ramblers, and that it will be very close.

It took nearly a week to decide the Argonaut Rowing Club's Fall races, but at last the final heat was reached on Tuesday, when the following crews were left in:

H. C. Jarvis, bow,	W. Henderson, bow,
J. D. Mackaye, No. 2,	B. Bristol, No. 2,
G. H. Muntz, No. 3,	W. R. Johnston, No. 3,
A. A. Barker, stroke.	A. J. Boyd, stroke.

It was a splendid race from start to finish, and was won by Barker's crew by scarcely a length.

The Fashion course at Blue Bonnets has had its initial races under the new management. The races were interesting enough, but notwithstanding that everything had been done for the convenience of the public, and that the C.P.R. ran special trains, the attendance was comparatively meagre. Trotting has had such a long spell of flagrant crooked work in this city that it will take a long time of honest racing to restore the confidence so long abused. It is like the boy who cried wolf, and the only thing to be done is for owners and proprietors of tracks to recognize that they can stay away if they like. A good beginning has been made by several tracks, but the good work must be kept up, and after a while trotting may be restored to its old-time position and popularity.

The Victoria Club has already begun to prepare for the skating season and held its annual meeting on Wednesday last. The annual report and financial statement were most satisfactory. The newly elected board of directors consists of Messrs. E. S. Clouston, H. V. Meredith, W. H. C. Meredith, Fred. C. Henshaw, Angus W. Hooper, Alex. Patterson and Chas. G. Hope. Lieut.-Col. Henshaw is president and Mr. E. S. Clouston vice-president. The directors say the coming season will be the most brilliant in the club's history.

I hear some thrilling accounts of the enormous number of black duck and woodcock that have been tumbled over by enthusiastic sportsmen, but I also notice that the faces of the narrators were gloomier than their asserted success seemed to call for, and the stories tasted like the duck—fishy. The new fish and game club, whose headquarters are about 10 miles below Sorel, have a splendid shooting ground there; but there are some complaints of the moonlight marauder, and waterfowl don't seem to be so plentiful in consequence.

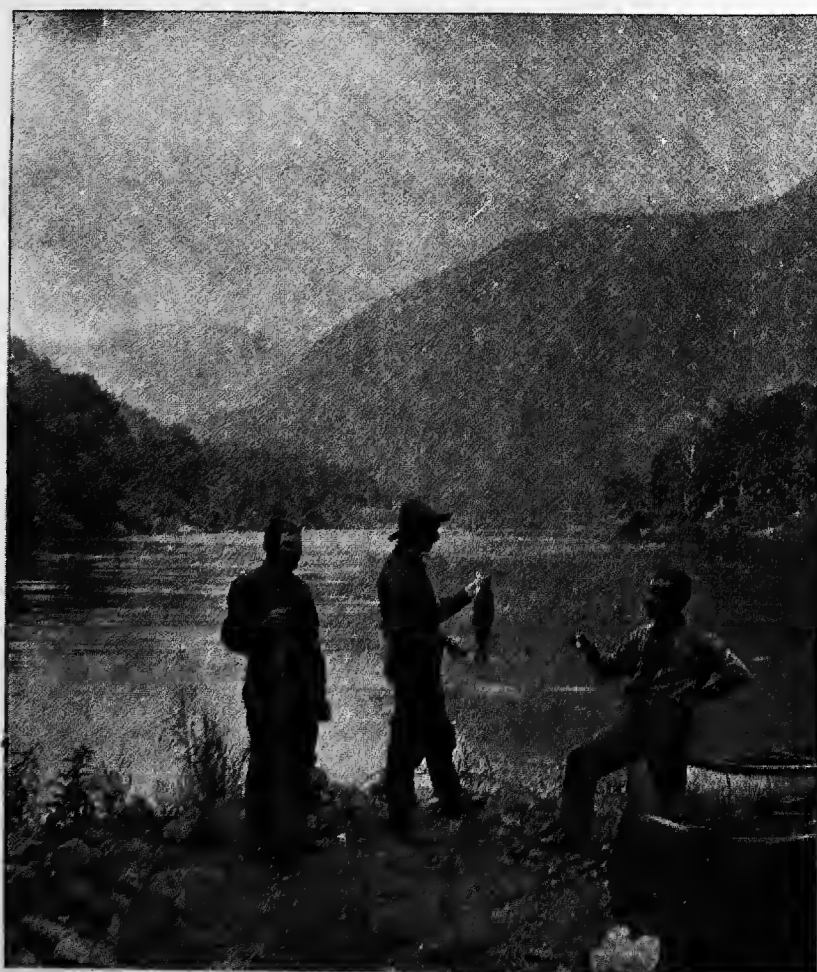
I wrote some time ago of the comparatively little interest taken in dogs in this city, that is, general interest; but there are still a few left who are among the most successful exhibitors in the country. The Irish setter bitch Florrie, owned in Montreal, was particularly successful and so were her children. In black-and-tans and Yorkshires, Mr. Campbell, of Montreal, also, was credited with several firsts.

The McGill undergraduates lawn tennis tournament will begin on Monday and the entries close to-day (Saturday). The entries so far have been very numerous, and a most successful tournament is looked for. The winner of the university tennis championship will be presented with a handsome prize racquet, which has been generously donated by Mr. C. J. Fleet.

Every huntsman looks eagerly forward to the day when the meet is at Verdun and when the veteran old master, Squire Crawford, dispenses his hospitality, and so it was that on last Saturday one of the jolliest gatherings on record was at Verdun, and although Reynard saved his brush, the gentlemen had a hard run for all that.

The Hunt Club steeplechases on the 2nd and 4th promise to what they always have been—two days of good exciting sport. A new steeplechase course has been made at Blue Bonnets, and everything will be in good running order for the meeting.

The Paper on which the "Dominion Illustrated" is printed, is manufactured by the Canada Paper Co.



SHOOTING AND FISHING SCENES ON THE JACQUES CARTIER.

THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

TRADE MARK

ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF PARLIAMENT OF CANADA, IN THE YEAR 1899, BY THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.

REGISTERED

Vol. V.—No. 118.

MONTREAL AND TORONTO, 4th OCTOBER, 1890.

\$4.00 PER ANNUM. IN GREAT BRITAIN, 21S. 6D. PER COPY. 10 CENTS PER COPY. 60. 61E.



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The Dominion Illustrated.

\$4.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.
 THE SABISTON LITHOGRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING CO.
 RICHARD WHITE, PRESIDENT
 ALEX. SABISTON, MANAGING-DIRECTOR,
 73 St. James Street, Montreal.
 GEORGE E. MACRAE, WESTERN AGENT,
 36 King Street East, Toronto.
 J. H. BROWNLEE, BRANDON,
 Agent for Manitoba and the North West Provinces.
 London (England) Agency:
 JOHN HADDON & CO.,
 3 & 4 Boulevard Street, Fleet Street, E.C.
 SOLE AGENTS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

4th OCTOBER, 1890.

NOTICE OF REMOVAL.

The business and editorial offices of "The Dominion Illustrated" have been removed from 73 St. James Street to the general offices of the Sabiston Lithographic and Publishing Co., Gazette Building, Montreal.



In no respect has Canada's progress in recent years been more noteworthy than in the comprehensiveness and solidity of the public works that have reached or are approaching successful completion. The latter half of the present generation will, indeed, be gratefully remembered by posterity for the thoughtful provision thus made for the needs of an increasing population and a vastly expanded volume of business. Among structures made, not for a day, but for coming centuries, one that has aroused the admiration of neighbours not always too prone to commend, is the St. Mary's Ship Canal. The bill for its construction was passed in the spring of 1889, and on the 1st of May in that year the contractors, Messrs. Ryan and Haney, began work with a staff of 250 men, which in March last was increased to 400, and next year will be raised to 700 or 800. The water power is derived from the adjacent rapids. The plan of excavation is by derricks worked by compressed air, each of which removes 100 cubic yards a day. These derricks are set up at intervals of 120 feet on each side of the lock-pit, the excavation of which is now completed. The entire length of the canal is 3,700 feet. At each end there will be piers, with beacons, 900 feet long. The lock will have a depth of 18½ feet of water over the mitre sill at low-water mark, a breadth of 85 feet from wall to wall, and of 65 at the gates, the space between which will be 600 feet. The lock walls will be of gray limestone, quarried near Amherstburg, the floor of the lock-pit of concrete, the filling culvert extending the entire length down the centre. The gates will be of oak, and, with the valves, will be operated by hydraulic power. It is expected that the masonry of the lock will be completed before the fall of next year, and that the entire canal will be ready for lockages about this time two years. This is a triumph which may well add prestige to the 250th anniversary of the foundation of Canada's commercial metropolis—the quarter-centennial of Columbus's discovery.

A remark, of a practical import which all Montrealers and all persons west of Montreal interested in the trade with the West Indies will be sure to recognize, was made by the Hon. G. A. Drummond, in seconding the vote of thanks to Mr. A. Brown, M.P., for his address on the Jamaica Exhibition before the Board of Trade of this city. Mr. Drummond pointed out the vital importance of having the vessels engaged in the trade brought to our own wharves. As our readers are aware, the line is at present run only from the chief ports of the Maritime Provinces, so that commodities sent to the island, from the interior of Canada, are subjected to long transport by rail before being shipped at St. John, a plan which, apart from its inconvenience, is anything but beneficial to

products like cheese, butter and eggs. If ever our possession of this trade is to be an accomplished fact, an effort must be made to have the present arrangement altered in our favour. "It was utterly impossible," as Mr. Drummond insisted and as his colleagues on the Board of Trade were equally convinced, "that trade with the British West Indies could ever take the development it should have until we had proper facilities for shipment, and that could only be secured by bringing the vessels up here." It is to be hoped that Senator Drummond's suggestion will receive the attention that it deserves, and that steps will be promptly taken to give his recommendation effect with as little delay as possible.

The St. John (N.B.) Exhibition was no exception to the traditions of that thrifty and enterprising city. The inauguration was worthy of the importance of the event, and lacked no feature that could add prestige to the occasion. The address by Sir Leonard Tilley contained an interesting survey of the principal classes of exhibits. He directed special attention to the collection of West India products, and his remarks on the subject were extremely opportune and likely to be fruitful. It is becoming clearer and clearer to the minds of Canadians (and the crisis through which we are just now passing makes it advisable that this point should be emphasized) that there are few countries better adapted, by relative situation, common allegiance and comparative proximity, for commercial intercourse than the British West Indies and the Dominion of Canada. The exhibits at St. John will give our merchants a foretaste of the fuller display of West Indian goods to be seen at the approaching Jamaica Exhibition. Our business men have dallied too long in pushing the trade with our fellow-colonists as its importance demanded, but the time has come when we must make the most of the outlet or suffer from our neglect. What Sir Leonard Tilley said of the improvement of horses and cattle, of more attention to scientific farming, of systematic dairying with a view to special markets, was all in season. He gave excellent advice on the subject of exporting cheese and butter, as well as cattle, to England. Here again our farmers must make up their minds once and for all. Our cheese is already a favourite in England. Our butter may be made acceptable. In the matter of cattle, we have, as Sir Leonard said, advantages over the American exporter. The trade with England, then, must be built up. The incalculable benefit of the fisheries was also dwelt on, and it was pointed out that every province in the Dominion was represented at the Exhibition. The exhibits of Manitoba and British Columbia were highly commended. Altogether the Exhibition was a credit to St. John and to the Dominion, of the varied wealth of which it gave an admirable illustration.

The Belgium Labour Congress that met a few weeks ago was mainly engaged in the discussion of universal suffrage, and of the means of exerting pressure on the Legislature so as to bring it to pass. It was resolved by a large majority to hold monster demonstrations in the chief towns of the kingdom on the Sunday preceding the opening of parliament, at which processions and addresses would be salient features. These demonstrations are not regarded with the apprehension that used to prevail some years ago. It has been found, indeed, that there is much less peril in allowing the labouring classes reasonable liberty than in persistent repression by the strong hand of power. The old restrictions on free speech simply drove men to secret combination and conspiracy, which working underground, as it were, ultimately produced those very convulsions which authority would fain have prevented. When men are free to express their opinions and to state their grievances, they have no temptation to conspire against the established order of things. Even socialism, which not long since was a name of terror, has been robbed, to a great extent, of its power for mischief, by having the fullest scope for submitting its claims to the public. The recent Trades-Union Congress in England made it evident that no section of the community was less disposed to

have its time wasted by brawling theorists than that of earnest and busy workingmen who, in desiring to better their own condition, had no desire to pull down the fabric of society about the ears of their fellow-citizens. There is, nevertheless, a danger, which it would be folly to ignore, in the recent revival of internationalism on a new and practical basis. This movement, originated in London nearly twenty years ago, and it is in London that it has had its latest development—a development which recognizes the solidarity of organized labour all over the world. The first fruit of this recognition has been the help afforded to the Australian strikers—help prompted in part by gratitude on the part of the dockmen, but which is essentially the enforcement of the new principle. The unanimous adoption at the Brussels Congress of the principle of a general strike is a clear following up of the same line of policy. No date has been fixed for giving effect to the resolution, but that such a menace should be openly aimed at every branch of industry, reveals a situation the gravity of which can hardly be over-estimated.

It is a noteworthy coincidence that just as Mr. Webster, the immigration agent, who had gone to South Dakota to inquire into the circumstances of the Canadians settled in that State who had suffered from disastrous crop failures, was presenting his report to the Government, a fresh deputation of British farmers should have arrived in the North-West. Mr. Loundsbury, formerly of Elgin, Ont., but who had for some years been residing in Dakota, was selected by Mr. Webster to make a tour in Manitoba and the Territories with a view to comparing the land there with that of the States south of the boundary line. He expressed much surprise at the contrast, and has taken samples of the cereals of Western Canada to show the farmers of Dakota. Messrs. Wood, Simmons, Pitt and Stevenson, the British delegates, cannot but be impressed with this movement for the repatriation of Canadians who had left their own country to better themselves and are now glad to avail themselves of the chance of returning and taking up land in our own North-West. The previous delegations were fruitful in disseminating correct views as to the soil, climate, resources and institutions of our prairie region, and we have no doubt that the gentlemen who have lately begun their tour of inquiry will carry home a mass of fresh information as to the capabilities of Canada for settlement. The extension of railroad communication during the last five years has made every portion of the North-West accessible to the tourist, so that Mr. Wood and his colleagues will have much better opportunities of forming a judgment as to the country's extent and resources than any of their predecessors were favoured with.

The Chicago *Times* some weeks ago published an enthusiastic account of British Columbia, contributed by a young English barrister who had interests in some of the provincial mines. This gentleman, Mr. Charles Baring, was astonished and delighted at the various signs of natural wealth that he met in the course of his journey. The forests, with their variety of precious woods, the diversity of minerals, the delightful climate, all won his admiration. He was surprised to find cities like Victoria and Vancouver, and the rapid growth of the latter was a marvel to him. The presence in British Columbia of Prof. Bryce, M.P., has offered a still more noteworthy opportunity of making known in the Mother Country the grand economic features of the Western Province. The distinguished author and traveller was greeted on both the island and mainland with a fervour of welcome in accordance with his high deserts, and his visit is sure to bear good fruit in many ways. It is gratifying to see that the celebrities of Great Britain who some years ago were too much inclined to pass us by and to devote their attention almost wholly to our neighbours, have of late been attracted to Canada, whose people, resources, scenery and institutions have been the theme of several remarkable studies in the English press.

A novel dramatic enterprise has lately been attracting Parisian theatre-goers. It is the presentation of pieces in which the dialogue consists entirely of signs. The idea originated with M. Victor L'Epée—a name glorious in the annals of philanthropy. Indeed, this gentleman is of the family of the illustrious Abbé, whose devotion to the cause of the deaf-mute has made his memory as immortal as it is blessed. Those who have watched the play of feature and eloquence of gesture with which the speechless can make their feelings, thoughts and wishes known to each other need not to be told how susceptible the intelligent deaf-mute may be of training for the stage. The opening performance of this strange theatre was given with a play expressly prepared for the actors by one of themselves, a young man named Varenne, who joins to high literary talent an acknowledged genius for painting. "L'Amour et la Mort," as the piece is called, was well adapted to bring out in effective pantomime the strength of passion and delicate shades of sentiment which other actors express by words as well as movement. The success of the undertaking will, probably, cause the example to be followed in other countries.

THE DUTY OF THE HOUR.

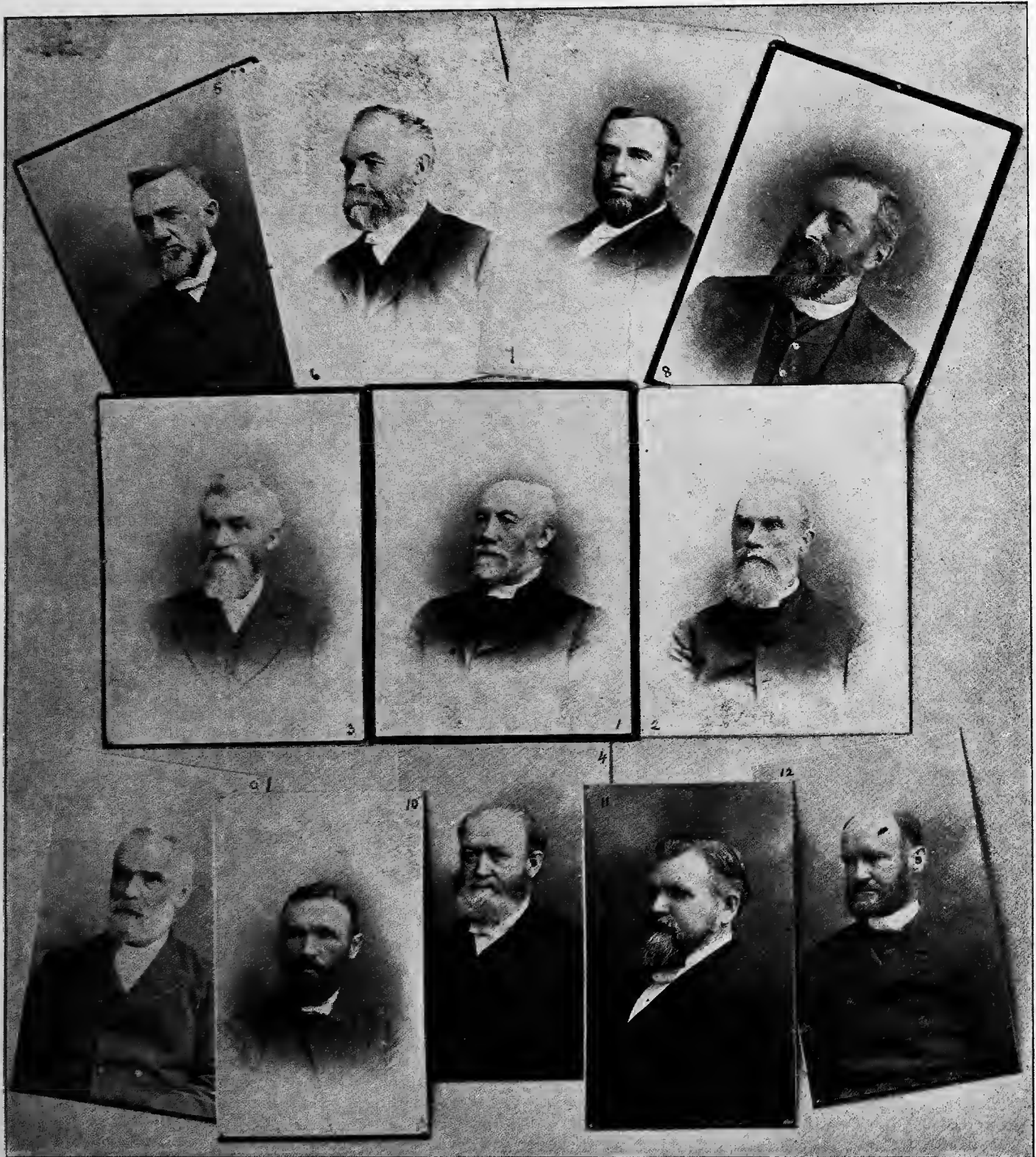
Some of our readers can, no doubt, recall the state of things that preceded the conclusion, through Lord Elgin's efforts, of the Reciprocity Treaty. They may also be able to recollect that, although that measure gave general satisfaction to the Canada of that time (Ontario and Quebec), its provisions were by no means welcome to the Maritime Provinces. Indeed, Lord Elgin, who had already been a martyr to his convictions in Western Canada, was accused by the coast population of sacrificing the interests of the fishermen to his desire to stand well with the Americans. The Reciprocity dispensation was not all halcyon, therefore, and, if only the laws had been strictly enforced on the alien fishing-boats in the years following its cessation, there was a considerable minority that would have welcomed the refusal of the Washington authorities to renew it. On the other hand, the benefits that it brought to the mass of our people were great and obvious. The aggregate of trade between British North America and the United States increased during the thirteen years of the treaty's operation from an annual average of \$14,230,763 (in the eight years previous) to \$50,339,770 in the final year. It must, of course, be remembered that the closing years of the Reciprocity régime were years of exceptional prosperity for the Canadian producer owing to the disastrous struggle in which our neighbours were involved. The sore straits to which the northern section of the Union had been reduced gave the Canadian farmer his grand opportunity. The raising of food stuffs of all kinds had been seriously interrupted across the border, and the dealers in those commodities naturally sought the most accessible foreign market, so that the united provinces were overrun by American purchasers of cattle, sheep, poultry, eggs, and other staples, while horses were bought in large numbers for army use, and Canadian cereals were in constant demand. Such a condition of things, immediately following the withdrawal of the United States from the Reciprocity agreement caused a veritable convulsion on this side of the line. To the mass of our people it came like a stroke of doom, though an elect few had made such good use of the war boom that they could defy adverse fortune. Lord Elgin, whose statesmanship, tact and strength of will had taken Washington by storm in 1854 had already been sleeping for years on the heights of Dhurmsala, and there was none to plead like him with the victorious and angry North. Perhaps even he would have failed to induce oblivion of many foolish things that had been said in the stormy interval. For, like Jesurun, Canada had kicked lustily in the consciousness of her cosy fatness and had promised herself a leading share in the dominance of the subdivided continent. It was, nevertheless, deemed advisable to send delegates to sue with the United States Government for a renewal of the expired treaty. The mission, as clear-seeing men foresaw, proved fruitless, as

did all subsequent appeals of like purport, under whatever auspices they were made.

What we would emphasize just now, however, is that, although the refusal of our neighbours to revive the treaty bore hard on thousands of our people and was a severe strain on the endurance of the provinces as a whole, and although the policy of exclusion was accompanied by more than menaces from a nation the ruling element of which was flushed with recent conquest and not loth to turn to account the unexhausted remnant of its military force, Canada did not prove recreant to her past, but, like a young giant, felt her thews and sinews, and, conscious of a reserve of strength theretofore unutilized, rose to her feet and stood for all the world to see, a marvel of sturdy but undeveloped nationhood. In fact, the ending of the Reciprocity Treaty was a blessing in disguise. It aroused Canada from her sleep of dependent security, a sluggish inglorious sleep, death-like save for the mutterings of troubled dreams, the nightmare suggestions of old-world feuds. Such awakening must have come some time, if Canada were not destined (as happily she was not) to be captured (as wily Secretary Seward had planned long before) in her unconsciousness. And when it came, it was just as well that it should be thorough, unmistakable, not to be ignored or evaded by any feint of continued somnolence. The reality to which Canada was awakened in 1866 was something to which the generation of to-day has become so accustomed that it requires some exercise of the historic imagination to gain the assurance that it could ever have been hidden from the view of statesmen or people. Canadians who have grown to maturity during the last quarter century would, indeed, find it very difficult to raise from the dead the Canada of the Union régime. The change that has taken place is not only sweeping but full of curious details, due to the shiftings, intrusions, gaps and upheavals that attend every revolution, whether violent or legislative. Doubtless there were or are merchants who forty years ago carried on in this city a business which neither they nor their successors will ever, as to volume, see repeated. Those were the days of small things for Canada as a whole, but for them they were the heyday of prosperity. We might go farther back and bethink us of the style in which the magnates of the fur-trade lived at the dawn of this century. With all our progress no such banqueting goes on to-day as tourists have recorded of the princely homes of those old fur-kings. When the Prince of Wales was fêted at Isle Dorval in 1860, that dispensation, which ruled an expanse as large nearly as Rome's empire, was still a power in the land, though its days were numbered. Sir George Simpson was "the last of the barons." One of our most attractive writers has given a sort of fictitious prestige to the old Downing Street régime, and there were obstinate sticklers for provincial isolation. The federal union (though wrought by leaders of both great parties) was not secured without a struggle. There were those who clung to the intercolonial tariff, but even those who grew rich on the system would hardly venture to ask for its restoration. British North America was destined to grow into a great Dominion, but in its development, as in every development, the growing pains affected some parts of the body politic more than others. The cessation of Reciprocity was a critical stage in our history, but it was surmounted with results advantageous to Canada as a whole. Banks Bill, Fenian Raid, Alaska Purchase, predictions of disaster, appeals to local jealousies, attempts to spread disloyalty, to embitter our relations with the Mother Country, to attach disgrace to the position of colonists, to deepen our fears of Imperial complications, all proved unavailing. In fact, what Secretary Seward had declared years before was fulfilled to the letter—Canada was not to be forced by threats to forswear her allegiance. If in the first shock of disappointment those who felt most keenly the removal of a prop on which they had relied were disposed to base surrender, the moment of weakness soon passed and men of every political opinion united to fight the battle of Canadian independence. Solidarity was a new

idea to provinces that had lived in isolation, almost in hostility, and, as the cessation of Reciprocity did not affect them all alike, so all were not equally ready for the remedy of confederation. But it was destined to come to pass, and some of the sturdiest champions of new Canada came from among the would-be dissentients. One by one the barriers to Canadian union disappeared, and, though the recovery of the equilibrium which the annulment of the treaty had disturbed was slow and painful in some localities, new outlets for trade were obtained, a stimulus was given to native manufactures, and a fresh impulse to the development of resources, the extent and value of which we are even now only beginning to realize.

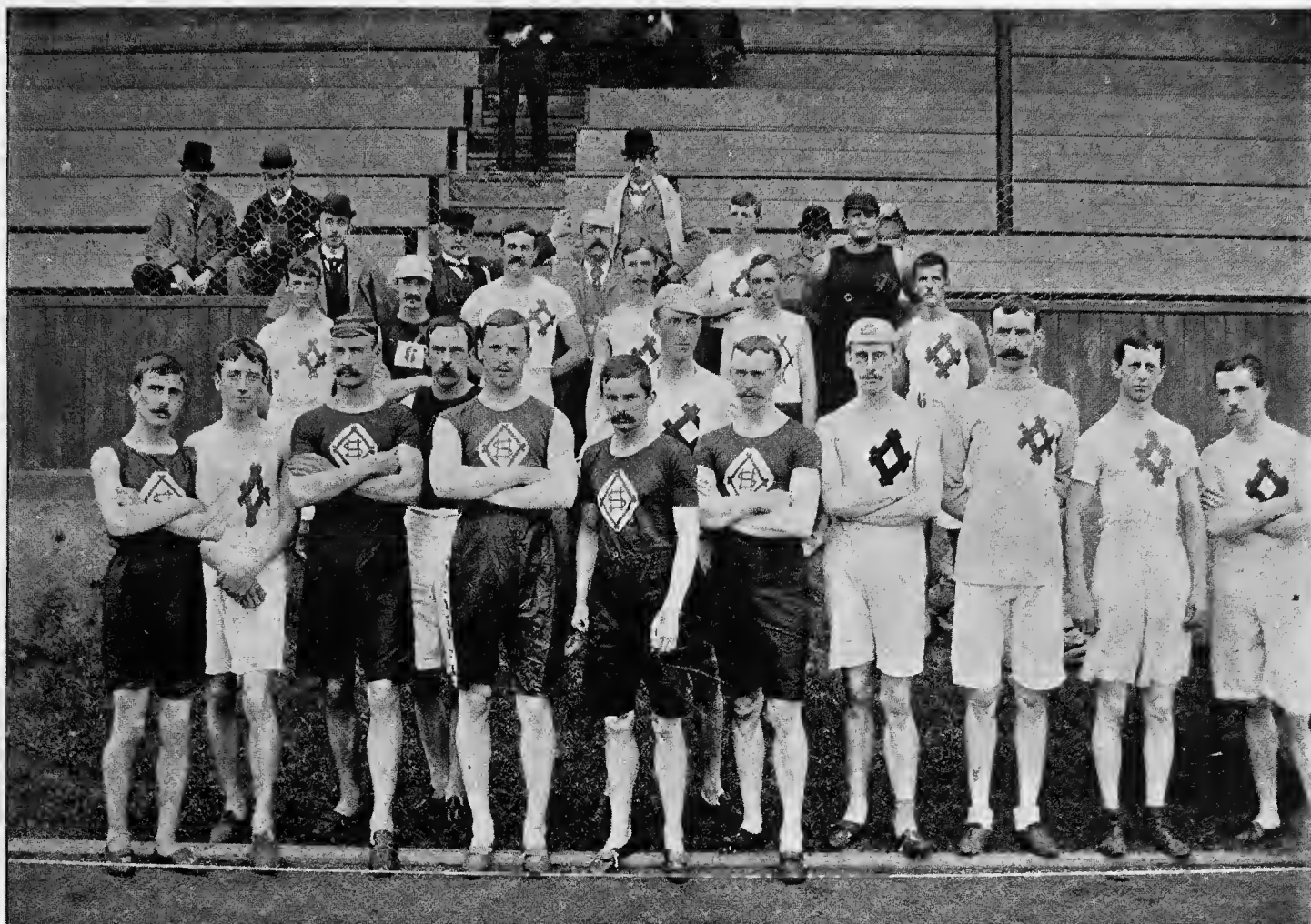
The crisis which we have now reached is not more serious than that which we had to meet twenty-five years ago, and we are certainly not worse prepared for it than we were then. Moreover, we needed the fresh lesson, perhaps. It is as well that we should know our true position and take the stand once for all that it necessitates. Years ago Lord Elgin reproached a section of the Canadian people for the pettishness with which, on all occasions of real or imagined grievance, whether arising out of administration or the nature of things, they began to mutter annexation, instead of setting themselves manfully to better their condition by their own efforts. Much of such talk, he said, was mere bravado; much of it simple thoughtlessness. In any case it is a recreancy of which a self-respecting community should be ashamed. The time has come when the folly of looking beyond ourselves for help out of our difficulties must be recognized. Looking around us to-day at the nations of the world, how many of them are more favoured than this Dominion of ours in the gifts of nature, in the boon of liberty, in popular institutions, in opportunities of every kind for self-development and national progress! Because our neighbours refuse to aid us in our task of self-advancement, must we, therefore, despair of the future? On the contrary, now is the time to strain every nerve in order to show that we can live and flourish without their assistance. The world is open to us. No country is more blessed with natural wealth than ours, and of our surplus products there are many communities that require a share. But we must seek them out and impress them with the advantage of dealing with us. What we have done in England with our cheese is an illustration of what can be accomplished in many other directions as well. The West Indies are eager to trade with us, but we must not wait to be coaxed to sell to them. Our cereals, our vegetables, our cheese, butter, poultry, eggs, our furniture, our hardware, our larger live stock, our dressed meats, our fisheries, our forests, our wood-working industries, our agricultural implements, and a long enumeration of other fabrics and articles have never yet been placed upon outside markets, east and west and south, with the tireless energy and persuasive skill that have, in so many cases, won success, even in apparently hopeless quarters, for our neighbours. There is not a month which does not bring to light—most often through some wondering stranger—undeveloped raw material that could be turned to various profitable account if only the requisite enterprise, ingenuity and perseverance were applied to it. This is true of every kingdom of nature throughout the vast imperial domain which is our heritage on this continent. How frequently have strangers with capital, in quest of new fields for its investment, marched conquering into Canada and made fortunes for themselves in districts where we had never noticed anything out of the common! What Canada really wants is to be aroused to a sense of doing her duty in that state of life to which it has pleased God to call her. Fortunes are lying at our doors all around us, awaiting realization. Canada possesses millions upon millions' worth of the world's wealth in her generous soil, her still unexhausted forests, her priceless mines, her unparalleled life-abounding waters. To let these sources of wealth lie undeveloped is to defraud mankind. A people with such an inheritance ought to be rich and great and a blessing to other nations, and so will Canada be if she is only true to herself.



1. Rev. Dr. Carman.
 2. Rev. Mr. Bryant.
 3. Rev. W. Pirette.
 4. Rev. T. G. Williams.
 5. Rev. S. P. Hustis.
 6. Rev. J. Watson Smith.

7. Rev. Joseph R. Gundy.
 8. Rev. Howard Sprague.
 9. Rev. Wm. Burns.
 10. Rev. W. Swann.
 11. Rev. Joseph Kay.
 12. Rev. J. M. Harrison.

CLERICAL LEADERS OF CANADIAN METHODISM.
 THE GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT, SECRETARY, AND THE PRESIDENTS OF CONFERENCES IN BRITISH NORTH AMERICA.



REPRESENTATIVES OF THE SALFORD HARRIERS, OF SALFORD ENG., AND THE MANHATTAN ATHLETIC CLUB, NEW YORK



A. W. STEVENSON, Esq., President C. A. A. A.



J. H. HARDWICK, Esq., Manager Salford Harriers' Team.

ANNUAL GAMES OF THE CANADIAN AMATEUR ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION, HELD AT MONTREAL, 27th SEPTEMBER, 1890.



WILLIAM KINGSFORD, ESQ., C.E., LL.D., HISTORIAN, OF CANADA.—We are happy in this issue to lay before our readers a portrait of a gentleman with whose writings it is the duty of every earnest student of our country's history to become acquainted. Dr. Kingsford is one of a group of men who, though English by birth, have become thoroughly Canadian in sentiment, and have laboured with hand or voice or pen for the good of their adopted country. A Civil Engineer by profession, he has been associated with some of the most important of our public works. The earliest products of his vigorous pen dealt with professional questions. Nearly forty years ago he published at Philadelphia a treatise on "The History, Structure and Statistics of Plank Roads in the United States and Canada," a work which was accepted as an authority on the subject of which it treated. In 1865 he brought out an elaborate essay on "The Canadian Canals," which was accorded a most favourable reception by the press, being commended for its wealth of carefully gathered information, its fearless impartiality, the soundness of its judgments and the pertinence of its suggestions. That it was fruitful of good in directing attention to mistakes of policy and indicating remedies and reforms in theory and practice there is good reason to believe. Dr. Kingsford contributed in 1858 a number of interesting letters to a Toronto journal, which he subsequently gave to the public in book form under the title of "Impressions of the West and South During a Six Weeks' Holiday." But Dr. Kingsford was not merely an occasional writer in the newspapers. He occupied for some years the position of editor on important journals, such as the Toronto *Colonist*, and was recognized as a fair and able critic of public men and affairs. After spending many years in this country, he returned for a time to his native land, but like most persons who have lived long in Canada, he was again attracted to the scene of so much of his career, and has long been a familiar figure among our prominent men—his present residence being in Ottawa. About four years ago Dr. Kingsford gave us the first fruit of his historical studies in the form of a small octavo volume containing an essay on "Canadian Archaeology." It had first appeared in part in a Toronto newspaper, and had the effect of quickening the interest of our people in the eventful annals of their own country. Soon after it became known that the author was engaged in the preparation of a much more ambitious work, and in 1887 the first volume of his "History of Canada" was brought out simultaneously in London and Toronto. Dr. Kingsford had devoted long and conscientious research to the elucidation of the obscurer and more controverted passages in the story of the Old Régime, and brought not only a well-balanced judgment, but an intrepid honesty to bear on his task. Two more volumes have since seen the light, and a fourth (which, in excess of his original plan, he found necessary for the full and worthy discharge of his obligations) will shortly make its appearance. The history has been a *succès de mérite*—even those who differ with the author's conclusions being forced to acknowledge the candour and straightforward integrity, as well as clearness and force, with which he has defended his positions by marshalled facts. As might be expected, it was by our French compatriots that dissent from his judgments was most commonly expressed. Some of the most laudatory reviews of the work have appeared in the foremost of the English periodicals, especially the *Saturday Review*. We have already at considerable length given our own opinion of Mr. Kingsford's merits as an historian.

CLERICAL LEADERS OF CANADIAN METHODISM.—In this issue we give portraits of some of the most important officials of the Methodist General Conference, recently held in this city. The General Conference of the Methodist Church in Canada comprises representatives from the conferences of Toronto, London, Montreal, Niagara, Bay of Quinte, Newfoundland, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, Guelph, Manitoba and British Columbia. The General Conference is the supreme court and synod of the Church in Canada, and meets once in four years at a place previously fixed upon. The last conference opened in this city on the 10th of September, under the presidency of the Rev. Dr. Carman, general superintendent. The Rev. Dr. Huestis was elected secretary. The Rev. Dr. Badgley and Mr. W. Kennedy were appointed assistant secretaries. The secretaries reported the following elections to the nominating committee: Toronto, Rev. J. F. Germain, Rev. Dr. Parker, Messrs. J. T. Moore and E. J. Davis; Guelph, Rev. Drs. Griffin and Henderson, and Messrs. R. M. McKenzie and W. M. Gray; Manitoba, Rev. J. Woodsworth and A. M. Peterson; Newfoundland, Rev. W. Swan and Mr. J. E. Peters; British Columbia, Rev. C. Bryant and Mr. D. Spencer; New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island, Rev. Dr. Sprague and Mr. W. E. Dawson; Nova Scotia, Rev. Dr. Lathern and Mr. F. B. Woodell; Bay of Quinte, Rev. Wm. Burns and A. B. Chambers, and Messrs. S. P. Ford and W. F. Hall; Montreal, Rev. Dr. Williams and Rev. James Kines, Dr. Lavell and Dr. Alexander; Niagara conference, Rev. John Kay and J. S. Williamson, and Messrs. John Mason and J. H. Smith; London, Rev. J. R. Gundy and J. Learoyd, and Messrs. R. J. C. Dawson and B. Milne. Some idea of the volume and variety of

business that came before the conference may be gathered from the following report of the nominating committee: "With a view to greater efficiency the plan is adopted of dividing the committees into three groups, designated 'A,' 'B' and 'C,' composed as follows: 'A' group—Missions, publishing interests, course of study, statistics, general superintendency, itinerancy, embarrassed trusts, public services, and reception of fraternal delegates; 'B' group—Superannuation fund, memorials, Sabbath observance, finance, annual conferences, transfers, sustentation, centennial of Methodism, and church union; 'C' group—Education, temperance, children's fund, church property, Sabbath schools, discipline, ritual, state of the work, and returns of boards and committees." The proceedings of the conference, which lasted for nearly three weeks, were of the utmost interest not only to the Methodist communion, but to the religious world generally. Some of the discussions were animated, especially those on missions, conference boundaries, temperance, finance, itinerancy (extension of time), superannuation, etc. The college federation question was finally disposed of, the decision reached at the last quadrennial conference being confirmed by a considerable majority. An interesting feature of the transactions was the reception of fraternal delegates from other branches of the church. The greetings to the representatives of the English and Irish conferences and to the delegate from the Methodist Church of the Southern States, and the replies of the stranger brethren were not the least noteworthy incidents in this department of the conference's business. The reports presented were, in the main, encouraging as to the spiritual conquests of the church, but dissatisfaction was expressed with the payment of stipends (the total deficiency reaching a large sum) and at the delay in establishing industrial schools for Indians under Methodist supervision. Full ventilation of drawbacks and grievances resulted in the determination to apply needed remedies, so that even the excessive warmth manifested in some debates did not pass fruitless. The calmness, dignity and fairness of the president were universally admired. The following gentlemen were elected to the Ecumenical conference of the Methodist church: Toronto, Rev. Drs. Briggs and Dewart, Dr. Maclaren and Mr. W. Kennedy; London, Rev. James Graham and Mr. W. Bowman; Niagara, Rev. John Wakefield and Mr. J. H. Beatty; Guelph, Rev. Dr. Griffin and Mr. R. W. McKenzie; Bay of Quinte, Rev. Drs. Carman and Burwash and Judge Dean; Montreal, Rev. Dr. Douglas and T. G. Williams and Messrs. W. H. Lambly and S. Findley; Manitoba, Rev. J. Woodsworth; British Columbia, Mr. D. Spencer; Nova Scotia, Rev. Dr. Lathern and Dr. Allison; Newfoundland, Hon. J. J. Rogerson; New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island, Rev. Dr. Sprague and Dr. Inch; Reserves, Revs. Dr. Antliffe, Dr. Ryckman, J. S. Ross, G. Webber and S. Huestis, Hon. J. C. Aikins, Messrs. James Mills, J. Torrance, W. E. Dawson and J. H. Carson.

WILLIAM WHYTE, ESQ., GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT WESTERN DIVISION, C.P.R.—This gentleman, whose portrait will be found on another page of the present issue, is a native of Dunfermline, Scotland, and is still in the vigour of middle life, having been born on the 15th of September, 1843. He entered the railway service of his native land, while he was only in his nineteenth year, as station agent for the West of Fife line, in which position he remained until July, 1863. At the latter date he became connected with the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada, and served successively as brakeman, freight clerk (Cobourg and Toronto), yardmaster (Toronto), conductor, night station master (Toronto), station master (Stratford, where he remained for nearly four years), station master and freight and passenger agent (London, Ont.), freight agent (Toronto) and division superintendent, a post which he held for a year and a half. He was then general superintendent of the Credit Valley Railway, and of the Toronto, Grey and Bruce line for a number of years. In all these positions Mr. Whyte gave satisfaction to his employers, and when in 1886 he entered the service of the Canadian Pacific, his experience, ability and conscientious attention to the interests of the company and the convenience of the public were not long in meeting with appreciation. Since his appointment to the responsible position which he now holds as General Superintendent of the Western Division, Mr. Whyte has become well known to the travelling public, and is one of the most popular officers of the company.

J. H. HARDWICK, ESQ., HON. SECRETARY OF THE SALLFORD HARRIERS.—An important feature in the championship games of the Canadian Amateur Athletic Association, which took place in this city on the 27th inst., was the visit to Montreal of the Salford Harriers, escorted by the Manhattan Athletic club, whose guests they are. The party, which reached Montreal on Friday, September 26, consists of W. H. Morton, E. W. Parry, N. D. Morgan, T. L. Nicholas and G. H. Morris, all members of the famous Salford Harriers. Accompanying the athletes were J. H. Hardwick, the honorary secretary of the Harriers, and W. M. Christie of the Manhattan Athletic club. The English champions have come to this country to give a series of combination athletic meetings in connection with the Manhattan Athletic club cranks and the athletes of the cities which will be visited. Their trip, as laid out by the Manhattan Athletic club, is as follows: September 27, Montreal (Canadian championship meeting); October 1, Detroit; October 4, Chicago; October 11, Buffalo; October 18, Boston; October 22, New York city; October 25, Philadelphia. At all of these meetings, with the exception

of Buffalo, the M.A.C. champions will be with the Englishmen.

HARVESTING SCENE IN THE NORTH-WEST.—To some of our readers this will be a familiar scene from personal experience of North West rural industrial life, and there are none of them to whom the golden crop of the prairie is entirely strange. This view is, indeed, simply a continuation of a series, the publication of which was necessarily interrupted by other claims on our attention. It is a spectacle full of hope for the living and for those who will come after us, and suggests a forecast of that often promised time when the myriads of to-day shall have grown to millions, and our great west with its teeming fields will support a population as large as that of half Europe.

VIEWS AT ST. ANNE'S, P.Q.—These views are of exceptional interest to the lover of beautiful scenery and the student of antiquarian lore. As yet what treats Canada affords the archaeologist are largely confined to this province, which, however, means no disparagement to either the still earlier settled East or the eventful and romantic West. Around St. Anne's cluster memories of more than two long centuries, memories of Indian war, of feudal rule of the fur trade, of the roving poet who sang so sweetly of our Canadian customs. The group of views presented in this issue speaks for itself.

HAMILTON PUBLIC LIBRARY.—With very real satisfaction we present our readers with a view of this fine institution, recently opened, of which the citizens of Hamilton have reason to be proud. The opening ceremony was graced by the presence of the Earl and Countess Aberdeen. Among leading persons of the province who took part in the auspicious proceedings may be mentioned Sir Daniel Wilson, President of Toronto University, the Hon. G. W. Ross, Minister of Education, Mr. James Bain jr., the successful librarian of the Toronto Public Library, Mr. James Innes, M.P., of the Guelph Library Board, and a number of other prominent friends of education and culture.

INSPECTION OF THE ROYAL SCOTS.—To some of our military readers this will be a familiar scene. The Royal Scots Fusiliers is one of the finest regiments in the Canadian militia, has a record of which any corps might be proud, and is proud to sustain its record.

Former Manners.

The tea parties which play so important a part in all our novels came into vogue in 1720. At these festivities everything and everybody was pulled to pieces in a thoroughly satisfactory way. "Religion," (mark that, those who think religious discussions a modern growth,) "religion, morals, love, friendship, good manners, dress," all had their turn. "This tended more to refinement than anything else." "The booksellers' shops were not stuffed as they are now with novels and magazines. The woman's knowledge was gained by conversing with men, not by reading themselves, as they had few books they could understand. Whoever had read Pope, Addison and Swift, with some ill-rot history, was then a laird lady, which character was by no means agreeable." "The intercourse of the men with the woman, though less reserved than at present, was to the full as pure. They would walk together for hours or travel on horse back or in a chaise without any imputation of imprudence. The parents had no concern when an admirer was their guide."

These remarks look strange when contrasted with the foregoing observations, as to the "undelicate" manners of the young ladies in 1724. It cannot be wholly accounted for by the difference of standard of town and country, although, of course, that was much greater then than it is now. In all probability by the time Miss Mure grew up the "woman" had become accustomed to their liberty and learned to make a better use of it. Certainly they still retained it down to very late years, for readers of Mrs. Somerville's life will remember the extraordinary freedom that young girls were allowed in the early part of the present century.

The men had their own diversions. They met every evening in their clubs, which cost them as a rule about 40 or 8d. besides their tobacco and pipes. Sometimes they played "backgammon or catch honours for a penny the game, washed down by cherry in molchen stoups," of which they drank an "incredible" quantity. Every one dined at home "in private"; but notables soon "introduced supping, as when the young people were happy they were loath to part, so that supping came to be the universal fashion in Edinburgh." These merry suppers were so missed by the young people when they went to the country that late "colations took place, held in the bedroom of one of the party, with either tea or a posset, till far in the morning," but these were always "carefully concealed from the parents." The "colations" sound more like the surreptitious meals of magnesia and biscuits occasionally patronized by schoolgirls, whose virtue lay in the fact of concealment rather than in a meal satisfactory to the adults of both sexes.—*The National Review*.

THE TONE.—A capital story was current in Dublin at the time of the foundation of the *Nation* newspaper by Duffy, Davis, and Dillon. Somebody asked a legal luminate of Unionist politics if he could tell him "what was the tone of this new journal?" "The tone of the *Nation*? Wolfe Tone, Sir!" was the angry reply. Nothing could have been apter in substance as in form.



THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY.

An anthology of an anthology we might call this dainty volume of Selections, if we did not recall that the Greek anthology itself, in its present form, is but a nosegay made up with the aid of extraneous and often unfragrant additions from the original garland of Meleager. Such as it is, the history of its preservation is one of the most interesting chapters in the long story of Grecian literature. The earliest of the flower-gatherers (florilegae apes) lived in the first century before Christ, and was a Syrian Greek, "of the country of the Gadarenes," where Jesus healed the demoniac. He called his compilation *Stephanos*, or the Wreath, each of the forty-six poets represented in it being indicated by a flower, so that it is truly named anthology (florilegium). The dedication to his friend Diocles, with the prefaces of his successors, Philip and Agathias, form the fourth of the seventeen sections into which the *Anthologia Græca* is divided. Philip was a contemporary of Trajan; Agathias flourished under Justinian. In the tenth century Cephalas, who dwelt at Byzantium in the reign of Porphyrogenitus, undertook a revision of all the existing anthologies. Planudes, a monk, early in the fourteenth century, deemed it advisable to expurgate the collection of Cephalas, and on the literary re-awakening of western Europe in the following century the compilation bearing his name was the only anthology that came to light. Nevertheless, a copy of Cephalas had escaped the fury of Moslem invader and Christian zealot, and it remained for no less a scholar than Milton's antagonist, Saumaise, to discover it in the Palatine library at Heidelberg. He spent years in preparing it for the press, but without a Latin version the Leyden printers would not publish it, and death having interrupted him in the task of translation, the famous manuscript was transferred to the Vatican. For nearly two centuries it was absent from Heidelberg, but meanwhile trustworthy copies had been made and the learned world had, through Reiske, Brunck and Jacobs, been made familiar with its treasures. During the present century the Anthology has been the theme of abundant criticism, and many writers, English, French, German, Italian—of every country in Europe, indeed—have tried their hands at the translation of the poems. They are of various merit, of various length, of every age of Greek letters, and on a great diversity of subjects. In the list of authors are names found nowhere else, side by side with those of the masters of Greek song. To some (like the Antipaters, Meleager, Philip of Thessalonica, Paulus Silentiarius) are assigned compositions enough to make separate volumes, while others (such as Diphilus, Glyco and Crates the Grammarian) have left but single epigrams. Illustrious pagans—Plato, Sappho, Theocritus, Simonides—share our attention with Christian bishops like Photius and Gregory of Nazianzum. Love, sorrow, piety, satire, philosophy, art criticism and even mathematical analysis have inspired the verses. It is, in fine, a unique thesaurus of the thought, the sentiment, the imagination of a marvellous people during the vicissitudes of nearly two thousand years. We can hardly wonder that Pope Pius the Sixth, in seeking to save from the grasp of Napoleon the gathered trophies of the Vatican, took care to include the manuscript of Cephalas among his most jealously guarded treasures.

Yet here we have the essential worth and beauty of this wonderful Anthology in a convenient and comely form for 35 cents! The edition before us is one of that charming series—the Canterbury Poets, of Mr. Walter Scott. These "Selections from the Greek Anthology" are edited by Mr. Graham R. Tomson, author of "The Bird Bride and Other Poems," etc. In an "Introductory Note," the editor tells us enough about the principal poets and their successful translators to enable us to read the book with intelligent sympathy. In a few pages he has managed to convey a great deal of welcome information, interspersed with opportune criticism. He has been happy in his choice of versions, taking only those of approved scholarship and taste. Dr. Richard Garnett, Mr. Andrew Lang, Miss Alma Strettell, Prof. Goldwin Smith, Mr. J. Addington Strettell (whose "Greek Poets" we would take the opportunity of recommending), Mr. W. M. Hardinge, Shelley, Cowper, John Leyden, J. A. Symonds, M.D., Prof. Lewis Campbell, John Sterling—surely that is an enumeration that speaks for itself. Reference has already been made to the dedicatory preface of Meleager to his *Stephanos*, or Garland. Mr. Hardinge's translation of it will be found in another part of this paper, and it is worth reading, both as forming a fit introduction to the Selections, and from its accuracy, conciseness and grace. One of the tenderest and most touching of laments is the "Dakrue Sol" of the same poet, Mr. Lang's version of which (though probably familiar to some of our readers) we cannot refrain from reproducing:

AT THE GRAVE OF HELIODORA.

Tears for my lady dead—
Heliodore!
Salt tears and strange to shed,
Over and o'er;
Tears to my lady dead,

Love, do we send,
Longed for, remembered,
Lover and friend!
Sad are the songs we sing,
Tears that we shed;
Empty the gifts we bring,
Gifts to the dead!
Go, tears, and go, lament,
Far from her tomb,
Wend where my lady went
Down through the gloom!
Ah! for my flower, my love,
Hades has taken!
Ah! for the dust above
Scattered and shaken!
Mother of blade and grass,
Earth, in thy breast
Lull her that gentlest was
Gently to rest!

Surely, after reading this, the author of "Romantic Love" will not insist that the ancients knew nothing of the passion. Or for another phase of it, let him study this of Agathias as rendered by Miss Strettell:

Since she was watched and could not kiss me closely,
Divine Rhodanthe cast her maiden zone
From off her waist, and holding it thus loosely
By the one end, she put a kiss thereon;
Then I—Love's stream as through a channel taking—
My lips upon the other end did press
And drew the kisses in, while ceaseless making,
Thus from afar, reply to her caress.
So the sweet girdle did beguile our pain,
Being a ferry for our kisses twain.

Here are the closing lines from Mr. Lang's version of the Sidonian Antipater's epigram on Erinna's short-lived music:

Better the swan's song than a windy world
Of rooks in the April sky!

Here is something that Callimachus may have written:
Dead! my firstborn? No! to a better country departed,
Living in happy islands that know no maid so light-hearted.

There thou goest rejoicing along the Elysian pasture—
Soft the flowers around thee—away from every disaster.
Winter nor chills thee, nor summer burns, nor sickness
makes sorry;
Thou nor hungerest more nor thirstest, and robbed of its
glory
Seems to thee now this life of ours, for thou dwellest
securely—
Innocent, there where the rays of Olympus enshallow thee
purely!

The translation is Mr. Hardinge's.

Little Greek girls had their pets, it seems. How suggestive these lines of the Gadarene, as rendered by Dr. Garnett:

Torn from my mother's breast was I while yet
A feeble, unsuspecting leveret,
But Phanion's arms soon taught me to forget
My loss, her nimble, frisky, long-eared pet.
What lavish fare her fondness did provide!
Alas! it was too lavish, and I died.
But she inter me here, her couch beside,
And in her dreams her playmate I abide.

Of ownerless epigrams there are not a few. Here is a compliment to the King of epic poets:

Long Nature travelled, but at last she bore
Homer, then ceased from bearing evermore.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

These stanzas are among the best known in the collection, Plato being the author of the original:

Thou wert the morning star among the living
Ere thy fair light had fled;
Now, having died, thou art as Hesperus, giving
New splendour to the dead.

SHELLEY.

A touching household incident is put in metre by Simmias:

Feebly her arms the dying Gorgo laid
Upon her mother's neck, and weeping said—
"Stay with my sire; and bear instead of me
A happier child, thy age's prop to be."

GOLDWIN SMITH.

In the following lines Mr. Lang, by a happy daring, has combined two epigrams of Rufinus, taking the name from one, the sentiment from another:

GOLDEN EYES.

Ah, Golden Eyes, to win you yet,
I bring mine April coronet
The lovely blossoms of the spring,
For you I weave, to you I bring!
These roses with the lilies wet,
The dewy dark-eyed violet,
Narcissus, and the wind-flower wet,
Wilt thou disdain mine offering.
Ah, Golden Eyes?
Crowned with thy lover's flowers, forget
The pride wherein thy heart is set,
For thou, like these or anything,
Hast but thine hour of blossoming,
Thy spring, and then—the long regret,
Ah, Golden Eyes!

There are many other pieces that we would gladly reproduce if space permitted; but, as the cheapness of the book puts it within reach of every one, we trust our readers will soon have an opportunity of consulting it for themselves. Messrs. Picken & Co., of this city, have all Mr. Walter Scott's publications on sale.

Mail-Time in Muskoka.

A Muskoka day culminates, as it were, at mail-time. Then people rouse for a little from their pleasantly idle, slipping-away existence, remember there is a world outside, and grow eager for news. About the time the steamer is expected stragglers begin to appear on the wharf, the people at the hotel stroll leisurely down and boats head in from outlying camps and cottages. Presently a tooting is heard. The steamer is calling at some island in the vicinity, and a few minutes after she appears round a neighbouring point and makes her way quickly up to the wharf. Then comes a time of brief confusion. The gangway is thrust out, passengers hurry over, luggage is tumbled across, perhaps a boat or canoe makes its appearance suddenly on the shoulders of a couple of the crew, causing a swift division of the crowd, the purser carries out his mail-bags, which he consigns to the hotel-keeper or his deputy, who is in waiting to receive them, there is a cry of all aboard, the gangway is hauled in and the steamer is off again, carrying mails and passengers to another place. Now, the centre of attraction is the post-office, a wooden building to the rear of the hotel, and thither the people betake themselves. The little room, one corner of which is partitioned off and pigeon-holed, is soon filled to overflowing, and knots of patient and impatient waiters gather about the door, or seat themselves on the edge of the verandah near by. Ah! there are the mail-bags at last. The postmaster, generally the hotel-keeper or his clerk, shuts himself into his corner, opens one of them and begins the work of sorting, regardless of the picket of eager eyes peering at him through pigeon-holes and windows. If one could only put a little American promptness, or any other kind of promptness, into him as he pores over addresses in a way that awakens grave doubts as to whether his learning is as unimpeachable as his honesty! Meanwhile the people amuse themselves as best they can. Gay skirmishes of talk break out here and there, drowning the soberer, leaning-against-the-wall conversation of the older folk. A rude counter runs almost across the little place, and on this a lively lady has perched herself, and is bandying repartee with those immediately around her. In a corner, behind the crowd, two young girls seated on a heap of empty sacks are deep in dangerously quiet talk with a young fellow leaning up against the wall beside them. A bevy of girls near the door are whispering together, breaking out into titters as a ruddy-faced old fellow in boating costume pushes his way through them, flinging a jest at one and another as he passes. Motley is the word as far as dress is concerned. There are "tams" tilted over all sorts of faces—old, young, pretty and ugly—fascinating little jockey caps, alas! that the owners do not always merit the adjective; blazers, blue and black and black and scarlet, giving the wearer something the look of a cheerfully striped animal in the crowd; big hats and little hats, flannel suits and blouses, anything, in fact, that taste, fancy or convenience may suggest. And if any one wishes to make a discriminating study of sunburn in its various shades, let him go to Muskoka in the month of August. There he will find it from the first delicate tinge of the newcomer just lightly kissed by the sun to the deep glorious brown of the Muskoka veteran, the man who has been rusticated for months, or the fiery red of the unfortunate who refuses to tan becomingly. What a medley of accents meets the listening ear—now a strain of kindly, comfortable Scotch from the lips of a stout, motherly woman, who has no idea how funny she looks in a big sun-hat tied under her chin; now a dash of brogue, or an unmistakable English accent, making one feel inclined to straighten up and behave with propriety, while from here and there in the crowd comes the drawl and nasal twang, betraying the neighbour from across the line. I was amused at a young American lad who came up to his mother on the outskirts of the throng with the remark, "Sister's in naow, guess we'll have our letters in about hef a second." For the sorting is over it last, and the distribution is just going to begin. It is against the rules for people to help themselves; and yet see, while the postman's back is turned, a brawny arm bare and brown almost to the elbow is thrust through the aperture, reaches swiftly up to an adjacent box, seizes a bundle of letters and papers and is gone like lightning. Any letters for so-and-so, or so-and-so, or so-and-so goes on steadily now for about a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes, followed by the ominous shake of the head or affirmative nod and reaching forth of the precious square of white paper. The fortunate retire for a first quiet read alone, or tearing open their letters on the spot regale their friends with scraps of news, while the disappointed drop off, or, angry and incredulous, prowl about the post office door, confident they saw letters addressed to them in familiar writing, and meditating another attempt when the rush is over. But finally the packet has been gone over for the last time, unclaimed letters are deposited in a drawer, the postmaster leaves his corner, shutting the door behind him, and the mail is ended for that night.

J. E. SMITH.



Queckberner putting the 36 lb. weight.



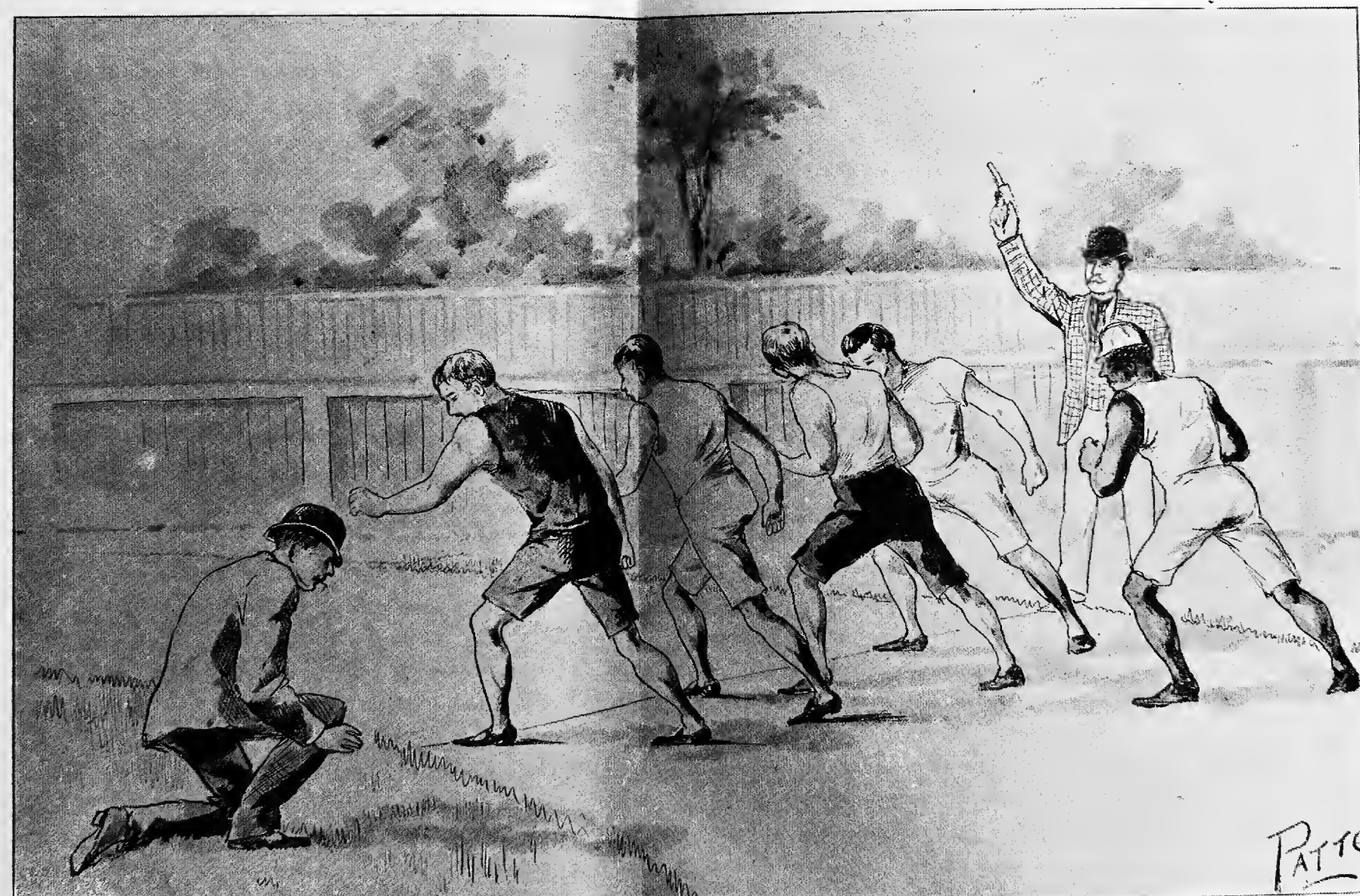
After the Hurdle Race.



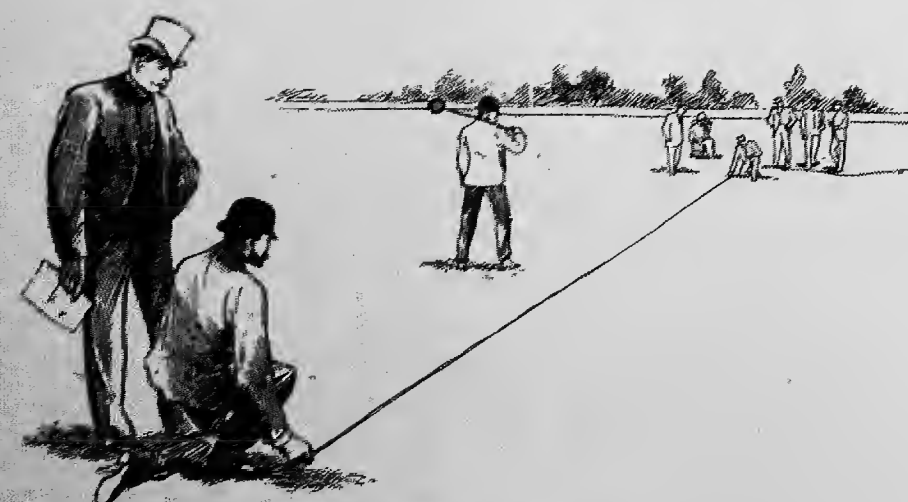
The Pole Leap.



Competitors in three mile walk.



The Start.—Half mile Race.



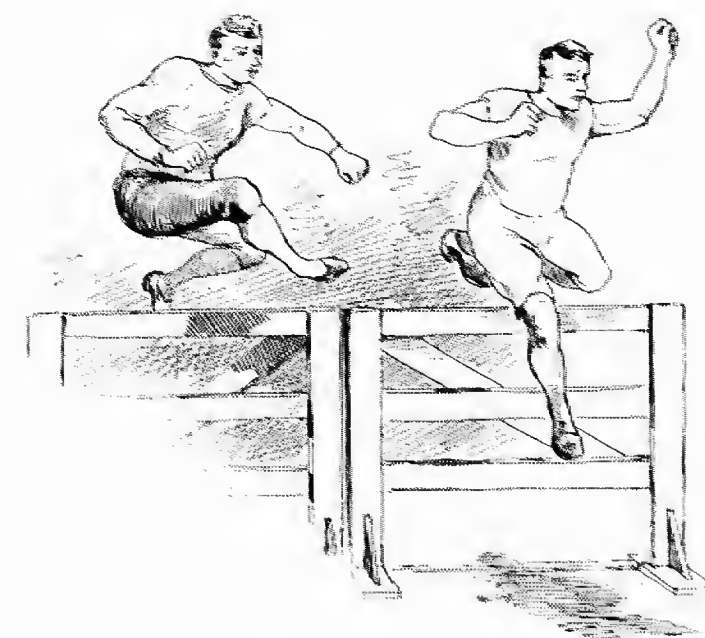
Measuring Mitchell's throw.



Conneff.



Nichols.



The best Race of the Day.

OUR SKETCHES AT THE ANNUAL GAMES OF THE CANADIAN AMATEUR ATHLETIC ASSOCIATIONS. (By our special artists.)



Well, we have seen such games on Saturday last as Canada has never seen before, and although no world's records were smashed, we came so close to it that the old standbys must have felt uncomfortably adjacent to compound comminuted fractures. But it was a very melancholy day for those figures which have been masquerading under the name of Canadian records, and only a few of them will be permitted to still recline on the shelf of oblivion for another year. Before touching on the games proper, a word about the management and arrangements will not be out of place, and although not quite faultless, they were still far ahead of anything ever attempted in this country before. It is true there seemed an overplus of officials, but those who had the real work of the day to do did it well, with one exception, and that was the starter. Now, this position is about as difficult a one as there is to fill, although it might not appear so to the spectator who has no practical experience; but let him get out on the track with three or four of the best sprinters in the world, who know every trick to beat the pistol, and to whom an infinitesimal part of a second may mean the race, then only will be appreciated the fact that the starter's life is not a happy one. Under these circumstances, Mr. Fletcher should not be censured too severely. He certainly kept the men too long on the mark; but the object was obviously the good one of not having a fair starter suffer. The competitors soon discovered this when they lost heats by being set back, and there were a good many false starts. The really good starters can be numbered on the fingers, and it is often difficult to obtain their services; but for games of the importance of last Saturday's, some effort should be made to get one of these few men, even at considerable expense. He would be known by the competitors, who would thus be less likely to take chances and the send-offs would be fairer. Another thing which in the future the committee of management will likely look after is the raised circle for the 50 lb. weight. It looks a decided hindrance to the thrower, and one of the competitors objected to it, his contention being that the circle should be either a chalk line or wood flash with the ground. It certainly seemed to hamper Queckberner, who demonstrated the correctness of his assertion by making a difference of three feet in his throws when surrounded by the raised ring and when behind the chalk mark. Then the track was in as good condition as could be wished for, and although the atmosphere was a little on the chilly side for marvellous performances, it could have been much worse. Under such auspicious conditions and with such a collection of the best known athletes on the continent, it is not to be wondered at that this meeting eclipsed its predecessors.

The disappointing part of the day was the very small number of Canadians taking part and the consistent way in which they avoided winning anything. Those who did take part cannot be blamed for not keeping at least one championship in the country. They were in too fast company. But it seems a strange thing that with such associations as the M.A.A.A., the Ottawa A.A.C., the Toronto club, not to speak of many smaller clubs, the showing made on the entry list should be so miserably meagre. The result came dangerously near a whitewashing, as out of the twenty-eight medals which were distributed, only two seconds went to Canadians, namely, Carr, of Toronto, and Mackintosh, of Halifax. I would not be a bit surprised if one of these days these gentlemen should be found wearing either the cherry diamond or the winged foot, as Mr. Geo. Gray, of Coldwater, Ont., is doing at present. I hope such will not be case; but it is a way these Big New York clubs have; and, as it is one continuous struggle for supremacy between them, they never miss an opportunity of securing any promising athlete. They had a close finish between them on Saturday in their point competition, the Manhattan winning by one point, the score standing:—M.A.C., 49; N.Y.A.C., 48. Their method of calculating is:—Five points for a first, three for a second, and one for a third. This makes a total of 126 points, of which 97 were captured between them, 12 going to Detroit, and the other 17 being divided between Halifax, Boston, Salford, Toronto, Montreal and St. Gabriel.

	M.A.C.	N.Y.A.C.	Detroit.
Hundred yards.....	3	0	6
Putting shot.....	3	5	0
Two miles.....	6	0	0
Pole leap.....	1	8	0
220 yards.....	0	1	5
Throwing 56 lb.	3	5	0
High jump.....	5	3	0
Three mile walk.....	8	0	0
Half-mile run.....	3	5	0
120 yards hurdle.....	3	5	1
Throwing hammer.....	3	5	0
Quarter mile.....	5	3	0
Broad jump.....	0	8	0
One mile.....	6	0	0
Total points.....	49	48	12

These point competitions, which are for the Bailey, Banks and Biddle plaque, are not influenced by the marks made in the Canadian championship games, but they were eagerly watched, for all that, as a guide to what might be looked for at the A. A. U. championships, which will be held in Washington on October 11. The plaque is at present held by the New York Athletic Club, and if it were not for a streak of very hard luck there is scarcely a doubt that this trophy, which represents the amateur athletic supremacy of the country would still be held by the "winged foot." When Shirrell sprained a tendon at Travers' Island that took away a good many points from his club. Lee, who was last year's 220 champion, is on the Pacific Coast, while a sprained arm will keep Baxter from winning the pole vault. The services of Walter Dohm will also be missed in the quarter and half, and from this it would appear that the M.A.C. will come out ahead, but it will be only after a hard struggle, and there will be very little difference in points. Up to the present time Manhattan is four points in the lead, and after the Washington meeting the probabilities are that these figures will not be materially altered.

Great things were expected from the Salford Harriers, but as far as results were concerned our English friends were a disappointment, only Morton being placed in any of the events; but then it should be remembered that they had just crossed the ocean and had not found their land legs yet. By the time they have competed in Detroit and Chicago they ought to be in good shape to be heard from at the championships, although they have to do a lot of travelling, which does not materially help an athlete. Morton is a particularly graceful runner, hardly touches the path, and looks as if in proper condition he could keep it up for a year, and I think he will give some of the distance men a close call before he is finished.

The final in the 100 yards would have been more interesting if Carr had not got himself disqualified for false starting, although the result would likely have been the same, as far as first place is concerned. The 120 yards hurdles was, perhaps, the most exciting of the day, an extra heat having to be run off between Copeland and Williams, the judges having decided the final a dead heat. Why this was so is best known to themselves, as certainly Copeland breasted the worsted first. It was a grand race, however. Williams does not clear the hurdles with the grace of Copeland, and knocks some of them down, but that does not seem to interfere with his speed, and he has tremendous pace for the last dash. Since Copeland hurt his ankle in Toronto last year he seems never to have got quite back to his old form. The Detroit club have a treasure in Owens, who beat the Canadian record in the 220 sprint by a full second. The quarter mile was somewhat of a disappointment, as everybody thought that the M.A.A.A. crack, Waldron, would at least get a place, but he was only a poor third; he spurted too soon and was out of it. The half mile was simply a gift to Downs. After Paris had won at the M.A.A.A. games many of his friends thought he would make some kind of a showing, but he made a poor third. With judicious training better things might be expected from the St. Gabriel representative, for he has a lot of speed, especially at the start, but seems to want bottom. There was practically nothing in the mile but George, although Mackintosh, of the Halifax Wanderers, ran a good second and in surprisingly good form, too. In the two miles there was some disappointment, as a fine struggle had been looked forward to between Conneff and Day, but the latter was taken with a stitch and had to quit, leaving Conneff to practically finish alone. The three mile walk saw another record broken, and in the field events both hammer, shot and 56 lbs. received new marks, but the vaulting and jumping did not come up to previous performances. Following is a condensed summary:

100 yards—John Owen, Detroit A. C., 1; L. Carey, M.A.C., 2. Time, 10 1-5 secs.
220 yards—John Owens, Detroit A. C., 1; H. D. Carr, Toronto Lacrosse club, 2. Time, 22 2-5 secs.
120 yards hurdle—H. L. Williams, N.Y.A.C., 1; A. F. Copeland, M.A.C., 2. Time, 16 secs.
440 yards—M. Remington, M.A.C., 1; W. C. Downs, N.Y.A.C., 2. Time, 59 3-5 seconds.
Half-mile—W. C. Downs, N.Y.A.C., 1; J. S. Roddy, M.A.C., 2. Time, 1 min. 59 1-2 secs.
One mile—A. B. George, M.A.C., 1; H. W. Mackintosh, Wanderers, Halifax, 2. Time, 4 min. 29 4-5 secs.
Two miles—T. P. Conneff, M.A.C., 1; W. H. Morton, Salford Harriers, 2. Time, 9 min. 34 3-5 secs.
Three mile walk—C. L. Nicoll, M.A.C., 1; E. D. Lange, M.A.C., 2. Time, 22 min. 12 4-5 secs.
Running high jump—R. K. Fritchard, M.A.C., 5 feet 8 in., 1; C. T. Wiegand, N.Y.A.C., 5 feet 7 in., 2.
Broad jump—A. A. Jordan, N.Y.A.C., 21 feet 3 3/4 in., 1; C. T. Wiegand, N.Y.A.C., 21 feet 2 3/4 in., 2.
Pole vault—A. A. Jordan, N.Y.A.C., 10 feet 4 in., 1; E. D. Ryder, N.Y.A.C., 10 feet, 2.
Putting the shot—Geo. R. Gray, N.Y.A.C., 43 feet 7 1/4 in., 1; C. A. J. Queckberner, M.A.C., 39 ft. 6 1/2 in., 2.
Throwing 56 lb. weight—J. S. Mitchell, N.Y.A.C., 30 feet 6 1/4 in., 1; C. A. J. Queckberner, M.A.C., 29 feet 3 3/4 in., 2.
Throwing 16 lb. hammer—J. S. Mitchell, N.Y.A.C., 127 feet 11 in.; C. A. J. Queckberner, M.A.C., 120 feet 6 in., 2.

The Canadian championships will be held next year in Toronto, and the following will be the officers: Presi-

dent, Captain J. C. McGee, Q. O. R.; first vice-president, P. D. Ross, Ottawa A. A.; second vice president, H. W. Becket, M.A.A.A.; secretary, George Higginbottom; treasurer, H. E. Sewell, Toronto Lacrosse club. Committee—W. Bellingham, W. T. Kendall, Inspector Starke, John Murray, J. Pearson, A. C. Macdonell, C. W. Martin, W. J. Cleghorn and J. Dymna.

The Fall meeting of the Ontario Jockey Club was somewhat of a surprise to the Western men, who saw all the purses except one fall to Montreal horses. Woodbine track had at least 3,000 people on the stand last Saturday, and that is a small turnout when the brilliant crowds of the Spring meeting at the same place are remembered. Torontonians will patronize horse racing, and not even the fact of seeing all the fat prizes going to Montreal will make them desist. The Dawes stables were almost in the zenith of their luck, capturing four out of the six races, all there were entries for, while the Pytcheley stables won the selling race. The only event that was captured in the West was the steeplechase, in which the gallant little Mackenzie, with top weight, and carrying Mr. Loudon, started out to make the pace, kept at it all the way and finished as he pleased. The little difficulty about starting the last race ought to be a lesson to gentlemen to let the officials appointed for this purpose, who usually know something about starting, attend to their own business. If a gentleman with Mr. Stanton's experience cannot get the horses away, it is not all likely that he will be materially assisted by three or four others, who assume to take matters into their hands. Mr. Butler was at the same old tricks again, and was called to the judges' stand and warned. It seems to take a lot of warning to have any effect on this jockey, and after his recent experience at Bel-Air and Woodbine, judges, at least in Canada, might do worse than keeping a very wide open eye on him. The cash handicap was a splendid race, and the time came pretty near being a Canadian record for the mile and a quarter—2.12. This was Redfellow's race, but he only managed to get his head in front of Lordlike at the post after hard punishment. Zea carried Mr. Dawes' colors to the front in two events—the Trial stakes and the \$250 purse, in both of which the game little filly held her own easily. Belle of Orange, when she got to going, galloped off with the Juvenile stakes with two lengths to spare.

The great road race between the Toronto Bicycle club and the Wanderers was no child's play. There were 50 miles of hard riding to be done, and the attempt tried the grit and nerve of every man who rode. It also proved that no matter what the reputation of a rider may be he cannot compete with a less speedy man if not in condition. With all things being equal as regards physical trim, there is scarcely a doubt that the result would have been in favour of the Wanderers, as the ten men sent out to represent the club are racers every one of them, and record holders most of them. That is the reason why the defeated team were such favourites before the race. On the other hand, the Torontos had not quite so much reputation for speed, but they had confidence in their staying powers and their strength, and they took no chances about not being in condition. Now, the Wanderers, with the exception of three or four, were in no condition at all; it was not a case of the tortoise and the hare, exactly, but there were some very similar features in both stories. As one Toronto authority puts it—it was a battle of endurance against reputation, and endurance won by the comfortable majority of sixteen points. The Wanderers' crack rider, Foster, fell from his wheel exhausted. He was assisted to remount, but fainted as he finished. Capt. Gerrie also had a fainting spell, but he finished in eighth place, and most of the other riders were pretty well used up. The course was on the Kingston road, starting from the top of Norway Hill, to Highland Creek and return. This course was gone over twice, and every point of vantage was occupied by wheelmen and vehicles of all descriptions, while at different points the partisans of both clubs were thickly scattered and supplied with refreshments for the exhausted riders and tools to repair an injured wheel. The following table will tell the story of the race better than any description:

	Torontos.	Wanderers.	Time.
1—Nasmith.....	20	..	2.52
2—McClelland.....	19	..	2.58
3—Robins.....	18	..	2.59
4—Wilson.....	..	17	2.59 1/2
5—Hurdall.....	16	..	3.01
6—Hunter.....	..	15	3.06
7—Darby.....	..	14	3.07
8—Gerrie.....	..	13	3.07
9—Miln.....	12	..	3.10 1/2
10—Whitnough.....	11	..	3.11
11—Bulley.....	10	..	3.13 1/2
12—Foster.....	..	9	3.13 1/2
13—Brimer.....	..	8	3.15
14—Doll.....	..	7	3.20
15—Harstone.....	..	6	3.22
16—Bert Brown.....	..	5	3.25
17—Fisk Johnston.....	4	..	3.25 1/2
18—Shaw.....	..	3	3.26 1/2
19—Chandler.....	2
20—West.....	1

Majority for Toronto, 16, 113 97

The Capitals during the past season have been praised beyond their merits as regards their prowess on the field. In fact they have been looked upon as able to whip anything outside of the very best. It was even said that the senior Ottawas were afraid to meet them. Then the Crescents were to have a match with them, but apparently the Crescents had not reputation enough to play with the Capitals, so they arranged a match with the Shamrocks, and they received a very marked defeat from a senior team with a couple of juniors playing. The score of three to two looks fairly favourable, but it does not show the merits of the match, because the Shamrocks had much the best of the play all the way through. There has been some talk of the Capitals attempting to enter the senior league next season. I would advise them to stay just where they are for a little while, after seeing Saturday's match. They are not in the same class with the senior clubs now playing, and even if they were, it is very doubtful if Ottawa is big enough to support two teams.

Well, the Cornwalls have had a pretty straight string of victories in the league series, having suffered only one defeat and that at the hands of the Torontos. They wound up their season by putting a coat of whitewash on the Ottawas that will be as hard to get off as are tar and feathers. On Saturday Cornwall undoubtedly was the better team; that goes without saying; but it was not so much better that Ottawa should not have scored at all. Here is just where perseverance tells. The visitors saw they were beaten when Cornwall had scored three games; they knew their case was hopeless, and they completely lost heart. It is the uphill fight and the forlorn hope that indicates grit and nerve. These qualities the Ottawas did not seem to possess, so they quietly went to pieces and played without heart or vim. Result—six to nothing. The sticks can now be packed away till the spring. The men from under the shade of the Parliament Buildings started out fairly well, but their ending has been inglorious. However, they have one consolation, and that is, that there are two clubs behind them in the race.

The decision arrived at by the committee of delegates representing the senior league clubs, was not altogether an unexpected one, and it was not altogether a logical one either, because, without splitting hairs, it would appear that if the date of one match might be changed so might another. But the committee thought otherwise. The meeting was simply to decide on the letter of protest from the Shamrock club, requesting that the Montreal and Cornwall clubs be ordered not to play an exhibition match on the same day as a championship match. But, as the Shamrocks had postponed their match outside of what the committee thought the regular season, it was decided that the Montreal and Cornwall clubs could play their match. There are enough people in Montreal to patronize two senior struggles, and it is probable that both will have a fair share.

The Junior League series is over and the Hawthornes are the proud possessors of the championship. Comparatively little attention has been paid to these junior matches, but to those who only think it worth their while to attend the star games, I would say that they have missed some good lacrosse. A more experienced club is liable to funk a little when the odds are away against them, but these juniors have a sort of faculty of never knowing when they are whipped, and their matches are as close, and sometimes more exciting than senior ones. The Junior Championship series developed into a splendid struggle between the Athletics and the Hawthornes; both teams only lost one match during the season and that was to each other. The result was naturally a tie, which was played off on Saturday. Both clubs mustered in their strength, and such a lacrosse match was played as would do credit to older players. But the Hawthornes were just a shade too much for the Athletics, and with a score of three to one, the former carried off the Junior League honours of the season.

The plan of giving lacrosse clubs trips after the season is over is one that is thoroughly enjoyed by the players, and is only a small reward after the hard work of a season. It is understood that both the Shamrocks and Montrealers are endeavouring to arrange dates in some of the leading cities of the United States. The Montrealers will in all likelihood look for the same pleasant route which they travelled three or four years ago, namely: From Montreal straight to Washington, back to Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, Boston, and thence home to Montreal. What the route of the Shamrock club will be has not yet been decided; in fact, in neither tours have definite arrangements been made, but it is probable that the wearers both of the green and the grey will have an autumn outing.

Toronto, notwithstanding its excellence in lacrosse and aquatic, has of late years been considerably behind the times in the matter of athletics; but it looks just now as if a new era was about to begin. Else why should such a shrewd business man as Mr. McConnell, of Toronto, spend \$10,000 in fixing up the old baseball grounds, so that they can be used for all athletic purposes. He promises to have as good a cinder path as money can procure and a gymnasium that will be equally useful in winter or summer. Toronto needs an institution of this sort, and it is altogether likely that Mr. McConnell's new venture will be duly appreciated.

There has been considerable discussion as to the merits of the kite-shaped track, but there can be only one opinion as to its adaptability for producing speed. The track at Kankakee, Ill., is particularly fortunate, as it remained for it to be the territory where Axtell's great record was broken, Nelson doing the mile in not the most favourable of conditions in 2.11½, which just knocks half a second off the old record. Owners with stallions anxious to get a low mark of course flock to such a track. There is one thing strange about it—that this shaped course should not have been utilized before. For years the effete old Dutchmen in Amsterdam have recognized the pattern as the easiest for fast work in skating, but it is only recently that horsemen have thought fit to adopt it. Verily, there is something to be learned from the old world yet.

The pneumatic tire seems to be playing the mischief with all calculations as to speed, and even the horsemen, who are accustomed to split seconds at the quarters, are getting uneasy as to the time when the bicycle fiend will look over his shoulder as he leaves behind the crack equine with a mark of 2.17 or less. Even Mr. Bonner, that most enthusiastic admirer of the trotting horse, has acknowledged that in any distance over three miles the wheel can give the trotter a lot of allowance and beat him. The wonderful work of Willie Windle at Peoria astonished the horsemen, when, from a standing start, he covered the half in 1.10 3-5, but the pace made by Laurie for one quarter at Charter Oak Park was 31 secs., a 2.04 gait. There is a good deal of food for thought in these few figures, and there are quite a number of people who think that even for the mile there are not many years to come before the wheel will overtake the mark of the Queen of the Turf.

Bicycling records are still being hammered away at and nobody can tell when this smashing is going to stop. A despatch from London says that several more marks were laid away on the shelf for broken things last week. Every mark from 6 miles up to 22 miles was lowered, the latter distance being done in 59 min. 6 1-5 secs. The 50 miles has also been ridden in 2 hours 38 minutes 3 seconds, being 54 seconds better than the previous best time. The 100 mile tricycling record has been reduced to 6 hours 40 minutes 22 seconds, while in 12 hours' continuous riding 164 miles was covered, being 5½ miles better than the previous record.

There seems hardly a doubt now but that next year will see the most representative team of American cricketers cross the Atlantic. Mr. Crowhurst, who was in England looking after the interests of the All-American Eleven, has returned home and speaks in the most sanguine way of his reception in England. The arrangements are that three matches will be played with England, one each with the Gentleman Players, North and South of England, Oxford and Cambridge Universities, all the first-class counties, and several of the second-class teams to fill in the complete list. The Americans have also been invited to visit the Antipodes, and it would not be out of the range of probabilities if the invitation were accepted.

Long distance paddling races may next be looked for as a regular institution. The short distances that have heretofore represented superiority with the double or single blade have to a certain extent become monotonous, and in canoeing, as in everything else, the cracks are turning their attention to tests of endurance. Two Bradford tandems had a twelve-mile race on Tuesday last. Messrs. F. Bloomfield and A. Frank comprised one crew, which beat Messrs. F. Frank and A. Mackenzie. It must have been a remarkable race to have only two canoe lengths difference at the finish in such a long stretch.

The M. A. A. Chess club met on Tuesday evening, when the principal business was the election of officers, which resulted as follows:—President, Mr. C. H. Levin; first vice-president, Mr. C. A. Jacques; second vice-president, Mr. L. J. Smith; secretary-treasurer, Mr. G. Falconer; committee—Messrs. W. J. Anderson, J. W. Shaw, J. D. Cameron, C. W. Lindsay and P. Barry.

The Rugby football season practically opened in Hamilton on Saturday last, when a friendly match was played between the Hams and the Y.M.C.A. If anything can be judged from the form shown in this match, the Hamiltons will be easy victims to the more experienced and heavier fiftens they will be obliged to meet this fall. There is some good material, but it is a little of the light order, and that is a big drawback, especially among the rushers.

Three years in succession has Mr. P. D. Ross won the Lansdowne silver tankard for single sculls, and the handsome trophy is now his personal property. No more genuine sportsman ever sat in a boat than Phil, as he is familiarly known, and, his hosts of friends both in Ontario and Quebec will congratulate him.

The Toronto Hunt Club races will have no sprints at the annual meeting on October 11th, the shortest distance being the mile and a furlong in the Hunter's flat.

R. O. N.

Rudyard Kipling.

Rudyard Kipling writes for men, not women, and for full-grown men at that. Occasionally an Indian native is his theme, but generally it is Tommy Atkins he delights in presenting. Just as Dumas made his "Mousquetaires," so has Kipling created those three "genial blackguards"—Mulvaney, Ortheria, and Learoyd. Jolly companions are they, and fast friends, and when they are in a campaign there is the deuce to pay. Mr. Kipling has a way of writing which makes his work as sharp and clear as is the click of a breech-loader when you work the mechanism, and as to the effect of his short sentences, they crack like the discharge of a Martini. The three Tommies have little of the Achilles about them, nor are they exactly Hector. They are real fighting soldiers, primitive men, and as soldiers should be, that is, as gun-firing or bayonet-plunging creatures, they know best the physical, not the sentimental, part of life. Mulvaney tells his stories with a swing and a go to them. He is an Irish impressionist in words, and a true hero. "The Man Who Was" is the saddest history of a fallen creature that we ever read. God knows whether there is or is not a germ of truth in the story of an English officer held prisoner by the Russians and sent to exile in Siberia, and whipped and scourged until all the manliness had been weltered out of him. There is exceeding cleverness in this one sentence of Kipling's: "It is only when he (the Russian) insists upon being treated as the most Easternly of Western peoples, instead of the most Westernly of Easterns, that he becomes a racial anomaly extremely difficult to handle. The host never knows which side of his nature is going to turn up next." "Without Benefit of Clergy," the romance of the love of an Englishman for a native girl, is enchanting in grace and shows how delicate this talented author can be when the poetical humour is on him. A difficult subject has been treated with uncommon nicety. In the last story, Mulvaney assumes the rôle of the god worshipped at the shrine, and, true to his character, he could not help but sing to his dusky worshippers:

"Only say
You'll be Mrs. Brallaghan,
Don't say nay
Charmin' Judy Callaghan."

Then the climax is reached.

Mr. Andrew Lang writes a highly-polished and lustrous preface to "The Courting of Dinah Shadd," but it has that hard, iridescent sheen which belongs to mother of pearl. Mr. Lang is not the least in sympathy with that roystering youngster who wrote "The Taking of Lung-tungen." Mr. Lang never, probably, could be made to appreciate what was "a scutt," applied to a human being, any more than could "the Mother Superior of a convent."

A very extraordinary and original person is this young gentleman from Bombay, and what he has written so far is quite likely to leave its impress on the method of writing fiction to-day. Slang! Why, soldiers' argot flavours as does an onion the Mulvaney mouth, but, then, every now and then there drops from those onion and tobacco lips a pearl of price. Mr. Lang doubts whether Europe is the place for Mr. Kipling. "There are other continents in which I can imagine that his genius would find a more exhilarating air and more congenial materials." If Mr. Lang means that the author of "The Courting of Dinah Shadd" and a thousand other stories would be more at home in the United States than in Great Britain, Mr. Lang shows his acumen. Let, then, Mulvaney "disperse himself most notoriously in several volumes," for the American public is quite prepared to understand him.—N.Y. Times.

The Sacred Books of the World.

These are the Koran of the Mohammedans, the Tri Pitakes of the Buddhists, the Five Kings of the Chinese, the three Vedas of the Hindus, the Zendavesta of the Persians, and the Scriptures of the Christians.

The Koran is the most recent, dating from about the seventh century after Christ. It is a compound of quotations from both the Old and New Testaments, and from the Talmud.

The Tri Pitakes contain sublime morals and pure aspirations. Their author lived and died in the sixth century before Christ.

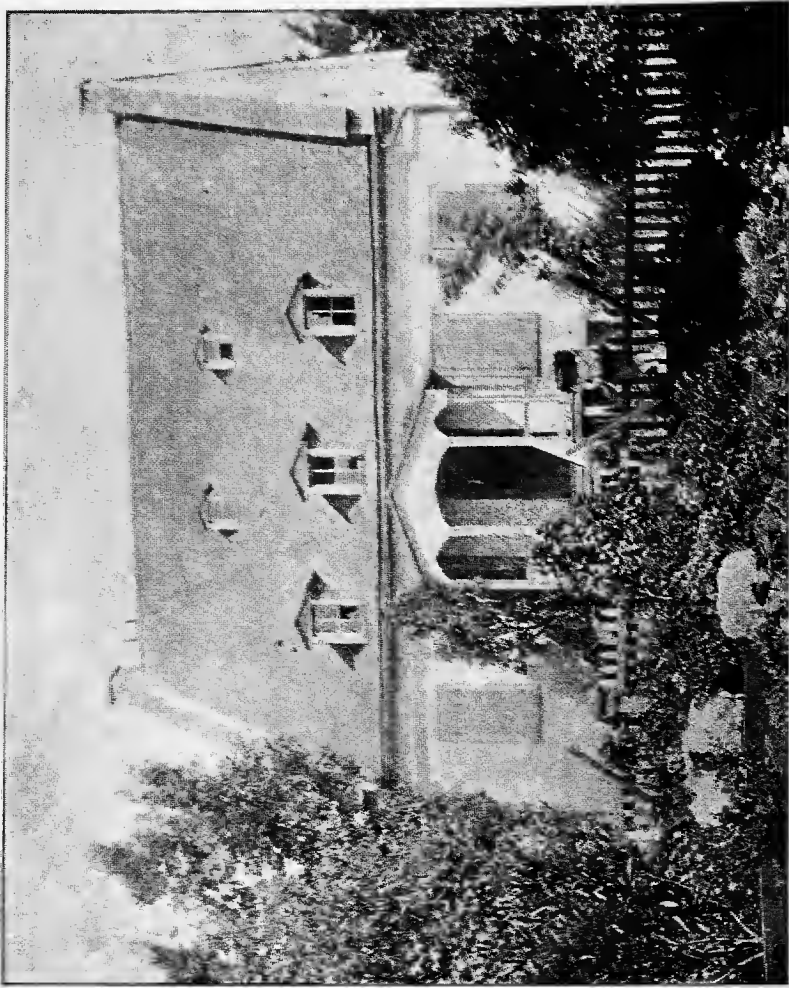
The sacred writings of the Chinese are called the Five Kings, the word "kings" meaning web of cloth. From this it is presumed that they were originally written on five rolls of cloth. They contain wise sayings from the sages, on the duties of life, but they cannot be traced further back than the eleventh century before our era.

The Vedas are the most ancient books in the language of the Hindus, but they do not, according to late commentators, antedate the twelfth century before Christ.

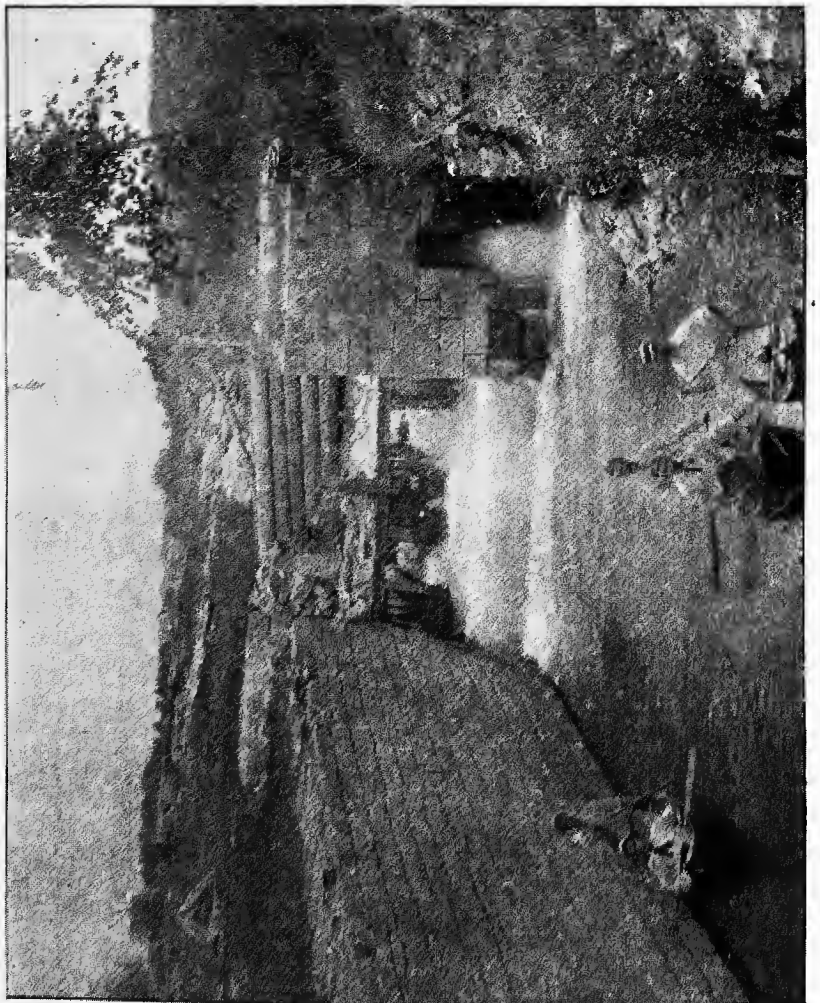
The Zendavesta of the Persians, next to our Bible, is reckoned among scholars as being the greatest and most learned of the sacred writings. Zoroaster, whose sayings it contains, lived and worked in the twelfth century before Christ.

Moses lived and wrote the Pentateuch fifteen hundred years before the birth of the meek and lowly Jesus; therefore, that portion of our Bible is at least three hundred years older than the most ancient of other sacred writings.

The Eddas, a semi-sacred work of the Scandinavians, was first given to the world in the fourteenth century, A.D.

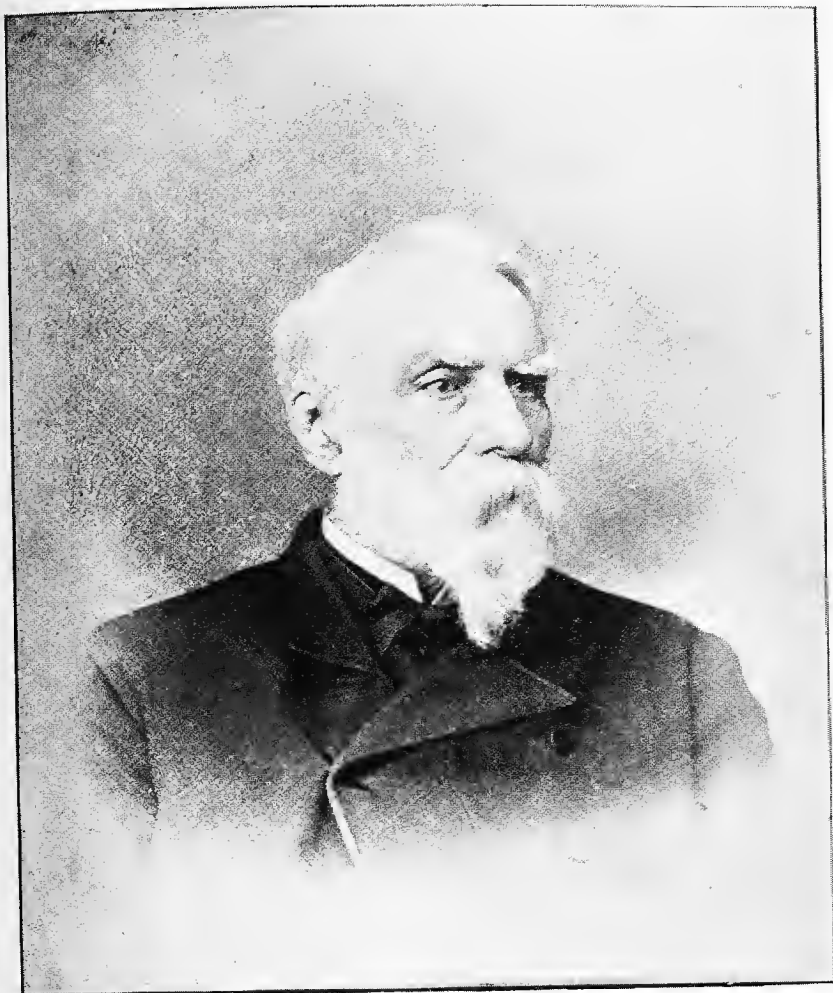


House occupied by Moore, the poet.
Ruins near residence of Hon. Mr. Abbott.

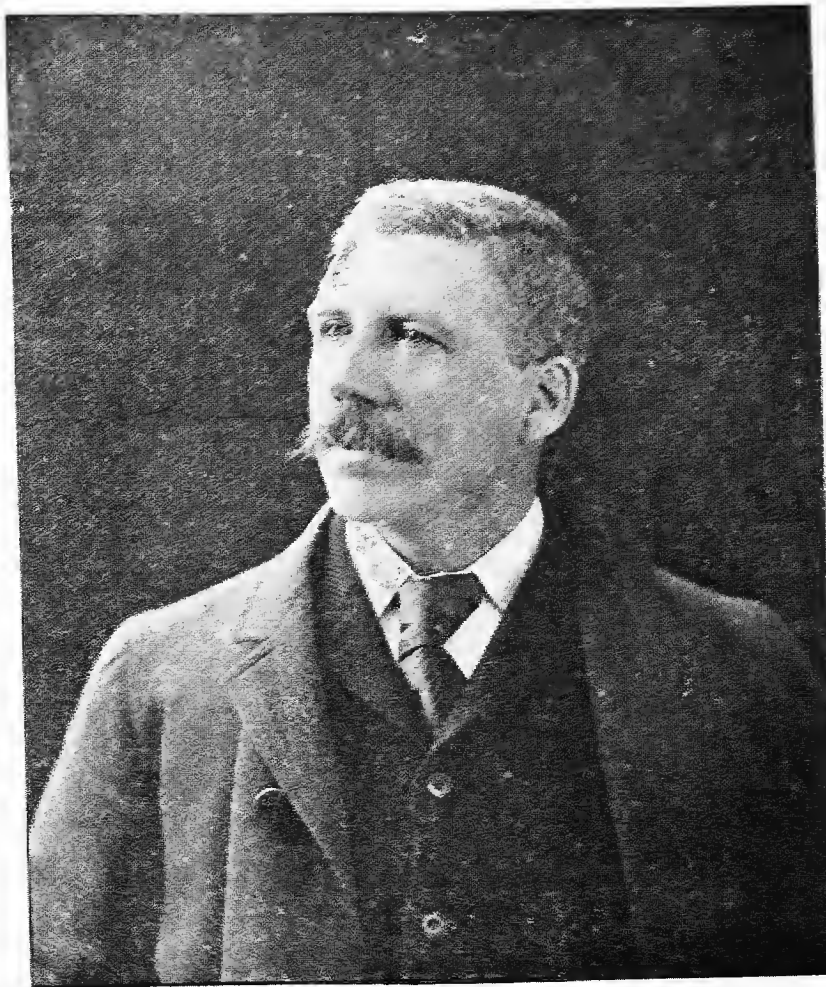


Remains of Old French Fort.
The old canal.

VIEWS AT STE. ANNE'S, P.Q. (Photos. supplied by J. R. Gardiner, '91.)



W. KINGSFORD Esq., C. E., LL. D.



WM. WHYTE, Esq.



HAY-MAKING NEAR SALTCOATS, ASSINIBOIA.

In the Jungle.

The rainy season was well advanced when we started on our return journey from the beautiful little hill station of P. in the Central Provinces. A steady downpour of rain had been falling for days, shrouding the mountain tops in an impenetrable curtain of fog and drenching everything. Many of the bungalows in the station were closed and remantless, as the first rainfall was the signal for the English officers and their families to return to the plains. Therefore, the neat, well-kept little sanatorium presented somewhat of the aspect of Goldsmith's "Deserted Village."

Our travelling conveyance was of the ordinary kind in use in India—a large covered waggon drawn by a pair of stout Indian bullocks. Our driver, who was perched on his seat in front, wrapped in his coarse blanket, was a stolid-looking Hindoo, who occasionally spoke to his oxen in a tone of brotherly admonition; but when we urged him to mend their slow pace he relapsed into the most provoking indifference. We had to cross a shallow river on our route, and we were anxious to reach the stream before nightfall, but the more vehemently we urged him to hasten the more sullen he became, until we were fain to desist and let him have his own way entirely.

As we slowly descended the spiral mountain road, the rain ceased, and we caught glimpses through the trees of what seemed like some terrestrial paradise, or a fairy scene in the panorama of cloudland. The magnificent landscape was partially veiled by the blue curtain of mist, but this slowly lifted, and we obtained a momentary glimpse of distant, lofty mountain peaks, bathed in golden sunlight. A narrow, shining thread like a silver ribbon, showed the course of the river, as it wound through the valley; while the mountain slopes were covered with the richest, softest verdure. Sometimes our road wound through the thicket where gigantic creepers twined around the forest giants, and tree ferns in abundance covered the branches. Wild flowers perfumed the air, and mountain brooklets trickled musically over dainty velvet mosses and delicate ferns. Far away the shrill clarion of the hillcock, or the song of the mountaineer, awoke the woodland solitude and echoed from range to range with strange distinctness in the still, clear air.

The shadows were beginning to lengthen when we left the small wayside bungalow at the foot of the hill, where we had halted, and there were still five miles to traverse ere we reached the river, so that the short day was closing in the darkness of night when we came within sight of the stream, where the native boatmen were waiting to take us across. It was as we feared, however. The Hindoos informed us that the river was so shallow it would be impossible to cross that night. Here was a dilemma. We entreated them to make the effort, and they complied so far as to shove the boat out into the river. We hoped that we still might be able to cross, when, to our dismay, the little craft grated upon the sand, and finally stuck fast, notwithstanding the efforts of the boatmen. Night in an Indian jungle, on a frail river boat, while at any moment the rain might pour down in torrents! To make the matter worse, our boatmen were deserting us and returning to the shore. We expostulated with them on such conduct, and the offer of extra pay for their services brought them back. The oxen had been allowed to swim to the other side, and it was suggested that they should be brought back, and, our conveyance being made ready, we could ride across the shallow stream. This was done, but when we had taken our seats preparatory to a fresh start, the tired oxen, wearied with their already long journey, utterly refused to stir. Were ever unfortunate travellers in a worse plight? We had about given up in despair when a bright thought occurred to our boatmen. They could carry us over one by one. We were ready to grasp at a straw, and we consented to this novel mode of transit.

Wet and weary, we were landed safely on the opposite bank, but we had still many miles of lonely road to traverse ere we reached the nearest railway station, and we must journey on or pass the night in the jungle.

After waiting about an hour, and having procured a fresh team, we again started on our journey. The full moon had now risen, and we jogged slowly along, little dreaming of the dangers yet in store for us. The creaking of the ox-cart or the voice of the driver speaking to his team, were all the sounds we heard for many miles, as the road skirted the jungle all the way. We were drowsy with fatigue and little inclined for conversation with each other, but we were suddenly roused by the oxen coming to a dead halt, and before we could inquire the cause of the stoppage the driver put his face close to the little window and said in a stage whisper to one of my travelling companions: "A tiger, Mem Sahib." The horrors of that night had culminated in a new danger; for, crouching on the roadside, within a few feet of the oxen was a full-grown tiger, plainly discernible in the moonlight. No sound escaped us. We were dumb with terror, especially as the driver was in a most perilous position on his seat outside, and any instant the tiger might spring upon the oxen, while the poor animals stood trembling in every limb.

At length, with the graceful movements peculiar to the tiger he bounded across the little nullah on the roadside and again crouched, eyeing us suspiciously, while we watched his every movement with breathless interest. After alternately running and crouching for some distance, he gave one more look towards us, then cantered gracefully away into the jungle, leaving us to breathe freely, thanking God for our deliverance from the ferocious beast. We scarcely knew how the remainder of the journey passed

until we found ourselves safely lodged in the travellers' bungalow, whence we were to start next morning by rail for our station up country.

TARA.

Traveling in Ceylon.

At five o'clock my equipage was announced—a native two-wheeled cart without springs, built of the wood of the coconut palm, the broad leaves interlaced forming a roof, excellent for shade, but unreliable as a protection from the rain. Within strewn leaves made a seat by day, a couch by night.

A quantity of necessary impedimenta were slung beneath the cart. Item: a large bag of rice and some loaves of bread. Item: two coops containing a number of live fowls. Item: a great pot, a couple of chatties, and a few cooking utensils. Besides these provisions I carried a small private hoard—a flask of brandy, a bottle of doubtful port wine, a tin of cocoa, a pot of jam. The cart was drawn by two bullocks, yoked together, the reins passing through their nostrils.

Of my two servants the driver was the more distinguished, as became his maturer years. The cook did not lean to the side of extravagance in dress—it consisted only of an ancient strip of cloth round his loins—whereas his elder wore in addition a venerable wisp of ragged fringed shawl over his shoulders, and a dirty cloth wound about his head added importance to his stature. Both wore gold earrings, and the liberal use of oil, with which their black skins shone, amply compensated for the dirt beneath.

In point of linguistic accomplishments my driver was first, I second, and the cook a bad third, as he—poor fellow!—knew only his own language. I stood firmly by one word of the greatest usefulness, viz., *shurika*—make haste—while the driver proudly addressed me as "sare," and could say "yes" and "no." With regard to two words we met on common ground—the one "currie," the other "cheroot," for our word comes from the Tamil verb "cherooto"—to roll, together—referring to the manipulation of the tobacco leaf.

Dressed in a flannel shirt and trousers, with a light helmet on my head and white umbrella in my hand to protect me from the sun, I led the van on foot. Kangaroo leggings served me as a protection against land leeches, whose terrible attack on the traveller through the jungle is only made known by the blood trickling down his legs. So small as to be unnoticed, these little pests scent the wayfarer afar off, and, springing upon him in dozens, crawl up his extremities and fasten on his flesh. Any attempt to pull them off makes them cling the tighter, but they are amenable to tobacco smoke.—*The Gentleman's Magazine*.

A Paddle Up Shadow River, Muskoka.

The entrance to Shadow River is very unobtrusive. The eye searching round that part of the lakeshore might easily overlook it altogether, and when in answer to the question "Where is it?" a modest strip of green rushes is pointed out, not far from the little settlement of Rousseau, one is conscious of a feeling of disappointment. What! that Shadow River, so praised by tourists, one of the notable features of Muskoka scenery! Why, seen from the outside, it seems scarcely to deserve the name of river, but looks much more like a stream or even a marshy cut into the country. I started on my exploring trip while the sun was still high, as I had been told a little sunlight on the water helped the reflections greatly, and paddling my way leisurely through the rushes, I found myself in a mouth calm as a lily pond and a good deal overgrown with water-plants of various kinds. Just at first there are no trees worth speaking of, and the banks are flat and insignificant, which is, perhaps, a ruse of the cunning little river to allay expectation and make the coming surprise all the greater. Presently trees begin to make their appearance on either side, now a cedar, or maple, or birch, or tall, ragged-looking pine, one of the kind that clothe with dark foliage so many of the shores and islands of Muskoka, and a few seconds after I seemed to be magically suspended between two worlds, the one around and about me, and the other beneath. There, far under the canoe, was the blue sky, crossed by bars and streaks of soft, white cirrus cloud, the delicate markings clearly visible; while flying across (was it very high up or deep, deep down?), I saw the dark form of some kind of bird thrown out against the paler sky. Nearer, tall trees leaned their branches towards me, leaves, twigs and boughs so marvellously distinct that it seemed as if a downward grasp would certainly reach them, and not only trees, but inverted lily patches lay just under the still, smooth water, and downward growing clumps of ferns and water-lilies, so minute and perfect that the eye travelled back amazedly to the surface, as if to make sure that everything had not got topsyturvy in some funny fashion. Moved by an irresistible impulse, I dipped my paddle into the water and set this shadow world in strange quivering motion. The branches moved tremulously up and down, while logs, leafless boughs and exposed roots twisted, crawled and writhed in a weird alive way, suggestive, somehow, of Dore's tree pictures. I paddled on, thoroughly fascinated by the scene beneath me, which had the inexplicable charm of a wonderfully real illusion. The water was so still as to have almost an arrested, spell-bound look, and the banks could hardly be prettier. Low, and for the most part thickly wooded with overhanging trees and anchorages of yellow lilies and blue and white flowers growing close in, they wound hither and thither,

letting one into the prettiest watery nooks and corners. Now the river turned into a sort of green elbow where the trees were crowded together, and the canoe floated over a delicate tracery of leaves and branches, then it took a twist into more open ground and one got a glimpse of uneven country with, perhaps, a fence or house in the background. At one part some Peter Bell, indifferent to scenery, has cut the trees to the water's edge, leaving the little river nothing but a regiment of stumps to mirror. It is strange the distance back to which the banks are reflected. One sees not merely the trees and bushes growing close to the shore, but the confused thicket behind, and where there is no wood quite a long stretch of country. I remember noticing a house in the water once, and in looking up for the real Simon Pure I was astonished to find it on some rising ground a considerable distance off, certainly a couple of stonethrows. This sort of indefinite perspective adds greatly to the charm of the picture, and sets the eye and imagination roving. Magical is the word that comes oftenest to the lips as you float on and on, gazing into the shadow world below. It brings back the almost forgotten enchantments of the Arabian Nights, the tales of wonder and romance that youth delights in. We become visionaries again. Life seems to slip off some of its sober common sense, its meagre realizations, and become once more a wonderful shadow river, full of beautiful illusions, of fascinating vistas, of possibilities just beyond our reach but surely to be attained some day, and as we drift on dreaming and wondering until, perhaps, the canoe runs against a snag, one of a treacherous host lurking in this calm little river; there is a sudden jolt, almost an upset, and we paddle on the wiser and warier for our little bit of real experience. Although one naturally, if not very sensibly, expects what reflects well to be transparent, the water of Shadow River is intensely black in colour, probably owing to some peculiar formation of the bottom. I sounded a boatman of the vicinity on the subject but got nothing for my pains but a dubious shake of the head and the answer, "Some folks say it's black mud and some folks rock," and as to the depth he knew nothing at all, or thought, perhaps, a confession of its shallowness would lessen the wonder of the reflections. The river is crossed by bridges at irregular intervals, and perhaps the shadows are most beautiful between the first and second of these. I paddled under three, and there was rumour of a fourth farther up the country; but the sun had disappeared, the veritable shadows were falling, and, turning the canoe toward the mouth of the river I made my way back, more intent, let me confess it, on the sunken logs and dimly seen snags that make the danger of the little stream than even its reflections.

J. E. SMITH.

Why Oil Calms the Sea.

The action of oil in calming the sea is now so generally recognized, says the London *Nautical Magazine*, that the new rules as to life-saving appliances, to go into effect Nov. 1, require that every boat of seagoing vessels, and all lifeboats shall carry "one gallon of oil and a vessel of approved pattern for distributing it on the water in rough weather." The potency of oil in smoothing waves was recently explained by Lord Rayleigh before the royal institution in a lucid lecture. This well known scientist's experiment demonstrates that foam or froth is caused by impurities in liquids. Thus, on shaking up a bottle containing pure water we get no appreciable foam, but, taking a mixture of water with 5 per cent. of alcohol, there is a much greater tendency to foam. Camphor, glue and gelatine dissolved in water greatly increase its foaming qualities, and soap still more. Lord Rayleigh finds that sea water foams, not on account of its saline matter, but in consequence of the presence of something extracted by wave action from seaweeds. By simply putting his finger in water which was moving vigorously under the influence of a few camphor scrapings, the contamination of the water by the infinitesimal amount of grease sufficed to form an invisible film over it, and to neutralize the foaming action produced by the dissolved camphor.

The effect of oil on waves, as several physicists have proved, is not to subdue the huge swell, but to smooth and tone down its ripples, each of which gives the wind a point d'appui, thus increasing the force of the breaking waves. "The film of oil," says Lord Rayleigh, "may be compared to an inextensible membrane floating on the surface of the water and hampering its motion." As long as the advancing, tumultuous sea water is pure there is nothing to oppose its periodic contractions and extensions, but when its surface is covered with the oily membrane the most dangerous contractions and extensions are impossible.

The scientific demonstration of the sea-quelling virtue of oil is worthy of note by all sailors. It is fortunate for them that Lord Raleigh has accomplished this at a time when ocean storms, and especially tropical hurricanes, are likely soon to tax the seaman's art to the utmost in saving his craft from destruction.

A Duke's Vast Domain.

The Duke of Northumberland is one of the largest landed proprietors in Great Britain. To say nothing of his ownings in London, his possessions in Surrey, Middlesex and Northumberland aggregate 200,000 acres, with a rent-roll of \$875,000 a year. In Northumberland alone he owns five castles, but it is said that the largest part of his enormous income is derived from his proprietary interest in Drummond's bank. The Marquis of Salisbury, Premier at present, owns 20,000 acres, and, as much of his real estate lies in London, he is very, very rich.

Succa Lake.

One of the pleasantest features of Muskoka scenery to the ramblers is the number of little lakes scattered here and there about the larger ones, miniatures of their big sisters, as it were, reproducing on a smaller scale the same formation of rocky or thickly wooded shore. One of the prettiest of these is Silver Lake, near Port Carling, but there was another I fancied still more in the neighbourhood of Rousseau, Succa Lake I think it was called, after something (was it fish or mollusk?) found in its waters. I came upon it unexpectedly one morning after a ramble in the woods along one of the paths so common to Muskoka, green and tangled, and just wild enough to make one feel the advisability of sticking to it and not straying either to the right or left. There is a charm more easily felt than defined in tracking a path and seeing where it leads to, if it be not too well beaten a one, and there was something of playful caprice, almost of moodishness about this one as it strayed hither and thither, now plunging into the heart of the wood, then emerging into a clearing, where one was sure to find raspberries, now skirting delicately round a marshy place, or jumping lightly a cross-path or road perhaps of the picturesque cordon description. I sauntered on, stooping every now and then to gather a pretty fern, or cute little fungus jutting from the side of a sunken tree or lingering to admire the mosses that grow in such beauty and variety in these Muskoka solitudes, when all at once the wood grew thinner and I came out on the shores of a solitary little lake. Something in its desolateness pleased me. There was not a sight or sound of anything human, not a habitation, or even lonely fisherman in boat or canoe. I sat down on a log and gazed round me with an air of possession, almost as if I were the original discoverer of the place. The shores were of the kind so common to Muskoka, never majestic or imposing, but with an irregular, unkempt beauty of their own, huge shoulder-like boulders of rock alternating with a confusion of pines and cedars growing down to the water's edge. Immediately before me stretched a flat expanse of wet sand, back of which big boulders were piled irregularly one on top of another, forming a sort of rude rampart, over the face of which gnarled and twisted cedars seemed literally to cling and crawl, thrusting their roots into the crannies and crevices for support. There was something almost human looking about the struggle and effort of their existence, and one could not help fancying that they must have more self-reliance and strength of character than their brethren growing in easier places. High up, peeping prettily out of one of the chinks where some earth had settled, I noticed a cluster of graceful little ferns. One is often surprised at the delicacy and beauty of forms of vegetation in Muskoka, not of the ferns only, but trailing wreaths and flowers. There is a shy wildness about some of the latter that makes one regret that spring, with its early blossoms is over long before the tourist season begins. On the shores of this same Succa Lake, shooting up fearlessly from the wet sand, with not even a blade of grass near, I gathered the tiniest of plants, a slender stalk not more than an inch and a half in height, destitute of leaves, and surmounted by pin-like heads of infinitesimal flowers, coloured something like lichen or gray moss. I bore it with me as a trophy of the lonely little lake hid in the woods, with its sombre-coloured water and picturesquely untidy shores. J. E. SMITH.

Toronto Theatricals.

AGNES THOMSON.—An effort is being made to have this celebrated Canadian soprano give a concert in Montreal at an early date. She would certainly meet with an enthusiastic reception and a crowded house, particularly as her brilliant success in New York and other American cities has excited so much attention.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—We regret the action of Miss Mather in refusing to play at this house recently, on account of the equipments being insufficient. We shall not enter into the matter, as it has been fully ventilated by the newspapers; but our sympathies lie with the management of the Academy, as we feel they are blameless in the matter, and would have carried out their part of the contract in their usual business-like way.

Wedding Bells.

Mr. W. D. Lighthall, who has already made a name for himself in Canadian literature, was on the 1st inst. married, in Emmanuel Church, Montreal, to Miss Sybil C. Wilkes, daughter of the late Mr. John A. Wilkes. The ceremony was performed by the pastor of the church, Rev. W. H. Pulsford, and Mr. T. H. Lonsdale gave the bride away. The bridesmaids were Miss Isa Gibson, of Ottawa, Miss Gertrude Seymour and Miss Muriel Lonsdale. The groomsmen were Captain George Lighthall, while Mr. Fair and Mr. W. Birks acted as ushers. The presents were numerous and beautiful, among them being a china tea set of eighty-four pieces, given by the Chinese community of Montreal, whom Mr. Lighthall has befriended on many occasions. Mr. and Mrs. Lighthall left last evening for Boston. May they be happy. In an early issue we hope to present our readers with a portrait of Mr. Lighthall.

The Workers of the World—Past and Present.

Every man is bound to work in some way or other. If he does not procure employment for himself, the devil, according to the learned and pious Dr. Watts, is sure to furnish it for him. Labour is one of the conditions of strength. All slothful races are weak, physically, morally, and intellectually. Go to the intertropical regions, where nature, without culture, produces all that is necessary to supply the animal wants of man, and you will find the natives deficient alike in brain and brawn. Morality is at the lowest possible ebb among the lazy tribes of hot countries—a fact that demonstrates the truth of the theory so musically propounded by our old friend Dr. Watts. It ought to be a great consolation to the work day world to know that it could thrash the play day world in a fair fight without pulling off its jacket. And yet the stalwart toilers are sometimes foolish enough to envy the effeminate do-nothings. Silly fellows, they do not know that the most valuable of all jewels are the sweet beads that fall from their own pores—most valuable, because they purchase health, vigour, and sound repose; things which all the gems of Golconda cannot buy. There is no real enjoyment save that which is fairly earned either by hand-work or head-work, or both.

It is true that the human machine may be overtasked. It sometimes is. But in these days, when the roughest portion of the world's work is done by steam-driven iron, there is no necessity, in enlightened countries, for man to overstrain his strength. Let those who are inclined to grumble at their share of the wear and tear of life, glance back into antiquity and learn to be content with their lot. The miserable ancients—the toiling class we mean—had a hard time of it. Think how the steam-engineless Egyptians must have strained their unfortunate arms and spines while piling up the Pyramids and scooping out the Catacombs—how the comparatively screwless and leverless Chinese must have ruined their constitutions in building their "Great Wall" to keep out the Tartars—and at what a cost of broken backs and contracted sinews the immense masses of rock on Salisbury Plain were brought from distant quarries and arranged in circles for the mysterious uses of Nobody-knows-who. Possibly the poor wretches of the past had more mechanical helps than we know of, but certainly they had no steam-engines. Look at the gigantic results of Roman labour as seen in the mouldering remains of the noblest aqueducts, havens, roads, and public buildings that were ever constructed. It seems incredible that these were the achievements of mere muscle. The Romans conquered the world, though—we must remember that—and that it was only when they became lazy that they lost it.

After all, there is nothing like hard work; it is the parent of greatness. We have not a very high opinion of the Turks, but they have one admirable maxim, viz., that every boy, no matter what his degree, shall be taught some handicraft, whereby, under any circumstances, he may get a living. Sultan Mahmoud was a tolerable shoemaker, and other Sultans were compelled in their youth to learn mechanical trades. The worst of it is that your Ottoman is so confoundedly indolent that, after having been taught how to earn his bread, he would almost rather starve than labour. Upon the whole, modern toilers—in civilized and Christian lands at least—can well afford to pity the fate of their brethren of long ago. Modern toilers are not sightless Samsons working in the dark and treated with scorn. They work understandingly, and live in an age where exertion is honourable and idleness disgraceful. Furthermore, mechanical power, scientifically applied, is the slave that does most of the hard jobs, and saves muscle no end of lifting, pushing, striking, and hauling. It has been well said that no illustration could more aptly show the difference between the old times and the new than the picture of the ancient galley, urged onward with tiers of flashing oars wielded by the sinewy arms of unwilling servitors, and the modern steamer propelled by the fire and water that science has made the vassals of man. Still, all of us, if we would be happy, must perform fairly and squarely the work given us to do.—*New York Ledger*.

A New Cotton Plant.

According to the last British consular report from Alexandria the chief feature of the cotton trade of Egypt during the past year was the increased cultivation of a new variety of cotton plant known as Mitafie. This plant was discovered a few seasons ago at Benha, and this is the first occasion on which it has been planted on a large scale. Although its produce is not quite so good in quality as that of the Ashmouni plant, and is of short staple, it produces a much larger proportion of cotton to seed than any other variety. At the same time it has the advantage of being earlier and less susceptible to atmospheric influences. The result of last year's experiment was so encouraging that this year a still greater area has been planted with the Mitafie cotton. In the provinces of Sharkieh, Galioubeh and Menoufieh it had been almost exclusively sown, and throughout Lower Egypt, except in the province of Dakhalieh, where, probably owing to climatic conditions, it did not succeed last year, it has to a great extent taken the place of the Ashmouni and Bania varieties, and has almost entirely supplanted the Gallini plant.

LITTLE Miss Avnoo: What is mamma's for? Little Miss de Fashion: Why, they is to scold the nurses when we make a noise.

The Police of Paris.

For some time past the police authorities have found that the number of constables placed at their disposal for the preservation of public order is insufficient for the duties imposed upon them. The Municipal Council, therefore, resolved to increase the force by 300 men, and the Government has now formally sanctioned this step, and has agreed to pay half of the expenses out of the funds of the State. The police of Paris consists of 6,000 men, without counting the Inspectors, of whom there are not very many; but in reality only about half the number mentioned is employed in the work of watching the streets. A central brigade of 400 men devotes itself exclusively to the surveillance of theatres, balls, concerts, race courses, and such like; 800 are employed at the different cab stands, in the markets, at the slaughter houses, and in duties of a similar kind, while a large number is utilized for the duties of clerks in the various police stations scattered throughout the city. As a matter of fact, little more than 3,000 men are available for ordinary street duty. The city is supposed to be divided into 1,274 "beats," representing about 900 miles of streets, and as three constables are necessary for each for the twenty-four hours, it will be seen that either many of the "beats" have been neglected or the men overworked. Even with the addition of the 300 new men, the police force is regarded by its chiefs as insufficient for the growing needs of Paris, and it must be admitted that there is much room for improvement in the supervision of the exterior districts, where street robberies and assaults are not uncommon.

Preface to Meleager's Garland.

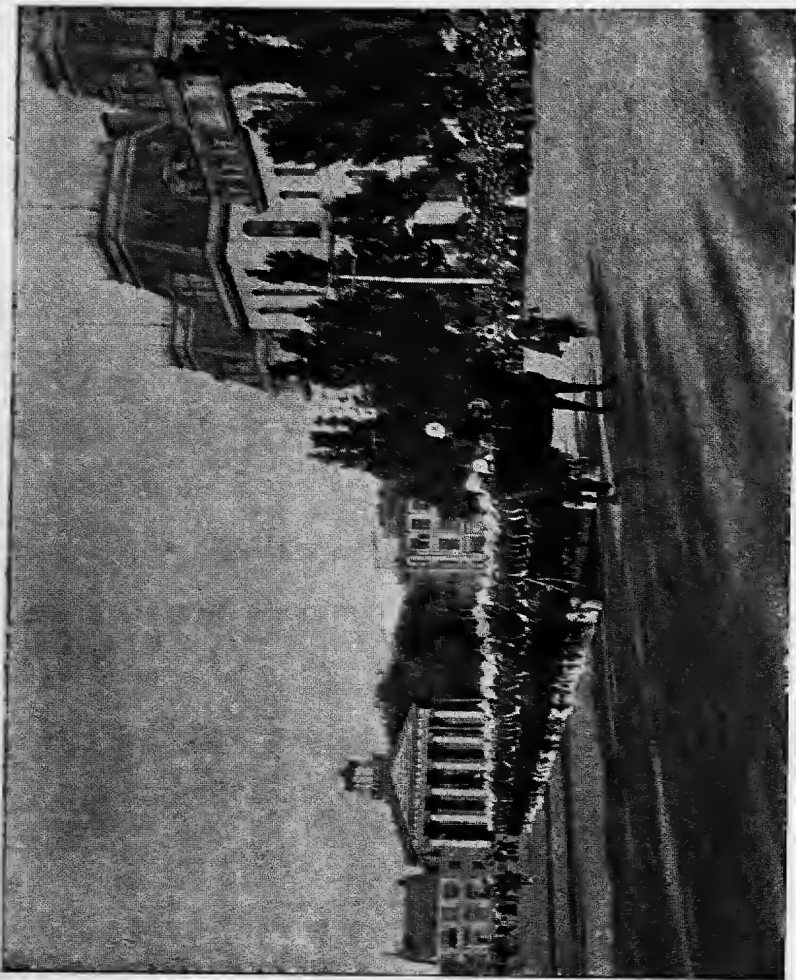
[SEE EDITOR'S TABLE.]

For whom the fruitage of this strain, my Muse?
And who among the bards hath made this wreath?
Meleager wove it, and his weaving gives
For keepsake to most noble Diocles.
Here many lilies are of Anyte,
And white lilies of Metro, many an one,
And Sappho's flowers—so few, but roses all—
And daffodils of Melanippides
Heavy with ringing hymns—and thy young branch,
Vinc of Simonides, and twisted in
Nossis, thine iris flower that breathes of myrrh,
And in its tablets are Love's stores of wax.
Herewith, Rhianus' scented marjoram,
And the sweet crocus of Erinna, too,
Clear as the girl's own skin—and hyacinth,
Alcaeus' hyacinth that speaks to bards—
And a dark spray of Samius' laurel tree,
Fresh ivy-clusters of Leonidas,
And foliage of Mnasealus' needed pine.
And from the plane-tree song of Pamphilus
He cut a branch, and with the walnut boughs
Of Pancrates he twined it, and white leaves
Of Tymnes' poplar. Nicias' green mint
And sandwort of Euphemus from the shore;
And Damagetus' purple violet,
And the sweet myrtle of Callimachus
Full of sharp honey—with Euphorion's flower.
The lychnis and, therewith, his cyclamen,
The Muses call after the sons of Zeus.
And Hegesippus' maddening grape-cluster
He set therein, and Persus' scented flag
And a sweet apple from Diotimus' tree—
Pomegranate flowers of Menecrates,
And the myrrh branches of Nicænetus,
Phænus' flax plant—Simmius' tall wild pear.
And a few leaves he pulled of Parthenis
Her delicate meadow-parsley, and—gleanings fair
Of the honey-dropping muses—golden ears
From the wheat-harvest of Bacchylides.
And old Anacreon—that sweet strain of his,
An unsown flowerage of his nectar songs;
And the rough-white thorn of Archilochus
He gathered from the pasture—as it were,
Only a few drops from a sea of bloom—
Young shoots of Alexander's olive grown
And Polyceitius' dark blue cornflower. There
He set Polystratus the amaracus,
The poets' flower, and from Antipater
A young Phœnician cypress; and therewith
Eared Syrian spikenard which he gathered him
Out of his singing they call Hermes' gift,*
And Poseidippus too, and Hadulus—
Flowers of the field—and windflowers springing glad
In air Sicilian,† and the golden bough
Of sacred Plato, shining in its worth.
And he threw in Aratus learned in stars,
Cutting the first spires of his heaven-high pine,
Charæmon's leafy lotus, mixing it
With fox of Phœdrius and chamomile—
The crinkled oxeye—of Antagoras,
And fresh green thyme of Theodoridas—
The wine-cup's charm—and Phanicius' beautiflowers too,
With many shoots fresh sprung of other bards.
Adding thereto white early violets
Of his own muse. But to my friends I give
Thanks. And this gracious coronal of song
Be for all such as love these holy things.

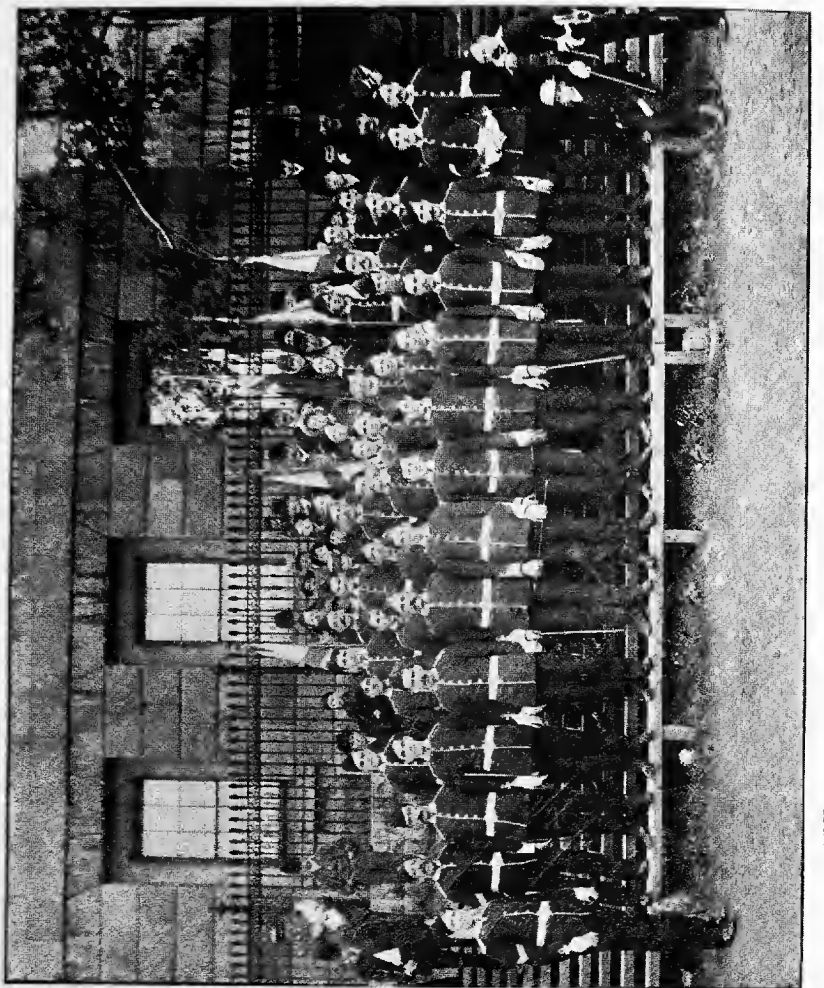
* Hermodorus

† Possibly Asclepias.

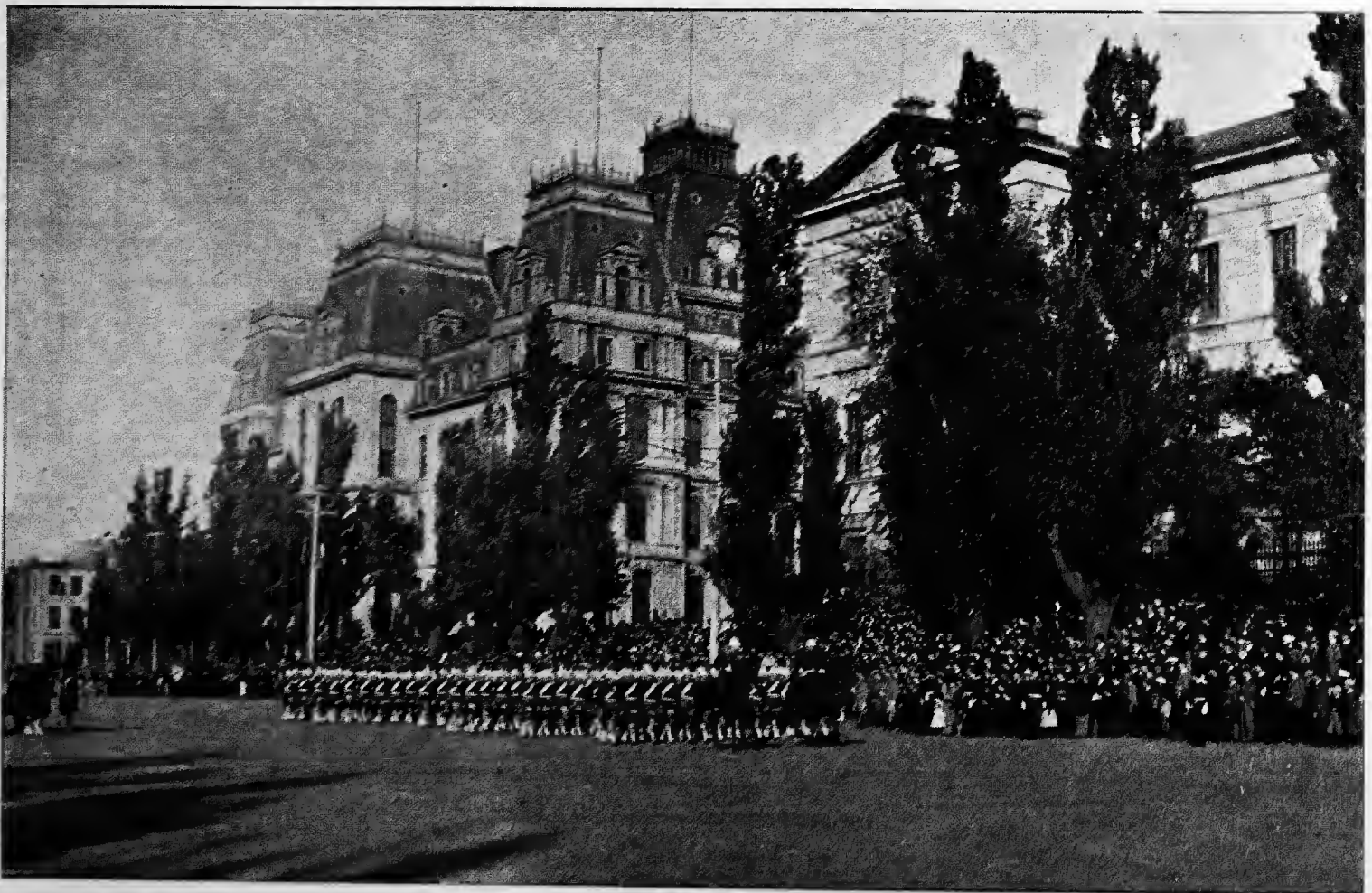
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THE BATTALION IN LINE.



SQUAD OF SIXTH FUSILIERS ON DUTY KEEPING THE GROUND.



THE BATTALION MARCHING PAST IN QUARTER-COLUMN.
 SCENES AT THE INSPECTION OF THE ROYAL SCOTS FUSILIERS, SEPTEMBER 20th, 1890.

THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

TRADE MARK

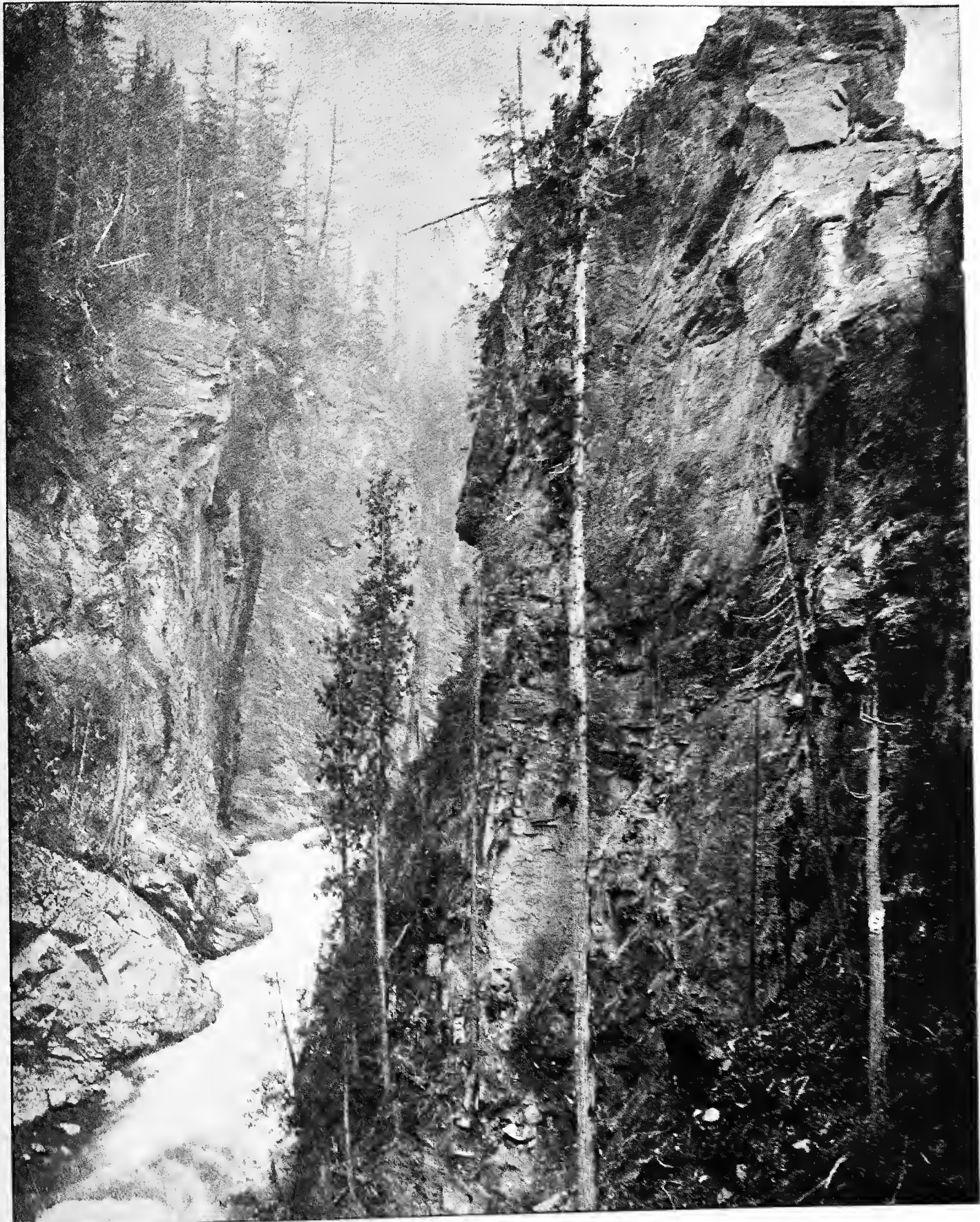
ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF PARLIAMENT OF CANADA, IN THE YEAR 1906 BY THE DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE

PRINTED

Vol. V.—No. 119.

MONTREAL AND TORONTO, 11th OCTOBER, 1906.

54 CENTS PER ANNUM. IN GREAT BRITAIN 5/6 PER ANNUM. POSTAGE PAID BY ADDRESSEE



VIEW IN ALBERT CANYON, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

The Dominion Illustrated.

\$4.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

THE SABISTON LITHOGRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING CO.

RICHARD WHITE, PRESIDENT.

ALEX. SABISTON, MANAGING-DIRECTOR.

73 St. James Street, Montreal.

GEORGE E. MACRAE, WESTERN AGENT.

38 King Street East, Toronto.

J. H. BROWNLEE, BRANDON.

Agent for Manitoba and the North West Provinces.

London (England) Agency:

JOHN HADDON & CO.,

3 & 4 Newgate Street, Fleet Street, E.C.

SOLE AGENTS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM

11th OCTOBER, 1890.

NOTICE OF REMOVAL.

The business and editorial offices of "The Dominion Illustrated" have been removed from 73 St. James Street to the general offices of the Sabiston Lithographic and Publishing Co., Gazette Building, Montreal.



So far the prospects presented by the operation of the McKinley tariff—the most thorough application of protective principles that the present generation has witnessed—have not proved so alarming as many persons seemed to expect. The first result of the legalization of the bill was to give an almost unprecedented impulse to the shipment of goods from Ontario to the States. All the available facilities for transport were brought into service in the carriage of the hitherto staple commodities of the export trade—barley, eggs, pease, fruit, etc.—so as to make the most of the few days of grace before the 6th inst. They were fortunate who were able to take time by the forelock in this way, as the tariff will stop the purchase of these goods on this side of the line, save in cases of actual necessity. The barley crop was not heavy, the knowledge that the prohibitive measure was virtually sure to be passed inducing many growers, who had previously studied United States needs, to turn their attention to the English market. It is thought that more than half of the surplus is already disposed of. The rush of eggs across the frontier was intense, and it will probably be many years before so many dozens are dispatched in the same direction again. Sarnia, Goderich, Cobourg, Port Hope, Belleville, Picton were all in a state of unwonted bustle during the whole of last week. Besides farm produce, large quantities of canned goods were shipped. The centre of interest, however, in this race to anticipate the new tariff was the export of barley. Like Mark Tapley, some of the shippers thought that now, if ever, was the time to be jolly, and on one train from Galt every car bore a label with this device: "Barley. Rush me through; McKinley is after me." It was estimated that by Saturday night (the 4th inst.) from 2,500,000 to 3,000,000 bushels had, by seasonable shipment, evaded the new duties. Prices ran up to seventy cents, whereas last year the average was only fifty. All sorts of conjectures are afloat as to consequence of the change on Canadian trade; but, though it must produce a very sensible effect, it will be some time before the exact nature and extent of the result will be known. It is well to know that, in the main, our people continue fairly happy, and that none of them are plunged in despair.

If, as has been confidently asserted, it be true that there is not a single English-speaking official connected with the Legislative Library of this Province, the matter calls for explanation and reform. Many persons, who may not understand French, are likely to consult the works on its shelves, and it is not only advisable but absolutely necessary that such inquirers should have the privilege of being addressed in their own tongue by persons well acquainted with English bibliography. The

National Library at Ottawa has two associate librarians, one of whom is French, and in the Archives Department there is also a qualified officer of French origin. Several of the inferior officers are also French. The exclusive policy that prevails at Quebec has no precedent, therefore, in the Dominion Capital, and it is to be hoped that the complaints which have been made on the subject will have the effect of bringing about the desired and needed change in the service of the Library.

The order, decorum and despatch that characterized the proceedings in the Birchall trial have elicited many commendations of our Canadian judicial system in the American press. The *Buffalo News*, a paper read by a community which, from its nearness to the scene of the crime, naturally took a special interest in the trial, after commenting on the general usage in United States courts, makes the following comparison: "They do these things differently in Canada from what we are accustomed to on this side. A small state prison case would take longer in our courts after the testimony was in. * * * It has been quietly and decently handled by the Canadian authorities, and the general belief will be that substantial justice has been reached."

It is satisfactory to know that the finances of the Dominion are in a healthy condition. According to returns received at the Department of Finance, the revenue for the month of September was as follows: Customs, \$2,211,746; excise, \$529,495; post office, \$160,000; public works, \$328,048; miscellaneous, \$73,213; total, \$3,302,502. Expenditure for the month, \$1,697,662, leaving a surplus for the month of \$1,604,840. The total revenue for the three months ending 30th of September was \$9,828,139, and the total expenditure \$5,972,096, leaving a surplus of \$3,856,097, which is about half a million greater than for the same period last year, when it was \$3,300,000 in round figures. The net debt on the 30th of September was \$234,689,826, a decrease for the month of \$1,870,603. The expenditure on capital account was \$1,061,536.

The temporary uneasiness caused to Canadian cattle exporters by the seizure of the Norse King at Dundee, Scotland, on the suspicion that pleuropneumonia was on board, has had good, instead of evil, results. In the first place, it soon transpired that, as on a previous occasion, the local veterinary authorities had been wrong in assigning pleuropneumonia as the malady from which some animals of the cargo had been suffering. This issue of what might have proved a very serious blow to the Canadian cattle trade, was due to the praiseworthy promptness of our High Commissioner, who lost not a moment in having the case submitted to the highest experts in the United Kingdom. The Imperial authorities were completely satisfied that no trace of the dreaded distemper had been found in the vessel's cargo. In Montreal like expedition was shown in taking steps to meet the situation, the gravity of which in case the Dundee judgment was confirmed was immediately recognized. On Friday, the 3rd inst., the Mayor convened a meeting in the City Hall for the purpose of concerting measures to secure enlarged accommodation for shipping cattle, in consonance with the growing requirements of the trade. The meeting was thoroughly representative—members of the Harbour Commission, the Board of Trade, the Chambre de Commerce (which had requested the Mayor to act), the cattle trade and the steamship and railway companies participating in the discussion. All were agreed that the harbour must be improved, but there was a diversity of opinion as to the plans that would give most effective redress until the Government's operations were carried out. Finally resolutions were passed for the appointment of committees (general and special) to take the whole question into consideration. A joint committee, composed of members of the meeting, of the City Council, the Harbour Commissioners and the Board of Trade is to urge on the Government the absolute necessity of beginning the promised improvements next spring, and a special committee,

representing the railway, shipping, cattle and harbour interests, is to examine and report on the possibility of an immediate amelioration of the existing facilities. A third resolution asks for such an amendment of the by-laws as will permit cattle access to the wharves all day. It is to be hoped that these resolutions will be fruitful in bringing about the much needed improvements.

The Comte de Paris is naturally anxious to justify his share in the Boulangist plot to overturn the Republic. His friends have not improved his position by making him pose as an expert in double-dealing. They undertake to defend their avowed sympathy with the discomfited adventurer on the ground that it was not sincere, and, stranger still, that the General was quite aware of the fact. He knew that the Royalists were only making a tool of him, and that, had he proved successful, they intended to avail themselves of his triumph by throwing him overboard as soon as an opportunity occurred. It was, of course, the General's business to beware of his false allies and to defend himself against the contemplated treachery. There is something cynical in this barefaced confession which forces us to conclude that the Royalists have undergone moral deterioration since the years when the Comte de Chambord refused a crown rather than surrender his principles. Men of the world may have smiled at such tenderness of conscience and called his honesty quixotic. But he went to his grave without leaving a slur upon his name or on the cause that he represented. Had his kinsman and heir been able to turn his guile to account and ascended the throne of his ancestors at the expense of the Republic and of General Boulanger, the world at large would doubtless have condoned his lack of straightforwardness. But the movement with which he chose to identify himself having proved a *fiasco*, he has neither the satisfaction of success, nor the consolation of having maintained his integrity. It is a pity that he rejected the counsel of his honourable and clear-sighted uncle.

In no respect is the community of duties, responsibilities and interests among civilized nations more clearly established than in their relations with the peoples of Asia, Africa and the islands of the Indian and Pacific oceans. Countries like Japan and, to a less extent, China, Corea, Siam and other parts of the East that have of late come into frequent contact with Europeans are, it is true, gradually learning to discriminate between Germans and Frenchmen, Englishmen and Italians, Hollanders and Portuguese, but whatever ethnological knowledge of the western world they may possess is as yet mainly confined to the officials of the respective governments, or the towns situated on the coasts. The alarm that prevailed among the European communities of even the treaty ports during China's quarrel with France, shows, however, that when old prejudices against foreigners are awakened by real or suspected wrong inflicted by any western power, citizens or subjects of every other power share in the danger of the popular risings that may thus be provoked. In the Dark Continent the risks from indiscriminating resentment against alien perpetrators of injustice are naturally more imminent in proportion to the greater ignorance that prevails of western national distinctions. The Sultan of Zanzibar and a few of the better informed native chiefs of the interior may, indeed, have learned to know their friends from their foes among the strangers who, for any reason, have come to sojourn within their gates. But there is always peril in trusting to their discernment of national differences. This peril is greater than ever just now, when nearly all the great powers and some of the smaller powers are vying with each other in appropriating spheres of influence with or without ceremony. It must be admitted, moreover, that since the advent of the Germans some six years ago to the east coast misunderstandings with the natives have been more frequent than before, owing to the high-handed proceedings of the company officials. The recent massacre of Germans at Vitu is additional evidence of the deplorable hostility to strangers which their

want of tact and tendency to domineer have aroused in and beyond their chosen "sphere." How far the victims of the massacre were to blame it is needless to inquire. The conduct of the Germans, as a whole, has been anything but conciliating, and this is not the first time these provocations have produced reprisals. What there is only too much cause to fear is that the unrest occasioned by these conflicts with the natives will extend until it has environed the mission stations and made residence in the interior a perpetual danger. It was the harsh treatment of the Kaffirs by the Boers that involved England in sanguinary struggles with the tribes of South Africa. The Berlin Conference agreement of 1885 implied, if it did not expressly state, that judgment and moderation should be exercised by all the participant powers in dealing with the native races.

LITERATURE IN CANADA.

Canadians have still much to hope for. They have a grand country and great resources; they are sprung from stocks of which they have no reason to be ashamed; they enjoy the great boon of civil and religious liberty. All this we have repeated to ourselves over and over again. And why do we remind each other so often that we possess these privileges? Is it not because we regard them as simply the foundation for a nobler fabric of national greatness? The position to which we have attained is but the starting-point for grander achievements. Some of us, perhaps, contemplate these manifold advantages merely as the basis of material prosperity. But there are, we are assured, a good many amongst us who look for still higher gains. If we have struggled with natural obstacles and conquered; if we have enlarged our domain till it is continuous with either ocean; if we have pushed the bounds of our habitation farther and farther, till the ends of the earth acknowledge our mastery and the riches of land and sea are at our disposal, and have brought east and west into proximity for our convenience; if we have given laws to the wilderness and fought the battle of freedom, so that we sit fearless, as it were, under our own vine and fig tree, there is surely still something ungrasped, the thought of which quickens our aspirations. We have, indeed, shown that we long for something more than big farms, and busy marts of trade, and fleets of merchant ships and the amassing of wealth. Every church and school, every library and reading-room, every mechanics' institute and debating society is a protest against base contentment with mere bodily ease and sensuous gratification, against the ceaseless strife for larger possessions, against the concentration of our energies on mere material development. All that is taught in even the humblest school is not utilized in making a livelihood. There are thousands of men and women who do not require to read in order to discharge efficiently their daily tasks. As for the use of the pen, there are occupations in which it has neither part or lot. Nevertheless, he would not be considered a wise or practical statesman who would withhold these branches of knowledge from the mass of the people. And, in the superior seats of learning, how much seems virtually worthless from the low utilitarian point of view! We learn languages that we do not speak—even languages that are not spoken; we puzzle our brains over abstruse problems that have no relation to anything above or beneath; we interest ourselves in persons that are dead hundreds, thousands of years, and in events with which we have not the remotest vital concern. Yet every one of these branches of education in which we were initiated endows us, if we are earnest in self-improvement, with a golden key that opens the world's best treasures. Even the most work-a-day life has its drudgery softened if the toiler has learned that art which is now so common but was once so rare a boon that the layman who could read might by that very fact claim "benefit of clergy" even for capital crime.

If, then, the protests against any ambition, on the part of either individual or society, which has its goal in mere material well-being, are so numerous and so strong; if, alike, the humblest toil that brings bare competence for modest needs, or

investments the success of which means the acquisition of millions, must, to give satisfaction, be associated with aspirations of the intellectual or spiritual order; if the word is ever true that man was not made to live by bread alone, and that no progress is of real worth which does not include the exercise of man's higher faculties, must not a nation's development, too, be measured by the success with which its mind has found expression in scholarship, in thought, in imagination, in invention? There are some who hold, it may be, that a people situated as we are need not trouble themselves about their literary fruitfulness. "Lo?" they exclaim, "the gathered fruitage of all ages, as well as of our own day, is within our reach. What need of disquietude? Can we not go to them that sell and buy of the best? The flavour may be foreign, but the fruit is good for food and pleasant and edifying. Is it not folly to cultivate native growths, which at best must spring from transplanted seed, while such a harvest, rich and varied, awaits our choosing?" And so they discourage and disdain the domestic crop, feebly struggling upward in the shadow of the great granaries of exotic production. Some of it may look promising, and possibly might thrive if fostered by kindly tending. But to what end? The world is wide and it lays its golden treasures at our feet. Canada is not the only country whose literature has endured this contumely in the day of small things. Our English literature was once a weakling of no repute, cowed by powerful rivals, but those who cherished it held on their way undeterred by scoff or jeer, till it carried captive its haughty conqueror and, enriched by spoils from over the sea, made good its claims to recognition. Less than a century ago our neighbours had to stand the jibes of European critics who taunted them, in and out of season, on the barrenness of their minds and their literary non-productiveness. When the first quarter of the century was nearly through, Dr. Channing deplored the want of a national literature in terms which fifty years later it might seem almost incredible that he could have used. "Do we possess, indeed," he asks, "what may be called a national literature? Have we produced eminent writers in the various departments of intellectual effort? Are our chief resources of instruction and literary enjoyment furnished from ourselves? We regret that the reply to these questions is so obvious. The few standard works which we have produced, and which promise to live, can hardly, by any courtesy, be denominated a national literature. On this point, if marks and proofs of our real condition were needed, we should find them in the current apologies for our deficiencies." One might easily imagine that, instead of being written in the year 1823, with respect to the literary output of the United States, this passage had been indited for the special benefit of Canada in the year 1890.

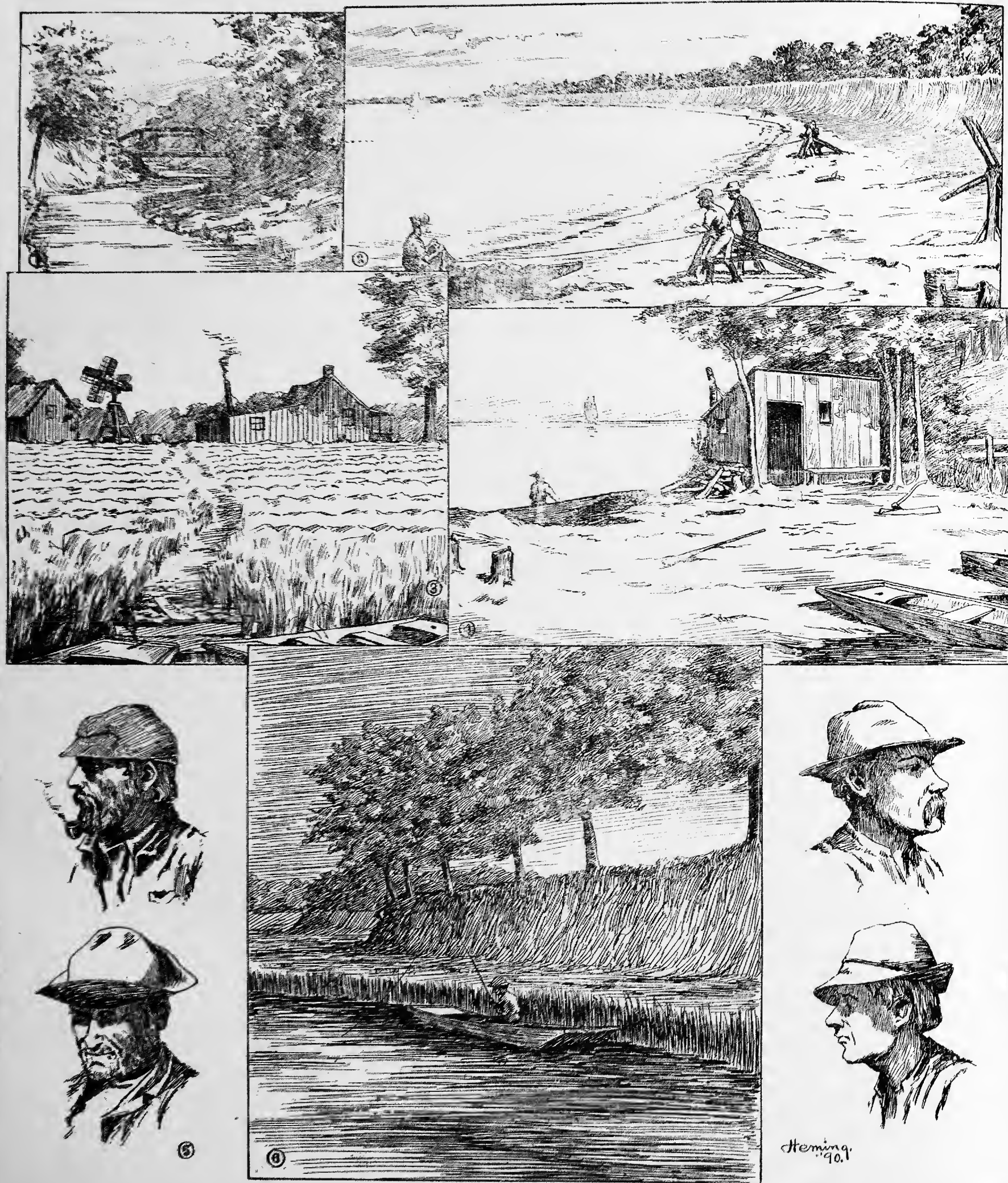
In order to ascertain whether the Dominion is more advanced to-day than the Republic was when Dr. Channing wrote, let us ask what he means by a national literature. The answer may be given in his own words. "We mean," he says, "the expression of a nation's mind in writing. We mean the production among a people of important works in philosophy and in the department of imagination and taste. We mean the contribution of new truths to the stock of human knowledge. We mean the thoughts of profound and original minds, elaborated by the toil of composition and fixed and made immortal by books. We mean the manifestation of a nation's intellect in the only form in which it can multiply itself and send itself abroad. We mean that a nation shall take a place by its authors among the lights of the world." In this sense, then, can it be said that Canada has a national literature?

Two writers have been contributing to the *New England Magazine* certain data which may help us in framing an answer to the question. Dr. George Stewart gives a succinct account of the literary work of French Canada. His summing up, after mentioning some dozen or so of names, is as follows: "At best, about five hundred French volumes have been published since 1837. The successful ones might be counted on one's fingers and thumbs. Their weight on the events of the time,

in nearly every instance, has been nil. In another half century, however, the order of things may be changed. Meanwhile, the independent observer, looking carefully about him, will find much in the letters of Lower Canada to admire, but little to grow enthusiastic about. He will be amused but not enthralled, and he will sigh in vain for one volume of substantial criticism. Indeed, in the way of critical writing, even the English Canadian is as badly off, that department being practically untouched, though the field offers inducements of the most tempting description." Mr. W. Blackburn Harte (who has made his article attractive by a couple of dozen of portraits) deals with the English side of Canadian book-making. He is more lenient to our shortcomings than Dr. Stewart. "It will be seen," he says, in concluding a number of brief criticisms, "that Canada takes a high position in the realm of science, and even in *belles lettres* is doing remarkably well, when her position as a colony, not a nation, is duly considered. The United States had no such list as I have enumerated in the old colonial days, and removing the artificial barrier between the two countries to-day, it is easily seen that Canada has practically shared in the development of American literature in no small degree." That is quite true. Indeed, when the free population of the United States was at the figure of Canada's now, our neighbours had no such list of poets, historians and scientific writers as Canada has to-day. At the time in question Washington Irving was practically unknown, and Bryant, Halleck and Cooper were yet to come. It must also be considered that most of the poets mentioned by Mr. Harte are young men, some of them at the outset of their careers. He has omitted to mention some names which did not deserve to be passed over, but his title does not imply an exhaustive survey of the whole field. If we bear in mind that our English-reading community is a limited one, and that until comparatively lately the different provinces were, practically, as distinct as the Spanish states of Central and South America, that public attention was almost monopolized by the labours of the field, the factory and the shop and the adjustment of old-world institutions to a new country with a peculiarly mixed population, it need not be wondered at if native literature did not flourish. It is only within the last twenty years or so that the educated class in Canada has been strong enough to exert a collective influence on matters of taste. But the change has been clearly appreciable. Although, as yet, for obvious reasons, there is no scope in Canada for the profession of letters (that is, pure literature—poetry, fiction, criticism), and those who would live by their pen must either write for the daily press, do all sorts of miscellaneous work, or contribute to alien periodicals; the transition has begun, and a few years may bring us to the stage at which the literary, like every other labourer, will be deemed worthy of his hire. It must also be remembered that the competition will be correspondingly intense, and that only writers of real worth—or who happen to please the popular taste for the time being—will even then make a living out of literature. But, apart from the state of the market and its effect on the wares of individual writers, it is essential that a great people should have a voice, by the tones of which it can be recognized in the world, and it is some satisfaction to know that already the silence has been broken and that our bilingual utterance is not altogether contemptible.

The Land We Live In.

The last number (September) of this enterprising periodical contains an entertaining and instructive contribution from Mr. J. M. Le Moine, entitled, "Lake St. Charles Camp Fire Stories;" a biographical sketch (with portrait) of Mr. J. U. Gregory, who represents at Quebec the Department of Marine; Miss Ollie Wood's prize story, "A Dusky Friend," and other interesting reading. The illustrations are numerous and include a view of Spencer Grange, Mr. Le Moine's charming and hospitable country seat (of which we hope ere long to have more to say), several Quebec views, and a number of picturesque scenes of forest life. *The Land we Live In* is published at Sherbrooke, P.Q., and is devoted to original hunting, fishing and descriptive articles. It is the only parallel to *Forest and Stream* published in Canada and is deserving of encouragement.

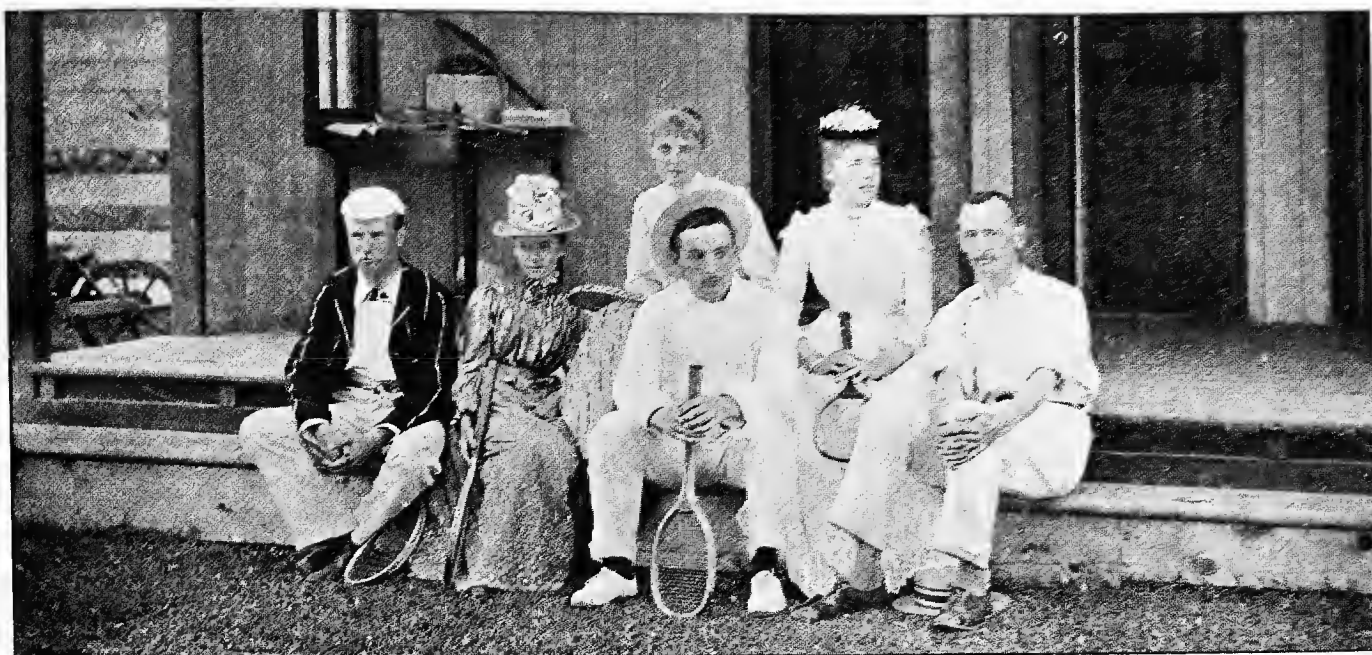


1. Two Mile Creek.
2. The morning haul.

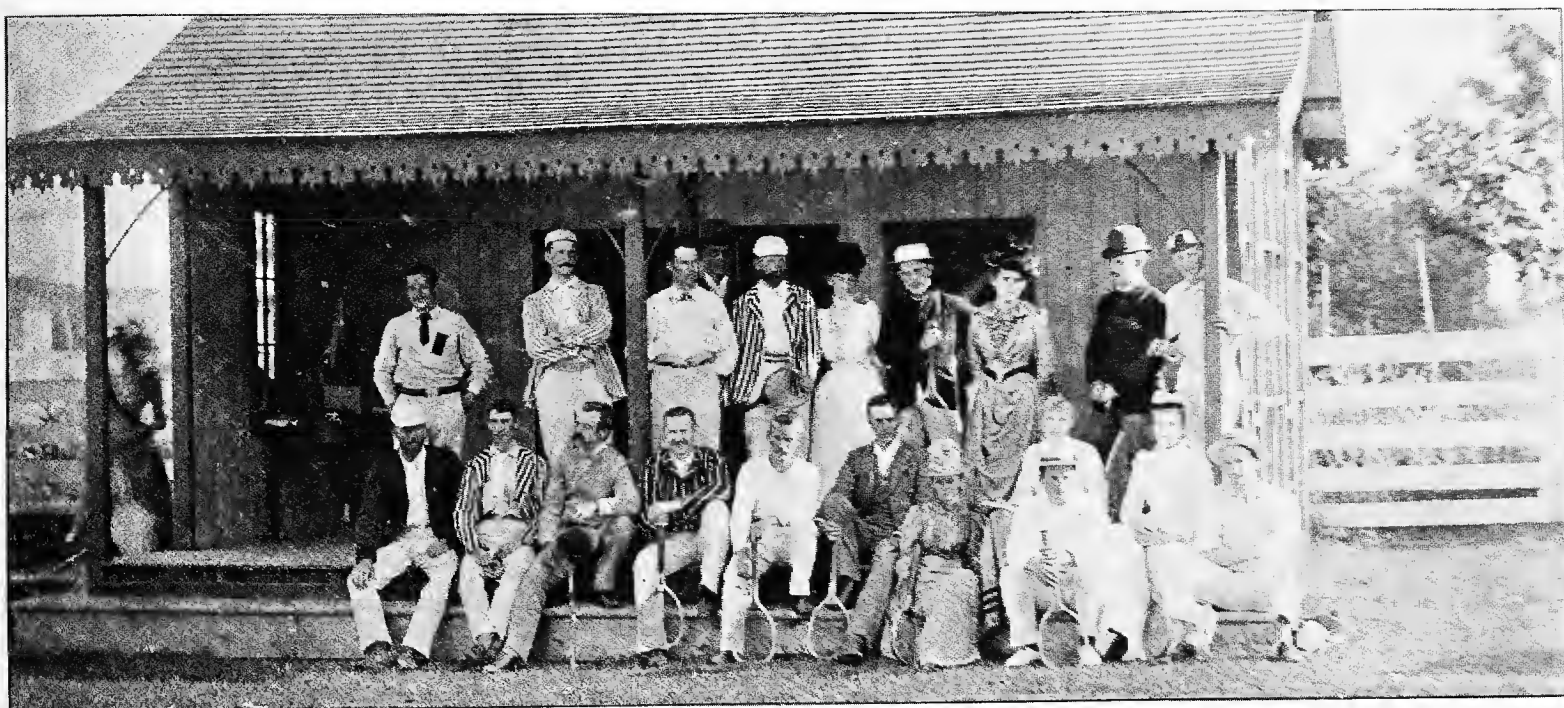
3. Fisherman's house.
4. Fisherman's shanty.

5. Types of Fishermen from life.
6. Four Mile Creek.

SKETCHES ON LAKE SHORE NEAR NIAGARA.
(By our special artist.)



THE PRIZE-WINNERS.



A GROUP OF PLAYERS.



A FEW OF THE SPECTATORS.
THE MARITIME PROVINCES TENNIS TOURNAMENT, 1890.



MARITIME PROVINCE TENNIS TOURNAMENT.—The second annual tournament of the Maritime Provinces Lawn Tennis Association was held at Truro, N. S., in August last, on the lawns of Lomdale, the beautiful farm residence of the president of the Truro club. It proved a time of great enjoyment to all attending lovers of the "graceful game," and was highly appreciated by a large concourse of people from the town and distant parts of the provinces. Besides the exciting events on the lawns, which enabled some of the best players in the Lower Provinces during three warm summer days, to give a splendid exhibition of what can be achieved with ball and racket, a reception given by Israel Longworth, Q. C., the president, and Oliver C. Cummings, the vice-president of the Truro club, at Scrivelsby Manor, the superb dwelling of the latter; a garden party by the ladies of the Truro club on the fine "Cottage" grounds of Sir Adams G. Archibald, Kt., M.P.; and a tennis players' ball in the Truro rink, under the auspices of the clubs of the Maritime Lawn Tennis Association, proved a brilliant termination to each day's play, and greatly enhanced the interest of the occasion to the visiting players and their friends. In the distribution of prizes, presented by Mrs. Colonel Snow, wife of the president of the association, gold medals were received by the following successful competitors:—In gentlemen's singles, Captain Bruce, 76th regiment; ladies' singles, Miss Wiltshire, Kentville; gentlemen's doubles, Captain Bruce and Mr. Turner, 76th regiment; ladies' doubles, Misses Ball and Newberry, Charlottetown, P. E. I.; mixed doubles, Miss Wiltshire and Mr. Reed, Kentville; and Colonel Snow's special prize to the lady winner in the mixed doubles went to Miss Wiltshire. While the tournament was in progress Mr. Lennan, a photographer of Truro, an artist of some repute in Nova Scotia, took these views, comprising respectively, a group of the tennis players; the prize winners, and some of the spectators of their exciting contests. As these will interest tennis people, and many who are not, we reproduce them in our columns. In closing the proceedings, Col. Snow, in a pleasing address, paid a fine tribute to the beautiful scenery of Truro, the enterprise of the citizens, and highly complimented its club for doing so much to add to the enjoyment of the visiting tennis players. He stated that the Association had started one year ago with five affiliated clubs, when the first tournament was held at Charlottetown, P. E. I.; now there were fourteen, and he expected that the tournament of 1891, to be held in St. John, N. B., would embrace every club in the Maritime Provinces, and he said it would require all they could do to surpass the brilliant meeting now being closed in this beautiful, centrally situated and wide-awake Nova Scotia town.

BATTLEFORD CRICKET CLUB.—We are enabled, through the courtesy of Major Antrobus, to present our readers with portraits of the members of the Battleford Cricket Club. It is one of the most interesting features of social life in the North-West that, even in its ever receding *ultima Thule*, a place is properly made—just as soon as the population is large enough to admit co-operation—for the games and sports of the older world. We have already given illustrations of fox-hunting in Manitoba, of tennis in the Rocky Mountains, of lacrosse in Victoria, and now it will be seen that a well-organized cricket club flourishes in northern Battleford. The year 1885 made the name of Battleford familiar in Eastern Canada, but it was a small place then compared with what it is to-day. The official and military elements are still, however, conspicuous in the society of the place, as may be seen by the membership of the club. We append the list of names:—J. B. Parker, secretary; S. Simpson, F. Orton, W. T. Scott, president; Major W. D. Antrobus, vice-president; Sergt Littlefield, Constable Green, Inspector Chalmers, Wm. Peterson, H. Richardson, Jr., J. B. Ashby, Harry Parker, Corporal Chisby, Sergeant Lawder.

MONTREAL HUNT RACES.—Those of our readers who are lovers and judges of horseflesh (not in the sense of the Parisian *Cercle d'hippophagie*, but who prize the living animal, in all the glory of high breeding and emulation) will doubtless enjoy this illustration of last Saturday's steeplechase. The weather was unhappily very far from favorable, but the officials and competitors showed tact, good sense and good humour and, on the whole, everything passed off more satisfactorily than might have been expected under the circumstances. For particulars touching the various races, we beg to refer our readers to "Sports and Pastimes."

ST. JOHNS, P. Q.—This handsome and interesting town, the key of Canada on the Lake Champlain side, and long noted as a military station, is one of the series of strongholds on the Richelieu by which the former rulers of this province endeavoured to guard against the Iroquois. It has also had its share in our military history under British domination and is associated with some of the most stirring events in our annals. But it is not merely as a military centre that St. Johns deserves to be known. It is well situated for trade, having communication both by land and water with every portion of Canada and the United States. A brisk business was once carried on in cereals and lum-

ber, and there is still considerable activity in these and other branches. In manufactures St. Johns has made good progress during the last twenty years—the most important being in earthenware, leather working, iron castings, brick making, besides saw, silk, grist, and planing mills. St. Johns has long been noted for the beauty of its scenery. The Richelieu at this point is crossed by a fine bridge joining St. Johns and Iberville. In churches, schools, banks and other public buildings, St. Johns is well supplied, and its many attractions make it a very pleasant place to live in.

SCENES AT CHAMBLY, P. Q.—We have already given some illustrations of this interesting locality. The Richelieu county was once noted as a wheat-raising centre, and, owing to this fact, it was imagined by some persons who did not carry their inquiries far enough back, that Chamblé (or Chamblé, as they would have spelled it) meant the wheat region (*champ de blé*), a hypothesis which is at least ingenious. Unfortunately for the philologist who conceived this origin for the name, it is not borne out by the undisputed records of the place. Most persons who have read Canadian history at all are aware that, in the middle of the 17th century, the Sabaudian regiment of Carignan-Salieres (so called from the Prince Carignano, who raised it, and Colonel de Salieres, its commander) was sent to Canada, in conformity with the readjustment of Colbert under the King's authority. Among the officers there was one called Sorel, whose name was given to a fort at the mouth of the Richelieu and is still borne by the town, notwithstanding the attempt to change it to William Henry; while another called Chamblé had command of the picket fort at the rapids, where his name still survives. The whole length of the Richelieu abounds in memories of the Old Regime, when the Iroquois were the great drawback to the prosperity and security of the young colony and much might be written about Isle aux Noix, St. Johns, Chamblé and Sorel, and the events in which they have prominently figured under both dispensations.

QUEBEC VIEWS.—We have already had repeated occasion to call attention to the many points of interest that make the Ancient Capital so attractive to visitors and so dear to its citizens. Every Canadian, who wishes to be initiated into its manifold charms of scenery and association should study Mr. LeMoine's "Picturesque Quebec," and earlier companion volume, "Quebec Past and Present."

AN ASTOUNDING DISCOVERY.—The humour of practical jokes is not always appreciated by the objects of them. The jolly tars who have given a shock to the elderly devotee of romance evidently enjoy her consternation. There is no great harm done, we suppose; but the fair student will probably be more wary in the future when she takes her little nephew for a constitutional.

SCENE OF THE QUEBEC LANDSLIDE AS IT APPEARS NOW.—Our readers will remember that in our issues immediately following the disaster last fall a full account of it appeared in our pages. To this account we beg to refer our readers for a thorough understanding of this engraving.

ON THE LAKE SHORE NEAR NIAGARA.—This engraving is a continuation of the series of Niagara scenes that we have already published.

Dr. Kingsford's History of Canada.

The following passage is taken from a review of the third volume of Dr. Kingsford's History of Canada:—The main interest of the present volume centres in the fate of Acadia. Dr. Kingsford has gone very thoroughly and fully into the transactions which led to the expatriation of the inhabitants. It is satisfactory to find that he is completely in accord with Mr. Parkman as to the absolute necessity of this policy, distorted and discoloured as it has been by glamour of false sentiment in *Evangeline*, from which nine people out of ten take their ideas of the history of the province. Acadia had been confirmed to France by the Peace of Ryswick; immediately afterwards French priests commenced the policy of inciting their Indian converts to surprise and attack small settlements near the frontier—a policy in which they persisted for over fifty years. Dr. Kingsford distinctly traces the responsibility for these proceedings to the missionaries.

The power of the priests over their savage neophytes was unbounded; the threat of abandoning them would have sufficed to check this bad spirit. The word of reproof had only to be spoken. That word during the succeeding years was never uttered; and these so-called ministers of peace were to the last foremost in urging on the work of death and devastation.

The deliberate cruelties of these raids had no other effect than to awake the dogged resolution of New England to the fact that the conquest of Canada was necessary to her national preservation. Massachusetts, threatened by privateers from Port Royal, attempted, unsuccessfully at first, the conquest of the place. An expedition against it in 1707 was repulsed; but three years later the colonists succeeded in taking it; the name was changed to Annapolis, and the inhabitants within a circuit of three miles were given two years during which, if not desirous to go before, they must take the oath of fidelity to the Crown of Great Britain. Pretext after pretext was found for evading the necessity of taking these oaths, and the French persevered in their policy of keeping alive the spirit of disaffection, successive Governors of Canada directing the *habitants* to incite the Indians to attack Nova Scotia. By the treaty of Utrecht in 1713 Acadia was definitely ceded to Great Britain; but France retained Cape Breton, and the right of

fishing in Newfoundland—which latter stipulation has not yet ceased to give rise to misunderstandings between the two countries. The retention of Cape Breton had been insisted on by France as a vantage ground whence they might attempt the reconquest of Acadia. The priests continued their terrorism over the uneducated Acadians, persuading them that the English occupation was only temporary, and that their civil and religious welfare was imperilled if they took the oaths of allegiance to King George. England neglected to cope with the difficulty, and for years delayed extreme measures, in the hopes of avoiding the necessity for them. Dr. Kingsford does not absolve from censure the Government of George I., which neglected to furnish the colony with the military strength which would then, by quiet firmness, have put down the spirit of disaffection; at a later date sterner measures were necessary. Meanwhile on Cape Breton the fortress of Louisbourg was growing up as a centre for future conquests, and the settlement of Acadia was deliberately impeded by French intrigues. The duplicity of the French authorities in encouraging devastation during a time of peace has scarcely a parallel in history, and the same policy was soon extended from Acadia to the fertile valleys of Pennsylvania. For years Acadia was neglected by the home Government, and things there were left to adjust themselves. This apathy and incompetence prevailed until the national spirit was aroused by the genius of Chatham. In Canada the expeditions from Quebec and Montreal, until the days of Montcalm, were only those known as *la petite guerre*, the surprise of helpless settlements, and the captivity, too often the massacre by Indians of women and children. No military or political end was gained, but undying hatred was aroused. Foremost in Acadia was the priest, Le Loutre, bitter, unscrupulous, and totally regardless of truth or honour in hounding on the ignorant *habitants* to their own ruin. Louisbourg had become a constant source of dread to New England, till, without help or suggestion from home, Boston organized an expedition and besieged and captured the place in 1745. Its loss was felt in France to be fatal to her interests, but an attempt to retake it two years later ended in disastrous failure. Dr. Kingsford believes that the desire of France to regain Louisbourg was the main motive which led to the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle. The sacrifice was forced on England by her want of success on the Continent, and the place was given up in 1749. The western territory was now beginning to attract attention. Charlevoix and La Verendrye had opened up the road to Lake Winnipeg, though the claim made in modern times for the latter as the discoverer of the Rocky Mountains is shown by Dr. Kingsford to be untenable. They were first seen and mentioned by ten unknown Canadians in 1751. La Galissonière, the new Governor-General of Canada, foresaw that the loss of America to France would mean the preponderance of England in Europe; to provide against this he determined to link his province with Louisiana by taking possession of the Ohio valley, undeterred by the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle. Expeditions were sent to conciliate the Indians, who were generally more favourably disposed to the English by reason of the greater cheapness of goods from Albany. The cession of Cape Breton to France awoke the attention of the home Government to Nova Scotia, and Halifax was built as a counterpoise to Louisbourg. Access by land from Cape Breton to Canada was thereby cut off; more necessary than ever was it for the French to regain Acadia. A system of outrages by Indians was set on foot with the direct connivance of the authorities at Quebec, and an English officer named Howe was decoyed and murdered by the orders of the infamous Le Loutre. Every straggler from Halifax was slaughtered, every courier intercepted and killed, even before the countries had drifted into open war. The Acadians resisted every attempt at conciliation; and at length Lawrence, the Governor of Nova Scotia, became convinced that the French were only waiting an opportunity to attack him, and that the Acadians in that event would rise *en masse*. They had been disloyal subjects for fifty years, and now precipitated measures by their own insolence. After a final vain attempt to get them to take the oath of allegiance, their expatriation was resolved on as an unavoidable measure of self-preservation, and was carried out as humanely as possible under the circumstances. The Acadians were distributed among the English colonies, where they experienced better treatment from strangers than the fugitives who reached Quebec received at the hands of their own countrymen. Dr. Kingsford throws doubt on the statement that any of them could have founded a colony still existing in Louisiana, though in a volume recently published by Mr. Dudley Warner a visit to this community is described.—*Saturday Review*.

The North to Blame.

Gov. Fleming, of West Virginia, who, living near the Mason and Dixon line and having business relations with the people of both sections, claims to be able to speak with authority, says that in his opinion there is more sectional bitterness to-day in the North than in the South, and that but for the continuous flaunting of the "bloody shirt" by Northern politicians of a certain class and their tireless and noisy advocacy of hostile and insulting sectional legislation the people of the South would feel as kindly toward the people of the North as in the days of the fathers, and the last surviving remnant of jealousy and sectionalism would be gone.



THE FIRST NOVA SCOTIA CONCHOLOGIST.

Professor W. F. Ganong, A.M., Instructor in Botany, of Harvard University, has, with the co-operation of Mr. Harry Piers, of Halifax, N.S., conferred a very real service on Canadian science and science generally, by preparing a sketch of the labours of the late "John Robert Willis, the first Nova Scotia conchologist." The memorial, which consists of an introduction, a bibliographical and critical notice of Willis's published papers and his list of Nova Scotia shells, by Mr. Ganong, and a biography of Willis, by Mr. Piers, was first contributed to the seventh volume of the Transactions of the Nova Scotia Institute of Natural Science. Hitherto Willis's lists of the Mollusca of Eastern Canada and New England, though often quoted by such scientific writers as Sir W. Dawson, Dr. Stimpson, Dall, Gould, and others, have been inaccessible to students, being found in no museum or library either of the Old World or the New, and of the principal list systematic inquiry has revealed only four or five copies to be extant, all the property of individuals. It was originally published on a large sheet, and was thus little likely to be preserved. Its reproduction in the organ of the institution which he helped to found, and in the city that benefited by his life work, must, therefore, be hailed as opportune. Born in Philadelphia of an Irish father and an English mother, he at any early age moved with his family to Canada, residing for a time in Kingston, and finally settling in Halifax. In 1846 he became principal of the National School in that city, and about 1850 he turned his attention to that branch of research in which he was destined to win so marked a success. In 1854 he obtained a prize for a collection at the Nova Scotia Industrial Exhibition, and in 1855 he opened a correspondence with the late Prof. Baird, of the Smithsonian Institution, the foundation of an enduring friendship. His career from that date till his death in 1876 was one of far-reaching and widely recognized usefulness. He sent collections to the British Museum, the Smithsonian Institution, the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences, King's College, Windsor, and to fellow labourers like Carpenter, Stimpson, Sir W. Dawson, Sir Rawson Rawson, Prof. Cope and several other noted scientists. In 1857 he published his first known list of Nova Scotia shells. In 1863 he issued the important list now given to the world in this convenient form. In the same year he resigned his position in the National School, and took charge of the new Industrial School. In 1865 he became secretary to the School Commissioners of Halifax, and at the same time started, with the late Dr. Honeyman, the movement which resulted in the Provincial Museum, with which the latter's name was so long associated. He received many honours from foreign societies, but his poverty forced him the year before his death to part with his collection—still mainly in Halifax. He was twice married, and six children, three sons and three daughters, survive him. The enumeration of his works comprises a list of Shells (1857), of Birds (1859), of Marine Shells (1862), all of Nova Scotia; "Our Edible Mollusca," *Colonial Review*, Halifax, 1862, and Nova Scotia Shells, 1863, (privately printed list). Mr. Ganong's Memorial is issued separately, as well as in the Transactions of the Institute.

The List (1863) is printed in conformity with Willis's original, but is accompanied by foot notes, which give information as to localities or indicate the result of later research. Mr. Willis records his debt to Prof. (Principal Sir) J. W. Dawson, F.R.S., (C.M.G.), Montreal; Dr. J. Bernard Gilpin, Halifax; Thos. Bell, Esq.; P. S. Dodd, Esq., Superintendent at Sable Island; the Rev. J. Ambrose, M.A., St. Margaret's Bay, and Mr. James L'archar, Sable Island, for specimens; and he expresses his sense of grave obligation to Dr. A. A. Gould, of Boston; Prof. Stimpson, of Cambridge, and Dr. E. Forman, late of the Smithsonian Institution. We have pleasure in recommending the Memorial, which is highly creditable to the compilers.

GEOFFREY HAMPSTEAD.

Interest has been aroused in Canadian literary circles by the appearance of a novel of Canadian authorship, entitled "Geoffrey Hampstead." The scene is laid in Toronto, and there is no lack of incident. The opening chapters are somewhat crude and seem to lack coherence, but as one reads on, a purpose begins to reveal itself, and the reader becomes interested. Mr. Maurice Rankin is clearly reserved for great things and Jack Cresswell is unconsciously passing under threatening clouds. His Admirable Crichton, Geoffrey, is evidently a man to beware of. Strangely attractive he certainly is to man as well as woman, just the sort of fellow to lure one or the other to such pitfalls of destiny as may lie in their path. His physical beauty and strength, his various accomplishments, his force of will, the mystery that surrounds him, are all elements in the magnetic influence that he exerts over friends and acquaintances. His own account of himself—the story of his mixed origin, his savage mother, his estrangement from his family—adds a romantic charm to his personality. It also serves to explain his moral perversity, though it hardly prepares us for his atrocious treachery to the woman who loved him and the man who trusted him. The author has shown

considerable skill in gradually lifting the veil from his character. There is a certain power in the scene between Hampstead and Nina Lindon (Jack's betrothed), though it is not edifying to read. It is the first intimation of the brilliant half-caste's villainy. Margaret Macintosh is a pleasant picture to contemplate, and her devotion to the betrayer is full of pathos. On the whole, the *dramatis personae* are skilfully drawn and the plot is ably worked out. The author's worst fault is an elaborate straining after effect, which sometimes annoys the reader, as the interruptions of a would be sayer of clever things bore the listener to serious conversation. It is only by practised self-control that a writer learns to avoid excess, to know the moment when any addition mars, instead of improving, his work. "Geoffrey Hampstead" would have gained in many ways by retrenchment. A great deal that is introduced in description, dialogue and incident is altogether adventitious. In a novel like this, which comes under the class of Mr. Andrew Lang's "literary anodynes" (and it must have no slight merit to take rank in that category), whatever delays the natural movement of events to the predestined end, excites the reader's impatience or diverts attention to the author's mannerisms, should be carefully avoided. If the book were dull, of course, it would not matter. But "Geoffrey Hampstead" is not dull. On the contrary, it is full of life and action, and is eminently readable and entertaining. The writer of it, Mr. Thomas S. Jarvis, has good stuff in him and knows how to tell a story, and we are pretty sure to hear of him again. That his book should have come out as one of Appleton's Town and Country Library, is, indeed, a guarantee of success. The book is for sale at Brown's and Picken's in this city.

THE CANADIAN INDIAN.

Announcement has already been made in our columns of a monthly magazine which should bear this name and be devoted to the subject which it implies—being, in fact, the organ of the Canadian Indian Research and Aid Society. We have just received an advance copy of the first number (October, 1890,) which follows the lines laid down in the prospectus previously noticed. The society, it will be remembered, was inaugurated in April last. Its objects are to "promote the welfare of the Indians; to guard their interests; to preserve their history, traditions and folk-lore, and to diffuse information with a view to creating more general interest in both their spiritual and temporal progress." The officers consist of a patron (the Governor-General), a president, four vice-presidents, a treasurer, a council of sixteen members and a secretary. The last position is taken by the Rev. E. F. Wilson, of Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., who conceived and was mainly instrumental in organizing the society. Mr. Wilson and Mr. H. B. Small are the associate editors of the *Canadian Indian*. Mr. Wilson's account of his visit to the Zuni Indians (whose social usages, traditions, ritual, industries and general condition some of our readers doubtless heard Mr. Cushing describe at the meeting of the British Association in this city) is the principal contribution in the opening number. The earlier portion of "My Wife and I" was published in *Our Forest Children*, beginning with June, 1889, so that to have the complete record of this "little journey among the Indians," readers will require the back issues of that periodical. What concerns the Zunis, however, begins in the *Canadian Indian*. Editorial articles set forth the objects which the new monthly is to serve, treat generally of anthropology in Canada, with special reference to the labours of Mr. Hirschfelder, and discuss the present position and number of the Indians of Canada. The remainder of the number contains a good deal of miscellaneous information on Indian industrial schools, mission work, etc. The cause, both in its humane and scientific aspects, which the *Canadian Indian* is intended to promote, is a most worthy one, one that merits the support of every true Canadian. The Rev. Mr. Wilson has been devoting himself for years, with a zeal which may truly be called apostolic, to the advancement of the Indian's welfare—that of his favoured Ojibways especially—and his latest undertaking appeals, without distinction of race or creed, to every friend of our aborigines. We would like to see the magazine at least doubled in size—so as to admit of longer signed articles from experts in Indian ethnology and philology—but its enlargement depends, of course, on the generosity with which it is supported. The price of subscription, which gives the privilege of membership in the Indian Research and Aid Society, is \$2 a year. The treasurer is Mr. W. Luke Marler, Ottawa. The *Canadian Indian* is printed and published by Mr. John Rutherford, Owen Sound, Ont.

OLD NEW BRUNSWICK.

A book of various interest to those who love to hold converse with the past is Lieut.-Col. William T. Baird's "Seventy Years of New Brunswick Life." A native of Fredericton, Col. Baird has been an observer of events for more than half the period since the province was organized, and with some of the most stirring scenes in its policy, he has been himself associated. Many of the reminiscences in his book are, indeed, connected with military affairs, as for more than half a century he has held command in our valiant little army. There are many passages in the volume that are of real historic value, as they give the testimony of an eye witness to events of moment in the life and growth of the province. Others are of purely local concern, though interesting as suggesting contrasts between the present and the past, and marking stages in our social and institutional development. One of the personalities of

his early years that Col. Baird distinctly recalls is the courier who made the trip monthly between Fredericton and Quebec—in winter, on snowshoes or with dog and toboggan. He also recalls the executioner, a well-known character, a coloured man named Lowden, tall and old, who repaired sleds and toboggans, and so was on familiar terms with most of the young people. He had a team of trained fox-hounds for hauling his loads of lumber, which surpassed horses in swiftness. Col. Baird tells us of other and more reputable celebrities—of some of whom, such as Col. Cole, of the 15th Regiment, the late Hon. L. A. Wilmot, as well as the author, portraits are given. The great fire, the boundary troubles, the Orange riot of 1847, the movement of troops westward during the "Trent" excitement, the beginnings of regular steam navigation and railway building, and the controversies and agitations that preceded the formation of the Dominion, are among the themes of his personal reminiscences. In 1863 (January 1) the author received his commission as Lieutenant-Colonel of the 1st Battalion Carleton County Militia, and later in the same year was appointed Deputy Quartermaster-General for New Brunswick. He was Paymaster of Military District No. 8, Dominion of Canada, from Confederation till 1887 (twenty years) and Superintendent of Stores at St. John from 1879 till the latter date. His portrait represents him as a hale and handsome man, who bears his age lightly, and looks remarkably well in his military uniform. "Seventy Years of New Brunswick Life" is published by George E. Day, St. John, N.B.

Mr. Sladen Back Again.

Mr. Douglas Sladen and his family, after their long journey of twenty thousand miles, before going down to New York will rest a month in the Windsor Hotel at Montreal, famed as one of the most luxurious on the continent. They have been busy since they left San Francisco. On their trip up to Vancouver they visited the boom cities of Puget Sound, Seattle, Tacoma, Port Townsend and Anacostis; and, after leaving Victoria and Vancouver, stayed off at the comfortable little Mountain Hotel at Hamson Springs, for the sulphur baths and the trout fishing; at North Bend to see the salmon rush on the Fraser and the Indians scooping them out of the water; at the Glacier House for the big game and the big peaks and glaciers of the Selkirk; at Donald on a fine reach of the Columbia midway between the Rockies and Selkirk; at Golden City to go up the Columbia to its head waters in the Columbia Valley; at the lower lake (Windermere) there were some Cowboy and Indian horse races going on, and Mr. Sladen received a novel tribute to his reputation in being elected to act as judge in the horse races. He shot a fine goose with his rifle from the steamer, which was duly stopped for this succulent addition to the table. Then he went to Banff for a week at the Springs and the Rocky Mountain scenery, and at Laggan to visit the beautiful little glacier, Lake Louise, where the C.P.R. are erecting a chalet hotel for next season. He only spent an hour at Winnipeg, having visited it on the former journey, and was unable from illness to stay off at Gleichen, where an imposing display of Blackfoot Indians on horseback had been called out to meet him. His next stoppage was Rat Portage, to steam up the Lake of the Woods, made notorious lately by the uprising of Flatmouth and his Ojibway Indians. From Rat Portage he went to Nepigon for a week's fishing, and from thence for another week at Peninsula, where he had a fresh surprise in catching some very fine speckled trout in Duncan's Creek, one of them being the finest fish caught on the north shore of Lake Superior this season. From Peninsula he went to North Bay to camp out at Trout Lake, six miles away. Here he had capital sport in four days' fishing, taking to his own rod 100 lbs. of black bass, pike and pike, besides losing about 50 lbs. more by tackle giving way when the fish came to the top of the water.

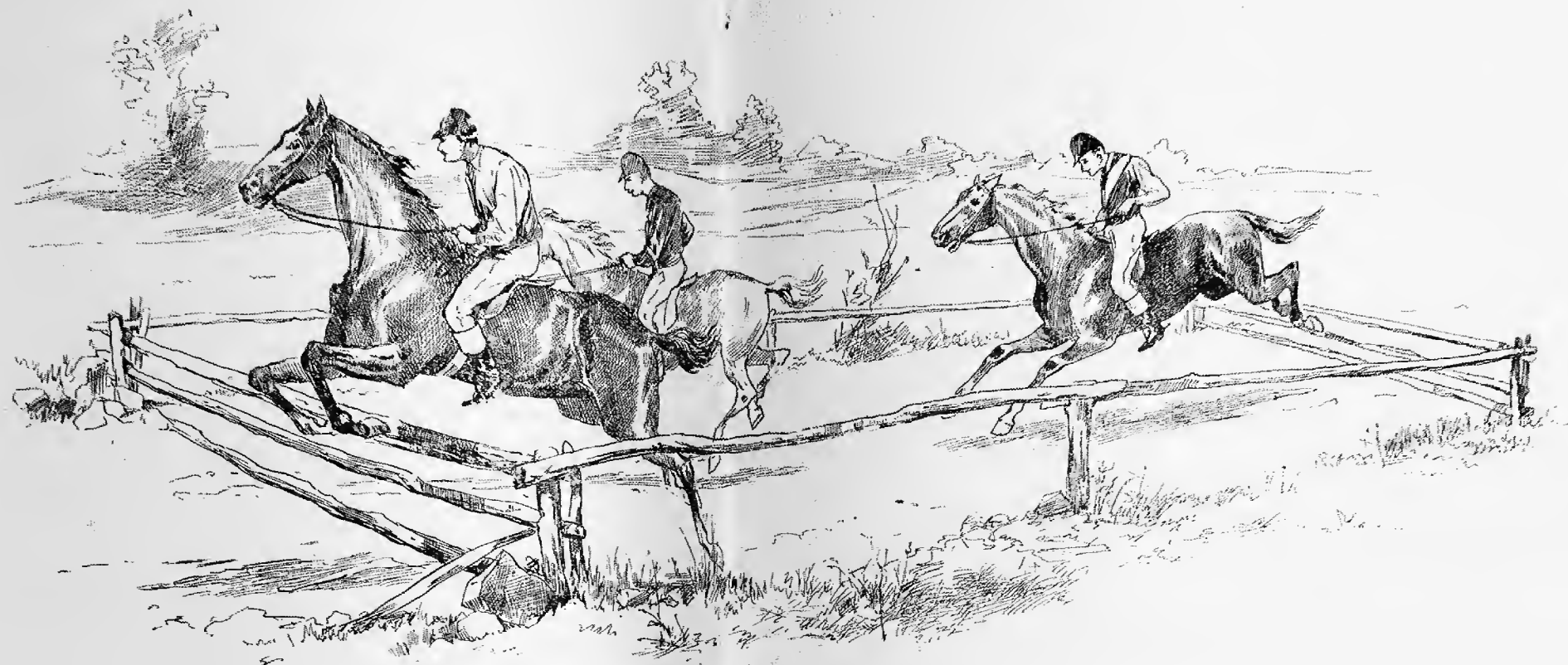
Mr. Sladen told a reporter that the Windsor at Montreal reminded him of the C.P.R.—American enterprise without American servants, and that, taken all round, it was the most comfortable hotel he had ever been in, away ahead of the Palace at San Francisco in every respect except cubic capacity. We may add that the *DOMINION ILLUSTRATED* has acquired "Lester, the Loyalist," the most important poem that Mr. Sladen has written, for its Christmas number.

Miss Ella Walker.

The Montreal friends of Miss Ella Walker will be glad to hear of her continued success abroad. She had the distinguished honour of being chosen by the board of professors of the Royal College of Music, London, to fill the principal part at the annual operatic performance given by the students of that college. The opera selected was Mozart's "Cosi Fan Tutte," and Miss Walker's appearance secured the most flattering criticisms of the London press. The occasion is one of the musical events of the year, when the musical *élite* are on the alert for a new voice of promise. Among the many eminent musicians present were Sir Arthur Sullivan and Sir John Stainer, and both of these gentlemen predict a brilliant future for Miss Walker. Miss Walker's portrait appeared in this journal last year.



LEFT.



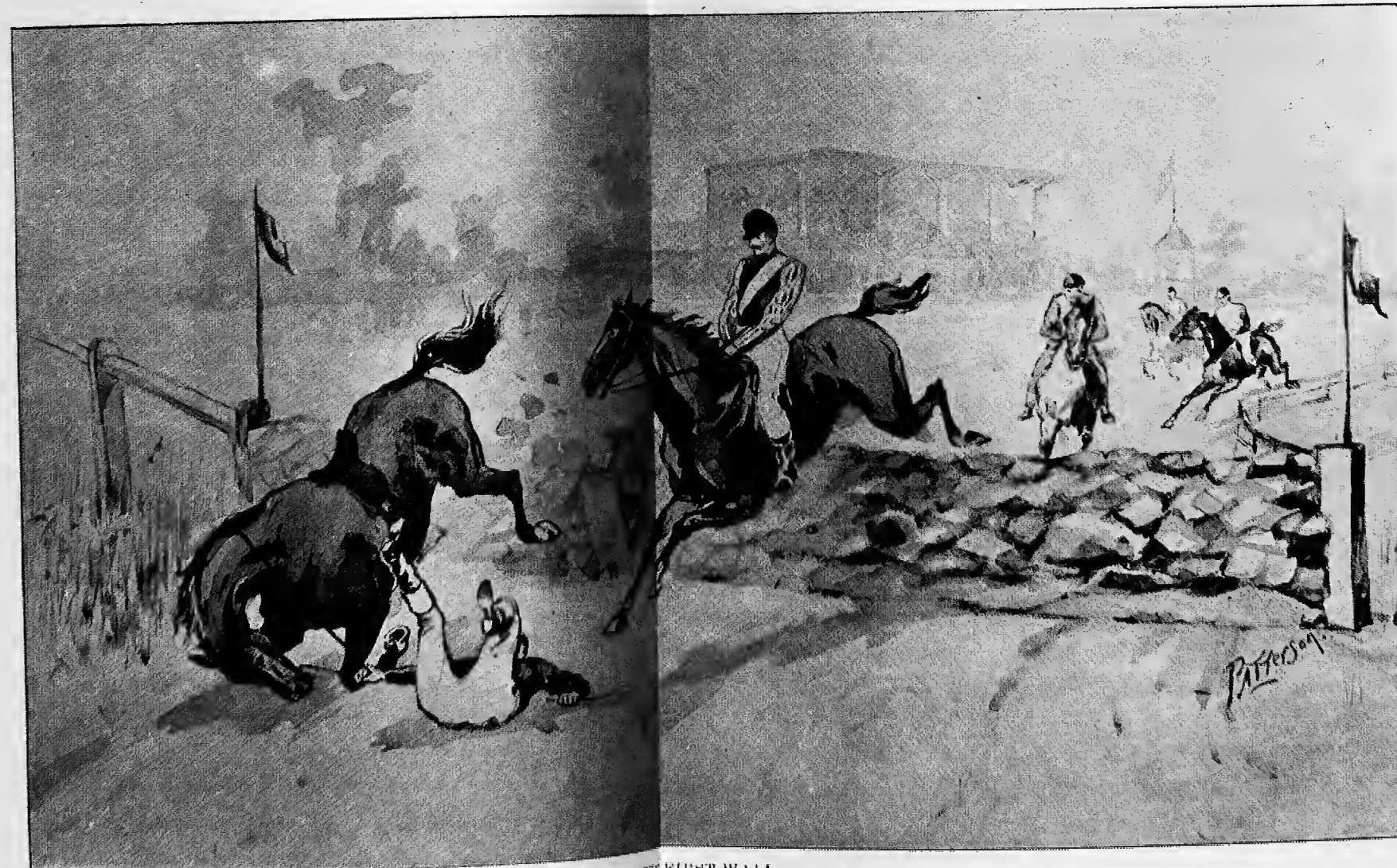
IN THE PIG PEN.



THE JUDGES' STAND.



AFTER THE RACE.



THE FIRST WALL.

SKETCHES AT THE MONTREAL HUNT CLUB RACES, 4th OCTOBER, 1893. (By our special artist.)



HANDICAP RACE.



There would be comparatively little interest taken in sport if there was not permeating it more or less of the element of danger. It adds a spice that, like a good appetite, cannot be duplicated. Nor Nabob, nor Batty, nor Crosse & Blackwell, nor all the drowsy imitations on the flat can meddle to such good sport as the steeplechase. It is a decidedly British institution; it carries around with it great possibilities for the talents of a coroner; it requires nerve and pluck and perseverance, and it is just here where the man wins who never knows when he is beaten. There is a glorious feeling of exhilaration in going over three miles of what is called fair hunting country, scoring rails and water and stone. There is an indescribable tension of the nerves when you think you are doing your prettiest and when you suddenly discover the nose of a long shot just up to your saddle girth and still a quarter of a mile to go; when the other fellow, to your eyes, looks fresh and your own gallant hunter is not responding just the way you wish; when you both rise to a raking double and the splinters are sent flying; when there is a crash beside you and a groan that sounds like a whisper as you fly past and indistinct figures flit across the open to help the fallen rider; when you feel a trifle tired in the arms and the knees tighten instinctively as you have barely time to think whether that three feet of water on the other side of that raise is very cold or not; you are over and you come down with a jar that seems to loosen every joint and give you telescopic information of bodies celestial. When you hear a murmur of voices that sounds in your ear like the roar of a cataract and you know not whether it betokens danger or victory; when you look straight before and see nothing but still one more obstacle to be overcome; when, like a flash, a brilliant but bespattered silk passes on your right like a meteor; when, as the swell of voices grows louder and from amid the din you are barely able to distinguish—"Well done, Chester!" "Come along, Hard Times!" "Chester has it!" When both plunge forward in the last decisive rush; when both know that the first over that bit of timber is the victor; when teeth are set and a tighter grip taken; when you brace yourself for the ordeal and lean forward as your game hunter rises; when you hear that same dull crunching sound, and you know that another opponent has come to grief; when you swerve into the straight and ride for dear life; and when you are grasped by a multitude of hands and deluged with a shower of congratulations—then you know that you have won a steeplechase, and that you are the owner of the trophy that brings with it the honour of the Hunt, and it is a fitting representative of the multitude of loving cups whose brims have been bathed in the effervescent foam of the choicest vintages and the exuberance of good wishes that tell of friendship.

The Montreal Hunt have had considerable difficulty to labour under this year insofar as their steeplechases were concerned, and many entries that might reasonably have been expected to appear on the cards were noticeable by their absence; but, although the number of starters was small, no fault could be found with the racing. The second day was decidedly superior to the first, and the weather was of that class which delights in making cross-country work not only difficult but dangerous. Then there were enough croppers taken to satisfy even the most sanguinary expectant of bloodshed. In fact, there is good reason to be profoundly thankful that the casualties were not attended with more serious consequences. With fine weather, the new course at Blue Bonnets, although somewhat awkward in formation, is a satisfactory one, but on wet days it is suicidal if anything like speed is aspired to. The figure eight is a good idea, but as a great deal of running is done on the upper loop, it is unsatisfactory to the general public who are not provided with good glasses. It perhaps would have been more to the purpose if, instead of attempting to make the course gone over the mile even, a different starting point for the green and cup courses had been fixed and straight running made without doubling. It would certainly have given the spectators a better idea, not to speak of the possibilities among a large field of horses in anything like a three mile race, when there would be some danger of collision at the crossing point. Just at present there seems an epidemic of strangely made tracks, and the kite-tracks for the trotters are coming in for a share of abuse altogether unmerited; but these are run on straight lines, and no such thing as a cross in opposite directions is possible. Now, I think, and most steeplechase men will agree with me, that in a limited area, with a large field of entries and in a distance like three miles, there is more than a possibility of accidents with the "8" track.

The first day's racing may be dismissed with but comparatively little comment, as, with the exception of one race, the results in the rest seemed foregone conclusions. It does seem strange that the two first races in one day should be won by one horse, but the winner seemed so superior to his opponents in both events that the result is not so much to be wondered at. Quaker succeeded in carrying off both purses in one-two order, and was never anything else but a winner at any stage of either race. In

the Members' Plate the same result was had, in so far that Hard Times held the race from the start and won handily. There was somewhat of a surprise in store in the open flat, as with Parse in the running it was not to be expected that Prince Charlie or Eve would have anything like a show. But the changes of a very short time proved differently, and, while the second favourite finished first, the only and original favourite proved himself not in it, the best that could be done being a struggle with Bee for second place. It was a splendid race, however; in fact, the race of the day.

The second division of the meeting, although handicapped by the weather, was by far the most enjoyable day of the two, for the very simple reason that great struggles can always be depended on in the Farmers' and the Hunt Cup races. This was the day when the unrelenting rain worked every bit of clay up into unrelenting mud, and made things unpleasant all round. The going was bad, very sticky and very dangerous, and one of the best steeplechasers in the country would not take chances, and showed his good sense in doing so, because when the western one was started with another jockey up there was no doubt of his coming to grief, and he never finished.

"Who is the mud horse and who can stay longest?" was the natural question asked when things began to get interesting just before the first race started. Mackenzie was taken off the boards, and by some means or other put on at a later stage; but, instead of the well-known gentleman jockey, Mr. Lowden, who is usually seen in the saddle, there was a coloured rider, who likely is a tip-top man on the flat, but who made a sorry exhibition getting over obstacles. There was a collapse at the ditch, a narrow escape at the wall, and a total quit at the second attempt at the pig-pen. This put Bay View stables out of it. From the appearance of the horses and the way they were going, it looked as if it were going to be a hard finish between Quaker and Little Charlie. The latter seemed to have the best of it, too, but the stone wall sent both horse and rider feeling for their heads on the other side. It looked like a broken neck for Minogue, if the way he went down was any criterion; but he was not seriously hurt, although put out of the race. This practically left nothing in it but Quaker; then it was that good riding and good judgment brought Prince Charlie fairly up to the winning point, and, although not winning, both horses made a grand struggle of it. The race for the Hunt Cup was never more popularly won than when Mr. E. J. Major ran in to the finish all alone. Overstone, who, as far as appearances went, would have won handily, had a nasty faculty of hitting the rails, and after passing the pig-pen got inextricably mixed up at the next jump, getting away again before Mr. Elliott had time to recover, and when at last he did remount he had a handicap of three-quarters of a mile to get over; but, like the old steeplechaser, he knew that an accident was liable to happen to anybody, and with the view of taking chances he stuck to it, and was eventually rewarded by running in second. The last half mile was a splendid race between Chester and Hard Times, and both came to the last jump on even terms, and both rose to it together. But Mr. Stevenson had the fates against him, and when victory appeared within his grasp there was a stumble, and he was out of it, being so badly used up that he could not remount. Then it was that Mr. Elliott, who had been riding hard since his fall, cantered into second place. In the Farmers' Race there is always the satisfaction of the anticipation of a good race being gratified, and Saturday proved no exception to the rule. Everybody expected a good race, but everybody did not guess accurately as to the winner, and the night before the race Quirk went begging at outrageous odds, and the other son of Quito, who finished a handy second, was hardly thought of at all. A tumble at the stone wall is a nasty thing to take, but the artist has caught the spirit of the scene and preserved it for the readers of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED. The consolation race was practically a matter of no account, only two horses going over the course.

There was one thing unpleasant connected with the last day's running, and it was part of the first race. Protests were lodged against Quaker on the grounds that the entry was not received in time. When the matter came to be discussed by the stewards it was found that the entry had not really been made on time, but the acceptance of it proved that it was more with the view of encouraging good sport than adhering strictly to the letter of the rules which prompted the action taken. As far as I can learn, it was with the desire of making a good race for the opening of the day that the gentlemen in charge stretched the rules a little bit, and when Mr. Drysdale started his horse it was certainly under the impression that there would be no trouble about it. Under these circumstances, especially after winning the race, it was a little hard on Quaker to find himself protested. But just here is where the Montreal Hunt proved that a matter of a couple of hundred dollars could not be permitted to stand between a technicality and their love of sport, so they awarded two first moneys—one to Prince Charlie and one to Quaker. It is just this sort of generosity which makes the Hunt steeplechases so popular, and even if the number of starters was small it was the non-entrants rather than the club which suffered, and maybe a lesson has been learned which will be useful next year.

The lacrosse season has come to a conclusion for all pur-

poses of interest, but its ending has not been a happy one. Only once before in the history of the game was the ill feeling and tension between clubs so great. Then there was a split up and the same thing is threatened now. Rivalry is a good spirit to animate a club; but when that rivalry takes the form of doing everything to inconvenience an opponent off the field, then the sooner a reformation in the national game comes the better. Of the two meetings of the council of delegates and the very peculiar decisions arrived at, the less said the better; the matter has been pretty well threshed out already.

The Shamrocks gave a surprise party to the Torontos on Saturday last, when the Western men, who calculated on an easy victory, were held down well by the grounds team and the result declared a draw. It was just another example of what little dependence can be placed on the form of previous matches to make calculations for the future. Here another question arises. Will these drawn matches be played off or not? The all-wise council decided on Saturday last that the Montreal-Toronto match should not be played off, as it did not interfere with the championship, a resolution for which the Toronto and Shamrock delegates voted. Still, in the face of this fact, it is announced that the Toronto-Shamrock draw will be played over on the Rosedale grounds. It will take the wisdom of a Solomon to disentangle the mess of technicalities and votes and precedents and bad feeling, etc., etc., which have been the concomitants of senior lacrosse this season, and which are gradually but surely disgusting the people who really like the game and are willing to pay for it.

After all the talk about the match between the Cornwall and the Montreal clubs, it was a disappointing exhibition. Posing as champions, a title which the club fairly won on the field—and, strange to say, did not lose in the council chamber—it was to have been expected that they would have come to Montreal with their full team, instead of being short three of their best men. The result was as might have been expected. The champions were never in it from the start, and the Montreals literally walked through them to the tune of four straight games. This is not as it should be. When an exhibition match is advertised, the public have a right to expect that they will see just as good a game as if it were for the championship, and if this method of putting on "rag" teams is adhered to, it will not take long to find out that these exhibition matches will not be so profitable in the future as they have been in the past.

The Far West is not so far west but it has its lacrosse cranks in as large number as the effete East. They have had their lacrosse championship series, and they have had their crowds, and big crowds, too. Just imagine 8,000 people at the final match in New Westminster, 2,000 going from Vancouver to see the match. There are three clubs in this British Columbia association and each plays two games. The final match was between the New Westminster and Vancouver clubs on Saturday last, and although the match was played in a drizzling rain the reports say that it was a most exciting one. New Westminster won the match by two games to nothing, and well earned the title of champions. The series finished—New Westminster—won four, lost none; Vancouver—one won, two lost, one drawn; Victoria—lost three, drawn one. There are several old Torontonians on the coast, and they are putting a lot of go into the game out there.

The brithers o' the broom are beginning to look after their winter's sport already. In Montreal there is nothing being done except calculating on the weather and wondering how long it will take to get ice. The regular prosaic business of the clubs was all transacted early in the year, and now nothing remains but for King Frost to send in his card and compliments. In Toronto things promise to be lively the coming winter. The Moss Park Club have held their annual meeting, when a large number of new members were added to the roll. The election of officers will take place on the 16th instant.

It looks pretty late for yachting, but still they are at it yet on Lake Ontario. On Saturday last the Queen City Yacht Club sailed off the final race of the season for the silk challenge flags for boats in the 25-foot class. Three yachts—Nellie G, Caprice and Widgeon—started in this class. Bad judgment of the skippers on Nellie G, and Caprice and a lucky slant of wind gave the race easily to Widgeon, who had eight minutes to spare.

Some interesting calculations as to the flight of time and the flight of a horse are being made since the King of the Turf made his mile in 1 min. 35½ secs. How many trains go forty miles an hour? Yet Salvator has approached this speed within a fraction. But a more minute calculation will give a better idea of the tremendous pace at which he travelled. Take these 95½ seconds and then the 5,280 feet in the mile and the simple process of division will show that every second Salvator covered more than 55 feet of ground.

Alicante, the great French mare, must be a wonder if she can come anywhere near justifying the hopes of her friends, who have been plunging on her since her victory two weeks ago, and she now occupies the place of first favourite for both the Cambridgeshire and Cesarewitch, distances widely different.

It is not long since the phenomenal jumping of horses began to attract widespread attention. When Gebhard's Leo was jumping at Madison Square Garden, his great rival was Filemaker, who has a record of 6 feet 10 3/4 inches. Then it was that people began to ask who Filemaker was and where he came from, and but comparatively few knew that he had been owned in Montreal for a long time. Since the great feats of Ontario and Roseberry, the long reachy beast has fallen out of sight, but he was not long destined to remain in oblivion. The *Spirit* said he would be relegated to the shafts of a coal cart, but that is not likely to happen as yet, as he has been purchased by Mme. Merantette, who recently rode him over a 6 feet 7 inch jump. His owner is now anxious to contend against Roseberry or any other jumper.

The Rugby match of the season will take place to-day on the Montreal grounds, when the Montrealers and Britannias meet. Both teams have been putting in some real hard work, and both are as confident as fifteens can be. The adoption of the challenge system seems to give general satisfaction to all the clubs concerned, and although the season is necessarily a short one, it promises to be an interesting one. The organ of the Ottawa College men, the *Owl*, seems anxious that matches should be arranged with the Montreal clubs, and it is to be hoped the negotiations will come to something. In the Junior series the second Victorias and third McGill played last Saturday, the latter being victorious. The grads and under-grads also had an interesting struggle.

Rugby in Ontario has already got into good working order, the 'Varsity having started in last week. There will be two valuable additions from the Upper Canada College, Lash and Cloyes, who will take the places of Watt and Cross. Toronto will meet 'Varsity for the first time on Saturday next. The Tilsonburg club have organized for the season with the following officers:—President, N. P. Dewar; vice-president, J. U. Wood; secretary, D. G. Revell; captain, P. Geddes; committee, B. Titus, F. Foster, George Aspinwall.

The championship games, which take place at Washington to-day (Saturday), will be the most important ever held on the continent. East, West, North and South will be there. Unfortunately very little from the north, and Canada will once more draw a blank among all the good things going, for although the world's champion shot-putter is a Canadian and lives in Canada, he carries the colours of the N.Y.A.C. But there is one thing which is almost unparalleled in the annals of athletic sport, which by no amount of specious argument can be made to appear in anything but its true colours, and which does not reflect the least bit of credit on the M.A.C. Last week I had something to say about the point competition for the Bailey, Banks and Biddle plaque, for which the cherry diamond and the winged foot are running so close and hard a race. There was also something said about the Salford Harriers, who are at present making a tour of the United States under the auspices and as the guests of the Manhattan Athletic Club. Of course these gentlemen did not make any particularly brilliant showing when in Montreal, but they have been doing good work since, and, if taking part in the Washington games to-day, would almost to a certainty win some of the events which the M.A.C. has been counting on in the point competition. This would, by detracting from the M.A.C.'s chances, add to those of the N.Y.A.C. To avoid any such direful calamity, the visitors will not be allowed to compete at Washington, and they will go back to England with only the satisfaction of having competed in and won in second class events. This course gives the cherry diamond a sort of mortgage on the plaque, but it is not sportsmanlike, and neither is the flimsy excuse that foreigners would not be allowed to compete at the A.A.U. games. But there are strange things done in big athletic organizations, and while posing as lovers of sport, they always seem to be tainted just a little bit by the doctrine that the end justifies the means. It will appear to most people that the possession of the plaque this year by the M.A.C. will be a very barren honour.

A great deal has been said in the American press about the recent Canadian championship meeting, and some excellent suggestions have been made. One of them, coming from "Mediator," who writes in the *New York World*, is particularly worthy of attention. He says:—"It occurs to me that the Canadian Amateur Athletic Association would solve the athletic problem in Canada by organizing on lines similar to the A.A.U. and giving district championships. The Montreal Amateur Athletic Association could apply to the Canadian Association for the privilege of giving annually a southern district championship meeting at Montreal, open only to residents of the southern district, and the Toronto Athletic Association could apply for the privilege of giving annually the northern district championships at Toronto. The Canadian Association could also give the national championships open to the world, as now, at which the winners at the two district championship meetings could take part. The result of this arrangement would be that Montreal and Toronto would each have an annual athletic feature. The athletes in their respective districts would certainly compete for their district championships and the development of amateur sport in Canada would begin with the introduction of this system. As it is at present the Canadian athletes are discouraged from competing at the annual championship meeting, for the

reason that they meet, as was the case this year, the best men from all parts of the world. President Magee and ex-President Stevenson, of the Canadian Association, talk of advocating the above plan. It is to be hoped that these gentlemen will put their shoulders to the wheel to bring about the giving of divisional championship meetings in Canada."

The shooters have been having a lively time in Toronto, the ninth annual tournament of the Toronto Gun Club being a particularly successful meeting, which extended over three days and was concluded on Friday. The tournament was divided into four classes, the first and second classes shooting at fifteen birds from a 26-yards rise, and the third and fourth at ten birds from a 21-yards rise. In the ties the rise was increased to 29 and 32 yards. The first prize winners were: J. Wapper, first class; E. Perryman, second class; H. McLaren third class; E. Eaglehart fourth. In the first class every man graced his fifteen straight and two ties were necessary to place. That looks like pretty good shooting.

How have the mighty fallen—Hanlan, the one-time pride of Canada, beaten in a one mile race easily by Teemer, and for a purse of \$1,000 subscribed by citizens of East Liverpool. There was no time taken, and it looks very much as if the good Liverpoolians imagined they saw a race and were satisfied. The lines of the professional carman seem to fall in nice places; but then there is an old saying to the effect that there is one something or other born every minute, and East Liverpool seems to have got her full share.

Hamilton is the latest to drop into line to encourage the breeding of good dogs and holding bench shows. The idea seems to be to get up a circuit of bench shows, comprising London, Hamilton, Toronto, Ottawa and Montreal. This would give exhibitors a fair chance and considerably stimulate interest in the kennel. The new club will be known as the Hamilton Kennel Club, and a committee has been appointed to settle a date for the first annual show.

R. O. N.

Men and Matters in Ontario.

[From our own correspondent.]

TORONTO, October 1890.

The re-opening of the universities and colleges during the past week must be noticed in connection with some matters especially gratifying to all who are interested in higher education. In the first place, McMaster starts upon its first era as a university. Now the Baptist system of education is complete. Before this McMaster Hall was but a divinity college. The year 1890 marks the accomplishment of what every Baptist young man and woman in the preparatory colleges had long desired. The future will see fresh vigour in the work of these preparatory colleges. The institution at Woodstock has been doing extensive work in education of boys, the Moulton College for girls has made its name well known, while the Toronto Baptist College, known as McMaster Hall, is one of the first theological colleges on the continent. These are the colleges in affiliation with McMaster University, which go to complete the system of Baptist education, and which every member of the Baptist denomination is proud of.

In regard to the opening of Knox Presbyterian College, the induction of Rev. Prof. R. V. Thomson, professor of apologetics and Old Testament literature, is a noteworthy event. Rev. Mr. Thomson is one of the most brilliant sons of Knox, and is a graduate of Toronto University. Both institutions feel a pride in the new man and in the position which he has now taken, while his university friends prophesy for him a bright career.

The remarks of Sir Daniel Wilson at Toronto University convocation have evoked in the public mind renewed admiration for the old man who, with his buoyancy of spirit and physical energy, carries along to security through fire and the worst enemy of engendered popular hostility the destiny of the institution of which he is the president. The graduates of Toronto University will never forget Sir Daniel Wilson's conduct at and after the fire last winter. Those who believed at the time that the effect of the stimulus could not continue long are now loudest in their admiration of this address of convocation, full of confidence and energy, and still displaying a fatherly concern in the general weal of the University. The visit of Sir George Baden-Powell to Toronto was another event of much importance to the Provincial University. He came principally to consult with the university authorities in connection with the library. He has been an active member of the committee in London, England, formed to take up subscriptions and donations of books and money, under the presidency of the Marquis of Lorne.

This term opening of Victoria College may be said to be the beginning of the end of college work in that town. To the junior classes Rev. Dr. Burwash made the significant remark that they would finish their course in Toronto University.

The Earl and Countess of Aberdeen, before setting out on their westward journey, publicly expressed through the press gratification in the results so far of their visit to Canada.

The presentation of an address in Montreal on September 30 by the Society of Canadian Civil Engineers to Sir Casimir Gzowski, congratulating him on the honour of knighthood conferred upon him by Her Majesty, has been

very much appreciated in Toronto by the admirers generally of that gentleman, and particularly by the members of the profession to which he belongs.

Mr. James Johnson, editor of the *Ottawa Citizen*, was given a cordial welcome back to Ottawa from the Old Country by his many friends in the Capital. Mr. McLeod Stewart presided at a supper given in the Russell House to celebrate the occasion.

Fashionable marriages are crowding on each other thick and fast. During the week several weddings have taken place, the most notable being that of Dr. Ogden Jones, of Toronto, with the daughter of the late Hon. James Morris. The ceremony was at St. Margaret's church in this city on the 2nd. The bridegroom is one of the best known medical men in Ontario.

A gentleman named Townley, who lives at Vancouver, B.C., recently started eastward in anticipation of his marriage with Miss Elizabeth Mercer, step daughter of the well-known Sheriff McKellar, of Hamilton. A reasonable time previous to that Miss Townley, the young gentleman's sister, started westward from England to be present at the wedding. On the day when they were both due at Hamilton Miss Mercer got another husband in the person of Mr. Herbert Muir Morton, of her own town, and the pair started off on their honeymoon trip to the Eastern States. And it never has come out who pulled the wires.

The Toronto Hunt Club races always bring a large public attendance to the Woodbine course. Being supported by the bulk of Torontonians who are fond of good riding, the patronage of this important event is liberal, as it deserves to be. The races are invariably well run, and this annual meet promises to be as good as of yore.

The action of the retail druggists of this city in adopting a uniform price list of their goods has exposed a trick of that mysterious trade which will interest a good many people. With a uniform price list, the big stores will naturally absorb the bulk of trade. The smaller down-town stores are consequently kicking, and one gentleman declares that they will not stand it. He gives it as a reason that druggists who are trying to build up a business have to keep two prices, one for the rich, the other for the poor. He says if they sell to a poor person without profit they pile it on to the next "fat and greasy citizen" who happens along. The interviewed druggist who made this statement, which has not yet been contradicted, thought selling in this way was but justice to the druggist, tempered with mercy for the poor customer.

Last week a remarkable will case was decided by the Court of Appeal for Ontario, Chief Justice Galt dissenting from the finding. William Wilcox Baldwin was plaintiff in the case and the executors of the estate of his brother, Robert Baldwin, jr., were the defendants. The father of the plaintiff and the late W. A. Baldwin were nephews of Admiral Baldwin, of the British navy, who died intestate about 1850, leaving certain lands now known as Russell Hill, Toronto, to be divided, as was then thought, equally among the next of kin. In 1885 William Wilcox Baldwin discovered that he was the sole heir, and accordingly brought suit to have the lands invested in him alone and to have compensation made for the previous distribution of property. He won the suit for sole right, but not compensation, and the executors of his brother appealed. This time he wins again, and the executors are taking the case to Privy Council. The land is worth about \$100,000.

Hon. John Dryden and Hon. Richard Harcourt has been re-elected by their constituencies by acclamation.

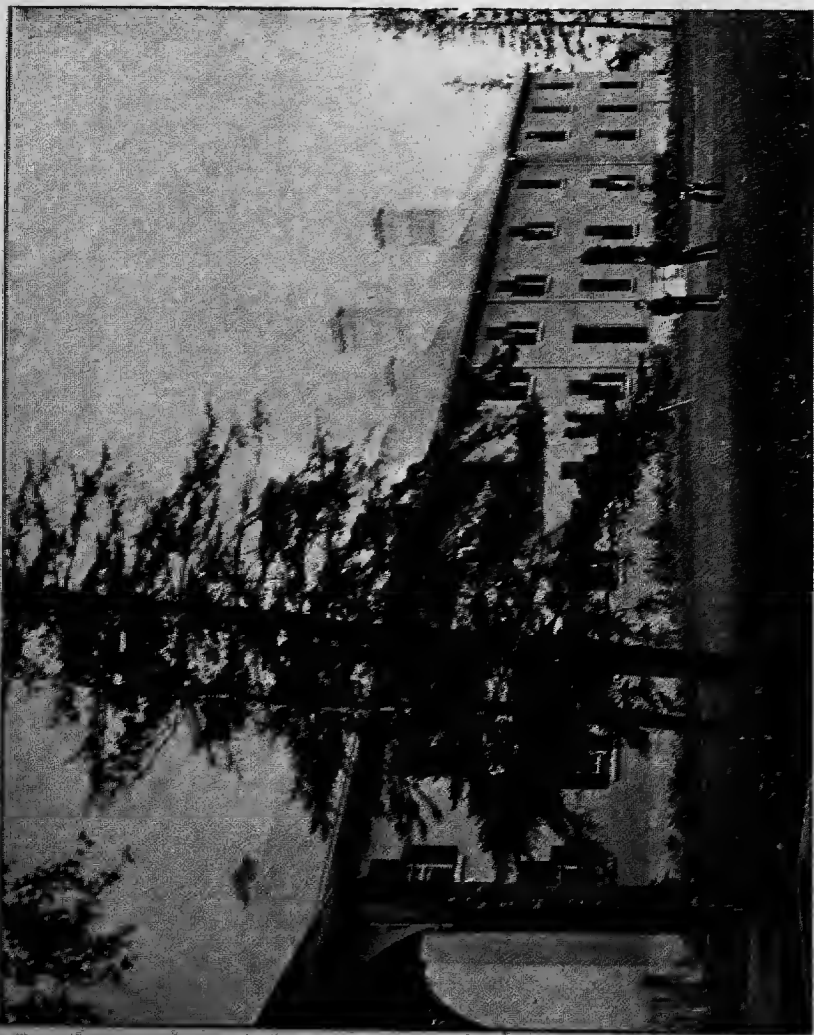
Romance versus Realism.

A writer in the *Book Buyer* of September, in a notice of Sir Arthur Sullivan's selection of *Ivanhoe* as the theme of a new opera, adds: "This reminds me of Mr. Howell's celebrated saying, in his sketch of Mr. James, that 'the art of fiction has, in fact, become a finer art in our day than it was with Dickens and Thackeray.' According to this view, Scott is further away from the taste of the present generation than are Thackeray and Dickens. And yet we see the first English composer of his time turn for a subject for his opera to the book of all others which is typical of the heroic and romantic school, and which we are supposed to have outgrown, to have laid aside in favour of the 'finer art of our day.' But, however strenuously the attempt may be made to turn the course of the dramatic art into the current of modern realism, the fact remains that for purposes of stage representation, whether in a play or in an opera, the elementary passions that were depicted in the works of the old dramatists and the old romance writers find more complete expression, as Mr. James says, and appeal to the public with more force than does a picture of life from which these emotions are eliminated. It was in accordance with this law that Wagner went to myth land for the material for his greatest works, bringing from that region of the fancy Siegfried and Brunnhilde, the Knight of the Holy Grail, Venus, the temptress of Tannhauser, Tristan and Isolde and Parsifal,—characters that fire the imagination of every sympathetic spectator."

Sale of Mr. Boodie's Library.

Lovers of good books ought not to forget the sale of Mr. Boodie's library, which will take place in the hall of the Fraser Institute on the evenings of the 13th, 14th and 15th inst. Procure a catalogue from the auctioneers, Messrs. Duff & Fraser.

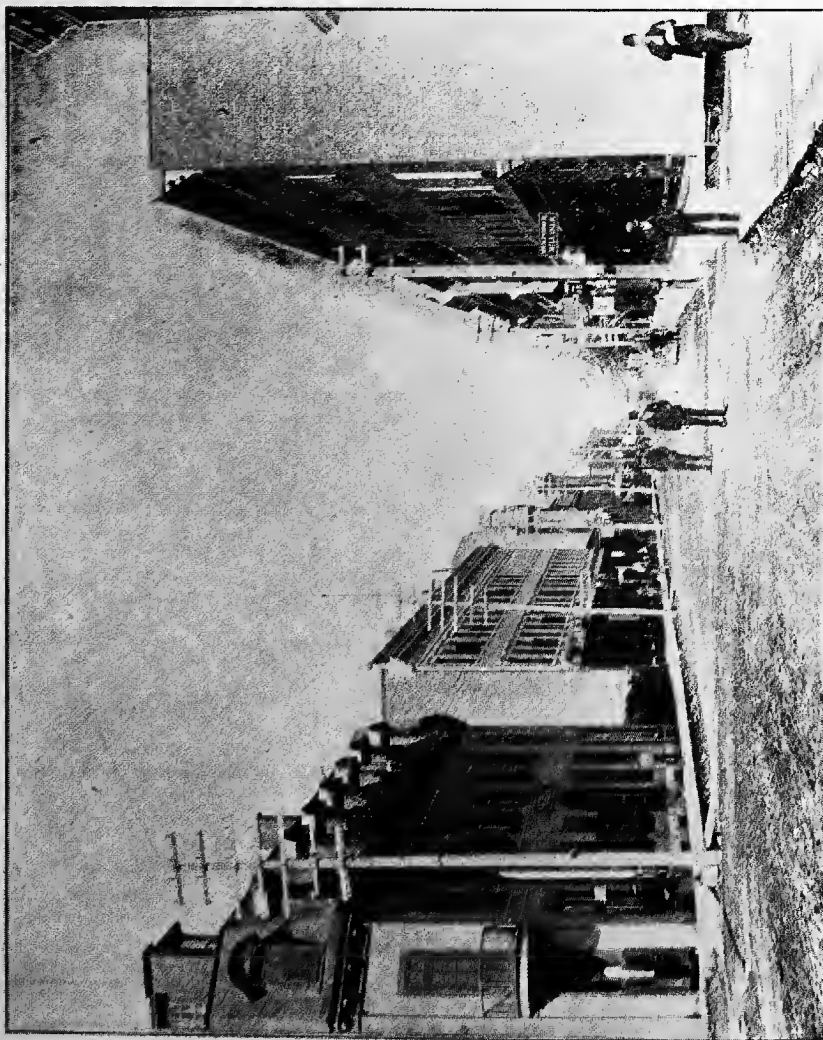
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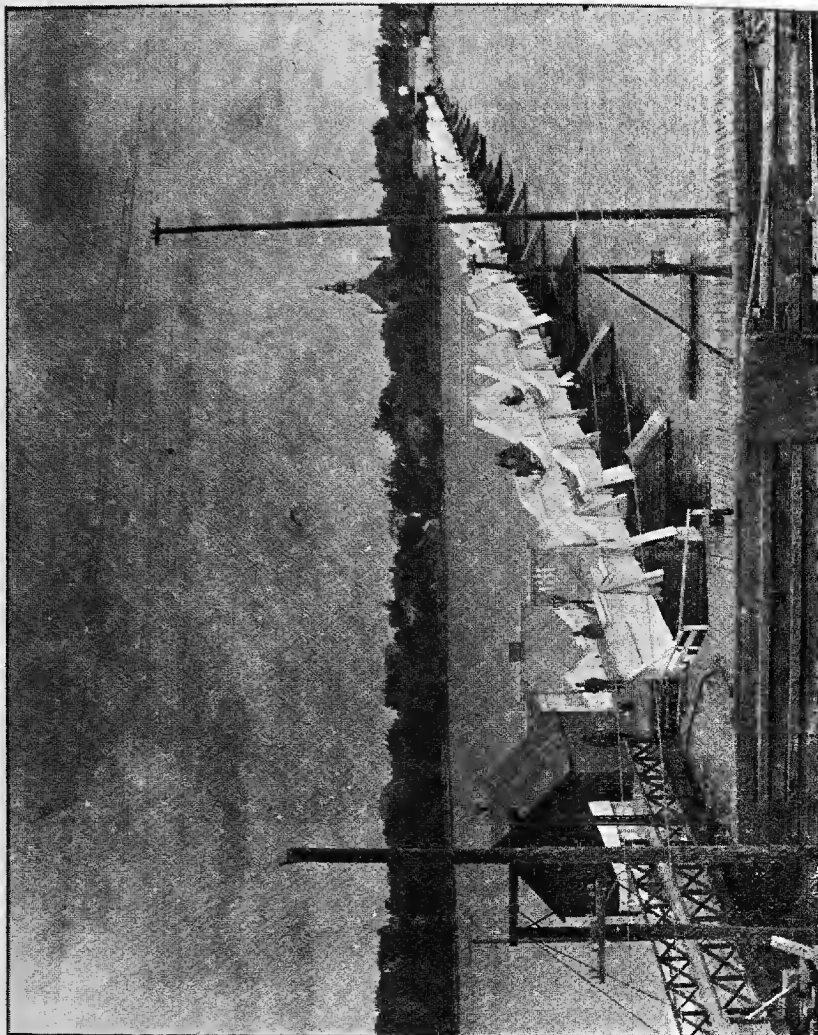
THE OFFICERS' QUARTERS.



VIEW OF BARRACKS FROM RIVER.



RICHFLEU STREET.



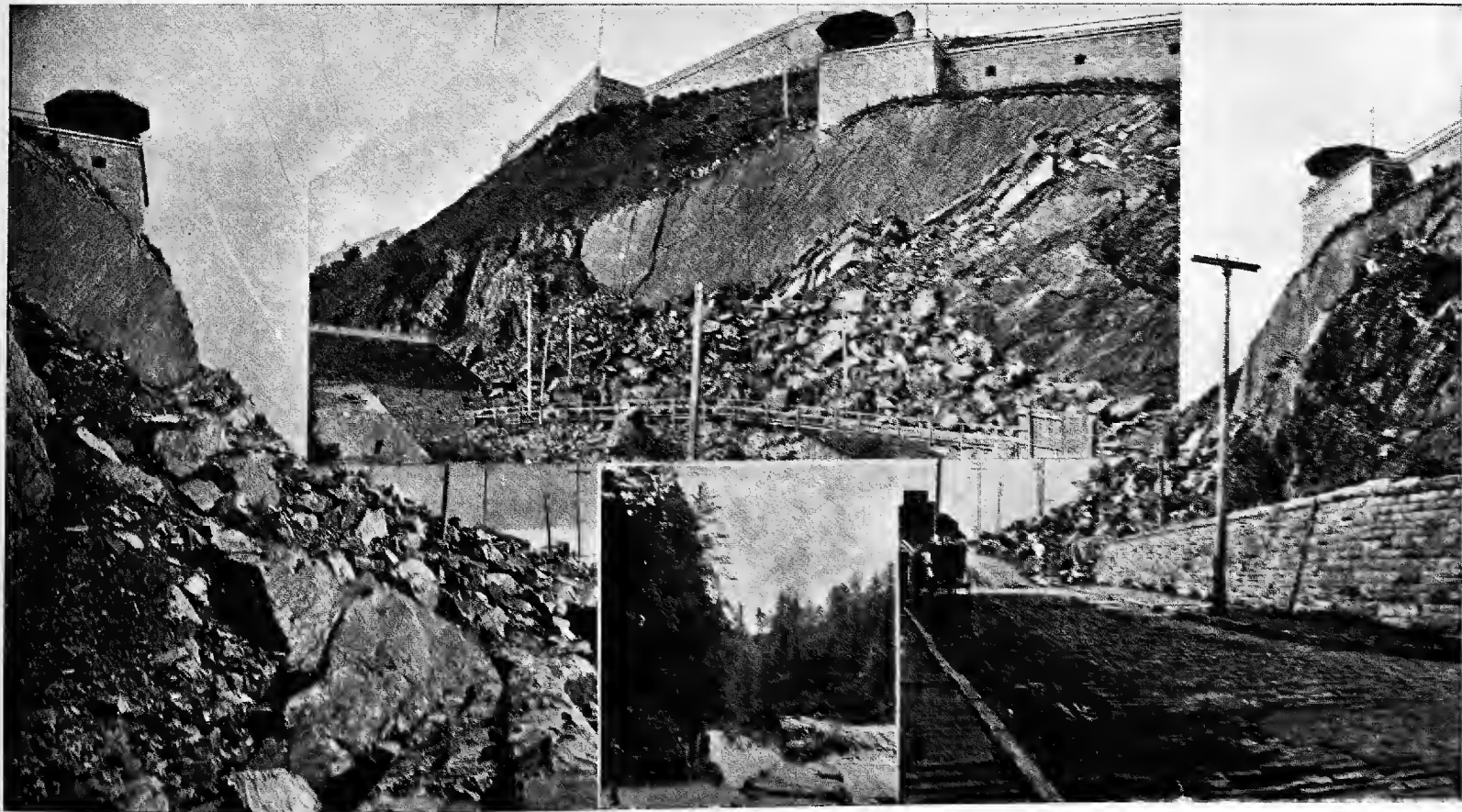
BRIDGE CONNECTING ST. JOHNS AND IBERVILLE.

SCENES AT ST. JOHNS, P.Q.



J. B. PARKER. S. SIMPSON. F. OTTON. W. J. SCOTT. MAJOR W. D. ANTROBUS. SERGT. LITTLEFIELD. CONST. GREEN.
INSP. CHALMERS. WM. PETERSON. H. RICHARDSON JR. J. B. ASHBY. HARRY PARKER. CORPORAL CLISBY. SERGEANT JACOB.

BATTLEFORD (N. W. T.) CRICKET CLUB.



PRESENT APPEARANCE OF THE GREAT LANDSLIDE OF 1880 IN QUEBEC.

THE DAUGHTER OF THE SOUTH.

Paul Maston was one of America's most brilliant journalists. Like Norman, of the *Pull Mall Gazette*, he always travelled in state. He had interviewed great students and great scientists, great rulers and great upstarts, great statesmen and great political knaves; great ecclesiastics and great sinners. He was in touch with all the celebrities of the Old World and the New. Maston was in his thirtieth year. Picture a man, tall and powerfully built; strong, intellectual face; brow arched, yet full; hair dark and slightly streaked with gray, and you will have before you "mind's eye" Paul Maston, the great American correspondent. Though he had marched, with the tread of a king, through the courts of the Old World, his free spirit remained unchanged. He was known, admired and loved by the people of America. In diplomatic circles in Washington he was a great favourite. A distinguished statesman, famous as an author and orator, asked him to go South to make a special study of the Race Problem. His editor-in-chief also wished him to interview "The Daughter of the South."

On the threshold of her Atlanta home, Paul Maston looked for the first time into the eyes of "The Daughter of the South."

The mental photograph he had made of her when her name was first heard in the North, represented her to be a "blue-stocking," a heavy-jawed, stern visaged, cold-eyed, strong-minded, middle-aged woman. What a charming disappointment! He found her to be the fairest handiwork of God—a beautiful, high-spirited, and wonderfully gifted young woman.

Eulalie Danton—"The Daughter of the South"—as she was lovingly called by the people of the Southern States, was in her twenty-third year. She was a student, a lover of books, and had a special aptitude for the study of those questions which are generally supposed to be the property of men. She was a great admirer of the late Henry W. Grady. Her "Gradyism," which was the fire of her genius, attracted almost universal attention to her luminous magazine articles.

Maston wondered why one so young could have won the heart of the South.

"It's rather peculiar," said Paul to himself, "that a people, a nation, usually gives some pet name to great public characters. Probably it's the same feeling that prompts the mother to endearingly 'nickname' her child. I believe 'the Daughter of the South' is deserving of her name," said Paul as he entered her drawing-room.

Over the mantel there hung a picture of Jefferson Davis; on one side of it a battle scene, on the other a fine crayon of General Lee. A short distance to the left of this last picture was a soldier's battered hat and tattered suit of grey; to the right a wreath of flowers enclosing a motto, while above the centre picture many swords were crossed in peace.

"Poor old Jeff; brave old South," murmured Paul.

"I can read your thoughts, Mr. Maston," said Eulalie.

"Yes, you saw me looking at the picture," he replied.

"The embodiment, the memory of a lost cause," said the girl. "But we will not talk about that, Mr. Maston."

"Oh, no! no! we won't talk about that. My mission is not a secret to you. You have fixed ideas about the South; you write about it. Tell me what you propose to do! What is your plan?"

Eulalie paused before replying. She then slowly and deliberately said: "I will not waste time in speaking of details. Disfranchise the negro. The North murdered the South by giving the negro a vote. Believe me, the peace of the South and the safety of the Republic depend upon the disfranchisement of the negro."

"Why not go back to shackledom?" asked Paul.

"Because," answered Eulalie, "the New South does not even dream of shackledom. The lash, the manacle and the bloodhound belong to the dead South."

"Well, disfranchise the negro," said Paul. "What then?"

"What then?" exclaimed the girl. "You ask what then. Why, this—only this: What the war failed to bring about would be brought about—a true union between North and South."

"It would be disruption," said Paul.

"No fear of it," answered Eulalie. "The new South knows how to care for the negro."

"But what about the negro himself?" asked Paul.

"You mean to say—would the negro give up his vote without a struggle?" said Eulalie.

"Exactly."

"Well, I don't know about that," answered the girl, doubtfully. "But," she said, "if he struggles, the North can teach him the necessity of his disfranchisement as it taught us the—or rather to realize—the heinousness of the sin of slavery."

"I am sorry to hear you always say North and South. Why not say the Republic or the Nation," said Paul.

The girl passionately cried out, "Why do I say that? Why do I say North and South? Why, because there is a North and there is a South. Just as Irishmen say there is a Great Britain and there is an Ireland." With a ring of bitterness in her grand voice she repeated, "Yes, there is, also! There is a North and there is a South."

"But there is a United States,"

"Yes, in name. Union brought about by force. Moral means, not forcible ones, should consummate union. There is union, but there is also division. Division there shall be so long as thoughts of a negro majority ruling the south

haunts our minds. An ignorant negro majority in power; think—think of that!" A crimson wave swept over the girl's cheeks and brow as she ceased speaking.

"Your mind, I fear, exaggerates the case," exclaimed Maston; "why, the negro has a soul. He is a man. That sounds trite and worn out. But, after all, there is something in the idea of the Brotherhood of Man. The negro is here to stay. His race is a fruitful one. He is ignorant, you say. Who made him so? Is he as ignorant to-day as he was a generation ago? O'Connell called our own Fred. Douglas 'the O'Connell—the black O'Connell—of America.' In Rome I saw a full-blooded negro-priest standing on the altar of St. Peter's. The negro youth are slowly creeping into our colleges. Give them a chance. Educate the negro. The State, the Church, have much to do. And above all," continued Paul, lowering his voice, "keep the females of the race pure. Do this, and in time the home of the black may not suffer, if it now suffers, by a comparison with the so-called Christian home of the white."

"You are very earnest," said Eulalie; "but do not think me rude if I tell you that I have heard all that very, very often. Moral means and poor old Father Time. Yes, time, time, time. But what about this generation, and the next, and the next?"

"This generation," answered Paul smilingly, "will take care of itself; the others are yet unborn. When they see the light they, too, will be able, I hope, to take care of themselves."

Eulalie was about to laughingly retort, when Paul checked her by saying, "Seriously, Miss Danton, we must admit that if there is such a thing—and who doubts it—as a Race Problem, the solution has not yet entered into practical politics. It is a very delicate question to consider. The Southern white will never be satisfied with any measure that does not rob the negro of the privileges of American citizenship."

"And you, of course," said Eulalie, "think that the North will never do that."

"Yes," answered Paul, "that is my belief. Here all men should be free. Our country is supposed to be the home of the afflicted of all nations. We should not commence by persecuting our own countrymen—contrary to the spirit of our constitution and to the voice of reason."

"Well, Mr. Maston, I see you are growing restless and—"

"Oh! no, no," said Paul; "but I fear that I have wearied you, and we must not exhaust our subject in the very first interview."

As Paul rose to leave, Eulalie said: "If you come, say in a few days, I will lead you in a gallop 'over the hills and far away.'"

Paul accepted the invitation, bowed himself out, and, after a brisk walk, reached his hotel. His room was in darkness. Lighting a gas jet, he jotted down notes of his interview with "The Daughter of the South," and commenced to write his first article on the Race Question.

He never wearied of writing; but the ink did not flow quite so freely to-night as it did heretofore. He thought a great deal more of a sweet Georgian face than he did of the Race Question. But his hand had not lost its cunning, and before midnight his MSS. lay sealed and addressed upon the desk. Fond of a nocturnal stroll, he placed his MSS. in his pocket and slowly wended his way toward the post-office. Leaving the office he turned, after passing through a long street, to the city's limits. The scent of the fields was borne upon the breeze, and the trees of the forest—Nature's tall sentinels—gently swayed to and fro. He loved the weirdness and the death-like stillness of the night. He stood on the roadside and looked back at the city's lights. The musing mood was upon him. He was not altogether a dreamer, but the twinkling lights, seemingly so far away, were mutely, but eloquently, preaching to him of the various phases of life. A strange sense of loneliness came over him. He took off his hat and looked up to heaven. He hardly knew what words were about to spring to his lips. But his musing, his dreaming was not allowed full sway. The clatter of a horse's hoofs upon the hard roadbed brought his thoughts and himself to earth. Lightly leaping a narrow ditch he placed his back against a fence and quietly waited the coming of the horse. The moon, escaping from a cloud, while it lit up the road, did not dispel the shadows in which he stood. He did not wait very long. Full into his sight a milk-white steed, bearing a fair rider, came flying down the road. His active mind was not slow in identifying the rider. He knew not why, but he could not resist calling out, "Miss Danton! Miss Danton!"

Quickly reining in her steed, the girl immediately replied, without the slightest trace of fear, "Who calls! Is it you, Mr. Maston?"

Paul came to her side and, looking up at her said, "A strange hour for a gallop?"

Eulalie laughed cheerily, and said: "Yes, a strange hour. But, do you know, I gallop in the night; sorry am I to confess that I sleep in the morning, and I write or read in the afternoon."

"But is it not dangerous to gallop in the night?" asked Paul.

"Oh, no; not at all. I am like Moore's lady who went safely through the Green Isle, though bedecked with jewels. No hand has ever been raised against me in the South," said Eulalie.

Paul laughed, and said: "You ride through a country largely inhabited by negroes; yet you say you cannot exist unless the negro is placed under a ban. To my mind your

safety lies in the fact that the negro is socially and politically free."

"Come now, Mr. Maston," said Eulalie, "You are not reasoning well. The negro socially free. Your Northern hotel-keeper does not think so."

"In the North there are, as elsewhere, some ignorant men," said Paul.

"Then we are all hopelessly ignorant," exclaimed Eulalie, with the slightest suggestion of mischief in her face. "But oh! see," she continued, "there is the silver streak of dawn and I am still far from home. I will say good-night, or, rather, good morning." She was about to start off; but, turning in her saddle, she cried out; "Come this afternoon, if you are not busy, and we will have our gallop."

Paul readily assented, while cordially bidding her good morning.

The sun had peeped over the horizon and was on its way westward before Paul closed his eyes in sleep. In the afternoon, after luncheon, he made his way through grassy fields and thick forests to the house of Eulalie Danton. Two horses were tied to the gate, while a little distance off Miss Danton was talking to a negro boy. When she saw him she started in pleased surprise.

"Ah, that's good; you're on time," she said.

"Yes," he answered, and for the life of him could not say more.

Ah, ha! Poor Paul. Thirty years of bachelordom and not even a thought of it, and now—and now—the flood.

They mounted and rode along leisurely, the little negro lad watching them and cunningly shaking his head. Paul broke the silence. Describing a circle with his right arm, he said:

"See, all is calm and beautiful here. The valleys and the hills with their load of vegetation repose in peace, yet at any moment the crack of doom may sound upon the stillness of this utopian scene."

The girl wondered why he spoke in such a forced, strained way. The conversational tone and manner were wholly wanting in all that he had said. She was about to open her lips, when, as if Maston had spoken in a prophetic spirit, a piercing cry of anguish echoed about them. Again and again that terrible cry, laden with the despair of a human heart, fell upon their ears.

"It is Lizette," cried the girl. "I know her child is dying. Follow me?" Side by side their horses turned from the road, leaped a hedge and bounded toward a low cabin, nestling on a small hillside. Dismounting at the open doorway, they saw a young negress convulsively pressing the dead body of a child to her heaving breast. No need to question the cause of the cry that had startled them.

"Oh, Missey, Missey," said the negress mother, "de Lawd am good and dat's de fac'. But he am de only chile an' it am mighty hard."

"Poor, dear Lizette," cried Eulalie bending over her. They listened to the mother's tale, and, with words that promised assistance and sounded of faith, they left her with her head resting upon the form of her sacred dead.

The sun was setting and, as if to manifest the glory of its dying, brilliantly hued clouds, purpled the hilltops and flung patches of crimson and gold upon the dark, velvety sward of the forest. The sight of this magnificent panorama of Nature made the riders forget the sorrow-stricken negress. Paul was the first to think of her, and turning to Eulalie, he said:

"Did you notice her tears?"

"Yes," answered Eulalie, mournfully.

Maston rather injudiciously remarked "They were crystal drops—not ink drops."

"I know that, Mr. Maston," said Eulalie, reproachfully.

"And knowing that," said Paul, "knowing that the chords of human passion are just as finely and as delicately strung in the negro's heart as in ours, you persist in treating him as if he were soulless."

"No, no! Don't say that," said Eulalie, her voice quivering with deep emotion. "You don't understand me; you do not understand the South. When any human being suffers, I suffer. Ah! you don't know me—you don't know me!"

"I do, I do," asserted Paul. "I have not been here very long, but I have been here long enough to have lost my heart to the 'Daughter of the South.'"

Maston leaned over to her as he spoke.

The girl trembled in her saddle. Without a word she placed her hand in his. Their horses were very close together. Thoughts of Maston and herself, of the South, her hopes, her ambition, of her future and of her present position, swiftly flew through her mind. She had never loved any man. Until now she was heart-free. Was she so still? The greatest, the noblest, the holiest affection of her life came in a moment. She marvelled at its suddenness. It was all so strange. In other affairs, in the study of her favourite subject, in all the practical concerns of life her methods of self-analysis were always satisfactory. Just now her mind seemed to be dazed. Finally she gave up thinking about it. All this time Maston watched her patiently. When her eyes met his, he said in a nervous, jerky way:

"Miss Danton, we understand each other. I think we understand each other. Tell me," and he paused, "is it to be yes or no? You need not doubt me."

The girl looked steadfastly into his eyes for a few moments, and then hurriedly, brokenly said:

"I trust you. Some other time, not now, I will say yes or no."

"With the chances in favour of—" said Paul.

"Yes, yes," she replied, "with the chances in favour of yes."

"When—" commenced Paul.

"Nay, no more. That is, just now. Come, a race for the gate. If you defeat me you will get either 'yes' or 'no' all the sooner."

"I will be sure to defeat you, then," cried Paul, as he struck his horse.

Miss Danton, who was slightly in the lead, was about to pass a high cliff, whose brow projected over the road, when a large mass of earth and stone, that had been sent on its downward flight by pressure from above, fell with a loud crash close upon the heels of the horse. The animal shied, leaped into the air, jerking the reins out of his rider's hands, and now, completely beyond control, madly rushed through the hedge that separated the road from the field, and would have fallen over into a deep valley that yawned below him had not the lithe form of a man interposed. He seized the horse by the bridle, forced him back from the treacherous place, turned his head toward the road and then attempted to jump aside. But the horse in springing forward struck him on the side with his fore-leg and hurled him into the abyss. The mass of stone that had fallen from the cliff had almost killed Maston's horse. It struck the animal on the head. Maston sprang from the saddle and ran after Eulalie. He reached her in time to see her noble rescuer go to his doom. With wonderful agility he seized Miss Danton's horse by the head, and after a brief struggle with him was able to lift Eulalie from the saddle. As may well be imagined the girl was terror-stricken.

"Oh! Paul, Paul; the valley, the valley. Let me go home. I will send you men, a litter and some lights. You make your way into the valley. I will not be long."

Before he could speak she was out of his sight. Maston sped down the slope, skirted the hill, and, out of breath, he reached the spot where he thought the man had struck. He groped in the dark. He stretched out his hand and it came in contact with a human face. He withdrew it, looked at his fingers and saw that they were covered with blood. A tremour shook his frame.

"My God! this is terrible," he cried out, and great sobs choked his further utterance.

The help promised by Miss Danton was not long in coming. Four men carrying a litter and swinging lanterns in their hands soon reached Maston's side. The lights of the lanterns revealed an awful sight. Stretched upon the rocks, covered with his own life's blood, flowing—still warm—from many wounds, the athletic form of a negro—a young man—was held in the embrace of death. They bore the body to Miss Danton's home, in compliance with her request. Maston was horrified to learn from her that the dead man was the husband of the young negress whom they saw mourning over the body of her only child. Tenderly Miss Danton told the negress of her loss, and made her promise to live in the Danton homestead.

A month later, Paul Maston, determined to know whether Eulalie's answer was to be yes or no. With hope strongly alive in his heart he approached her. He was too much of a man to think of high-sounding phrases upon such an occasion.

"Miss Danton," said Paul, as they walked along, "will we talk of the race question?"

"No, no," replied the girl vehemently, "see we are approaching the mound. I think I am not quite so anxious now about the Southern white."

"Thank God!" said Paul. "Now I may speak. Eulalie, is it to be yes or no?"

"It is to be yes, Paul. It is yes. But once in a while we must return to my beloved South."

"Yes, Eulalie, we will return, because whenever I go North my friends—particularly my editor-in-chief—will say that I must have paid far more attention to the solution of the Problem of Love than to the Race Problem," said Paul, as he, with raised hat and Eulalie with bowed head, passed the negro's lonely grave.

St. John, N.B.

JOHN MAHONY.

A Bit of Ancient History.

THE DEPARTURE OF THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT FROM JAPAN.

By DOUGLAS SLADEN.

At last the fated 8th of May had come and we were all assembled on the deck of the graceful Abyssinia shaking hands with the Duke—those who have had the pleasure of knowing him—for the last time, just about to step down on our launches. The Duke's departure from Japan recalled the famous saying of Macaulay about his ancestor, Charles I., that nothing in his life became him so well as the way in which he left it. The Japanese must have been very glad to get rid of the Duke, for the most becoming part of their civilities to him was their arrangement for his departure. He positively never saw the 122nd successor of Jimmu Tenno till the very night before his departure, when he was presented and entertained at a small banquet, and yet the Emperor was, when the Duke arrived at Kobe, only fifty miles off, and afterwards was actually present in Kyoto for a few days during the Duke's visit to that city without seeing him. But they made great preparations to honour his departure, sending up no fewer than six fine men-of-war to burn powder and quite a boat-load of birds with fine feathers, dubbed various high-sounding foreign titles, to take leave of him on the deck of the steamer.

The morning opened gloriously—the Abyssinia herself, H.M.S. Caroline and all the Japanese war ships, and the

various great British ocean steamers in port from the Belgic downwards, were rainbowed with bunting. It was a wonder that the Abyssinia ever survived to carry the Duke, for Robert Wight, Esq., her 3rd engineer, was entrusted with driving her through the terrific gale which made her two days instead of one coming round from Kobe, and thinking that the ship could take care of herself in any sort of weather, provided that there were only enough reefs and rocky islands to keep her in her course, got drunk and went to bed. This frightened the boiler mender, who went and fetched the chief engineer, with the result that the ship was saved, and Robert Wight, Esq., finished his sleep with a few pounds of iron on his ankles to steady him until his arrival at Yokohama, when he was brought before H.B.M.'s Acting Consul J. J. Entlie, Esq., and sentenced to a richly deserved three months with hard labour. It is a good thing that he disgraced himself before such valuable lives as the Duke's, Sir John MacNeill, V.C.'s and Colonel Cavaye's were risked in his care, though, for the matter of that, any lives are too valuable, and a big ship carries several hundred.

The Abyssinia had been beautifully fitted up for the voyage. Mr. Lindsley, agent for the Canadian Pacific Company at Yokohama, deservedly popular for his courtesy, took me over the Duke's quarters, which consisted of a charming little sitting room—erst the captain's cabin—windowed on both sides—on deck, and for his personal accommodation on the starboard side of the main deck, a fine suite of nine rooms, from which the usual cabin fixings had been removed. The Duke and Duchess had each a bed room, dressing room, retiring room and bath room, all en suite, the two bed rooms adjoining each other, and at the end a charming little sitting room, with a table, sofa, chairs, etc. Their cabins had regular beds—four posters—instead of berths, chests of drawers, ordinary human looking glasses, ordinary sofas and easy chairs, and the whole suite had in lieu of paper their walls very handsomely draped. In the Duchess's bedroom, on the niches of her looking-glasses, were two of the queer little Japanese trained fir trees, only a few inches high, which had taken ten years training to dwarf them to their present dimensions, and the whole suite was, of course, decorated with handsome plants and bouquets. There was ample room, should they choose, for the royal party to dine in either of their sitting rooms; but the Duke, like a sensible, courteous gentleman, always shows a marked preference for taking his meals at *table d'hôte*, which he naturally continued in the levelling life on board ship.

Until the Duke came on board, the C.P.R.'s house flag had been flying from the maintop, but the moment he had set foot on the crimson draped companion way, with quite an Easter Sunday decoration of lilies and palms, the royal banner of England ran up in its place, and the guns of seven war ships thundered forth a salute, while the band of funny little Japanese soldiers, looking very much like telegraph boys in the uniform of this peculiar regiment, struck up the well known strains which still belong to the Queen, but will doubtless soon be shared by the Mikado. Almost as soon as the Duke came on board, he went off to have a chat with a little knot of famous English cricketers who had come on to Japan after their tour in India, prominent among whom was that best cricketer who ever came out of Nazareth, I mean Scotland, J. G. Walker. The Duke came on board attended by that dreamy looking sphinx, Mr. Fraser, H.B.M.'s Minister (by some cruel freak of nature a diplomat instead of an Oxford Don), the dignified Master of Napier, the Whiskeradoed German Consul-General, and the assistant Japanese Secretary of the British legation, particularly glorious in a long frock coat, an immaculate silk hat, white waistcoat, dark blue bird's eye necktie, with a pearl in it, dark striped trousers, and patent leather boots—all this enclosing five feet nothing and in unfortunate proximity to the Duke's valet, who is as fine a specimen of manhood as can be imagined, immensely big and strong and with majestic features, a man like the Emperor Frederic—a man whose face and figure Michael Angelo would have chosen for a demigod. Damodar, the Duke's Bengali, did not lend his usual touch of picturesqueness to the scene, having exchanged his white turban and his native garments for a tweed suit, in which he looked as wooden as a Japanese masquerading *à la* European.

The Duke and staff came on board in low felt hats, looking more comfortable than the legation folks, who came frock-coated and silk-hatted, as in etiquette bound. The whole community felt genuinely sorry that they were seeing the last of the handsome, soldierly Duke, so courteous and natural and friendly to every body, and his beautiful Duchess, and the jolly, ever youthful face of the V.C., and of poor Major Rattellor's brother-in-law, Col. Cavaye, the Duke's Military Secretary, who seemed to me the ideal Aide-de-Camp for a prince, for, added to a big bump of organization, his charming disposition and admirable tact win hosts of friends for both himself and his royal master. We were taking leave of them that day quite certain that their progress through Canada would be marked by a fervent outburst of loyalty. If there is in any country in the world where high rank combined with soldierly qualities, simplicity of life, and unartificial courtesy and cordiality are valued more than elsewhere, it is Canada, loyal through so many dark times. While we were all standing respectfully about the Duke—chatting now with one, now with another, and good naturedly autographing photographs, the "telegraph boys" imitated really rather successfully such familiar airs as the "Soon to be in London town" of the "Powder Monkey,"

"The Girl I left Behind Me," "The Anchors Weighed," "Rule Britannia," and passed waltzes galore, and then at last came the final handshaking and the scramble down on the launches without a cheer, the pity of the party being too dignified for that, and the swift steam back to the Hatoba. However, when the anchor really was weighed and the graceful ship (the Abyssinia is a very handsome low-hulled, rakish-looking craft), forged ahead the other British ships, especially the Belgic, gave her a British cheer. I stood on the Band watching her until she faded out of sight behind the tree enfolded villas of the European Bluff. It was such a charming sight, in the background the Spit and Bluff of Kanagawa, the blue sea, and the distant blue hills of Kanozan, nearer in a chain of stately British merchantmen and pugnacious-looking little Japanese ironclads, rainbowed all of them from stem to stern, and gliding away from them through a crowd of junks and sampans spreading the graceful white banners with which they play at sailing, the fine fourteen knot steamer which, by this day fortnight, would have landed the royal party in "The Seaport of the Twentieth Century." Once in Vancouver, subject to special exigencies of state, the Duke had confided arrangements until they stepped on board the Allan liner at Quebec, the other end of the great Dominion, to the Canadian Pacific directors in general, and Sir George Stephen in particular. The latter being an old friend and fellow-sportsman of the Duke's valued Sir John, who, in addition to being V.C., is an ardent sportsman—in Canada every year for the last ten years slaying the lordly salmon. It was an understood thing, however, that they would visit at least Vancouver, Victoria, Banff, Toronto, Montreal, Quebec, Niagara, and spend two or three days with the Governor-General at Ottawa. We knew that their reception in Canada would form a marked contrast to their reception in Japan. The Japan Gazette had considerable justice in remarking, "Now that our guests have left, it will not be indecent to express our regret that our reception committee was not able to do all we know it desired to do. Yet the members have, as far as circumstances would permit, faithfully discharged the commission they received from the community; that there was a beggarly display, or, rather, no display at all, on the occasion of landing and reëmbarking, is not the fault of our British reception committee, but is due to the acceptance of others (i.e. Japanese) of a task they have not discharged as we would have done, or as would have been done had two members of the Japanese Imperial Family landed in an English port."

The English of the port on both occasions made a fine showing with their national dignity of carriage and affectionate respectfulness to royalty, and the Americans were very nearly as enthusiastic. The English and the Americans are one people abroad. But Japanese vanity cannot understand their being any princes outside Japan. It is quite impossible to express the idea of foreign princes to the lower class Japanese. There was, however, one notable exception, the charming and dignified Marquis Kide and the Germans were most marked in their attentions, giving both a banquet and ball.

A Broad Side.

[Extemporized for Major McKinley to the air of "Maryland! My Maryland!"]

A glorious future waits for you,

Canada! our Canada!

If to yourself you are but true,

Canada! our Canada!

And let not reciprocity,
Like Esau's Mess of Pottage, buy
Your birthright and your liberty.

Canada! our Canada!

I see a nation great and free,

Canada! our Canada!

Next to Old England on the sea,

Canada! our Canada!

I see great ships on every breeze
Bearing the wealth of Eastern seas
To pile it on Vancouver's quays,

Canada! our Canada!

Though foreign jealousy and greed,

Canada! our Canada!

Have on your labour war decreed,

Canada! our Canada!

Though from Columbia's borders hurled,

You'll find fresh ports in all the world.

Where e'er the Good Red Flag's unfurled,

Canada! our Canada!

The nerve which won the appalling day,

Canada! our Canada!

At Chrysler's Farm and Chateaugay,

Canada! our Canada!

Will steel you for the swordless war,

As in the fighting days of yore

Serene in battle's loudest roar,

Canada! our Canada!

GNOTHI SEAUTON! look within,

Canada! our Canada!

Learn your own greatness, seek your kin,

Canada! our Canada!

Land of the wheat-field and the pine,

You have no need to play the vine,

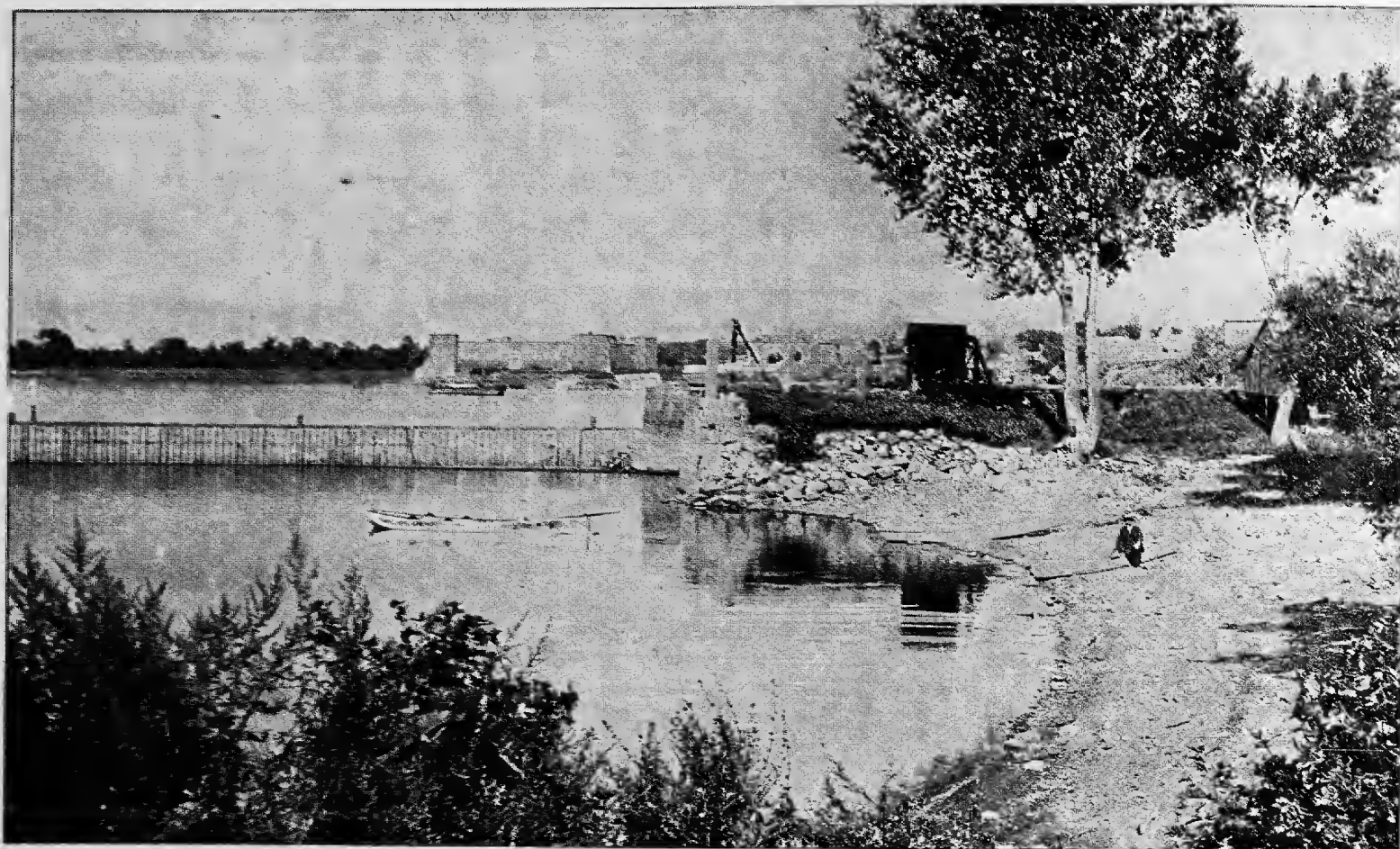
And round an alien trunk entwine—

Arise, and a true nation shine,

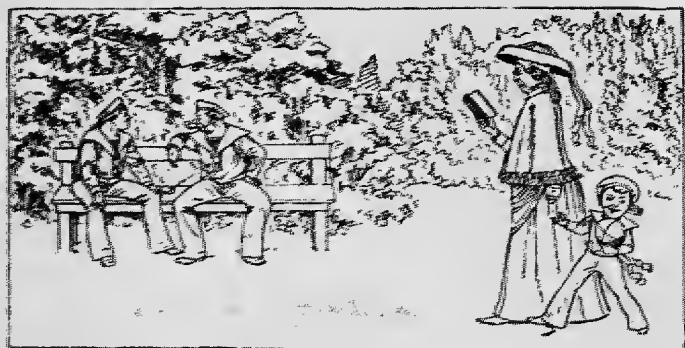
Canada! our Canada!

Montreal.

DOUGLAS SLADEN.



SCENE NEAR CHAMBLY, P.Q.



A SUDDEN METAMORPHOSIS.



THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY

TRADE MARK

ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF PARLIAMENT IN CANADA, IN THE YEAR 1886, AS THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE

9 12, 1978

Vol. V.—No. 120.

MONTREAL AND TORONTO, 18th OCTOBER, 1890.

[illegible]

VIEW OF BELLEH LAKE, P.Q., LOOKING EAST FROM WHARF.

The Dominion Illustrated.

\$4.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

THE SABISTON LITHOGRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING CO.

RICHARD WHITE, PRESIDENT.

ALEX. SABISTON, MANAGING-DIRECTOR.
73 St. James Street, Montreal.

GEORGE E. MACRAE, WESTERN AGENT.
36 King Street East, Toronto.

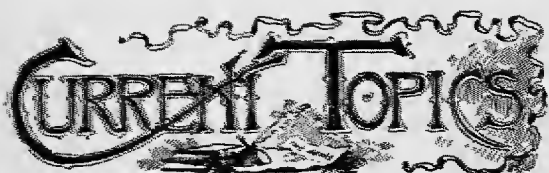
London (England) Agency:

JOHN HADDON & CO.,
3 & 4 Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, E.C.
SOLE AGENTS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM

18th OCTOBER, 1890.

Our Christmas Number.

The Christmas number of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED, which will be ready early in December, will be the finest publication of its kind both in letter-press and illustrations that Canada has ever produced. Some of the foremost writers of the day will contribute prose and poetry to its pages and no expense is being spared to make it, in artistic beauty and literary merit, worthy of our great Dominion. Early orders are requested.



A new stage in our national development has been reached by the movement set afoot in Ontario by Col. T. G. Denison and other patriotic men for the commemoration of the glories of our past. The celebration of the anniversary of Queenston Heights cannot fail to have a good result in educating our young people in true patriotism and in devotion to the best traditions of "the brave days of old."

The New York *Bulletin* is explicit in its preference for British judicial methods, which might, it thinks, be imitated with advantage in the United States. With the dispatch that characterized a trial which, nevertheless, was (in view of its importance and the multitude of witnesses to be examined) of unusual length for Canada, the *Bulletin* contrasts a murder case of startling interest lately in progress in New York, in which five or six days were exhausted in empanelling the jury alone. And this is but one of many delays to which every attempt to secure justice is subjected under the prevailing American system. Another point of contrast is the demeanour of the people, who, assured that no effort will be omitted to bring every fact to light and to weigh the evidence impartially, await the issue without that distrust of judges and jury which, beyond the border, sometimes threatens, sometimes even commits an open defiance of the law.

Courtesy and regard for the feelings of others are never thrown away. Even if they do not bear fruit in the way of grateful recognition, they prove their own reward to those who exercise them. The result is sometimes, however, more substantial, and this may be the case in the intercourse between individuals. It may be with a lively sense of favours to come that Canada takes so generous an interest in the Jamaica Exhibition, and, on the other hand, it may have been the conviction that their commercial position in the West Indies was assured which permitted our neighbours to treat the enterprise with disrespect. It is quite possible, nevertheless, that the slight may not pass with impunity. The *Jamaica Standard*, in commenting on the contrast presented by Canada's demeanour to that of the United States, makes the following significant remarks:—"It is possible that our friends in the United States do not think it worth while to take any special interest in our exhibition because they are satisfied that they will under any circumstances have the biggest of the export and

import trade with the colony. It is possible, however, that they will in this matter reckon without their host, and that they are presuming too much on the advantage of geographic position and the superiority of their industrial resources. That the friendly conduct of the Dominion will tend to strengthen the commercial and political ties between the two colonies cannot be doubted, and friendly sentiment is no unimportant factor in determining the commercial relations of kindred communities. There are, moreover, few articles which we get from the United States that cannot on quite as favourable terms be obtained from Canada, and, everything else being equal, the predilection is likely to be more than ever in favour of Canada."

There is a movement afoot to revive the ginseng trade with China. The curious history of the growth and decline of this trade under the Old Régime is told in the comprehensive memoir of M. Querdisien Tremais, who was sent out to inquire into the financial condition of the colony in the years just preceding its transfer to Great Britain. From time immemorial the species of *Panax* known as ginseng has been in demand among the Chinese as a medicine, and it is still highly prized. The officers of the French East India Company, learning of its existence in Canada, began towards the middle of the last century to carry it to the East, but the Company, on ascertaining the extent and value of the traffic, took it out of their hands. The Company found it profitable, after a while, to pay thirty-three francs a pound for it, and ordered the agents at Quebec to buy all that was offered for sale. The result was that the farmers and others neglected their ordinary business to engage in ginseng gathering, and, ultimately, so many persons devoted themselves to this pursuit, and the eagerness to make fortunes by it became so intense, that the herb placed on the market was gathered out of season and carelessly manipulated. The consequence was that large quantities of it, transported to Rochelle, remained unsold, or reaching China through vessels of other nations, made such a bad impression on the Oriental buyers, that they declined thereafter to purchase the Canadian article. In Manchuria a like imprudent zeal made the once highly esteemed ginseng of that region so scarce that only the interposition of authority prevented its extermination. In modern times the best supply has come from Corea. It is also cultivated in Japan, as well as in I-chang and other districts of the Middle Kingdom. Consul C. T. Gardner, to whose interesting report we have already referred, mentions *Panax Schinseng* among the plants and vegetable substances that form articles of trade in his consular jurisdiction, and says that it is used as a tonic. He gives a long list of herbs employed in treating various maladies—some of which being poisonous, he classes as heroic remedies. Among other articles used in medicine, he mentions snakes' skins, wasps' nests, the cast pupal shell of the cicada, a certain fossil reduced to powder, and and other substances even more nauseous than curious.

It may be remembered that Senor Romero, the Mexican Minister at Washington, who, in his official capacity, attended the Pan-American Conference as a delegate from his own government, generously undertook to gratify the curiosity of a puzzled and anxious public as to the real issue of Mr. Blaine's polyglot gathering. Perhaps polyglot is too strong a term to apply to an assembly in which at most only four and practically only two languages were spoken. M. Romero divides the delegates into Latin-American and Anglo-American. But, if we have regard to the interests involved, we find that the Southern element in the Conference consisted of several cliques or factions, which only combined occasionally as against a common foe. Whatever distrust of the United States, as the nation which had originated the movement, may have existed in the first place among the Central and South American delegates was not diminished when the representatives of the two continents came together. M. Romero

deplores the ignorance of Spanish which was the rule among the northerners. He also mildly deprecates an even graver deficiency, which he hardly knows how to characterize, though every one of his Latin colleagues quickly became aware of it—the absence of that courtesy and deference which are deemed essential by southern peoples, but are too much disregarded by Anglo-Saxons. The contrast, M. Romero testifies, was very apparent when the members of the Latin and Teutonic races came in contact. The choice of Mr. Blaine as president gave dissatisfaction primarily to a few, ultimately (through his inability to attend to his duties) to all the delegates. By way of remedy, it was proposed that there should be four vice-presidents, representing the four sections of Latin America—the Atlantic and Pacific countries of the Southern continent, the republics of Central America and Mexico. The suggestion was not accepted, a plan of rotation being adopted instead, but this proving impracticable, owing to the consequent diversity of rulings from the chair, the ballot ultimately settled the question. A Peruvian delegate obtained the first, a Mexican the second vice-presidency. The proceedings were repeatedly interrupted by absurd misunderstandings, sometimes of racial, sometimes of sectional origin. Difference of opinion also arose on the question whether delegates should give their individual views or be bound by the instructions of their respective governments. The committees appointed by Mr. Blaine were not altogether a success—the most serious troubles arising in the Welfare or Arbitration Committee. Jealousy and distrust of the United States some of the delegates from abroad made no attempt to conceal. The failure of the attempt to establish reciprocity treaties (the plan of customs unions being soon recognized as impossible) was mainly due to this prevailing fear of United States predominance. The chief issue of the Conference, M. Romero concludes, was that it left at Washington a better impression of the intelligence of the stranger delegates and of Central and South American civilization.

The presence in Canada of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, author of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," suggests memories of the great struggle which, nearly thirteen years ago, pitted two sections of the United States against each other in deadly conflict. Ever since the uncouth and inexperienced Tyrtæus raised by his inspiring strains the courage of the late despairing Spartans, the war-song has been a power in the development of civilization. Long before Tyrtæus, indeed, Moses and Miriam and Deborah and Barak sang songs of triumph for the defeat of their enemies, and still earlier in the world's strange history, savage tribes lifted their untrained voices in defiance or exultation. The part played by poetry and music in the wars and feuds of race and clan, of party and creed, has been by no means insignificant. Did not a wise Scotchman say that if one were permitted to make the ballads of a nation, he need not care who made the laws? And did not one who was both poet and soldier say that he never heard an old song but he found his heart moved as with a trumpet? Many a heart has Mrs. Howe's "Battle Song" moved as with a trumpet, calling them to arms for the defence of all they prized most. She has herself told us how it came to be written. Like the issue of the struggle which prompted it, darkness shrouded it as it first took shape on the paper. In December, 1861, Mrs. Howe, in company with Dr. Howe and Governor and Mrs. Andrew, paid a visit to Washington. The war was the absorbing topic of thought and conversation. Indications of the intense anxiety that prevailed met the eye everywhere. Pickets guarded the line of the railroad, and the gallop of horsemen, the tramp of infantry, the noise of drum, fife and bugle, made the air quick with ominous sounds. Returning one day with the Rev. James Freeman Clarke and other friends from attending a review of the troops, Mrs. Howe and her companions beguiled the time (for the multitude of soldiers on the road made progress difficult and slow) by singing army songs. Waking early next

morning, Mrs. Howe felt the pathetic yet rousing John Brown song ringing in her ears, and getting out of bed while it was still dark, she tried to put fitting words to it. What she indited in the dim twilight she subsequently deciphered and copied, and, on her return to Boston, handed the finished poem to James T. Fields, then editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*. In that magazine it duly appeared, but it was not for a considerable time afterwards that it awoke the popular enthusiasm with which it has long been associated. Mrs. Howe has received a welcome in Toronto worthy of her character and fame, and of a life spent in the cause of humanity.

OUR ECONOMIC RESOURCES.

In the *Montreal Gazette* for the 20th of August, 1827, the announcement is made that a society has been established in this city to promote the study of natural history in general and of these provinces in particular. The society was organized on the 16th of May in the year aforementioned for the purpose of directing attention to the great variety of productions with which nature had favoured Canada; to make illustrative collections and to afford a convenient centre for observation, inquiry and discussion. S. Sewell, Esq., was elected president; Cols. Hill and Mackay and Dr. Wm. Caldwell were chosen vice-presidents; Dr. A. F. Holmes and Mr. J. S. McLeod, secretaries; Mr. H. Corse was made treasurer; Mr. H. H. Cunningham, librarian and cabinet keeper, and Rev. H. Esson, Dr. J. Stephenson and Mr. J. M. Cairns were constituted a committee. The first report of this society—well known to many of our readers as the Natural History Society of Montreal—was extremely encouraging—the progress achieved in the early months of its existence exceeding the anticipation of its founders. During the long interval that has elapsed since its formation, the society has proved eminently useful in promoting the knowledge of our natural resources and by collecting and arranging specimens, affording an opportunity of determining their character and value. In this work, however, it has not been alone. The Literary and Historical Society of Quebec, though its name implies objects different from those just enumerated, did not reject contributions on natural science, nor did it fail to establish a museum which should contain examples of our natural wealth. It had already been in operation for three years when the Montreal Society began its career. Eastward the Nova Scotia Institute of Natural Science and the Natural History Society of New Brunswick, and westward the Canadian Institute, the Ottawa Field Naturalists' Club and Literary and Scientific Society, the Hamilton Association, the Winnipeg Historical and Scientific Society, and several other organizations in various parts of the country have devoted attention to the investigation of our physical geography, rocks, soil, fauna and flora. Our Geological and Natural History Survey, which will soon be celebrating its jubilee, has undertaken officially the task in which the societies have been voluntarily engaged, and the provincial governments have contributed in diverse ways to extend the knowledge of our natural resources. The Agricultural and Horticultural Societies and Fruit Growers' Associations and the Central and other Experimental farms may be mentioned as contributing to the same result. On the whole, therefore, there is no lack of agencies, both public and private, for promoting the knowledge of Canada's manifold products. All over our portion of the continent hundreds of persons are occupied in researches into the mineralogy, the botany, the entomology, of the successive districts, and every year fresh gains are added to the data already acquired. From as far north as Hudson's Bay, and even the Arctic Ocean, expeditions of inquiry have brought back valuable information touching the yield of both land and water, while from Atlantic to Pacific there is not a tract of country whose natural capabilities have not been fairly ascertained.

What is still needed, however, is a comprehen-

sive showing of the economic worth of all the productions of Canada that are conveniently accessible for purposes of manufacture and trade, with an enumeration of the uses which they may severally serve. In Ontario, for instance, or British Columbia or New Brunswick, there must, in all probability, be products of mine or forest, of field, river or lake, which have never yet been turned to profitable account in the arts and industries. Statements have doubtless been published again and again in which such products are incidentally mentioned. But those statements may have come under the notice of only a limited number of readers and may have escaped the observations of the very persons to whom some of the articles in question would be of practical interest. This is not a merely hypothetical case, but one of which Canada has unhappily had frequent experience. Chance has occasionally revealed to a tourist, engaged in manufacture, a Canadian mineral which just met his actual wants. But for Mr. Henry Moore, who visited Canada not long since, the bulk of the English fertilizer-makers would have remained in ignorance of our phosphate lands. English paper-makers are importing pulp woods from Norway which they could get more cheaply from New Brunswick. Instances of this kind might be multiplied. The moral of them is that if Canada's products are to be appreciated abroad, Canadians must make them known, must push them in foreign markets. It is not enough to wait till the managers of some industrial museums invite our authorities to send them specimens of Canadian forest trees, or minerals or cereals or fisheries. Whatever is found between the three oceans and the American boundary line that is of economic value, it is the duty of Canadians to advertise until the whole world knows as much about it as we do ourselves. There never was a better time than the present, moreover, for compiling an exhaustive *catalogue raisonné* of Canada's natural products. Whatever is yielded by our mines, forests, soil, waters, whatever can be used for food or fodder, for clothes, for ornament, in building, in manufacture, in the arts, or may contribute directly or indirectly to the increase of the world's wealth or to the comfort and security of human life, should be published abroad as among the economic resources of the Dominion.

In order to make such a catalogue complete and trustworthy, the coöperation of all the societies already mentioned with the departments of the general and local governments specially concerned ought to be directed to the task of revision. Experts might take in hand the classification of the different sections. We have models for such classification in the statements prepared by the Geological Survey for the great exhibitions. The product is described; the localities where it is found are mentioned; the extent to which it has been developed for home manufacture or export abroad is indicated, and other particulars are added for the satisfaction of inquirers. Our forests, our fisheries, our economic fauna, our agricultural products have also been described in some detail in various publications. But no single book of reference, showing at a glance what products Canada has to exchange with other lands, and in what countries a market has been or might be found for them has yet been compiled. The present crisis in our economic history demands that no expedient which would tend to the advantageous development of all the resources of the Dominion should be left untried, and the first thing necessary is to make sure what those resources are, where they are situated and what their value may be compared with like products in other parts of the world. Every local society which contributes something to the aggregate of such economic data is doing a work that must promote the prosperity of the Dominion.

FROM WORDS TO ACTION.

Some time ago, in connection with the meeting of the Forestry Congress at Quebec, we gave a brief survey of the state of forest administration in Canada, as modified by the movement begun about

nine or ten years ago. How little has really been done, notwithstanding all that has been written on the subject, is disclosed by the recommendations put forward at the Quebec Conference. Most of them are virtually the same that were proposed, discussed and adopted at the Montreal congress eight years ago. The chief advantage gained in the interval is that, thanks to the earnest efforts of a few practical men, officially or through inclination interested in the subject, the public mind is better prepared for the suggested changes than it was in 1882. Of words we have had enough from both experts and amateurs. The forestry agitation has swept over the whole continent and beyond it. Indeed, as we have already pointed out, the movement in Great Britain anticipated the American awakening by several years, and as Great Britain implies a good share of Asia, Africa, Oceania and America, public attention had been directed to the waning of the forest primeval in Australia, Ceylon, India and South Africa, before cis-Atlantic enthusiasts began to spread the alarm. The comprehensive report which we have already summarized is evidence of the fact. We may add that in England the agitation was not fruitless, for the simple reason that it was only necessary to cross the channel to find in operation an admirable system of forestry education and management. It has been computed that, had our Viking Motherland continued to place dependence on wooden walls, long since every oak (not to speak of other timber) would have been exterminated from the face of the "tight little island." On the continent they were more provident. Both in France and Germany it was long ago foreseen that, at the actual rate of destruction, even the apparently endless contiguity of shade which had won the admiration of Roman writers two thousand years ago, would within an appreciable time have disappeared from the Fatherland, thus causing all kinds of damage to the denuded regions. Due precautions were, therefore, taken. Forest conservation and renewal became an affair of state, and the state took care that its salutary provisions were not disregarded.

Some of our readers who visited France last year may doubtless have been attracted to the forestry exhibit of the Exposition, one of its most interesting and instructive features. In the admirable report prepared by M. H. de Parville it may be advantageously studied. We are not surprised, therefore, to find that, among the papers read at the Quebec Congress, one of the most practically valuable (that of Mr. J. X. Perrault) is based on the French administrative system. Mr. Perrault, who has a right to speak with authority, being secretary to the Quebec Forestry Association, counsels the prompt adoption and enforcement in this province of the French plan of forestry regulation and supervision. He recommends the Government to send to the Forestry School of Nancy a few intelligent young men, who in due time would be qualified to take the direction of our forests. He would have the whole provincial domain divided into five forest regions—those of the Ottawa, the St. Maurice, the Saguenay, the Eastern Townships and Gaspésie, and each division placed in charge of a trained superintendent, with a trained staff of assistants. The pith of his paper, however, lies in the recommendation of the "coupe réglée," by which plan the yearly cut is not to surpass a twentieth of the timber growth within any division. The remaining 95 per cent is left to its natural development and strictly protected from aggression. The other regulations concerning the supply of the market, the safe and economical preparation of the timber, guarding against forest fires, issue naturally from the central feature of the system. As the main objection to any innovation of this kind is its expense, Mr. Perrault disabuses the minds of his readers on that point. He urges that, once the system is in operation (and to this end trained experts are a primary necessity) it will be greatly cheaper in the end, saving the country the waste of one of its most precious resources, and preventing (what is sure to come if some plan of precaution be not applied) the gradual exhaustion of our forests—a nemesis that has overtaken lands as richly endowed as our own.



A good run.

After the match.

A scrimmage.

Doubly tackled.

A place kick.

One of the touch-umpires.

Before the match,
flattened out.

SKETCHES AT BRITANNIA vs. MONTREAL FOOTBALL MATCH, 18th OCTOBER.
(By our special artist.)



THE UNVEILING OF THE MONUMENT TO THE LATE JOHN H. SAMUEL, VICTORIA RIFLES, IN MOUNT ROYAL CEMETERY, MONTREAL, ON THE OCTOBER



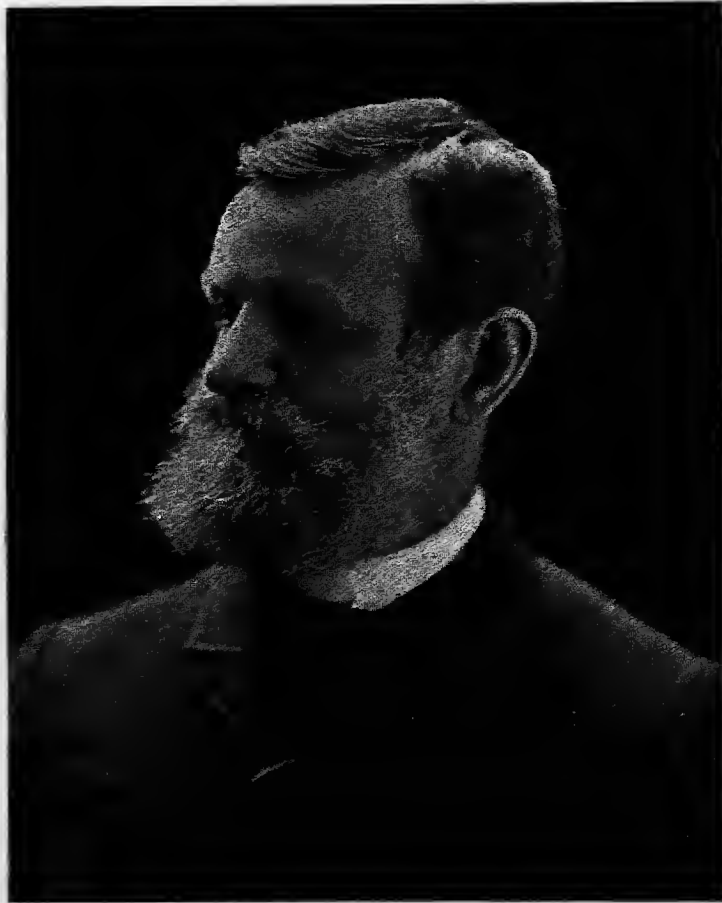
JAMES HANNAY, ESQ., HISTORIAN, EDITOR OF THE ST. JOHN, N.B., "GAZETTE."—James Hannay, whose portrait we publish in this issue of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED, is one of the best known literary and newspaper men in Canada. He was born in Richibucto, Kent Co., N.B., April 22, 1842. His father was the Rev. James Hannay, minister, at Richibucto, of the Established Church of Scotland. His mother was Jane Salter, member of a family long settled in Hants Co., Nova Scotia. His father's family is a very ancient one, and belonged to Lorbie, Wigtownshire, Scotland, in which county James Hannay, sr., was born. That well-known critic and author, James Hannay, the friend of Thackeray and his contemporaries, was a member of the same family. The subject of our sketch was educated in Scotland, and studied law in St. John, N.B. In 1866 he was called to the Bar of New Brunswick. A year later he became reporter of the Supreme Court of that Province, and held this position with great acceptance until 1876. During his incumbency he published two valuable volumes of Law Reports, covering the decisions of the court, 1867-72, inclusive. He early established a connection with the press of his native province, and from 1863 onward he regularly held important posts on the daily and weekly newspapers of St. John. From 1872 to 1883 he was editor of the *St. John Telegraph*. From 1883-84 he occupied a similar position on the *Montreal Herald*. Tempted by a good offer from the *Brooklyn Eagle*, he left Canada in 1885 and joined the staff of that able journal, first as general writer, then as literary editor, and finally as associate editor. In 1888 he returned to St. John, N.B. to accept the chief editorship of the *St. John Gazette*, which, under his conduct, has assumed a notable place in the press of the Maritime Provinces. The paper has been three times enlarged, and is now the largest daily in the Lower Provinces of the Dominion. Mr. Hannay is a far-seeing and brilliant editor, a writer of elegant and correct English, and a man of quick perception and broad views. His style is admirable in form and texture. With the development of his genius as a journalist has grown his fame as an author in prose and poetry. When quite a young man, he wrote poems over the signature of "Saladin" for the *St. John Courier* and other newspapers, which attracted the attention of a wide and cultured circle of readers. Over his own name he published at intervals the ballads of Acadia, an apostrophe to the River St. John, a number of sketches of the early forts in New Brunswick, and several spirited tales in *Stewart's Quarterly*, 1867-72. He is the author of numerous ballads and minor poems, short stories, sketches and lectures. In 1875 he published the "Captivity of John Gyles," with notes. His elaborate and scholarly "History of Acadia,"—the best work on the subject—appeared in 1879 from the press of J. & A. Macmillan, St. John, N.B., and Sampson, Low & Co., London. In 1883 he wrote the "Story of the Queen's Rangers," one of the Loyalist regiments in the war of the Revolution, and he has just completed a work which he has had in hand for several years, entitled, "A History of the War of 1812," which will be published shortly, and promises to take a high position in the historical literature of this country. Mr. Hannay has identified himself with several learned bodies in Canada. He is vice-president of the New Brunswick Historical Society, historian of the Loyalists' Society, corresponding member of the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec, and of the Nova Scotia Historical Society. He has lectured frequently before the latter society and the members of the St. John Mechanics' Institute. Mr. Hannay's literary manner is worthy of the highest praise. It is rich in force, thought, diction and originality. As an historical writer he has no superior in Canada, while his lighter work is easy and graceful. At the age of 48, he is in the very zenith of his power as a scholar, thinker and writer. In 1864 he espoused the hand of Margaret, daughter of Elias T. Ross, of St. John.

MILITARY BALL AT NIAGARA.—This animated scene will, we believe, have attractions for both our fair readers and their martial friends. It is not without significance that, among the uniformed figures which give life and colour to the picture, the soldiers of United States as well as of Canadian regiments are represented. Let us hope that their presence in the historic town may be always as pacific, but Niagara has memories of less friendly intercourse with the warriors of the Republic.

LAKE ON BELCEIL MOUNTAIN, P.Q.—The series of views here presented gives a fair idea of the nature and variety of the attractions that draw so many pleasure-seekers to this delightful locality. Belceil is interesting to the naturalist and to the student of history as well as to the lover of the picturesque. It is one of those eruptive masses of rocks of manifold and often curious structure which are so remarkable a feature of the Palæozoic plain around, and especially south and south-east of Montreal. These rocks vary in the different elevations of this irregular circumvallation, being of olivine-diorite in Montarville, Rougemont and (though in different proportions) in Mount Royal, while in Belceil they are partly of augite-syenite, partly of nepheline-syenite. The Natural History Society of Montreal, under the direction of Sir J. W. Dawson, Dr. Baker Edwards, Dr. Sterry Hunt and other men of science have, more than once, made Belceil the destination of their annual excursion. To our French Canadian fellow-citizens the mountain has acquired claims to veneration from the visit of the saintly Bishop Forbin-Janson. The seeker of recreation may go farther and fare worse, and our group of engravings shows what resources for outdoor amusement its forest-clad sides, with the lovely lake there nestling, affords in the summer season. Among the advantages of the spot we must not forget to mention the admirable hotel accommodation.

FOOTBALL MATCH.—For particulars of this not unfamiliar scene our readers are respectfully referred to the account under the heading of "Sports and Pastimes," in another page of this issue.

UNVEILING OF MONUMENT TO THE LATE MR. J. H. SAMUEL.—This impressive ceremony, both creditable and gratifying to the friends of the late Mr. J. H. Samuel, who lost his life, through accident, while discharging his duty as



JAMES HANNAY, Esq.

a volunteer during the opposition that arose in this city to the enforcement of vaccination in the cause of the public security, took place on Saturday, the 11th inst., in the Mount Royal Cemetery. As Rev. Canon Ellegood remarked, the erection of a monument to the young soldier's memory was a "righteous and graceful act" on the part of the Victoria Rifles, the citizens of Montreal and the Dental Association of the Province of Quebec, of which body the deceased was a member. Ever faithful in the discharge of duty and possessed of a disposition which endeared him to all, it was but fitting that the memory of such a life, suddenly cut short in its prime, should be honoured, and as long, at least, as the hard stone lasts that memory will endure. The monument which marks the last resting place of Mr. Samuel is of grey Massachusetts granite, and is in the form of a broken pillar, on a high, square base, symbolical of a life ended long ere it reached the allotted span. On the pedestal are cut the arms of the Victoria Rifles' Association, and beneath is the following inscription:

In memory of
JOHN H. SAMUEL,
A member of the Victoria Rifles of Canada,
Who was accidentally shot while on duty with his regiment at the
Montreal Hospital grounds on the 3rd of October, 1885. Erected
by the City of Montreal, the Victoria Rifles and the Dental Association of the Province of Quebec as a tribute of respect
and regret for the loss of a young life of much promise.
Born 21st October, 1859; died 3rd October, 1885.

Around this stone the ceremony of unveiling took place, there being gathered a number of civilians, and drawn up

in three sides of a square there stood in open order a detachment of the Victoria Rifles of Canada and commanding officers of sister corps. The volunteers having met at the armory, marched to the cemetery by way of Cathcart street, Union avenue, Sherbrooke street, Park avenue and Fletcher's field. The officers of the Victoria Rifles present were Lieut.-Col. Henshaw, in command; Major Radiger, Major Starke, Capt. Beckett, Busted, Menkins; Lieuts. Badgley, Guy, Townshend, Pope, Stewart, and Surgeon Campbell, whilst other battalions were represented by Lieut.-Cols. Massey, Crawford, Caverhill, Davidson, Major McArthur; Capt. Ibbotson, Des Troismaisons, Desnoyers, Pelletier, Lieut. Roy and Sergt.-Major Gauthier. At the request of Rev. Canon Ellegood, chaplain of the Victoria Rifles, Rev. James Barclay, of whose congregation Mr. Samuel was a member, pulled aside the Canadian flag with which the monument was veiled, the Vics at the same time presenting arms and their band sending forth the grandly solemn strains of the Dead March in "Saul." Rev. Canon Ellegood then repeated the Lord's Prayer, and as his voice fell on the still autumn air, which was disturbed by scarce a sound, save the rustling of the leaves as they gently fell from overhead, the words were reverently taken up by those who, with bowed heads, stood around. The Rev. Canon Ellegood then paid a worthy tribute to the memory of Mr. Samuel, referring to his virtues as a soldier and a citizen, and to his loveable qualities in social and domestic life, after which Rev. Mr. Barclay spoke touchingly of his life and death, closing with this appropriate aspiration: "Be it ours, I say again, to pray and strive that, when we are gone, some sweet voices, soft and low though they may be and heard only by those who loved us, shall still speak lovingly and wisely from the other side of life's borderland, and when they shall lay us in the dust and shall turn to tread again the busy pathways of life they shall be able to pronounce a blessing on our name, as we pronounce it to-day on our brother, and shall say one to another: "He being dead yet speaketh." The impressive ceremony was at an end. The volunteers formed into marching order and proceeded to the Vics' Armory, where they dispersed; the civilians slowly wended their way citywards, and one who was honoured in life and not forgotten in death was left to sleep peacefully on beneath his flowery coverlet.

FIRE AT THE PILLOW-HERSEY COMPANY'S ROLLING MILL.—Many of our Montreal readers may recognize this scene of desolation as the site of the Pillow-Hersey Manufacturing Company's Rolling Mills on Conde street, Point St. Charles. About midnight on the night of Friday, the 10th inst., one of the workmen discovered fire in the main workshop and the company's private alarm communicating with No. 9 Station on Island street was sounded, and a general alarm, followed by a second and a third, was sent out from No. 9, bringing the whole brigade to the scene of the fire in a short time. About ten minutes after the first alarm was sounded part of the roof fell in, but all the employees had escaped and no one was hurt. A short time after, however, Fireman O'Rourke was struck on the head with a burning beam and had to be removed home. The fire was fought from the exterior and interior of the building. Inside, the firemen found all the machinery running—no one had turned it off, and it ran till the leather belting was consumed. There was now some danger of the fire spreading, but Chief-Benoit raised ladders to the opposite houses to be of use at a moment's notice, and poured volumes of water on houses in the rear. The spike, nail and horsehoe mills, which front on St. Patrick street, escaped without injury other than that sustained by the floods of water, which put out the fires and painted a thick coating of yellow rust on the machinery. On the following morning (Saturday) the mill was a smoking ruin—charred beams projecting from the debris in all directions, and the whole scene being one of bleak desolation. The works covered the entire block bounded by St. Patrick, Conde, Montmorency and Richardson streets. The burned building consisted of a long structure fronting on Conde street. Running from this building back towards Montmorency street were two wings. One of these wings and a portion of the main building were occupied by the rolling mill; the other portion and wing by the nail works. The rolling mill is destroyed; the nail works, with the exception of a little damage to the end next the rolling mill and the roof, escaped unscathed, as did the store-house. The rolling mill had just been extended, a new set of rollers being put in about four weeks ago. The firm have also a factory on Mill street devoted to manufacturing bolts and nails.

Beyond the Golden Gates of Song.

Beyond the Golden Gates of Song
Who treads with reverent feet shall find
The dreams and visions cherished long,
The loftier longings unresigned.

The sacred memories that wake
Our lives to noble yearnings still,
The quiet love no years can break
Nor any earthly hour fulfil.

And many a dear and distant hour
When gladness flooded land and sea,
And many a word whose tender power
Yet stirs our souls to victory.

And so to win our lives release
From out the world's tumultuous throng;
We pass, with lips that sue for peace,
Beyond the Golden Gates of Song.

J. ELIZABETH GOSTURUCKE ROBERTS.



SAINT-BEUVE.

One of the daintiest and at the same time one of the most satiating of small books is the volume devoted to Sainte-Beuve ("Essays on Men and Women," edited, with Critical Memoir by William Sharp) in Stott's new half-crown library, entitled Masterpieces of Foreign Authors. No person who would know the importance of the rôle that criticism fills in literature can afford to neglect Sainte-Beuve. He was not the first, nor has he been (as some would have us think) the only great critic, for critics there have been since the days of Aristotle. Some judgments, moreover, of the older guides, have never been surpassed since the revival of letters. To apportion due praise to the critics who preceded Sainte-Beuve, would require much discrimination, but that some of them are still worthy of study may be conceded even by the most sanguine admirers of the later schools. Among the lights of this century there is none whose reputation has stood the test of time more successfully than Sainte-Beuve. It is twenty-one years since he passed away at the age of 65 years, just in time to escape seeing the downfall of the Empire (which he had much more than tolerated) and the humiliation of France. How he came to be a man of letters is thus related by Mr. Le Sueur, of Ottawa in an article contributed to the *Westminster Review* for April, 1871:

He was born at Boulogne-sur-Mer, on the 23rd of December, 1804. His father held at that town the office of "Contrôleur principal des droits réunis," and is said to have been a man of some literary taste. He died, however, six weeks before the birth of his son; and the future poet and critic was left entirely to the care of his mother and an aunt, a sister of his father's. Both these ladies were fervent Catholics; and a satirical biographer, De Mirecourt, asserts that they tried to make a perfect little seraph, after the Catholic fashion, of their youthful charge. Whatever efforts they may have made in this direction were not permanently successful, for Sainte-Beuve himself tells us that he began his life as a pronounced adherent of the most advanced form of eighteenth century philosophy. "Là," he says emphatically, "est mon fonds véritable." His mother is spoken of as a woman of very superior mind; she was of English origin, and her son was indebted to her for an early introduction to the English language and literature. At the age of fourteen he was sent to Paris, and there attended the Collège Charlemagne and the Collège Louis le Grand, and at both institutions carried off high honours. After going through the usual academical course he entered upon the study of medicine, and obtained after a time the position of *externe* at the Hôpital St. Louis. Literature, however, was already his favourite pursuit; it was that for which he felt the greatest natural aptitude; and one day when he was about twenty-one years of age he carried an article he had written on some literary subject to Du Bois, the editor of the *Globe*. Du Bois recognized at once the talent of the writer, and engaged his services for the paper. This was sufficient encouragement for Sainte-Beuve; he threw up his situation at the hospital, and resolved to devote himself to literature. The decision was doubtless a wise one, for with such decided leanings towards literature as he possessed, it would have been extremely difficult for him to have given an undivided attention to any other pursuit.

How fruitful Sainte-Beuve's literary career was is thus revealed in the "Critical Memoir," which forms the introduction to the present volume:

What range for one man to cover! Let one but glance at the contents of all these volumes; besides this novel, these three collections of poems, here are seven volumes of "Port Royal" (containing a multitude of vignettes and sketches, as well as carefully-drawn pictures and portraits), fifteen volumes of the "Causeries du Lundi," volumes upon volumes of "Nouveaux Lundis," "Portraits Littéraires," "Portraits des Contemporains," "Derniers Portraits" and "Portraits des Femmes," this "Tableau historique et critique de la Poésie Française et du Théâtre Français aux xvi Siècle," these miscellaneous essays and studies. Then those richly suggestive "Notes," and "Thoughts," and "Remarks" must be added, and the recent volume edited by M. Jules Troubat, Sainte-Beuve's latest secretary and "good friend with qualifications," and an "Introduction" here and an "Étude" there. Let us take up M. Charles Pierrot's "Table Générale et Analytique" (forming the appendical volume to the *Causeries du Lundi*), and glance through his painstaking analyses. Sainte-Beuve, we find, has written no fewer than nineteen separate studies on celebrities of the sixteenth century—among them personages so distinct as Rabelais and Casaubon, Marie Stuart and Montaigne; seventy-four upon the great spirits of the seventeenth century, including more than one careful essay upon Pascal; forty-three upon the men of the eighteenth century, comprising Le Sage and Voltaire and Vauvenargues, Rousseau and Diderot and Grimm, men of letters, men of science, philosophers, priests, kings and diplomatists; thirty, again, upon those who flourished in the reign of Louis XVI., with vivid portraits of Malesherbes and Necker, Rivarol and Beaumarchais, Condorcet and Bernardin de St. Pierre; eleven not less thorough studies upon

the rarest spirits of the Revolution, Mirabeau and La Fayette, André Chenier, Mme. Roland; and, at last, those brilliant essays upon the makers of our own century, from Napoleon and other generals on the one hand, and from Chateaubriand and Joubert on the other, to Gustave Flaubert, and Taine, and Théodore de Banville;—in all, one hundred and five "portraits" of men and women of the most diverse genius. To these (close upon three hundred, including the not infrequent two or even three essays upon one individual) must be added the studies upon foreign writers of ancient and modern times,—Theocritus and Virgil, Dante, Frederic the Great, Goethe, Gibbon, Cowper,—not to speak of a score or so of essays on various themes, from "Du Génie Critique" in the "Portraits Littéraires" (Tome i.) to "Du Roman Intime" in the "Portraits des Femmes."

Our readers will find it worth while to read the whole of Mr. Sharp's "Memoir" before beginning the "Essays." The selection comprises some of Sainte-Beuve's finest work, "Pascal," "Roussseau," "Madame Roland," "Frederic the Great," "The Abbé Galiani," etc. Of the fourteen essays seven were translated by Mr. William Matthews; the remainder are from the pen of Mrs. Harriet Waters Preston. Mr. Sharp, in citing his authorities, mentions the "admirable anonymous article in the *Westminster Review* for 1871. The reference is to Mr. Le Sueur's article, from which we have already quoted. The book is dedicated to Mr. Paul Bourget. (David Stott, 370 Oxford street, W.)

Through the Magazines.

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

An article from Professor Bryce, author of "The American Commonwealth" and "The Holy Roman Empire," who recently crossed Canada on our Pacific Railway, is the *pièce de résistance* in this month's *North American*. The editor had requested the illustrious visitor to take part in the controversy on the functions of the Speaker of the House of Representatives, provoked by that official's action in counting members who were in the House, but did not choose to vote, as present for the purpose of a quorum. Professor Bryce declined to be mixed up, even indirectly, in a dispute of American party politics, but he has contributed a thoughtful and practical paper on the nature of the Speaker's office and the best modes of dealing with obstruction. It also comprises an interesting and to our neighbours, doubtless, an edifying comparison between English and American usage. In the House of Commons the Speaker's position is purely judicial, while in the House of Representatives it is admittedly that of a partisan, sure to side with the majority. At the same time, recent parliamentary experience in England is by no means entirely satisfactory. The closure, adopted with reluctance, has been proved to be a necessity, and, though the incidental evils are real evils, the House cannot retrace its steps, and the future is not contemplated without anxiety. The House of Commons is, nevertheless, as Prof. Bryce clearly shows, more master of the situation than its cis-Atlantic compeer. Reference is made in another part of this issue to Senor Romero's account of the Pan-American Conference, the second part of which appears in the October number of the *Review*. Under the heading of "Crowns and Coronets," Mr. G. P. A. Healy gives some entertaining reminiscences of distinguished persons whose portraits he has painted during a long artistic career of well nigh sixty years. Mr. John Burroughs, who is always worthy of attention, writes of "Faith and rednity"—crossing swords with no mean antagonist, the Rev. Dr. Fisher, of Yale. Madame Adam, one of the few surviving French queens of the *Salon*, gives a European, as Mrs. Sherwood lately gave an American, judgment on "Those American Girls in Europe." It is certainly one of the cleverest of the articles (and Mrs. Sherwood's was clever, too) that have been written on this delicate subject. Madame Adam is severe, but not without compensation. Though American girls sometimes have unbearably shocking ways, she concedes that they are never vulgar, they never "look like shopkeepers' daughters." The American girl of whom the critic approves is the one who goes to Europe—that is, to France—to "suck its flowers of civilization." It is such as she who "prepare for the new world a pleiad of superior women." Mr. E. L. Godkin writes on "Municipal Reform," Mr. Davitt on "Labour Tendencies in Great Britain," Dr. Andrew D. White of "The Future of American Universities," and Prof. Shaler on "The Peculiarities of the South"—all instructively. The "Notes and Comments" include some timely remarks on questions of the day. The *North American Review* (now in its seventy-sixth year) is edited by Mr. Lloyd Bryce, and is published at 3 East Fourteenth street, New York.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

There is something for every taste in the copiously illustrated and well-filled pages of this cheapest of monthlies. Mr. George W. Edwards takes us through "The Gates of Hel," an old-fashioned town in Brabant, where there is no end of curious things to see and be told about. The title of his charming sketch, made more acceptable by quaint illustrations, is "A Brabantian Happening." After the tragedy which drove Barry Dane to indignant song, our readers will like to have "A Glimpse of Guatemala," with Mr. Francis J. A. Darr for cicerone. Mr. George G. Bain favours us with some readable papers on the "Executive Departments of the Government of Washington," with

portraits of ministers and officials and good views of interiors. Mr. Brander Matthews supplements Messrs. James and Le Maître's portrayals of Francisque Sarecy by one of his own, which is more generous than those of his predecessor. His sketch is adorned by likenesses of Sarecy, John LeMoine, François Coppée, Henri Meilhac, Charles Garnier, Henri Taine, Théodore de Banville and Edmond About. In the way of fiction, there are Mr. Julien Gordon's serial, "A Successful Man," and Macdonald Bael's "Miss Devilet," while H. B. Sudduth, J. B. Kenyon, Helen T. Clark and Fred Peterson contribute poems. "Horses and Riders," by Henry Cabot Lodge (the only unillustrated prose article); "A Piscatorial Dinner," by C. Pelham Clinton (a capital Greenwich sketch); "The Twin Cities of the North-West," by Charles King; "Social Problems," by E. E. Hale; "Norsemens in the United States," with portraits of Prof. Boyesen and others, a biographical and critical sketch of John Boyle O'Reilly by our young compatriot, J. J. Roche, and the "Last Stage" in Miss Bisland's "Flying Trip Around the World," complete an excellent number. In taking leave of her *compagnons de voyage*, Miss Bisland pays this eloquent tribute to the stock from which she sprang: "Starting two months ago from a vast continent which the English race have made their own, where the English tongue, English laws, customs and manners reign from sea to sea, in my whole course around the globe I have heard that same tongue, seen the same laws and manners, found the same race; I have had proof with mine own eyes of the splendour of their empire, of their power, their wealth, of their dominance and orgulousness, of their superb armies, their undreamable commerce, their magnificent possessions, their own unrivalled physical beauty and force—and lo! now at last I find from a tiny island, ringed with grey seas, has sprung this race of kings. It fills my soul with a passion of pride that I too am an Anglo-Saxon. In my veins, too, runs that virile tide that pulses through the heart of this lord of the earth—the blood of this clean, fair, noble race! It is worth a journey round the world to see

This royal throne of kings, this sceptred isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise;
This fortress built by nature for herself
Against infection and the hand of war.
This happy breed of men, this little world;
This precious stone set in a silver sea;
This blessed plot of earth, this realm, this England,
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
Feared by their breed and famous by their birth,
Renowned for their deeds so far from home,
For Christian service and true chivalry,
This land of such dear souls, this dear, dear land—
England, bound in with the triumphant sea!

and I understand now the full meaning of this trumpet-cry of love and pride from the greatest of earth's poets—an Englishman." The *Cosmopolitan* deserves its phenomenal success, and we cordially recommend it. It is edited by John Brisben Walker, and is published at Fifth Avenue Broadway and 25th street) New York.

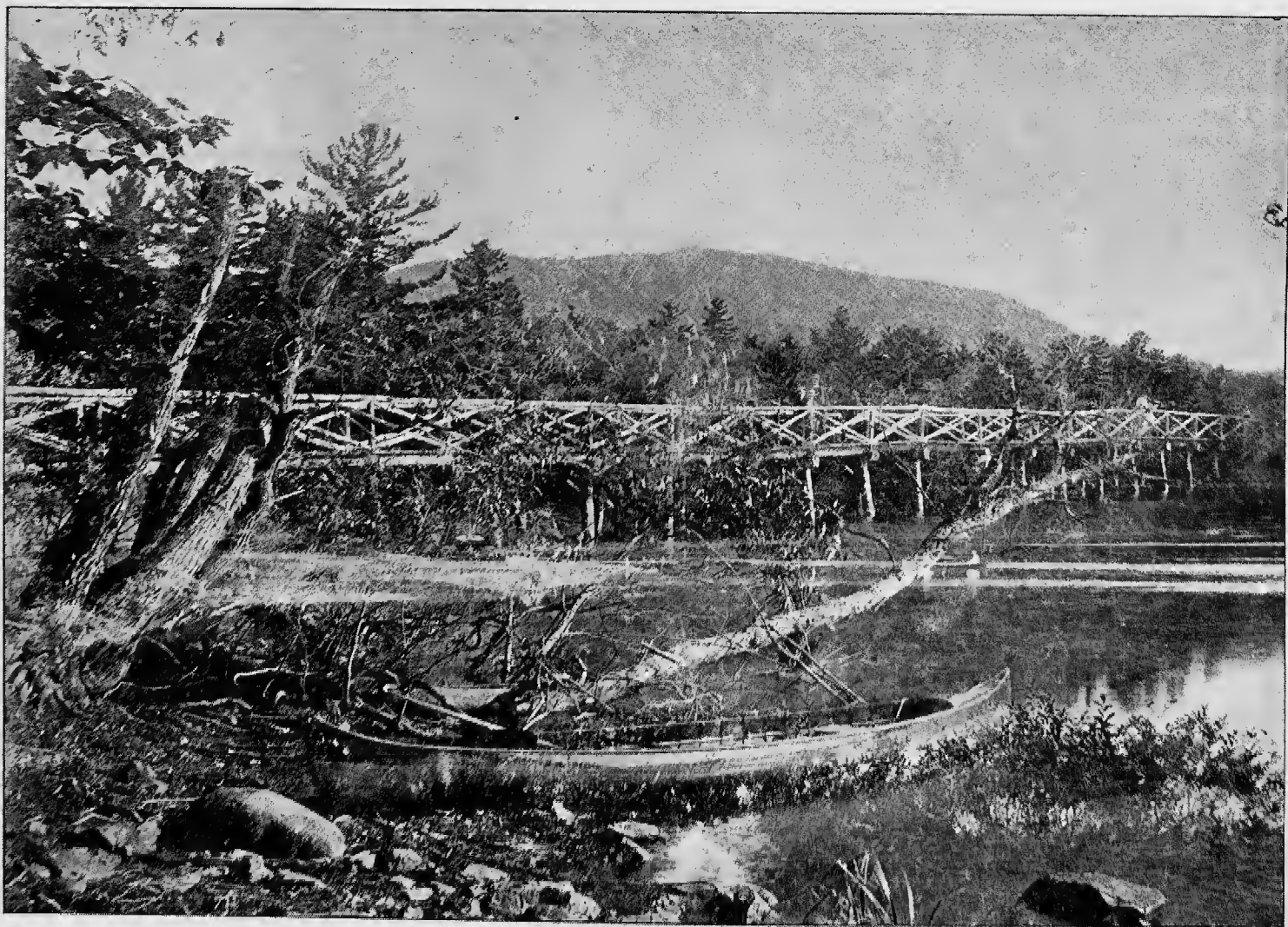
LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Recent numbers of this valuable thesaurus of periodical literature contains the *Fortnightly's* "In Memoriam" to Cardinal Newman, from the pen of W. S. Lilly; a remarkable paper on "Rome and the Romans," from the *Cornhill*; "Water in Australian Saharas," in which a problem of a very urgent character is dealt with (*Macmillan*); "The Vale of the Manor and the Black Dwarf"—a reminiscence of Scott and an interpretation of one of his novels (*Blackwood*); a timely discussion of some circumstances connected with the "Change of Government in Germany" (*Fortnightly*); "Chairs by the River" (*Gentleman's Magazine*); "Odd Foods" (*Scottish Review*); "Chapters from Some Unwritten Memoirs," Part II. (*Macmillan*); "The Kings of Sweden and Holland" (*Leisure Hour*); Cardinal Newman (*Spectator and Speaker*); "The Lost Lakes of New Zealand" (*Gentleman's Magazine*); "A Great Russian Police Officer" (*Times*); "Robert Browning" (*Church Quarterly Review*); "Progress in Japan" (*Edinburgh Review*); "The Modern Spirit in Rome" (*Macmillan*); "Dryden and Scott" (*Temple Bar*); "Eight Days," Part IV. (*Cornhill*); "Five O'clock Tea" (*Spectator*), with the usual selections of poetry and various other reading matter. *Littell's Living Age*, which will soon be celebrating its jubilee, has kept up with the advance of our time in periodical literature, sharing in every new enterprise and benefitting by every improvement. The four annual volumes contain whatever is most worth preserving in the publications of the year, while its appearance weekly enables the publishers to present whatever is most desirable while it is yet fresh. The price, \$8, is cheap for over 3,300 pages of the best reading, while for \$10.50 any of the \$4 monthlies or weeklies will be added. Address, Messrs. Littell & Co., 31 Bedford street, Boston.

When baby is having a bath do not let him remain long in the water, and, when he is lifted out on your knee, dry quickly and thoroughly with a soft, warm towel. When he is perfectly dry, rub his skin briskly with your warm hand. Be careful all the while to have him well protected from a draught. If any part of the skin be chafed, dust it with a little violet powder, or a little starch well powdered down.



VIEW OF LAKE LOOKING SOUTH.

RUSTIC BRIDGE AT EAST END OF LAKE.
VIEWS AT BELCEIL LAKE, P.Q.



VIEW OF LAKE, SHOWING SUMMIT OF BELLEIL MOUNTAIN.



SCENE ON DAY OF REGATTA.
VIEWS AT BELLEIL LAKE, P. Q.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES

Saturday last was a great day for Rugby, and so many matches took place that it is impossible to do much more than barely mention the facts in this column. The Montreal-Britannia struggle demands first attention. I had looked for a somewhat closer score; but there was not much fault to be found with the game, though more open play would have added to the pleasure of the spectators. Luckily on Saturday those who faced the threatening elements were old football men who rather enjoy a series of scrimmages, and consequently the game was a good one to look at. One thing should be said for the Brits, and that is, that they play a great losing game and never flag.



THE HAMILTON vs. TORONTO FOOTBALL MATCH—Referee starting a scrimmage.

even when the odds seem overwhelmingly against them. There was a marked difference between the teams. Montreal was strong in the rush line and full back, but otherwise weak in the back division, whose idea seemed impetuosity instead of judgment. In the Britannia team the scrimmage was the weak point, but the back division was splendid. With these qualities settled as marking both teams, and remembering that the game was a series of scrimmages, the result is hardly to be wondered at, and if Montreal is to be defeated by the Britannia, the forwards must be strengthened. There was one remarkable decision given by one of the touch judges in the second half, which resulted in Montreal securing a touch-down, and the gentleman who gave it must have been as excited as the players, for the ball was at least half a yard out of bounds. But there was no grumbling. The Montreal partisans were jubilant and the Brit followers were simply astonished, and seemed to think it was only another bit of hard luck to struggle against. Montreal scored the first two points of the game. This was a severe punishment for one of the Brits lying on the ball—for the penalty was a free kick for Montreal, which was followed by a well combined rush, and the Brit back had to touch down. A few minutes after the kick off, the leather was again in Britannia territory, a rouge going to the credit of the Montrealeers. Then another series of scrimmages and clever passing put the leather near the Britannia line, and Baird succeeded in making a try. This looked bad for the visitors, but Arnton, who kept cool all the way, saw an opening, and a splendid kick from the field gave his side six. When half time closed, Montreal had put on another rouge, and the score stood 9 to 6. The opening of the second half saw a touch down in favour of Britannia, and things were very interesting, until Campbell, by a fine kick, added another six points for Montreal. Britannia scored another rouge and Montreal a try, and there the game ended. It was a hard fought, well contested one all through, and the figures were—Montreal, 19; Britannia, 9. The teams were:

Britannia.	Position.	Montreal.
E. Rawlings.....	Full Back	J. Miller.
J. G. Ross.....		J. D. Campbell.
J. J. Arnton.....	Half backs.	A. D. McTier.
Wm. Warden.....		H. Drummond.
J. Rankin, (captain).....	Quarter back	J. Dunlop.
J. K. Bruce.....		Alfred Fry.
J. Patterson.....		Arthur Fry.
H. Tatley.....	Wings.	G. Baird.
B. B. Stevens.....		V. Buchanan.
W. A. Cameron.....		J. B. Bell.
C. A. S. Atwood.....		A. E. Leatham.
K. D. Young.....		B. Black (captain).
A. McCa. Murphy.....	Scrimmage.	A. Drummond.
J. H. Browne.....		A. Reford.
F. A. Crathern.....		A. Higginson.

The Hamilton Rugby team did not have an easy thing with the Torontos on Saturday last, but they managed to defeat them by a close score of 8-5. Toronto's weak point was the forward division, and they were also at the loss of their crack quarter-back, Smellie and Mantz. The Hamiltonians have improved wonderfully since last year, and they now can hold their own with the best of them. Saunders and Pirie, the half-backs, have no superiors in the Dominion, and their work was fully up to their reputation. In the first half Toronto got the first point on a rouge, which was immediately offset by Hamilton securing a try, and when time was called the score stood Hamilton 7, Toronto 3. In the second half the Ambitious City added one more and the Torontos two points to their score. The match was practically a series of scrimmages and marred a good deal by a fondness for laying on the ball.

The Ottawa College seem to have started the season with the intention of keeping up their reputation as winners, and the thrashing administered to Ottawa City of 25 points to one, augurs fairly well for their success during the rest of

McGill.	Position.	Montreal.
Donahue.....	Back	C. Nash.
Small.....		E. J. Fry.
Russell.....	Half backs.	W. Haggas.
Goulet.....		Monserat.
Shaw.....	Quarter back	Claxton.
Switzer.....		Harry.
Bickerlyke.....	Wings.	Stevens.
Clemesha.....		James.
McPherson.....		Robertson.
King.....		Christie.
Guthrie.....		Lightburn.
Drum.....	Scrimmage.	D. S. Louison.
Molson.....		Angus.
Hamilton.....		Twovey.
Featherstone.....		Buchanan.

Referee—McPherson.

Association football is having a big boom at present, especially in the West, and on Saturday two matches were played off in the league championship in Toronto, the Varsity defeating the Scots four goals to one, while the Marlboros' score was six to St. Michael's College nothing. In the Toronto Association series, Varsity second easily defeated the Strollers six goals to one.

It is a long time since St. John and Halifax had any very important struggle for aquatic supremacy and it will be like going back to old times, when representative fours from both cities will meet in Halifax on the 21st inst. The St. John crew is a fast and good one, consisting of Craig, Campbell, Foley and McCormick, but it is altogether doubtful if they will be able to get away from the Halifax four, two of whom will be MacKay and Hamm. It is a sort of semi-professional affair and the Haligonians ought to win it.

Nothing seems to delight the professional oarsman so much as saying something real pleasant about somebody in the same line of business, but very likely it has to be done to keep up appearances, else where would the regatta purses come from? Messrs. Gaudaur and Hanlan are not on the best terms now; and Mr. Hanlan says that Mr. O'Connor will trim Mr. Gaudaur when the champion of America gets home, and then, besides, nobody need go the three miles in nineteen minutes to beat Jake.

Speaking of sculling, the work of next year promises to be of unusual interest, the principal event being the race for the championship on the Pacific coast. It was first a Canadian who showed sportsmanship liberal enough to go to the other end of the earth to row for the championship of the world, when he already held the title, but Hanlan's star had then passed its zenith and after years of unbroken victory he came back a defeated man. Beach accepted all challenges for the world's championship, but insisted on



THE HAMILTON vs. TORONTO FOOTBALL MATCH.—In the thick of the fight.

The third fifteens of the Montreal and McGill Rugby clubs played on the College grounds on Saturday, and for third teams to put up such a game was a decided surprise. The Varsity had it all their own way practically, and whitewashed the Montrealeers to the extent of sixteen coats, but there was hard play to the end, and the victors did not earn their honours easily. The McGills are strong and their back division play with combination and good judgment, while not so much can be said for the same end in the Montreal team. Passing back is good play all the time if not sent further than half back, but when passed to the full back it is too dangerous and throws too much responsibility on the latter's shoulders, especially if the forwards are at all alert. This was Montreal's principal fault, and this more than anything else lost the match. The score was—McGill, 16; Montreal, 0. The teams were:

rowing in Australia. Searle chose neutral ground and defended his title on the Thames, when for the first time in a championship struggle the Toronto man met defeat and the championship remained in the antipodes. It was after successfully winning the title of champion of Canada and the United States that William O'Connor, nearly a year ago, set out for the land of the kangaroo and duck-billed platypus. He had many difficulties to surmount, but he bore himself bravely, and although coming back without the wreath he will find that he will not be without honour in his own country. Peter Kemp is now following the example of Hanlan and going out of his way to prove that he is truly entitled to the championship he claims, and his course will be approved of by all sportsmen.

The conditions of the Kemp-O'Connor race are about

as follows:—They will row some time in March next for a stake of \$2,500 a side, on a course on the Pacific coast to be chosen by Kemp, the race to be three miles with a turn and Kemp to have £50 allowed for expenses, or £75 if O'Connor should win. The first deposit has already been put up and the remainder will be in the stakeholders' hands ten days before the race.

One of the local institutions that has made remarkable progress in a very short time is the St. Lawrence Yacht Club. They were enthusiasts who started the idea, and the results of their work has surpassed even their most sanguine expectations. What a difference there is in the fleet now and a couple of years ago, and what a healthy spirit of improvement can be noticed all along the line. But, as one of the members told me the other day: "We have just begun. Of course we must adjust our boats to our water facilities, but even with this drawback, you will be surprised what can be done." For some time past the classification committee have been working hard and on Wednesday last presented an elaborate report at the club meeting, together with comprehensive tables, mysterious to everybody but a yachtsman. But this subject is too important a one to consider in limited space and must be left over to a later date.

The Hamilton Yacht Club have had a discussion on a matter which importantly affects the sailing regulations of the L. Y. R. A. Some yachts, by altering their rig may so decrease or increase their measurements as to be eligible to sail in two classes. This seemed hardly fair, although there was nothing in the rules prohibiting such a course. The club decided that at the next meeting of the Lake Yacht Racing Association it be recommended that article 25 of the classification rules be amended to read "and each yacht shall sail in one class only." Another amendment was also approved of to the effect that a yacht may sail in the class above her in all regattas, provided no prizes are offered in the class to which she belongs. It is altogether likely that both suggestions will be adopted by the association.

The Toronto Hunt Club was not blessed with the best kind of weather for the annual steeplechases at Woodbine, in fact the going is described as racing in a sea of mud; but notwithstanding this fact, there was a good day's sport and one big surprise for the knowing ones in the open steeplechase handicap, when a 15 to 1 chance dropped to 6 to 1 at the post and came in a winner. The state of the ground made the time very slow, as will be seen from the following summary:—

Green steeplechase, about 2½ miles—Dr. Smith's ch g Baffle, 1; Charles Brown's b g The Kid, 2; W. D. Crand's b g Chester, 3. Time, 5.39.

Open steeplechase handicap—J. W. Murray's b g Burr Oak, 1; A. E. Gates' ch m Evangeline, 2; C. P. Gates' blk g Wild Thorn, 3. Time, 5.09.

Selling race, mile and a furlong—Higgins' b g Everett, 1; Charles Phair's br f Periwinkle, 2; Alex. Shields' blk h Mirabeau, 3. Time, 2.05.

Hunters' steeplechase handicap, distance 2½ miles—F. E. McDonald's b g Lochiel, 1; Moorehouse & Pepper's g g St. James, 2; Dr. Smith's b g Inspire, 3. Time, 5.04.

Green hunters' flat, mile and a furlong—Charles Brown's ch g The Baby, 1; Moorehouse & Pepper's c m Violet, 2; Owner's ch m Sweetheart, 3. Time, 2.19.

Hunters' flat handicap, distance 1¼ miles—Dr. Smith's dr g Hanover, 1; Bayview stables' b g Mackenzie, 2; Jas. Carruthers' ch g Glen Fox, 3. Time, 2.24.

The Maritime Provinces Athletic Association are stirring things up pretty well down by the sea and interest in athletics seems to be spreading, as will be seen from the following: When the last annual meeting was held, it was suggested that owing to the financial question, the games should alternate between Halifax and St. John, but this resolution was not carried, as judging from the increased interest taken in the games it was altogether likely that other cities would see their way to making the required guarantee, and take their turns at the championships. At the annual meeting of the M. P. A. A. the following officers were elected:—President, G. A. Troop, Wanderers' A. C.; 1st vice, Wm. Curry, Windsor A. C.; treasurer, H. D. Creighton, Chebucto A. C.; secretary, Wm. Lithgow, Lorne A. C.; executive, W. L. Brown, W. E. Leverman, Red Cap S. S. C.; R. H. Humphrey, Wanderers' A. C.; C. S. Lane, Chebucto A. C.; W. D. Dimock, Truro A. C.; G. A. Richards, Lorne A. C.; J. P. Walsh, Crescent A. C. The St. John Lacrosse Club held their annual sports on Thursday, embracing all the games usually seen at championship meetings.

After all the newspaper controversy and club talk which the recent road race between teams of the Wanderers and Toronto Bicycle Clubs has given rise to, Mr. Nasmith, of the Toronto Club, tried to put an end to the matter once for all by issuing the following challenge:—"I hereby challenge any amateur bicycle rider in Canada to ride a race on the Kingston road, any distance from 30 to 170 miles, for the road championship of Canada and a gold medal, the race to take place during the present month of October. I appoint Mr. A. F. Webster, 58 Yonge street, Toronto, president of the Toronto Bicycle Club, to act for me, and I would suggest that any individual or club accepting this challenge send an entry fee of \$5 as a guarantee

of good faith. I will immediately deposit the same amount on the acceptance of the challenge. Yours etc., Dave Nasmith, Toronto Bicycle Club."

Truly we seem to have struck an era of phenomenal record-breaking. Day by day some wonderful performance is recorded, and Old Father Time seems to be getting the worst of it every turn. Both men, bicycles and horses are shaking the dust of the old time marks from them and the only question is when will the limit be reached. It has got to come some time and it seems as if we were getting pretty close to it these days. Mr. Bonner and other horsemen think that the ideal trotter may one day be able to go the mile in 2 minutes, but there are a great many others who think differently. Mr. Hamlin, however, wants to be a record-breaker, right up to the time when the limit is reached, and with the latest improvements in the composition and shape of tracks, he thinks there will be quite a lot of cutting down yet. On Friday last at Terre Haute, Belle Hamlin, with Justina as mate, were sent against the world's team record. The first half was done in 1.08½, and the old record seemed safe, but the last quarter was a scorcher, and without even a break the grand pair went under the wire in just 2.15.

The Western curlers are still hard at work electing officers and preparing for the winter campaign. The Royal City Curling Club are in line now and the officers for the year are:—Patron, Col. Macdonald; patroness, Mrs. Macdonald; president, W. W. Macalister; vice, H. Lockwood; representative members, J. Kennedy and T. Anderson, (Milland); secretary-treasurer, R. Mackenzie; honorary members, James Innes, M. P., and Geo. Sleeman; committee, J. Hewer, T. Anderson, W. Spalding, J. A. Lillie, R. Hood, W. I. Luke, A. Mennie, D. A. Macdonald and J. Kennedy.

The annual tournament of the West Toronto Gun Club was one of the most successful shoots ever held by the club, the ties in the first class being remarkable, Briggs killing 13 straight at 32 yards rise, while Beldam knocked over 12.

It has been estimated that to keep the training table up at which the Princeton footballers eat for something less than two months, cost, every cent of \$3,000, and then nobody but themselves and the trainer and the hotel people know what the food consists of. But this amount is not so great as it looks when it is remembered that there are always more than 30 kickers in training.

Now they are going to question the authenticity of Owen's record for the 100 yards on the ground that he beat the pistol. If Owen can beat the pistol with George Turner's finger on the trigger, who will they get to start under the heavens if a record is to be made?

R. O. X.

Science and Art in Toronto.

[From an Occasional Correspondent.]

A very interesting ceremony took place on the 2nd inst. in connection with the opening lecture of the eighth session of the Toronto Women's Medical College, Sumach street. It was the unveiling of a portrait of the founder and first dean of the college, Dr. Michael Bauch. The lecturer of the day, Dr. Duncan, concluded an able address on the progress of medicine by a warm eulogy of the late dean, whose pupil he had been at Trinity Medical School, rating him as the first physiologist in Canada. After the ceremony of presentation and acceptance on behalf of the Faculty and the Trustees, and the unveiling by a last year's graduate of the college, Dr. Susan Boyle, the venerable Dr. Workman, a warm friend of women's medical education, spoke a few words in praise both of the man and of the portrait. He said: "I knew him intimately during a long career, and am glad to see the familiar features so excellently reproduced. The artist deserves our hearty thanks for having given us a likeness upon which we may look with the fullest satisfaction and pleasure, melancholy though that pleasure be." The likeness is kitcat size, framed handsomely in gilt, and will hang in the Dean's room of the college. The artist is our townsman, Mr. J. W. L. Morsta. The year's work began on Monday, the 6th inst., at 8 a.m. The list of students is not yet made up, but already counts over a score and a half.

At the School of Practical Science, in the convocation hall of that building—lately much enlarged and improved—the annual convocation of Toronto University was held. The College Glee Club enlivened the proceedings with several pieces, and also with others, musical and otherwise, not upon the programme. The speakers of the occasion, which is by no means the imposing and important ceremony that commencement is, were: Faculty of Medicine, Prof. J. W. Cameron, M.B.; Faculty of Law, Hon. Mr. Justice Proudfoot, the Hon. the Minister of Education; President's Address, Sir Daniel Wilson. The degree of L.L.B. was conferred on L. Elliott, and seven gentlemen took their B.A. Among the scholarships Miss J. S. Hillock took the George Brown scholarship for modern languages with history, the same lady taking the prize for history in the second year. In the Faculty of Arts D. McGee took the Governor-General's gold medal in the third year and J. A. McLean the same silver medal in the second year. The Stanley medal for Physics was not awarded, nor was that for Modern Languages, the gift of the presi-

dent. Neither the Shutt medal, awarded under the direction of the Natural Science Association of University College, and called the Cawthorne medal, found a recipient, nor the McMurrich medal for Natural Sciences. The Lyle medal, the gift of the Central Presbyterian church, Hamilton, for Oriental Languages, was taken by a young Wycliffe College student, J. L. Scully, who has already shown great talent in Hebrew. The Starr gold medal and the University gold medal in Medicine were taken by the same individual, Mr. L. F. Barker, and the four silver medals were also awarded. Arrangements have been made for the year's lectures and work on a convenient basis, so that the students will bear no loss through the want of the University building proper. It is, however, cheering to see restoration already begun and some of the old lines replaced.

The congress of the Association for the Advancement of Women convenes for its eighteenth annual meeting next week. Many who were at first indifferent to the claims of this association upon people of progress and culture have been aroused to a sincere enthusiasm, and the projectors of the congress for Canada are encouraged and justified by the prospects of a successful result of their arduous labours. The list of papers prepared by our visitors ought to prove an attraction not to be resisted by the intelligence and thought of any country, much less of Canada. Among these papers the following are particularly noteworthy: "Woman in the State," Mary F. Eastman; "Practical Value of Philosophy," Julia Ward Howe; "Working Girls' Clubs," Helen Campbell; "The Scientific Work and Influence of Dr. Maria Mitchell," Prof. Mary Whitney; "Scientific Training for Mothers," Frances F. Wood. It is not often that Canada has the opportunity of welcoming women like the writer of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," or the author of "Prisoners of Poverty," while the story of the work of the Mary Somerville of America, that great astronomer, Maria Mitchell, is one that every person of culture must wish to hear. Rarely has Toronto retained her autumn beauty so far into October as she has this year, and it is to be hoped that the propitious weather may continue at least until the end of the congress, so that our visitors, a few of whom may have been here before, will see us in attractive array.

Jarrah Wood.

The new *Kew Bulletin* contains an interesting section on the properties and uses of the jarrah wood, a species of eucalyptus, native to Western Australia. The main difficulties in connection with its use in this country are the cost of freight for such heavy timber from Australia and its intense hardness, which makes it difficult for ordinary English carpenter's tools to work it. The tree which produces it grows generally to a height of 100 feet, and sometimes 150 feet. It is found only in Western Australia, extending over the greater portion of the country from the Moore River to King George's Sound, forming mainly the forests of these tracts. According to Mueller, when selected from hilly localities, cut while the sap is least active, and subsequently carefully dried, it proves impervious to the borings of insects. Vessels constructed solely of it have, after twenty-five years' constant service, remained perfectly sound, although not coppered. It has been tried at three places in the Suez Canal, and, after having been down seven years, the trial samples were taken up in order that a report on their condition might be sent to Paris. From certain correspondence between Kew and some London vestries, it appears that jarrah has lately been used by the Chelsea Vestry for paving the King's Road, and by the Lambeth Vestry in the Westminster Bridge Road.

Aspiration.

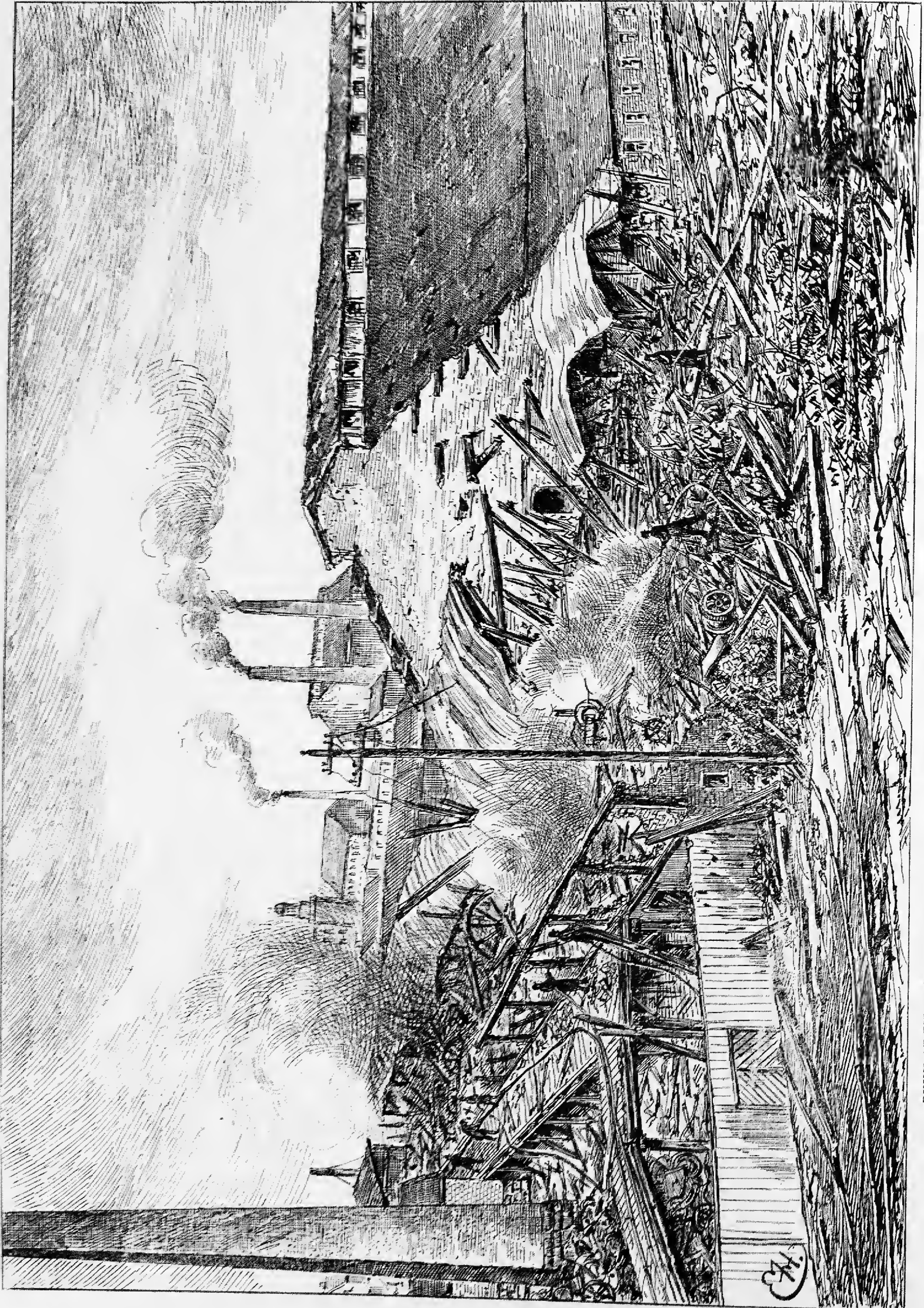
[From the Autograph Album of the late Mrs. E. J. D.]

To-day the mystic breath of Spring
Has stirred the soul of everything,
And forth from shell of brown and gold
Came Psyche quivering in the Sun.
I watched to see the wings unfold
With fairy colours one by one;
Alas! no Sun the sweet time brings,
To flash with birds, the azure through,
For marred and crumpled were the wings.

Alas for weaving! little gain,
And weary waiting—all in vain;
The sunny dream of wings to come,
With bursting buds and swallows' flight,
And drowsy tone of wild bees hum.
Not yours the fault, poor luckless wight,
If Spring a sullen misty brings
To creatures meant for airy height,
That trail in dust with shrunken wings.

Ah! well, it is the fate of all
We only suffer as we crawl,
And know not where the great fault lies;
What guides the strange unerring law
That governs thus our destinies
And mars a life by unknown flaw,
For cruellest of all cruel things—
To those who crave the boon of flight,
Is this poor gift of useless wings.

Bon.



RUINS OF FIRE AT THE WORKS OF THE PILLOW, HERSEY MANUFACTURING COMPANY, MONTREAL, 11th OCTOBER. (By our special artist.)



BULENES ON THE NIAGARA FRONTIER.—A MILITARY BALL AT NIAGARA, ONT.



IN FAIRYLAND.

The moon is shining with tranquil splendour and the space between heaven and earth is filled with a soft luminous dimness. There is an influence in the air which will not allow us to slumber, and led by an ever active sympathy with Nature, we wend our way to some well known sylvan haunt where none but invisible people dare intrude, and where we can muse and dream to our hearts' content in the moonlight.

The bewitching, bewildering lovely moonlight. How can we describe it! Let us dip the tip of our pen into its shimmering radiance and perchance we may 'catch a beam of inspiration. Yet no, such fascinating sprites as moonbeams are not to be caught by aught that is human, for just as we think we have captured one it slips noiselessly away, and so it is the whole time "Catch me if you can!" "Catch me if you can!" until at last we give up our daring attempt.

See how the shadows vary on the green sward as the breeze moves the leaves and transmits the moonbeams from one to the other. Look how the graceful boughs are touched with silver one moment; the next, fade into the night. Those tall trees whose waving tops are bathed in moonbeams remind us of great men whose heads are crowned with glory whilst their lives are hidden in gloom; and there winds a dark forest glade through which the moonlight glimmers, gliding hither and thither like the most ethereal of spirits. In some places where the foliage is not so dense, we can see the forms of maple leaves fantastically outlined on mounds of illumined moss. Let us wander through this glade and think on the eyes that saw too clearly, the lips that spoke too truly, and the hearts that loved too dearly.

There is a fragrance in the air breathed by the herbs and grasses. Complete stillness surrounds us. Even the ordinary noises of the night, the faint murmur of summer insects, the stirring of leaves by the wind, the peevish twitter of some restless young bird. Even these seemed hushed. Our eyes are heavy. Let us close them and people the solitude in which we are enveloped with the fairy folk. Our own dear fairies. They are always welcome, for they come to us singing:

Wouldst thou have us pensive
Or wouldst thou have us gay,
Sing a song of gladness
Or a mournful lay?
Tell us which is sweeter,
Sad or merry metre,
We will try to please, Sir,
We thy will obey.

And whether we are merry or sad, their lutes are attuned to the rhythm of our heart. Here they come, wafted to our view on a sheaf of moonlight. But to-night they tell no tale, sing no song for us, for they are mourning the return to earth from fairyland of one who was beloved by them for many years. List to the sweet notes of their lament:

Inspired by hopeless sorrow,
We waft to thee a strain,
For thou art wandering lonely
Where all our love is vain.
The moon still shines as o'er thy head
It shone so long ago;
But tears bedim its radiance now
For our hearts are full of woe.
Hast thou forgotten fairyland—
The maze of golden light,
The flower-gemmed bowers, the crystal fountains,
The skies for ever bright—
Save when the evening shadows crept
Athwart the roseate blue,
And the pale Moon whispered to the Sun:
Say to the world, Adieu?
Hast thou forgotten how the stars
Were thine own "Evening Glories."
Or how their "poetry" taught to thee
The loveliest of love stories?
Ah! then thy spirit leapt beyond
The bounds of human gladness;
But now it soundeth o'er and o'er
The depths of human sadness.
Hast thou forgotten how the peace
Of the eternal sky
Enwrapped thy soul, whilst winds sang low
A soothing lullaby?
Oh! sweet it was to rest secure
With many a fairy friend;
But now thy head unresting lies
And peace is at an end.
Hast thou forgotten how the voice
Of Morning, fresh and clear,
Called thee across the mountains high,
And we, who loved thee dear,
Accompanied thy joyous flight,
And hand in hand we flew
To peaks of beauty and delight,
Known to the free and true.

For thou wert like the summer breeze
That kissed thy happy brow
And sang and wandered where thou wouldst—
Oh! for that freedom now!—
And thou wert true to thine own heart—
For 'twas a trusty guide;
But now, thou knowst not what is truth,
And e'en thy heart's belied.

Hast thou forgot the fairy isles
Where laughing flowers display
Their varied hues, and blush and glow
Beneath the Eye of Day?
So, thoughts like fairest flowers arose
Within thy verdant mind;
But now thy thoughts are naught but weeds,
And shadows round them wind.

Hast thou forgot, canst thou forget,
The moonlit night when we
Would wander o'er all Fairyland
With spirits pure and free;
The soft green turf beneath our feet,
The night blue sky above—
Canst thou forget our care of thee,
Canst thou forget our love?

Oh! fairies of Fairyland, can he whom they mourn ever forget them, ever forget their country of ever-living beauty, with its boundless skies of infinite colour, its floods of radiance, its dells and groves of glorious greenness, its floor of verdant harmony, its glittering feathery foliage, its luminous vistas, its green hills undulating far, far away, its transparent sunshot waters, its lovely odorous flowers? Can he ever forget the time when blithe and unfettered he wandered wheresoever he would, when no chains corroded his timeless spirit, when, instead of harsh embittering words, the music of unseen lyres played by unseen minstrels called forth all the tenderest emotions and thoughts, sweeter than the sweetest melodies ever interpreted by the eyes? No, never can he forget, and though now immured in a world which he dare not leave, his heart, that heart which was once so happy and serene with the peace which comes through trusting, broken, hardened and unanchored, yet, at times doth the lost music sound in his ears and a fleeting vision of the lost countries pass before his eyes.

Oh! thou who art wearied with a dull, charmless existence, and thou, whose proud intelligence makes thee restless and discontented, this Fairyland or World of Imagination is a beautiful world, which may be frequented with great pleasure and benefit, and from which thou mayst return to the duties of real life refreshed and calmed. But do not, ah! do not, yield thine whole soul to its fascinations and dwell too long therein, because 'tis a law of Nature that he who thus forgets himself (as was the case with the one whom the fairies lament), forfeits the blessings and pleasures of the real world when he returns to it. Let us think of that most sorrowful one; think how it was possible for him to be all that he had ever aspired to be; think of the happiness he enjoyed; think of the beauty which delighted his eyes; think of the love and sympathy which were his all in the World of Imagination. And then think of him in the real world—a pilgrim and a stranger! Think till the moon charms our sadness away and inspires us to address her. Dear and lovely Moon! As we watch thee pursuing thy solitary course o'er the silent heavens, heart-easing thoughts steal o'er us and calm our passionate soul. Thou art so sweet, so peaceful, so serene, that thou causest us to forget the stormy emotions which crash like jarring discords across the harmony of life and bringest to our memory a voice, scarce ever heard amidst the warring of the world—Love's low voice. Thou art so serious and so pure that it seemeth as if naught that is false or ignoble could live beneath thy gentle radiance, and that earnestness, even the earnestness of genius, must glow within the bosom of him on whose head thy beams fall like blessings. Thou art our teacher and our friend. It seems to us as if sometimes a shade of sadness were cast o'er thee—as if, perchance, thou wert grieving o'er some unrighted wrong; yet, thou continuest thy course as steadily when thy light is dimmed as when it shines the brightest. May our spirits be as invincible. The magic of thy sympathy disburthens us of many sorrows and thoughts, which, like the songs of the sweetest silvan singer, are too dear and sacred for the careless ears of day, gush forth with unconscious eloquence when thou art the only listener. Thou hast the power to make us happy, for thou art truthful and thou art beautiful, and wherever there is truth and beauty there is poetry, and wherever there is poetry there is happiness.

We love thee as all things animate and inanimate must love thee, as the boundless ocean, undulating rivers, still lakes, that carry thine image in their bosoms, love thee. We gaze on thy fair face floating on the clouds above us, and then, looking downwards, behold it, like a mysterious other self, gliding gracefully o'er the waters. Thy witchery is o'er meadow, grove and forest. Thou art, in fact, Nature's fairy godmother. We love thy brother also, the spirit-stirring Sun. Who can resist him? But not as we love thee. The Sun cometh forth with glory, a glory which precedes him. Brilliant banners of light, his messengers, announce his coming and disperse all shadows. The skies blush at his approach. And then when he appeareth, what a rejoicing! The air is astir, the flowers ope, the birds warble, thousands of voices are heard—some loud and clear, some low and soft; but all glad with a gladness which is born of the Sun, and all raised in praise of him.

And when he retireth, and when the evening skies which reflect the hues of Paradise have become subdued and the dark shades of night are gathering, what a melancholy falleth o'er Nature—flowers close, leaves droop, birds cease singing. All is quiet and still, still and quiet; the Sun is asleep. Yes, we love the gay Sun, the renewer of joyousness, the dispeller of sadness. But not, oh! not, as we love thee, dear Moon. The Sun ariseth in glory, his heralds proclaim his approach and earth awakes and greets him. He departeth also in glory, and in his most brilliant robes waves his adieu. But to thee, sweet Queen of Night, we raise our eyes. Lo! thou art there. No voice, no sign, gave notice of thy coming. Yet, there thou shinest. So, when thou retirest, Nature, who we doubt not loveth thee well in secret, alloweth scarce a flower to ope its eye when bidding thee farewell, and not a voice laments thee, save the voice of one lone bird. Modestly and sweetly dost thou instil the balm of thy presence through the night, and, when thy task is finished, retirest with silent simple courtesy.

Dear and lovely Moon, there are some who say that none but simple folks are fascinated by thy soft light, that love of thee causes melancholy and sentimental fancies, and that thou givest license to the imagination and blindfoldest reason. Wherefore then do we love thee and muse on thee? Give us grace to answer them. Because melancholy is in the human heart, and if the moonlight hath power to bring it to the surface, 'tis only because the defiant gaiety under which melancholy lies buried, cannot exist under the Moon's pure light. Besides "all things are touched with melancholy," and is it not a relief sometimes to be *truly* melancholy instead of falsely gay? Because, though these are not the days of sentiment, yet, we believe that true sentiment alone makes life worth living. Because, dwelling in the sunlit fields of reason, we fear not to wander at times through the moonlit valleys of imagination. Because we believe that, if the sunlight is beneficent to man, so also must be the moonlight, for the Master of Life created both the Sun and the Moon and made us susceptible to the influence of both. Because, just as the Moon at certain seasons blends with the Sun until the lesser light seems (and only seems) extinguished by the greater, so also ought imagination to blend with reason.

EDITH EATON.

A Lady Botanist.

Miss Marianne North, the accomplished artist, botanist, and traveller, whose death is just announced, was born at Hastings in 1830. She was the eldest daughter of the late Mr. Frederick North, M.P. Miss North early developed a strong taste for natural history and a desire for travel, and in 1865 she went with her father to the East. For two years they resided in Egypt, Syria, and Palestine, and after Mr. North's death in 1869 his daughter devoted herself to painting as a profession. In 1869-70 she executed a large number of landscapes in Sicily, and in 1879 visited Canada, the United States, and Jamaica. Her sketches made in these places were the foundation of the present collection at Kew. She next went to Brazil to paint the flora of the country, and she was received with much distinction by the Emperor. Tenerife, India and Ceylon were then visited, the result being a splendid collection of studies. A selection of them was exhibited before the Royal Society, and also before the Queen at Windsor. In November 1877 Miss North went to India, and on her return two years later she offered her entire collection of pictures to the authorities at Kew, in trust for the nation, and she engaged to build at her own cost a gallery for their reception. The offer was accepted, the hanging of the paintings was superintended by the artist herself, and on July 8, 1882, the gallery was thrown open to the public. There are upwards of 700 paintings, and, according to the testimony of Sir J. D. Hooker, it would be impossible to overrate their usefulness and scientific importance. On August 4, 1882, Miss North left for the Cape, to study the vegetation of South Africa. Early in 1883 sixty new paintings were sent to Kew, and in June the collection had so increased that a new room was added to the building. On September 24, 1883, Miss North left London for Mahe, the principal island of the Seychelles group, where trees and flowers flourish which are unknown elsewhere. Here also she made many valuable sketches. She subsequently visited, in pursuit of her many artistic and scientific objects, California, Borneo, Java, Australia, and New Zealand. A final journey undertaken to South America brought on a long and painful illness, from which Miss North never recovered; and she passed away a few days ago at her home in Gloucestershire.

The Magnet and Hypnotism.

A curious fact is that if the hypnotised subject, in a state of lethargy, grasps the north pole of a magnet he is filled with intense joy, and sees beautiful flames issuing from the end of the magnet; if, however, he is connected with the south pole he is profoundly miserable, and usually flings the magnet away in horror. If the north pole is placed in his right hand and the south in his left he becomes entirely passive, the two currents producing entire indifference to anything. The over-excitability of the nervous system is such in the hypnotised person that you can bring about all the symptoms of poisoning by strychnine if a small quantity of the poison in a sealed glass tube is placed on the skin in front of the neck. A tube containing brandy will produce all the signs of drunkenness, and a tube of opium will bring about all the symptoms of a man under the influence of that potent drug.—*Court Journal*.

Men and Matters in Ontario.

[From our own correspondent.]

TORONTO, October, 1890.

In the debating club, at the social gathering, on the street corners here in Toronto in these days we are all prophets. Many of us are evil in our prognostications, for we talk of fighting for Canada. We print it, we tell it to our children, and some of us believe that we may have to do it. We all know that we would do it if we had to; but why are we exciting ourselves about it? The rest of the country seems to be in its normal condition.

The celebration on Monday last in all the public schools of the province of the anniversary of the battle of Queenston Heights is a sign of the times. This is the first celebration of the kind in the history of the Dominion. It is the result of the conviction held by a large number of men in Toronto, and, in fact, throughout the whole of Ontario, that annexation talk, and its companion, the belittling of Canada, is serious enough to be minded. During the last session of the Local Legislature a deputation consisting, among others, of Col. George T. Denison and representatives from the public and separate school boards of the city, waited upon Hon. George W. Ross, Minister of Education, to get his publicly expressed approval of this plan of celebration, not alone of Queenston Heights, but of all the battles in which Canada was stoutly defended against invasion. The Canadian flag was proposed to be hoisted above every school on such days, and the children were to be taken out to salute it, after which the memories of the day and incidents of the battle commemorated were to be explained to them by the teachers. Mr. Ross gave his hearty and ready approval. The idea has since then become popular, and it was thought well to make the initial celebration a most notable one—a top sawyer so to speak. It was indeed essentially military in its features. Sir Adolphe Caron would have attended, but owing to a family bereavement, had to be in Quebec. The drilled corps of the school boys made a fine appearance on parade in the Queen's Park. They were reviewed and approved by the officers of the Toronto regiments, and won the admiration of their parents and the citizens at large. But the teachers were not left to talk to the pupils of the occasion. This was done by Col. George T. Denison, Col. Fred. C. Denison, Mr. H. R. R. Cockburn, M.P., Principal Grant, of Kingston, Rev. J. P. Lewis, and many others. The boys and girls grew very enthusiastic under the fire of oratory poured on them, and left no room for doubt that they love their land as warmly as land was ever loved.

Still another sign of the times is the new and original departure which is being made in the National Club. This is the decision of Mr. Barlow Cumberland, president of the club, to have a series of what are called "national evenings" during the winter. Such a thing never occurred to any Canadian club men before, and naturally it is creating a good deal of talk in Toronto. Comment all round seems, however, to be favourable. Mr. Cumberland is a Canadian to the marrow of his backbone, and he is being assisted and encouraged by Mr. W. R. Brock, of whose sentiments it is not necessary to say a word. His name is sufficient for all who know it. These "national evenings" will occur once a month, and the plan is that on each occasion the members of the club will listen to an essay on some Canadian national subject by some prominent Canadian. Very appropriately the first evening was on Monday, the anniversary of the battle of Queenston Heights, and Mr. Cumberland could not have chosen a better man for the occasion than the eloquent and gifted Principal Grant, of Queen's University, Kingston. Canada, her future, her national aims, are near and dear subjects to the heart of Dr. Grant, and it was inspiring to all who heard him speak of them. Dr. Bourinot, the distinguished Clerk of the House of Commons, will be the speaker of the next evening. He will read a paper on a subject which is peculiarly his own—Canadian Government. Perhaps the third evening will be devoted to the poets, and although not yet decided, it is probable that Prof. C. G. D. Roberts and Mr. Archibald Lampman will be the bards to whose say or song, as the case may be, the members of the club will then listen. The National Club, by the way, was started about 20 years ago. It was founded by Mr. Goldwin Smith and a number of young enthusiasts of the time who belonged to the Canada First party. There were gifted men among them and boundless hopes. Mainly through the defection of Mr. Goldwin Smith the club lost its national character, and latterly, it was merely a quiet social sort of institution of its kind. But the new movement will put some of the old life into it again, and will awaken, too, some of the old members who have dropped away.

McMaster University has started on its career with bright prospects. The Baptists of Ontario are, generally speaking, a wealthy people, and they have always taken a noble pride in their denominational colleges. McMaster University is the tower of their educational structure, and they have reared it with the view of catching upon it all the sunlight possible. Dr. Rand, in his address before the public meeting which marked the opening of the arts course, laid particular emphasis on the freedom in teaching which the students in McMaster University will enjoy. The faculty have been well chosen. Dr. Rand, as chairman, is professor of science, of education, ethics, and civil polity; Dr. Albert H. Newman is professor of history; Dr. Calvin H. Goodspeed, professor in systematic theology and Christian evidence, is a graduate of the University of New Brunswick and also of Newton Seminary; Dr. Daniel M. Wel-

ton is professor of Hebrew and cognate languages; Prof. Trotter, who has relinquished the pastorate of the Bloor Street Baptist Church, takes the chair of homiletics, pastoral theology and church polity. There are several graduates of Toronto University—Mr. P. S. Campbell, B.A., professor of Latin and Greek languages and literatures; Mr. A. C. McKay, B.A., professor of mathematics and physics; Mr. M. S. Clarke, M.A., professor of modern languages and literature; and Mr. Thomas McKenzie, B.A., M.D., lecturer on biology.

The minds of Torontonians have partially settled upon the careful report furnished by Engineer John Kennedy, of Montreal, on the water works scare. Mr. Kennedy finds that the pumping plant had not become unfit for duty. The pumps, however, were leaky and could not supply sufficient water for the city's consumption. Two additional engines are required. No additional storage is necessary, Lake Ontario being really the reservoir on which Toronto must ultimately rely. Reservoirs in all cities are unavoidably receptacles for smoke and dirt. This last mentioned is the point from which the citizens take the greatest degree of comfort. For months the frightful idea was prevalent that the foul water of the bay was being used for domestic purposes. Now people are glad to be allowed to think that it may only be the reservoir, and they can put up with that after the dead horses have been exploded. Superintendent Hamilton claims to have known and stated time and time again all that Engineer Kennedy has discovered. The Superintendent feels bad over the whole matter, and, when the aldermen have coaxed him into a serene temper again, they may perhaps turn their attention to carrying out the practical suggestions of Mr. Kennedy. The real trouble with the Water Works Committee is that every member of it has his own convictions, and any number of experts' reports will not bring about a modification of even one of these.

Influence with aldermen in Toronto is a potent factor in delaying any schemes of proposed improvement which may be brought forward. A striking instance of this is the present matter of how the city shall be lighted. The Electric Light Company have their friends, and the Gas Company have their friends, and the result is that whether one system be better than the other or no, both will have to be used.

Prof. Ashley, who has been visiting England, brings with him as a present from Sir William Herschel to the Toronto University library, part of the library of the two Herschels, the astronomers. This collection contains some thousands of books on astronomical observations. Messrs. Parker, the Oxford publishers, make a gift of seventy volumes of their publications, including all the works in the Anglo-Catholic library—the writings of English churchmen in the 17th century. Dr. Jessop has also given a valuable donation of books.

Rev. J. Osborne Troop, Rector of St. Martin's Church, Montreal, preached to the students of Trinity in the college church on Sunday last. The address was pronounced a masterpiece.

The Hunt Club races on Saturday last were not a success, and no one was surprised there, as things turned out.

The crowd of Torontonians who accompanied their football team to the Ambitious City on Saturday last were badly used all round, and particularly in the result of the game.

The young orators of Toronto in the Conservative, Liberal, Legal and Prohibition societies, are opening their season with a flourish of trumpets.

Autograph Collecting.

In one of the quaintest corners of old Paris, M. Etienne Chavaray, the great French autograph dealer, collector and expert, has his abode. Here he is generally to be found, always courteous and smiling, willing to show his treasures and explain his wares, unless, indeed, there should be a great sale on at the Hôtel Drouot, advertised as containing epistolary relics or documents relating to the great ones of this earth, or to those whose faded letters now fetch more apiece than did the MSS. of the work that made them immortal. M. Chavaray could tell many a strange and pathetic tale, if he cared to do so, of those who come to him with a view to business: friends, sweethearts, even sometimes the wives of great men, haggling, bargaining, or offering at any price, letters, *billets-doux*, and missives of all kinds never meant to meet the eyes of others than those to whom they were addressed in love or hate many a long year ago. Some few come on a very different errand; a son to beg that any paper bearing an honoured father's signature may be given back to his family at a fair price; a friend, fearful that the outspoken frankness of the dead may offend the living. All are listened to, and their business attended to, by M. Chavaray in person, who literally lives for his autographs, with his autographs, and by his autographs.

"I suppose that the autograph collector is a being of comparatively recent growth, M. Chavaray?"

"The individual who sends stamped envelopes to celebrities demanding their signatures in a 'your-money-or-your-life' kind of a way is certainly a modern innovation," replied M. Chavaray, smiling, "but we know that the old Roman poets and philosophers kept precious the epistles sent them by their friends, and during the fifteenth or sixteenth centuries the Italian ladies of the Renaissance kept jewelled tablets on which their friends were asked to write a motto or verse."

"And here in France?"

"Well, fortunately, a well-known member of the Revolutionary Tribunal, Mathieu de Villenave, became an ardent collector and dealer in autographs, and saved many priceless documents and archives that would otherwise have been destroyed in '93. In the provinces treasures have perished, or have been devoted to unworthy uses. Imagine," continued M. Chavaray, sadly, "till quite lately the parchments and deeds found in the archives of Tours in Central France used to be employed to cover the tops of children's drums, or by the mayor's wife on her jam pots! Are you aware that in Metz the archives of the Duchy of Burgundy used to be employed to envelope the charges of the cannon? In fact our nation *n'a pas de chance* as regards rare historical documents. Some forty years ago, when the value of such things was first understood, the Government appointed a certain learned William Libri, inspector-general of museums and public libraries; he profited by this, and stole numberless documents, etc., which he sold privately to collectors and to other countries. It is to him," smiling, "that we owe the valuable historical pieces constantly reappearing in auctions and public sales."

"What sort of customers have you among autograph collectors?"

"All sorts. It used to be the fashion to simply collect autographs, now people go in for specialties. There is the amateur who only buys, begs, or steals the signatures of crowned heads; he is perhaps somewhat of a snob; the blue stocking begs for little notes, or, better still, bits of the MSS. of living and dead literary celebrities. Some go in for diplomatic and political characters. Actors, painters, great criminals, and 'actualities' all have their amateurs."

"And by actualities you mean?"

"He who yesterday was nothing, but whose name to day is in everybody's mouth. The autographs of such persons are at best but a bad speculation. Two years ago a little note signed in General Boulanger's slight, lady-like handwriting, fetched easily 30 francs; 30-day I doubt whether it would find a purchaser for as many pence. But scraps of paper across which were written in still boyish characters 'Philippe d'Orléans' would still be worth more than their weight in gold."

"To what prices do good autographs run?"

"It is difficult to cite examples, so much depends on the length and interest of the letter, or the comparative rarity of some particular name in the market, etc., and upon the fashion of the moment; this last forms a very important element in the sale of autographs. A letter written in the Pompadour's own hand, bought for 17 francs a few years ago, now is worth 100 francs."

"And whose writing fetches the longest price?"

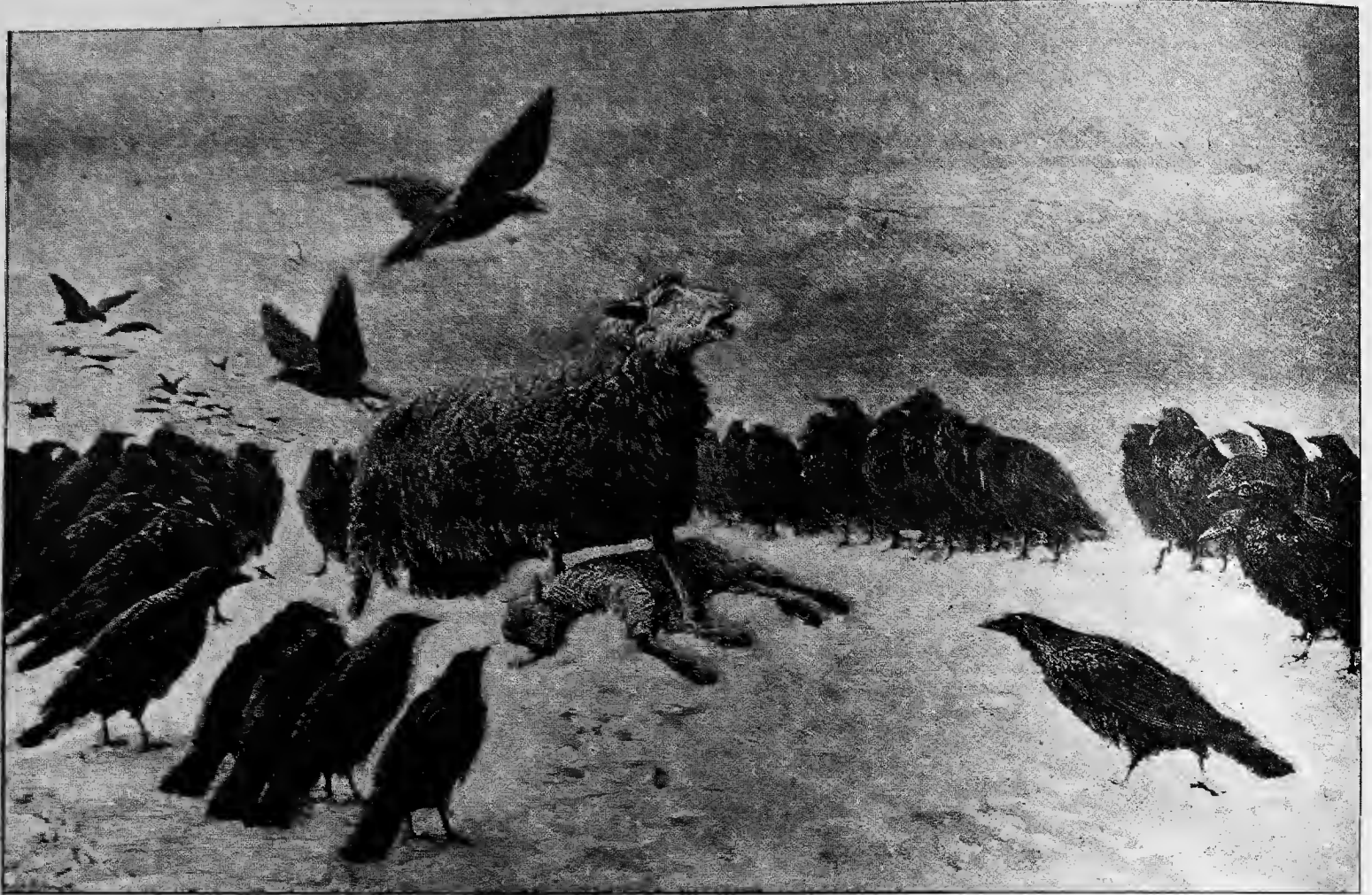
"The signature of Christopher Columbus can always find a buyer at 4,000 francs, the one letter existing in Titian's handwriting fetched 4,000 francs, and an epistle of Raphael's to some fair dame 1,500 francs. Molière never seems to have written a letter; his signature alone is worth 1,000 francs. The one letter written by Corneille which was ever in the trade was sold to Mr. Alfred Morrison, the great English collector, for the sum of 4,000 francs. The signature alone fetches 1,000 francs. The value of any particular letter varies exceedingly; thus Napoleon I.'s last letter to the Empress Marie Louise was sold for 4,000 francs, yet one of his ordinary letters can be bought for 500 francs. Royal autographs always command a certain price. Henry IV. and Louis XIV. signatures are worth almost 1,000 francs."

"And the autographs of modern celebrities?"

"Well, to begin at home, among political men Gambetta's signature and letters rarely pass into the trade, and are valuable in consequence, a good letter fetching as much as 400 francs. In literature, Alfred de Musset and Stendhal fetch 30 francs to 80 francs apiece; Baudelaire, who wrote few letters, 105 francs; Victor Hugo, who was always dashing off little notes to his friends and enemies, 20 francs to 30 francs. Among our contemporary writers, Zola's autograph is just now the fashion, and fetches in consequence 20 francs to 30 francs. Fifteen pages of one of his MSS. were sold for 140 francs quite lately. Daudet is rarely asked for in the trade. Among modern painters, a letter from Meissonier is worth 25 francs, and Millet's signature 30 francs. Theatrical autographs generally command good prices; letters written by the stars of the Théâtre Français—Lemaître, Momet Lally, Mlle. Reichemberg, etc., are quoted at prices varying from 30 francs to 60 francs. Patti and Nilsson are worth about 20 francs apiece. A note from the charming American, Mary Anderson, was lately sold for 30 francs."

"And do you find that foreign celebrities are much asked for in Paris?"

"Certainly, and in some cases large prices given for them. An autograph of Oliver Cromwell fetches 700 francs. Here," continued M. Chavaray, opening a drawer docketed "Angleterre," "are a few letters which may interest you. This from Roger Bacon is worth 120 francs, a note from Swift 300 francs, a long letter of Pope's 200 francs, but his signature alone is only worth 20 francs. The poet Burns commands 300 francs, Shelley 500 francs, Byron 250 francs, Walter Scott 30 francs to 75 francs. Carlyle and Thackeray are each worth 100 francs, Dickens only 25 francs to 40 francs. Among great foreign politicians Prince Bismarck, who writes rarely and briefly, is worth 100 francs; Mr. Gladstone apparently writes graciously and often, his letters only fetch 20 francs; the late Cavour is worth 30 francs to 40 francs. Genuine signatures of Admiral Nelson and the Duke of Wellington always find purchasers at 100 francs."—*Pull Mall Gazette*.



WAITING FOR THEIR PREY.

HUMOROUS.

"Yes, sir," began the distinguished-looking stranger, "I have delivered the same lecture two hundred consecutive nights, sir!" "That's nothing," declared Peckson, "My wife often delivers two hundred same lectures in one consecutive night."

"Don't you know, Emily, that it is not proper for you to turn round and look after a gentleman?" "But, mamma, I was only looking to see if he was looking to see if I was looking."

A SEATTLE girl thoughtlessly told a friend that the names of the donors would not be displayed with the presents at her wedding. Of course the news got abroad and when the day came not even the presents were displayed. They consisted of thirty-six plated sugar spoons and nineteen salt sprinklers.

"No, I can't give you anything," said Jay-smith to a collector for the missionary cause. "Charity begins at home," as Shakespeare said. "But Shakespeare never said it." "Oh, well, he would if he had thought of it."

WHEN a man wants to believe in ghosts, and is ashamed to, he believes in hypnotism. Many a man who cannot control his own mind talks gravely of controlling the minds of others.

"Have you the same teachers as last year?" was asked of a little chap who went to school for the second term yesterday. "Yes, they are all there. None of 'em has died yet," replied the boy.

TENDENCY OF THE AGE.—Congress (1891): Who is this knocking at my doors? Applicant: It is I, please your Highness, seeking a pension. Congress: But who are you that you should make such claim? Applicant: I am a poor, disabled census enumerator.

AT THE PARTY.—"Johnny, put down that cake at once; have you no manners?" "Don't speak so loud, papa; you ought to be glad that no one saw how badly I have been brought up."

A DISAPPOINTMENT.—She: So, Jack, your rich uncle is dead, and I suppose you will inherit a large share of the property. I

know he promised to remember you in his will. He: No, I am just as poor as ever. My uncle kept his word, though. She: Why, what do you mean? He: This is what the will said: "I promised to remember my nephew Jack in making my will. I remember the young scamp so clearly that I shall not leave him a cent."

MISS MAY TURE: Oh! Edith, dear, do you know that Fred actually proposed to me last evening. Edith: Just as I expected. Miss May Ture: Why did you expect it? Edith: Why, when I refused him last night he said he would go and do something desperate.

UNCLE SAM: You Canadians are not very wise. Canuck: What do you mean? Uncle Sam: You don't know enough to come in out of the reign.—Smith, Gray & Co's Monthly. No; but we know enough to stay out of the hail Columbia.

WOULD TAKE AN ELEVATOR.—Elevator boy (to old Mr. Kentuck, who has just arrived at the hotel): Will you take an elevator, sir? Old Kentuck (smiling broadly): Waal, I don't keer ef I do. I'm feeling a little low spirited jes' at present.

A NEWSPAPER, in announcing a death and a marriage, got the two sentiments, "a sad affair," and "a happy event," transposed, and the editor is "not in" to anybody for the present.

Not many Sundays ago a south side Sunday school was invited to participate in a union service with another school a few blocks away, and formed in line with the Superintendent at the head, and marched out of doors singing the Superintendent's favourite hymn, "Hold the Fort." Bystanders stopped, and every one looked on at the beautiful sight of the proud Superintendent marshaling his handsome cohorts of carolling children up the street. Their singing charmed all hearers, too, but when they struck the second stanza,

"See the mighty host advancing,
Satan leading on"—

somebody snickered, and the Superintendent dropped back to the rear to speak to the tutor of the infant class.

SOME FAMOUS POEMS.

Gray's Elegy occupied him for seven years. Bryant wrote Thanatopsis in the shade of an old forest.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox composed her little poem, The Land of Nod, while rocking her baby brother to sleep in the cradle.

Cowper wrote John Gilpin's Ride when he was under one of those terrible fits of depression so common to him.

The poem The Falls of Niagara, was written by its author, J. G. C. Brainard, the editor of a small paper in Connecticut. He wrote it under pressure, in response to a call for "more copy."

General Lytle wrote I am Dying, Egypt, Dying, on the night before his death. He had a premonition that he was going to die the next day.

After the Ball, the little poem which has made the name of Nora Perry known in the world of letters, was jotted down on the back of an old letter, with no idea of the popularity it was to receive in the pages of a noted magazine.

Poe first thought of The Bells when walking the streets of Baltimore on a winter night. He rang the bell of a lawyer's house a stranger to him—walked into the gentleman's library, shut himself up, and the next morning presented the lawyer with a copy of his celebrated poem.

Thomas Moore, while writing Lalla Rookh, spent so many months in reading up Greek and Persian works that he became an accomplished Oriental scholar, and people found it difficult to believe that its scenes were not penned on the spot instead of in a retired dwelling in Devonshire.

Old Grimes, that familiar "little felicity in verse," which caught the popular fancy as far back as 1823, was a sudden inspiration of Judge Albert G. Green, of Providence, R. I., who found the first verse in a collection of old English ballads, and enjoying its humour, built up the remainder of the poem in the same conceit.

Robinson Crusoe Island.

A German traveller, Herr Alexander Ermel, has recently paid a lengthy visit to the historic Robinson Crusoe Island, and has published an interesting account of the hermit enthusiast who has been living there since 1877. In that year the government of Chili offered to rent the island to the highest bidder. Strange to say, a Swiss of noble family, Alfred de Rodt, a restless genius, who had fought on the Austrian side in the war of 1866, and on the French in the war of 1870-71, was assumed lucky competitor. The poetic flavour of the Robinson Crusoe Island attracted him, and he thought he found there a place of contentment and rest after a life of remarkable ups and downs. But he failed to find what he sought. He has discovered by sad experience that one individual cannot manage to cultivate the island. Although he put his whole fortune, fully fifty thousand dollars, into the enterprise, the end has been a failure, with himself physically a wreck. His term of lease expired in 1885, but he cannot resist the spell and fascination of the island. He still lives there, and intends to die there. He had brought only a few colonists with him; and besides these there are still a few very old men from the time when the island was a penal colony of Spain. The writer concludes, that a curse seems to rest upon this fair speck of paradise, and that the island, which ought with its wealth of vegetation to be able to support flourishing colonies, now scarcely furnishes sustenance for a few men. Such is the tragedy of the Robinson Crusoe Island in our day.

Eve's Tomb.

Situated near the desert, about a quarter of a mile from the western gate of the city of Jeddah, an object of interest to Christian and Mussulman alike, is the grave of Eve, or, as she is called in Arabic, "Sittua Hawwa," the mother of mankind. It is difficult to trace the origin of the legend that allots to Eve this desert tomb as her last resting place, and it is doubtful whether it is of any great antiquity. However this may be, the tomb is regarded with great veneration by the numerous pilgrims who visit Jeddah, and few fail to worship at the shrine.

THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

TRADE MARK

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REGISTERED

Vol. V.—No. 121.

MONTREAL AND TORONTO, 25th OCTOBER, 1890.

\$4.50 PER ANNUM IN GREAT BRITAIN, 21s. 6d. 10 CENTS PER COPY.

Story of Chateauguy.

It is always satisfactory that the party most interested should be enabled to tell his own story, and by a fortunate occurrence this source of satisfaction has been supplied. The Redacteur of the *Courrier d'Ottawa*, Dr. L. E. Dorion, has reproduced most opportunely the narrative of a "Témoign oculaire," dated 3rd November, 1813. This narrative appears to have been published in some of the journals of the day. If a guess may be hazarded as to the authorship, it might be, perhaps not unjustly, ascribed to the late Commander Jacques Viger, of Montreal. Ample in detail and minute in circumstance, it gives, with all the proverbial ease of the French *raconteur*, incidents which correspond in the main with the relations of more pretentious writers. The following account of the Battle of Chateauguy will be little more than the story told by the "Témoign oculaire" done into English. The original will be found in the appendix:

The American army at the Four Corners, under Hampton, after having for some time attracted the attention of our troops, on the 21st October moved direct on our frontier. That same afternoon about 4 p.m. his advanced guard drove in our advanced videttes. They were thrown out to a place called "Piper Road," about ten miles from the church at Chateauguy. Major Henry, of the Beauharnois militia, in command at the English River, notified Major-General de Watteville, who ordered up at once the two companies of the Fifth Incorporated Militia, commanded by Captains Levesque and Debartzch, and about two hundred men of the Militia of Beauharnois. This force advanced about two leagues until, at nightfall, it halted at the extremity of a thick wood into which it would at that moment have been imprudent to penetrate. At daybreak they were joined by Colonel de Salaberry with his Voltigeurs and Captain Fergusson's Light Company of the Canadian Fencibles. Thus composed, de Salaberry pushed on, along the left bank of the river, about a league, and there encountered the enemy. He instantly halted his force. He had some weeks before carefully reconnoitred this very ground, and knew that the whole course of the river presented no better position. The forest was intersected by ravines which drained a swamp on his right, and fell into the river which covered his left. Upon four of these ravines, which were like so many moats, *fossés*, in his front, he threw up breastworks. The three first lines were distant perhaps 200 yards from each other. The fourth was half a mile in the rear, and commanded a ford, by which an assailant coming from the right bank of the Chateauguy might have got into his rear. It was most important to guarantee this, the weak point of the position. Upon each of these lines of defence a parapet of logs was constructed, which extended into the tangled swamp on the right; but the front line of all, following the sinuosities of the ravine in front, formed an obtuse angle to the right of the road, and of the whole position. This whole day—the 22nd—was employed vigorously in strengthening these works, which in strength, natural and artificial, could not be surpassed. They had also the advantage of compelling the assailant to

advance to the attack through a wilderness, remote from his supplies, while our troops had all they required, and were close upon their supports in the rear. The right bank of the river was covered by a thick forest. In the rear, at the ford, care was taken to post about sixty men of the Beauharnois militia.

Nor did the Colonel limit his precautions to the works above spoken of. To secure himself to the utmost, he detached a party of thirty axe-men of the division of Beauharnois to destroy every bridge within a league and a half

ascribed the choice of the ground and the dispositions made. On the 22nd, Major-General de Watteville visited the outposts and approved entirely of the precautions taken, but the labour of strengthening the position continued without intermission up to the 25th October.

When at about 10 a.m. the American skirmishers opened on the *abatis*, Lieutenant Guy, of the Voltigeurs, who was in front with about twenty of his men, fell back, and was supported by Lieutenant Johnson, of the same regiment, in charge of the picket which protected the fatigue party. After a sharp exchange of musketry, the labourers retired within—the covering party to the front of the *abatis*.

At this moment de Salaberry, who had heard the first firing, rode up from the front line of defences. He brought with him three companies of the Canadian Fencibles under Fergusson, which deployed at once on the right rear of the *abatis*. The company of Captain J. B. Duchesnay was extended on the left, while the company of Captain Juchereau Duchesnay occupied, *en potence*, a position on the left rear among the trees on the bank of the river, so as to take the enemy in flank if they attempted to carry the ford in the rear held by the Beauharnois militia.

It should be observed here that in this part of its course, and between the *abatis* and the ford, the river made a curve or bow so abrupt that at the re-entering elbow of the curve, the fire of the defenders flanked the ford in support of the fire in front.

Then de Salaberry, who had already twice during this campaign tested the American metal—who had longed for another trial—saw his opportunity, and pruned by it. He was in the centre of the line—the companies of Fergusson, L'Ecyer and deBartzsch on his right. In the swamp and wood lay Captain Lamothe and a corps of Indians; on the left and left rear the companies of the two Duchesnay's. The place of these troops taken from the first and second lines of defence was supplied from the third and fourth by the Canadian Fencible regiment, under Colonel Macdonell, of Ogdensburg fame.

While these arrangements were being made with precision and rapidity, the enemy debouched from the wood into a large open space in front of the *abatis*. On the left bank of the River Hampton had the supreme command; under him served General Izard, at the head of the 10th, the 31st and other regiments, amounting to 8,000—or 3,500 men with three squadrons of cavalry and four guns—and yet the artillery was

not brought into action. About 2,500 men were thrown on the right bank of the river under Colonel Parry to force its way through the bush, and take the Canadian force in reserve at the ford below.

The enemy debouched on the plain in front of de Salaberry in column, and advanced in this formation close to the *abatis*, exposing the head of his narrow line to a fire in front, and his flank to the Indians and tirailleurs in the bush and swamp. This was his moment. An American officer had ridden forward, and had attempted to harangue the troops in French. Salaberry seized a rifle, fired, and the orator fell. At the same moment his bagler sounded



LIEUT.-COL. CHARLES DE SALABERRY.
The Hero of Chateauguy, 26th October, 1813.

of his front. And about a mile ahead of the front line of defence above described, he threw down a formidable *abatis* of trees, with the branches extending outwards, and reaching from the bank of the river on his left, three or four across the front to a *swamp* or swamp on the right, which was almost impassable. Thus the four inner lines were effectually covered, and the American artillery, known to number at least ten guns, was rendered useless. They could not be brought into action.

To these admirable arrangements, as much as to the heroism of his men, must be ascribed the brilliant results which ensued, and to the gallant de Salaberry alone must be

the order to fire, and a blaze of musketry burst from the *abattis* and the swamp. The column halted, paused for a moment, made a turn to the left, formed line and opened a vigorous fusillade—but the fire of the left was, by this movement, thrown into the wood, where it had but little effect. Not so with the fire of the right, which compelled our pickets to retire within the *abattis*. The enemy mistook this falling back for a flight, and raised a great shout, which we returned with interest, and it was all they got from us, for they never had possession of one inch of the *abattis*. While the cheers on the one side were re-echoed by cheers on the other, taken up by the troops in our rear, suddenly Salaberry ordered all our bugles to sound, to augment in imagination the strength of our force. The *rauc* had this effect. We learnt from prisoners afterwards that they had estimated our force at 6,000 or 7,000 men. But for all the shouting and bagging, the musketry fire never ceased. It was so hot and uninterrupted that the enemy never attempted to carry the *abattis*. After a time their fire slackened, and they appeared to await other events—they looked to the other side of the river.

Here the bugle indicated an advance, and Colonel Macdonnell, eager to add to the laurels he had won at Ogdensburg, moved rapidly in the direction of the fire with two companies from the first and second line of retrrenchments under Captain Levesque. The Beauharnois militia, defending the ford, had been attacked by Parry in superior force, and had been compelled to retire. Macdonnell ordered Captain Daly with his company of the 5th Incorporated to cross the ford in their support.

At this moment de Salaberry, perceiving the fire in his front to relax, and the shouts of combatants and the fire of musketry to increase on his left flank and rear, saw, at once, that a diversion was about to be operated at the ford, and betook himself to his left, where the company of Juchereau Duchesnay was drawn up *en colonne*, and came down to the river just as Daly crossed the stream. From a stump he watched the advance of the enemy with a field glass, exposed the while to a heavy fire, and gave words of encouragement to Captain Daly as he waded through the water. This gallant officer got his men into order and most bravely thrust the enemy home. They fell back, rallied and reformed, and opened a well-sustained fire. Daly was over-matched. He and his brave Canadians slowly fell back. He had been wounded in the advance, and while retiring, while encouraging his men by word and example, he was wounded a second time and fell. Captain Bruyère, of the Milice de Beauharnois, was also wounded at the same time. Their men, unequal in numbers, were compelled to recede, slowly, and with face to the foe, under the command of the gallant Lieutenant Schiller, and once more was heard the joyful shouts and jeers of the advancing enemy. But their exaltation was brief, for rushing forward, unobserved of the company formed *en colonne* on the other side of the river, they became suddenly exposed to a crushing fire in flank, which at short distance arrested their march and threw them into utter confusion. Vain was the attempt to rally—they broke and scrambled back into the bush. There it is believed that advancing parties fired upon their retiring comrades, mistaking them for enemies. On the other hand, Hampton, learning that his stratagem had failed, and that the attack on the ford, on which he had so much relied, had resulted so disastrously, drew off his left attack, which for an hour had been inactive, though incessantly persecuted by our skirmishers from the *abattis*. The Canadian troops remained in position, and slept that night on the ground on which they had fought.

In the morning, being reinforced by the company of Voltigeurs under Captain de Rouville and the Grenadiers of Captain Levesque, of the 5th Incorporated, and sixty of the Beauharnois Division, de Salaberry confided to Colonel Macdonnell the defence of the *abattis* against any renewed attack, and pushed forward cautiously—incredulous of Hampton's retreat. About twenty prisoners were taken, and the line of flight was indicated by muskets, knapsacks, drums and provisions strewn in the way. Forty dead bodies were interred by our people, many graves were found, and notably, those of two officers of distinction, buried by their own men. The wounded were carried off, but we knew afterwards that the enemy estimated their own *loss hors de combat* at upwards of one hundred.

This brilliant achievement cost the Canadian force two killed sixteen wounded. Among the officers most prominent on this occasion—and all did their duty nobly—were Captains Fergusson, de Bartzch and Levesque, of the 5th; Captain L'Ecuyer, of the Voltigeurs; the two Duchesnays, of the Voltigeurs, who both distinguished themselves by their *sang froid* and precision in the execution of difficult manoeuvres. To these must be added the gallant Captain Daly, of the Canadian Fencibles, and Bruyère, of the Chateauguay Chasseurs, both of whom were wounded. Captain Lamothe made the most of his handful of savages, Lieutenants Pinget, of the Light Infantry; Gay, Johnson, Powell and Hebben, of the Voltigeurs; Schiller, of Daly's company—all displayed intelligence and vigour. Captains Longtin and Huneau, of the Milice de Beauharnois, gave to their men an honourable example. Of the former it is related that, on the commencement of the action, he knelt down at the head of his company and offered up a brief and earnest prayer. "And now, *mes enfants*," said he, rising, "having done our duty to God, we will do the same by our King." Here spoke out that olden spirit of chivalrous devotion which the history of a thousand years has made the heritage of the Canadian people.

Nor should we pass over in silence the names of the

simples soldats.—Vincent, Pelletier, Vervais, Dubois and Caron—all of the Voltigeurs, who swam the river and cut off the retreat of the prisoners who were taken.

It will be seen at once that the whole brunt of the action fell upon the advanced corps under the command of Colonel de Salaberry. This force barely numbered 300 combatants. The battle was fought in front of the first line of entrenchments, at the *abattis*, and at the ford in the rear. On this part of the field de Salaberry commanded alone, and to him alone is to be ascribed the glory of the victory.—*Coffin's "1812."*

The Dominion Illustrated.

\$4.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

THE SABISTON LITHOGRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING CO.
RICHARD WHITE, PRESIDENT.

ALEX. SABISTON, MANAGING-DIRECTOR.
The Gazette Building, Montreal.

GEORGE E. MACRAE, WESTERN AGENT,
36 King Street East, Toronto.

London (England) Agency:

JOHN HADDON & CO.,
3 & 4 Boulevard Street, Fleet Street, E.C.
SOLE AGENTS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

25th OCTOBER, 1890.

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All business communications, remittances, etc., to be addressed to "THE SABISTON LITHOGRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING CO., MONTREAL."

Literary communications to be addressed to
"THE EDITOR, DOMINION ILLUSTRATED."



We to-day commence a series of illustrated articles on the early history of this country. The few remaining mementos of the pioneers of France and England in Canada are rapidly falling into utter ruin, and it is the duty of all who value the past to cherish its traditions and associations, and to as great a degree as possible embody them in the permanent literature of the land. As war in some form or another stands prominently out from almost every page of our early history we propose dealing first with the old forts—both French and English—of which any ruins or buildings remain. On another page may be read a description of the old fort near St. Annes, illustrated with a series of sketches. Both letter-press and sketches are from the pen of that most zealous antiquarian, Mr. R. C. Lyman.

Ontario has been celebrating the Battle of Queenston Heights. Surely Quebec has a right to remember the victory of Chateauguay, the anniversary of which occurs this week. "The French population of Lower Canada, writes Colonel Coffin, 'are very proud of the victory of Chateauguay, and with just reason. The British population of the Upper Province had achieved a like success over the common enemy at Queenston Heights. It was gratifying to the natural pride of a great national origin, that the fortune of war should have thus equitably distributed her honourable distinctions. They had, moreover, a stronger motive, both for resentment and exultation. The American Government and democratic press, with unexampled effrontery, had cast upon a race '*sans peur et sans reproche*,' the dishonouring imputation of an easy political virtue. They had been charged with a readiness to violate plighted honour, and with disaffection to the British Crown. Truthful and generous in all relations, whether of peace or war, they resented this indignity, as a stain felt more keenly than a wound, and they gave the '*Bostonians*' their answer on the field of Chateauguay."

Is it possible that after all we Canadians are an inferior race and that our neighbours can teach us everything—those of us who are capable of being taught? What is the essential difference between an "American" and a Canadian? Has the latter a less vigorous frame, less propelling and staying power, less of that quick-wittedness which makes the most of things, which can always turn the environment to account and adapt it fruitfully to

one's own needs? Is it true that Americans (we use the word under protest), coming into a Canadian community, can, at a glance, detect natural advantages which we, the lords of the soil, had been apathetically contemplating for years without the slightest notion that there were any such advantages in our neighbourhood, and that, thereupon, in the presence of their stupid admirers, they will set to work and build up industries and make fortunes, in the first place for themselves, and, in the second, for those who enter into their spirit and coöperate with them? Is it true that our mines of all kinds—gold, copper, phosphates, coal—have been largely worked by these shrewd aliens, but for whom, in many cases, they might have remained for scores of years longer like the buried talent of the Parable? Is it true that our lumber resources, our unequalled wealth of water power, our natural entrepôts of industry, have, to the extent that they have been utilized, owed their exploitation largely, if not mainly, to American suggestion, capital and enterprise? Is it true, as we are often reminded, that no literary, scientific or artistic periodical can flourish in Canada, that books published in Canada have no sale, that a Canadian writer to have his work read must seek a foreign publisher, and that our intellectual movement is in the dead-alive state of a people without inspiration, without faith in themselves, and too senseless or obstinate to take example by others who have more initiative? If the answers to these questions must be in the affirmative, all the Queenston celebrations in the world will not rouse us out of the slough of despond. Nay, what kind of parents, it may be asked, have the children who, at this late date, have to be reminded of their country's glories?

The trumpet-call of Principal Grant, heard first by the Toronto National Club, cannot fail to stir the patriotism of every Canadian worthy of the name. But we are too apt to let such brave words have a mere sentimental reverberation, instead of taking their lesson to heart and girding up our loins in earnest to work out our destinies. As soon, moreover, as the echo dies away, we are so prone to be overawed once more by the vaunting of our bigger neighbour and to humble ourselves in the dust before him. We are ashamed to be called annexationists, yet we speak and act as if the world's history afforded no precedent of a smaller nation maintaining its independence side by side with a larger. What we need is firmness and self-respect. We should deem it an insult to be asked to forswear our allegiance. As for the taunts of inferiority, we must accept them as wholesome incentives to renewed exertion. It is no disgrace to be taught by an enemy or an alien. The greatest of ancient peoples understood and practised that principle long ago. It was when they ceased to practise it that their decline began. Our schoolmasters are the past and present of the two hemispheres, but it is on ourselves that our future, in the last resort, must depend.

What we really want is not so much to look backwards as to look forwards. Our neighbours spend a good deal of their time in a sort of idolatrous retrospect. They are very proud of the founders of their Republic. The Father of his Country, especially, they are never weary of exalting in hymns and speeches. Those who carefully study the time, are surprised to discover that the first President was by no means a popular man. Distance (in time as in space) lends enchantment to the view, and even those who despise it are deceived and misled by spread-eagleism. For our own part, we had better eschew it. Deeds, not words, should be our motto. We waste too much time in controversy. In one week we commemorated the repulse of Phips from Quebec and Brock's victory. That is a little absurd and gives outsiders the impression of a house divided against itself. We must beware of Provincialism, which, if not the enemy, is certainly no friend of ours. Akin to it are the absurd jealousies of our cities, which do not always even inspire (the only profit there is in any rivalry) more strenuous endeavours after excellence. How can we present an effective

front to foreign aggression if we waste our energies in intestine squabbles? Differences of political opinion, of course, there must be, but on one point—the advancement of Canada (that is of the Canadian people as a whole), whether our fate is to develop into a nation like Saxony, or a nation like Switzerland or Holland, there should be no holding back.

The presence in Canada of the Comte de Paris has been made the theme of a good deal of discussion. We have stood honestly apart from the grandson of Louis Philippe, King of the French, since he condescended to use the Boulangist agitation to overthrow the Republic. We would have condemned such a course even if it had proved triumphant. In General Boulanger we never believed for a moment. An officer who sets the example of insubordination is not a person to admire. A statesman who uses his official position to make gain for himself and his clique deserves the most emphatic reprobation. A man who treats his benefactor with base ingratitude, and even goes the length of denying that he is indebted to him in the face of documentary evidence of former subservience, is not a person to be trusted. The Comte de Chambord was a man born out of due time. He was far too pious for the 19th century, and it would have been disastrous to France and to the cause of progress had his restoration been accomplished. But it is to his eternal honour that he rejected any compromise—even a compromise that the Church accepted long since—which he deemed derogatory to his line and to himself. He died, and, after some natural hesitations, the Legitimists accepted the heir of the younger and hitherto rival branch of Bourbon-Orleans as his successor and the Comte de Paris became the acknowledged chief of both sections. The Republic, apprehensively intolerant, banished him from France, and, instead of showing by his demeanour that, the humiliation was unmerited and uncalled for, he at once proceeded to act and speak and write in a manner which tended to justify the government's policy. *Facilis descensus Averni*. Boulangist intrigue proved a temptation, against the lures of which the prudent and generous Duc d'Aumale warned his nephew in vain. And now the slur of a foiled conspiracy attaches to French Royalism.

But to us the Comte de Paris is not a political leader. With his public career we have nothing to do. He is the descendant and representative of the kings by whose ministers and agents the foundations of New France were laid. His ancestors, Henry IV. and Louis XIII., were intimately associated with the initiation and first upward strivings of the little colony which has become the Dominion of Canada. There is historical fitness, as well as courtesy, in receiving him as a prince of the line of whose kings Canada bears the memories and under whom our oldest cities—including our own Montreal—were born in the wilderness. To allow the Comte de Paris to come and go without some recognition would be simply stultifying ourselves. If the Comte has had short-sighted counsellors and has made mistakes of policy, that is his misfortune, but does not concern us. Personally, his character is above reproach. He has a reputation as a soldier and a man of letters, and is one of the most noteworthy Frenchmen of our day. He is drawn to Canada—a land in which his ancestors once bore sway—by sympathies of race, and the least we can do is to give him a cordial welcome.

During Sir John McNeill's stay in Montreal, a newspaper man gave him a shock by using the word "fake" in his presence. We have of late been becoming far too familiar with the thing which is much more shocking than the word. The fake is the child of a bad parent, and when it goes masquerading to and fro on the earth in the ancestral manner, one has to be constantly on one's guard. Canada has been a frequent victim, and some of the slanders aimed at her have been very cold-blooded. How far the papers across the line that publish the falsehoods are blameworthy,

we can only infer from the avidity with which they accept statements that are clearly concocted with malice prepense. The public taste that relishes such highly spiced fare must be abnormally unhealthy.

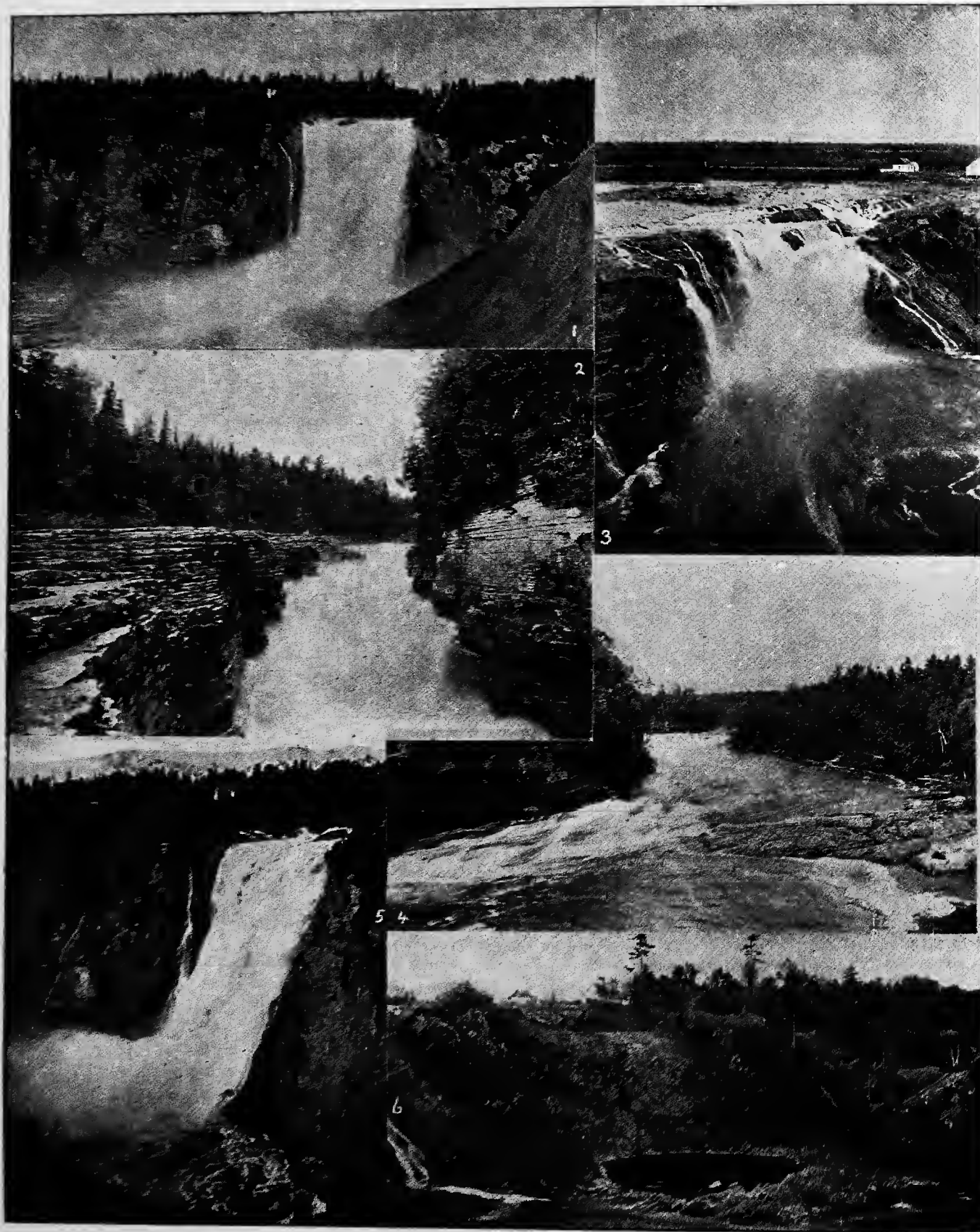
BENEFIT OF CLERGY.

A formula that we have been hearing repeated with deplorable frequency for some months past—that which the judge addresses to a convicted criminal before pronouncing sentence of death—suggests one of the most extraordinary chapters in the legal history of Great Britain. A virtually meaningless form of words to-day, it was once the mainstay of hope to a very large class of offenders. It is, in fact, a relic of one of the most anomalous outgrowths of mediæval practice, originating in the long conflict between Church and State, which reached its most critical stage at the time of the Reformation. To students of Blackstone, Hallam, Pike and other writers on law, its development will be familiar, but to the unread layman a brief outline of its curious evolution may not be altogether without interest. The author of "The History of Crime in England" states that, although the ecclesiastical was by express charter separated from the civil jurisdiction in the Conqueror's time, it had been usual long before his reign to exempt churchmen from what was deemed the indignity of pleading before the secular tribunals. William's regulations aimed at the discrimination of offences and the increase of the spiritual authority over priestly offenders. It was out of the marked distinction between the courts spiritual and the courts secular and the immunities thus accorded to those who had or were qualified to have a cure of souls that the strangest feature in English jurisprudence, subsequently known as Benefit of Clergy, had its rise. The extension of clerical power, after the Conquest (for the Norman Duke, who had made himself King of England, was naturally anxious to have the Church on his side) undoubtedly gave fresh strength to privileges which (though in a different shape) had existed under Saxon and Danish monarchs. "In this way an anomaly which had sprung up in the rudest times gained force enough to survive through ages of a very different complexion, and expired almost recently when everything was changed except itself." The privileges enjoyed by the Church were twofold. One was concerned with places and buildings consecrated to religious purposes. This is very ancient and is common to paganism and to Christianity. The right of sanctuary could not be violated, however heinous the crime of him who sought its shelter. The other related to sacred persons. "Touch not mine anointed and do my prophets no harm"—these words of the divine law in the days of King David and his successors were considered equally applicable to the priests of the Most High under the Christian dispensation. Taking this view, the authorities of the Church, as their influence increased, declined to accept as a favour from the State an exemption which, as they held, pertained to them *jure divino*. The usage under the Plantagenet and later kings was that, when a cleric was accused of crimes which might be punished with death, his bishop or ordinary at once demanded that he should be surrendered to himself. For a long time it was a controverted point whether the accused should be given up immediately on the charge being laid or at a later stage in the proceedings. It was finally decided, in the reign of the Sixth Henry, that the prisoner should be first compelled to appear before a civil judge, and that he should have the option of promptly declining to be so tried or of awaiting the result of the trial, when, if it went against him, he could plead his privilege. The latter mode was the more general, as it gave the chance of a possible acquittal, in which case the plea of clergy was not necessary.

For a long time the only persons who could avail themselves of the *privilegium clericale* were those who had the tonsure and habit of priests. But, as it was not difficult to have one's head shaved or to procure the loan of a clerical garb,

another test, which could only have been thought of in an age of ignorance, was adopted—that of ascertaining whether the culprit could read. After this change came into force the benefit of clergy was claimed more and more by others than clerics. After the invention of printing there were in a few generations as many laymen as priests who could stand the imposed test. In the reign of Henry VII. it was found necessary, therefore, to still further modify the law—a distinction being made between literates who were clerics and those who were of the laity. It is curiously characteristic of the obstinacy with which the English people—the enlightened classes as well as the populace—adhere to tradition and ancestral usage, that a rule which the advance of knowledge had rendered absolutely nugatory, was still retained and applied with absurd persistence. As modified, the law ordered laymen who had succeeded in undergoing the now easy test of reading and thus asserting their right to the benefit of clergy to be condemned to some slight punishment, and to be prohibited from claiming the privilege more than once. In order to keep track of such as had thus escaped the penalty properly due to their crimes, such laymen were marked with a hot iron on the thumb of the left hand. This law, abolished in the later years of Henry VIII., was virtually reenacted under his son and successor, Edward VI. This last statute gave the privilege to peers of Parliament, even though they could not read, but only for the first offence. Peers were also exempted from the branding which other laymen had to undergo. In all these cases, the persons condemned by the civil courts, who had claimed the privilege of the law, were handed over to the episcopal courts, where, being re-tried in a peculiar fashion (no regard being had to what had already taken place in the king's courts) they were generally acquitted. Being thus purged, the ex-culprit recovered all his civil rights—honour, liberty, lands, and went forth (though previously proved guilty) an innocent man. The scandals thence resulting led to another change in the law early in the reign of Elizabeth, by which the civil power retained the disposal of the delinquent in its own hands. The degradation of conviction was thus made ineffaceable by compurgation and the sentence of the civil court could no longer be haughtily ignored. With the exception of a clause which virtually admitted women (hitherto without the pale of mercy) to the privilege for certain offences, no change took place for nearly a century. Under the reign of William and Mary the brand was transferred from the thumb to the cheek (close to the nose) but, the indelible disgrace driving the unfortunates thus marked to despair, a more compassionate generation restored the old usage.

Pike mentions the *privilegium clericale* as one of the causes of that estrangement between clergy and laity which prepared the public mind for the great breach with the Church of Rome. The manifest injustice of dealing leniently with persons convicted of crime because they had enjoyed educational advantages, was equally a source of alienation between class and class in the later stages of this strange law. Therefore, in order to make its operation impartial, it was enacted in the fifth year of Queen Anne's reign that benefit of clergy should be granted to all criminals convicted of any of the specified offences, whether they could read or not. The subsequent alterations of the law it is needless to recapitulate. It lingered on in one shape or another till the seventh year of George IV. (1827) when the last traces of it disappeared from the statute book. In consulting old trials one frequently meets with the addition—"without benefit of clergy" to the verdict on peculiarly atrocious crimes. At first sight one might fancy that judge or jury assumed the power of condemnation for the next world as well as this, but such is not the case. It simply meant, what the judge often appends to his pronouncement in our own time, that the condemned person need not look for any commutation of his sentence. When the modern judge asks the convicted man if he has any thing to say why sentence should not be passed on him, he is using a formula applicable to conditions which no longer exist.



1 and 5 Falls of Montmorency.
 2. The Natural Steps.
 3. Falls on the Chaudière.
 4. Rapids above Montmorency.
 6. Pool near Chaudière Falls.

SCENES IN VICINITY OF QUEBEC. (Photos. taken by G. R. Lighthall, Esq., N. P.)



Act 2. - "your a Cuckoo, your a Hayseed."

Act 3. The Song "Old home down on the farm"

SCENES FROM "THE CANUCK" AS PLAYED AT ACADEMY OF MUSIC, MONTREAL, OCTOBER, 15th to 18th.
(By our special artist.)



GERALD E. HART, ESQ., EX-PRESIDENT SOCIETY FOR HISTORICAL STUDIES, AUTHOR OF "THE FALL OF NEW FRANCE," ETC.—We have pleasure in presenting our readers with a portrait of Mr. Gerald E. Hart, of Montreal, author of "The Fall of New France." Coming of old English-Canadian stock (his ancestors being among the earliest settlers in Canada under the English flag), Mr. Hart has naturally taken special interest in the history of his native land. He was born in the city of Montreal, March 26, 1849. His father, Adolphus M. Hart, was a well-known member of the legal profession. His paternal grandfather, Aaron Hart, was a commissariat officer on the staff of General Amherst, at the time of the conquest of Canada by the English in 1760, finally settling at Three Rivers, and becoming a large landed proprietor in that vicinity. Mr. Hart obtained his earliest schooling in Montreal. The family removed to the United States, he received further tuition at the excellent public schools of New York. Returning to Canada, he finished his education at Lawlor's English Academy at Three Rivers, sitting at the same desk with George T. Lanigan, the poet and humorous writer, subsequently chief editor of the New York *World* until his untimely death. Having been actively engaged in business since leaving school, Mr. Hart has not had much leisure to devote to literature; nevertheless he has written and studied to some purpose. The most of his leisure time, however, has been devoted to society work, especially that of the Numismatic and Antiquarian Society of Montreal, of which he was secretary for many years; later its vice-president, and was at length elected an honorary life member. This society is, to-day, in a very flourishing state, and next to the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec, is the oldest society in the country. In 1877, under the auspices and with the hearty co-operation of a few other members, Mr. Hart originated and successfully carried through a Caxton Exhibition—the only one of the kind ever held in Canada—devoted to old and rare books, early Canadian imprints, etc. He has delivered several public lectures before the Montreal Society of Historical Studies (of which he is a past president), notably one upon Bibliography, with exhibits of rare volumes from his own library, including the second and fourth folio Shakspeare; quarto Shakspeare; first, second, third and fourth editions of Milton; first (Kilmarnock), second, third and fourth editions of Burns; MS. books before the art of printing; missals; books printed by Schæffer, one of the inventors of the art, etc., also books bound by some of the most celebrated binders of this and past ages. This lecture was much appreciated and has greatly stimulated the taste for rare and fine books in Montreal. Among the Canadian books he produced most of the original authorities, such as Ramusio, Thevet, Lescarbot, Sagard, Champlain, Denys, Creuxius, Boucher, Relations des Jésuites, Lettres de Marie Mère de l'Incarnation, etc. Mr. Hart had (until its sale at Boston in April last) the finest library in Canada of original Canadian works prior to 1820, even surpassing the collection in the Government Library at Ottawa, and having few superiors among the libraries of the United States. Mr. Hart has read papers of value on the Geographical Names of Canada, the Canadian Rebellion of 1837, etc. The work, however, which has given him a national reputation is his "Fall of New France," published in 1888, which has been favourably noticed in various literary and historical journals on both sides of the Atlantic. The book itself is an excellent specimen of book-making—a credit to author and publisher alike—and the attention it has attracted abroad has proved of great benefit to Canada. All this literary work has been done in the midst of an active business life, Mr. Hart having for several years held the responsible position of general manager of the Citizens Insurance Company of Canada, and at present holds the same position in connection with the Phoenix Fire Insurance Company, of Hartford, Conn.

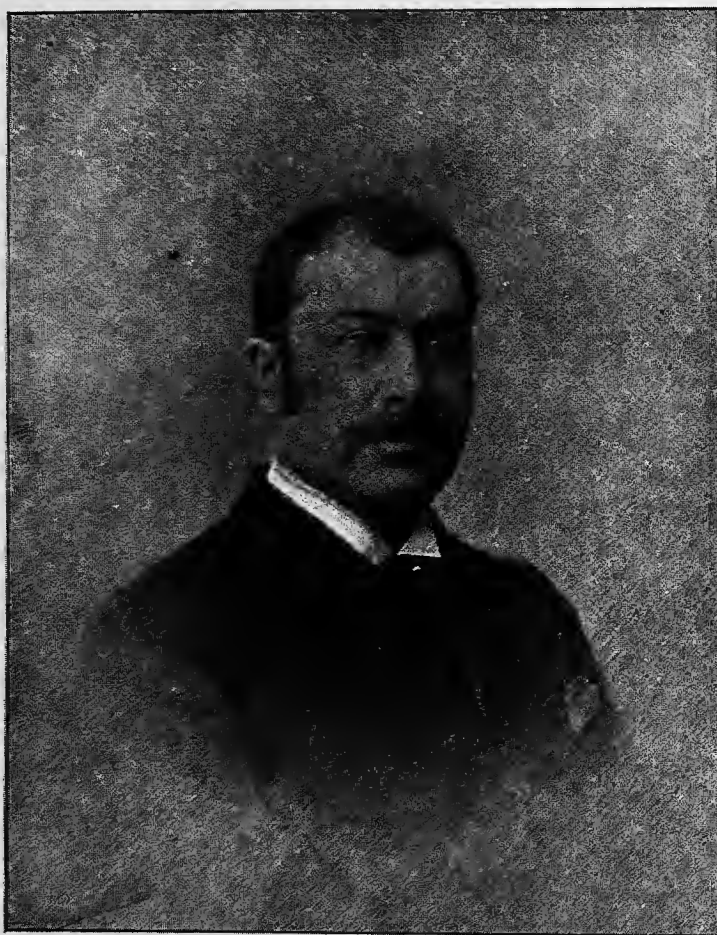
SKETCHES FROM "THE CANUCK."—In this issue our artist gives some scenes from "The Canuck," a serio-comic domestic drama, which was played in the Academy of Music in this city before crowded audiences during the week ending on the 18th inst. It takes its name from the central character, a French-Canadian *habitant* of means, to whose home circle we are introduced. The interest turns mainly on that bane of American society, the divorce court, the resort to which cast a shadow on the moral and well-to-do farmer's household. But "all's well that ends well" and happiness ultimately succeeds anxiety and threatened disgrace. Mr. McKee Rankin took the chief rôle, a part which he has made his own by innate gifts, rare sympathy and careful training. The play, though faulty in some details, was, on the whole, a fine success, and the act-

ing of Mr. Rankin and his associates met with ample applause.

UNITED STATES TROOPS AT FORT NIAGARA, N.Y.—The scene in our engraving has been famous under three successive dispensations. The first structure erected on this spot was La Salle's palisaded storehouse, built in 1678, when the unfortunate explorer was supervising the construction of the Griffin—the first craft that, under the direction of civilized man, ever ventured forth on the bosom of Lake Erie. Later, La Salle's stockade being destroyed by Indians, the French raised a stronger one, and about the middle of last century a fort of stone was built here by the Marquis de la Jonquière. This fort was taken by Sir William Johnson in 1759 and remained in possession of the British until 1783, when it was ceded to the newly constituted Republic. In the war of 1812 it was retaken by the British and Canadian troops, who held it to the close of hostilities. Its white walls form a conspicuous spectacle from the Canadian side of the river. The uniforms of the figures in our engraving suggest memories of the struggles with which the eventful history of Fort Niagara is associated.

SCENES AROUND QUEBEC.—These scenes, familiar, we doubt not, to many of our readers, are supplementary to the copious list of views of points of interest in and around the Ancient Capital which we have already published.

VIEWS OF THE JACQUES CARTIER RIVER.—The view



GERALD E. HART, Esq.

in our engraving is in continuation of the series begun some time ago, and is a characteristic illustration of the natural beauties of the Jacques Cartier.

FORT GEORGE.—Of the forts on the Canadian side of the River Niagara, where it enters Lake Ontario, we, of course, hear nothing prior to the year 1791. In that year the town of Niagara-on-the-Lake was projected, and the lines of Fort George were laid down. The fort was constructed the following year to command the shipping and the harbour at the mouth of the river. The ruined remains of the old fort are easily accessible, and, notwithstanding the levelling and disintegrating processes to which they have been subjected by "decay's effacing finger," the outlines of the solid embankments of earth which constituted its principal strength are still distinctly visible and may be followed with the utmost ease by any one who wishes to study the form and structure of the old historic landmark. The ruins of Fort George lie a short distance up the river, a little way back from the bank and between it and the wide open common on which the Canadian volunteers are wont to encamp. Time has worn down the sharp edges of the earthworks, has partly filled up the moat and covered ways, and has reduced the sharp outlines of the gateway, or main entrance, to a mere gap in the embankment. The only two of the old buildings still remaining, and one is in ruins, are, or rather were, brick structures covered with an arched brick roof, and probably used in former days as a subsidiary magazine or storehouse. Another stone building is still standing in the vicinity, and in a much better state of preservation, commonly spoken of as the magazine of the old French fort. This was a sort of outwork of Fort

George, consisting of lines of earthworks to the south side of the fort, but though the stone building is comparatively well preserved, the bastions and embankments have in places yielded to the influences of storm and time, and are hardly to be distinguished from the surrounding surface of the earth. Standing on the eastern bastion of Fort George and looking across the meadows, and the river which intervenes between it and Fort Niagara, a Canadian can hardly avoid asking himself why it is that we have allowed these old historic forts, in and around which so many gallant deeds of daring were achieved by our heroic predecessors, "in the brave days of old," to go to ruin and decay, while there across the river the Stars and Stripes float proudly every day, and all day long, proclaiming to the world that our American cousins have set sufficient store by their old fort and the hallowed memories that cluster round its earthen ramparts to induce them to protect the embankments and the buildings they contained against the devastating encroachments of time and exposure to the elements.

Chateauguay.—The Canadian Marathon.

Following the good example of Col. Denison and other loyal Canadians in Ontario in celebrating the anniversary of Queenston Heights, patriots of the Province of Quebec will recall that Sunday, October 26th, 1890, will be the seventy-seventh anniversary of the day of Chateauguay, the Canadian Marathon—like the immortal Athenian fight in point of numbers—about 5,500 Americans and less than 300 Canadians actually engaged, but the Marathon in our history because it saved Canada against a similar disparity of odds. Had Hampton been victorious there was nothing to stop his advance on Montreal, ill-garrisoned and unprepared, and, with Montreal fallen, Canada would have had her back broken, her upper and lower forces cut off from each other.

The story of the war of 1812 is recalled by the situation of to-day. The best and most respected people throughout the United States having achieved what they fought for—in the years following 1783 as in the years following 1865, desired nothing better than to live in a neighbourly way with the Canadians and the British. But the Major McKinleys and General Porters of that day coveted the Naboth's vineyard across the St. Lawrence and thought that while England was maintaining, almost single-handed, the struggle against Napoleon, was a good time to jump upon her back and strip her of her possessions. President Madison shared or yielded to their opinions, not remembering how the Switzers met Charles the Bold, and Leopold of Austria, or foreseeing his own capital in flames.

The war was in vain. It was declared to abrogate the right of search and concluded without obtaining its abrogation. The best Americans protested against its declaration as they deprecate commercial hostilities now.

In 1813 General Wilkinson was commissioned to capture Montreal in the hope that its capture would lead to the fall of Canada, as had the capture of Quebec from the French in 1759.

He and General Hampton were concentrating on Montreal by different lines of march, when that autumn morning of October 25, 1813, the army of the latter tried to force the lines held by de Salaberry with his few hundred Voltigeurs and Sedentary Militia—the last defence between them and their prey—with such disastrous results.

The sequel is well known. Every true Canadian should have pictured in his heart the romantic figure of the knightly de Salaberry, almost by his single exertions defeating the overwhelming numbers of the alien; the touching spectacle of Captain Longtin and his handful of Beauharnois militia rising from their knees, fortified by prayer, and his memorable saying "that now they had fulfilled their duty to their God they would fulfil that to their King"; de Salaberry's self-depreciatory letter to his father, "I have won a victory on a wooden horse," and the bugling that routed an army. He and his men had actually won it barefoot.

As time goes on people may forget the individual exploits of his officers—of Daly, with but seventy men, hurling himself into the heart of the foe, of Fergusson and the Duchesnays, and of the faithful Indians; but in every loyal Canadian heart de Salaberry's bugles will go on sounding to the end of time, waking such echoes as they woke in the heart of the Canadian poet, Lighthall, delivering the inaugural lecture before the Society of Chateauguay, when he concluded his address with: "The meaning of it all is this—that, given a good cause, and the defence of our homes against wanton aggression, we can dare odds that otherwise would seem hopeless; that it is in the future, as in the past, the spirits of men, and not their material resources, which count for success; that we need only be brave, and just, and ready to die, and our country can never be conquered; and that we shall always be able to preserve ourselves free in our own course of development towards our own idea of a nation."

DOUGLAS SLADEN.

On the Virgin Stalk.

By MISS A. C. JENNINGS.

Overlooking the blue salt water, upon a soft ridge of land securely walled up by the rocky cliff below, in the seaward suburb of a maritime town stands a fine old house built of Scotch granite; built so substantially that its stout walls and stable foundations seem impervious to the shocks of Time or his potent auxiliaries, the devastating threats of a wild and stormy coast.

This seaside dwelling was certainly destitute of those gentle natural attractions fostered by inland seclusion. It was not enclosed by thriving orchards or fertile meadows. Neither was it marked by that external sentiment and atmosphere of peace which pervades calmer scenes.

But it was not without its own beauties of cultivation. Its lawns were models of velvet turf, and its extensive gardens, belted by sheltering pines, ran up the ascending ground until they met the spur of wooded land in which, at that point, terminated the towering hills in the rear.

Although the charm of rural and pastoral loveliness was missing, Cliff House looked out upon a majestic picture, and its cheerful human interest was identified with the sterner features of its neighbourhood.

The house stood near the mouth of a noble harbour, and opposite, twenty miles across, loomed the mariner's friend, the tall beacon-light of "Dead Man's Beach."

Much nearer—in fact, you might say close in shore—lay the dreaded twins, two great jagged rocks called "The Sisters." Fatal sisters they had been to many a stout vessel, in spite of chart and pilot when almost safe in port. Between the opposing promontories which guard this well-known basin the broad breast of water is softened by verdant islands crowned with the fortifications and equipments of defence.

The dwelling, with its grounds, occupied the hollow of a crescent shaped curve in the ridge I have named, dominating, as a consequence, a peaceful little haven below, shut in on each side by its natural sentinels, the great rocks which lay basking in the warm light and looking as if it would be the most proper and congruous event for the mermaids to glide up out of that glassy water and sit combing their long hair upon these sunny ledges.

But they never did; probably those ocean belles considered the fishermen of the adjacent shores ineligible lovers, and wisely remained faithful to their kindred men of the sea.

And perhaps it was a spectacle quite as pleasant to see the daughters of the Cliff House come tripping down the steep path that wound from that mansion to the sheltered little bay beneath, and group themselves among the rocks in the balmy twilight of the long summer evenings, when there was a well-grounded expectation that the dipping stroke of familiar oars would soon be heard, as more than one trim and tasteful little craft from the city, a mile or more above, would come dashing round the projecting point opposite and run their prows ashore in Silversand Cove.

These were delightful hours for youth and love and hope, hours which neither Time nor Fate could spoil or mar in retrospect, howsoever adverse these grim powers might hereafter prove.

Fair maidens and true lovers they had mostly been, of that sensible practical type which does not tangle its affairs foolishly, and prosperous marriages had left the soft waves and rocky walls of the trysting cove silent and lonely and the old house on the Cliff almost deserted.

It had been a gay, happy home, full of life and cheer, but it was well-nigh empty now. The mother was dead, and Hugh Wylde, its master, the rich West Indian merchant, was left almost alone under the roof which birth and death had endeared to him.

Only one of all those pretty, sprightly girls remained to give him comfort and companionship as he grew an old man.

But that one was as good as two or three others, and her father was perhaps peculiarly fortunate in the child reserved to his declining years. Not one of those who had gone eager-hearted and hopeful out into the battle of life would have been content to share the uneventful seclusion that had become habitual to the grave elderly made when his brief business hours were over.

It did not occur to him that the detached situation of his home made life rather desolate for his daughter, who was necessarily so much alone. He went to town every day himself, and knew that with a carriage at her disposal she could, comfortably, do likewise.

He had no intention of leaving the place which was associated with so many years of his life, and Helena did not complain of her monotonous days. Helena was neither the eldest nor the youngest of Mr. Wylde's daughters. She had been one of the "children" when her fashionable elder sisters went the way of matrimony, and as she had not taken kindly to lovers it seemed quite a natural thing when those who were younger than herself launched out upon that unknown sea and left her, unadventurous, behind.

Such of Mr. Wylde's married daughters as were within reach came and went frequently between Cliff House and their newer homes, and their children gambolled about the lawns and roamed up and down the wide halls and stairways of the dwelling by the sea as their mothers had done not so long ago.

The little ones loved Aunt Helena, but there were vacant chambers in her heart, as well as in the old house, which they could not fill.

She liked to see them come and go, although they were not always quite satisfactory visitors; being disposed to fall into the garden pond in their holiday dresses, emerging, opportunely, with shouts of terror, like young seals with sleek dripping heads, or given to the diversion of turning on the taps in the bath-room and inconveniently flooding portions of the upper flats.

But although a large part of Helena's time when the children were absent was spent in braiding, knitting and embroidering a store of articles for their personal adornment, she was not absorbed by the interest attaching to her work; but, sitting alone in the great bay-window that looked out over blue water stretching to horizon-line, lived often in an invisible realm. Gazing afar into those brilliant blue spaces of sea and sky, she wove fancies of mute and unacknowledged romance among the bright colours and artistic designs fashioned by her skilful fingers.

But nobody thought it a matter of any consequence that Helena should be so much alone.

Her sisters thought she was very well off—had nothing to trouble her and no one to gainsay her pleasure. She was very useful to papa and to their children, and they said it was fortunate that Helena had made up her mind to be an old maid. In fact, they had all grown so accustomed to see her fill that thankless rôle with apparent content that they forgot that it was their own minds which were made up on the subject, and, possibly, not hers. They counted definitely upon her future services, and forgot also that she had not yet outlived her youth and was singularly charming to those who had eyes to see the meaning of ideal beauty.

It has been said that Burns's beauties were not other men's beauties; but I think the remark was not complimentary to the vision of the "other men," although it was intended to disparage the verdict of the poet.

And so it was with Helena Wylde. Her's was not a beauty that appealed to ordinary minds.

"We receive but what we give," Coleridge says. That which is not in ourselves we cannot understand any more than a man born blind can tell the colours of the rainbow.

Her charm was of that subtle order which does not depend on purity of form and colour, though both may be present. It was that which is rightly called loveliness.

Mr. Wylde had no son; and, although on good terms with the husbands of his daughters, had not felt warmly enough towards any one of them to fill that unclaimed place in his heart by adoption.

He had once protected and befriended a young man who had proved himself worthy of the interest employed in his behalf, but the efforts of the influential merchant for the benefit of his protégé had resulted in their ultimate separation, and it was now well on to twenty years since he had procured for young Harry Drummond a good post in a mercantile house in Barbadoes, with which his own firm was intimately connected.

The old man had no sentimental regrets about Mr. Drummond's absence, or any actually conscious desire that the latter should return and relieve him of duties which were growing irksome, but he had never forgotten or replaced in feeling his former favourite.

This Harry Drummond was one of two brothers, sons of a dear and early friend of Hugh Wylde.

Between the two young men there was a considerable disparity in years and a greater difference in character. When their father knew that he was dying he thought he was acting wisely in securing to the elder son an almost unlimited control of the extensive business affairs committed to his care, and almost in the general management of his estate.

The result was a not uncommon one. Power developed qualities in the elder brother latent and hitherto unsuspected, and his harsh, tyrannical and at last absolutely unjust treatment brought about that natural revolt in the feelings of the minor entrusted to his authority which ended in disruption and a complete severance of personal intercourse. And it seemed natural to the one who was inexperienced and oppressed to seek advice from his late father's old friend.

These things had happened about that period mentioned above when Mr. Wylde's eldest daughters used to sit like mermaids upon the rocks in the sunset light listening to the rhythm of their lover's oars approaching Silversand Cove.

Their father naturally preferred his comfortable chair and after-dinner cigar, associated, as these simple luxuries generally were, with the serious chatter and wise questions of Helena, who was then what she always continued to be, his constant companion.

It was in these evening hours that young Drummond, sorely tried and perplexed, took counsel with the friend of his dead father and Helena, a quiet tender child, listened and comprehended enough to fill her big solemn eyes with affectionate sympathy for the young man who always petted her and helped her out of her small difficulties when lessons were abstruse and almost insurmountable.

Upon these occasions Helena was never in the way. It was no obstacle to the confidential talk between the two gentlemen that she sat quietly near them, and when Mr. Wylde's plan for Harry's benefit was unfolded she was a deeply interested member of the conference.

Harry Drummond went to Barbadoes, as I have previously said, and as he grew into manhood fulfilled the hopes and expectations of his warmest friends. He thrived well in the new soil to which he had been transplanted, and not only prospered himself, but increased the prosperity of the firm which had opened its doors to his inexperienced youth by his high character and keen, sagacious brain.

Mr. Wylde was proud of his own insight in selecting this career for an aspiring young man, untried and almost ignorant of the world and its numerous pitfalls.

(To be Continued.)

THE FASHIONS.

The following are the fur fashions for 1896, given by the kindness of Messrs. Renfrew & Co., of Quebec and Toronto, the Queen's Furriers:

The chief features of this year are the growing popularity of the combination of Persian lamb (sometimes mis-called Astrakhan) and seal skin, and the increasing value of Alaska seal.

Until the severest weather makes long wraps a necessity, by far the most fashionable furs this year are the new capes and Reefers. Two capes eclipse all others in popularity—the Comtesse de Paris and the Alice. Both have a peak reaching down to the waist in front and are cut straight across the small of the back; both have the new horns or ears on the shoulder, but beyond this the resemblance ceases. The Alice is made all of one fur, beginning with the cheap Greenland seal and beaver up to the best Alaska seal, plucked otter and golden otter. It has a heavy collar carried down to the very peak of the cape by a gradually decreasing ruff. The Comtesse de Paris, on the other hand, has only a heavy collar opening to the throat when turned down, and its distinctive feature consists in a combination of Persian lamb or plucked otter with the Alaska seal, of which the cape is made. The lamb or otter being laid on in a deep point, back and front, with split points on the shoulders, or a triple point back and front with deep single points on the shoulders, as shown in our cut. La Comtesse de Paris, No. 166. There are three other capes—No. 10, No. 16, No. 18—but the two described will be distinctly the most fashionable, especially La Comtesse. Style No. 1, the Reefer, is the most charming little coat we have seen for years, the counterpart in fur of the smart navy-blue jackets with brass buttons which have been so popular this summer. It is made of Alaska seal. It is cut straight all round, made with loose points, the new high shoulders and a plain cuffed sleeve, with cross pockets, as shown in the cut, and a deep collar like a gentleman's, about four and a half inches wide, that will fasten in no less than four different ways to suit the weather. It can either be left altogether open like a gentleman's, or with the lower flaps hooked together single-breasted, or with the lower flaps buttoned over double-breasted, or the whole collar turned up. And the jacket is the smartest little coat that a duchess could drive to a meet in. The Reefer is a double-breasted coat.

Style No. 3, the favourite Seal Walking Coat, is 25, 28 or 30 inches long, according to the height of the wearer, single-breasted, with a 4½-inch collar buttoning rather higher than the Reefers', cut straight round the bottom and made either of plain Alaska seal or the fashionable seal and lamb combination.

Of the seal Newmarkets, the very long coats for the extreme weather, style No. 5, a slightly double-breasted coat with bell or plain cuff sleeves and a deep flaring collar is the most fashionable. It is close fitting, 55 to 58 inches in length, opening up the back 38 inches.

Of the fur-lined cloaks, the Russian Cloak, No. 13, will be the favourite. It has the new high shoulders, a fur trimming round the collar and down both sides of the outer front, under which there is an inner front confining the arms and small fur-lined sleeves for the wrists. It is lined with a great variety of furs—ermine, mink, sable, grey squirrel, hamster and neutria. This cloak, with the Reefer Coat and the Comtesse de Paris Cape, are the very favourites of all this season for ladies.

For gentlemen the double-breasted fur-lined coat, No. 14, with the collar straighter, higher cut and smaller than last year is the thing. It is made either with plain or frogged fronts, the former having the preference. For collar and cuffs Alaska seal is decidedly the most in demand this year, and the very finest coats are lined with the same costly material; but very fashionable also for lining are the Perwitski, a dark brown Russian fur, dappled with yellow, the mink and the musquash. The coat has a slight edging of seal down the front.

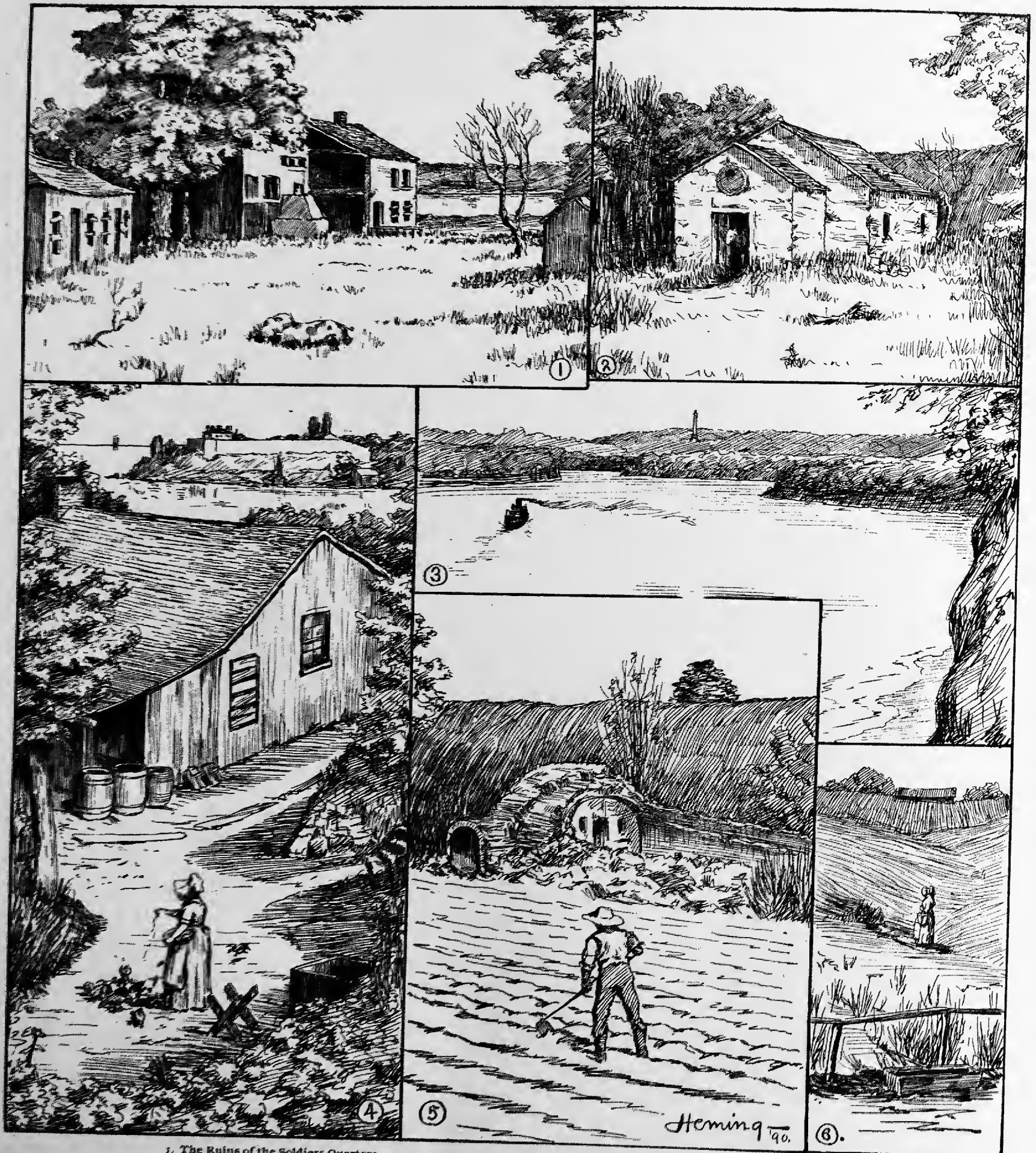
For gloves, seal, Persian lamb and otter have the call. For gentlemen's caps, the old favourite, the Cossack, the deep, bell-shaped cap given in the cut, and for ladies the Huntress. This is a particularly chic little cap, made of Alaska seal, with a band of itself going round the sides to within half an inch of the top, and a high sock of Persian lamb covering the front.

In boas the specialties are bear, wolverine, silver fox, Australian emu and ostrich, the emu being slightly more expensive than the last named. And I was particularly struck with the handsomeness of a cheap boa made of the Australian rock wallaby, a glistening close-stapled fur.

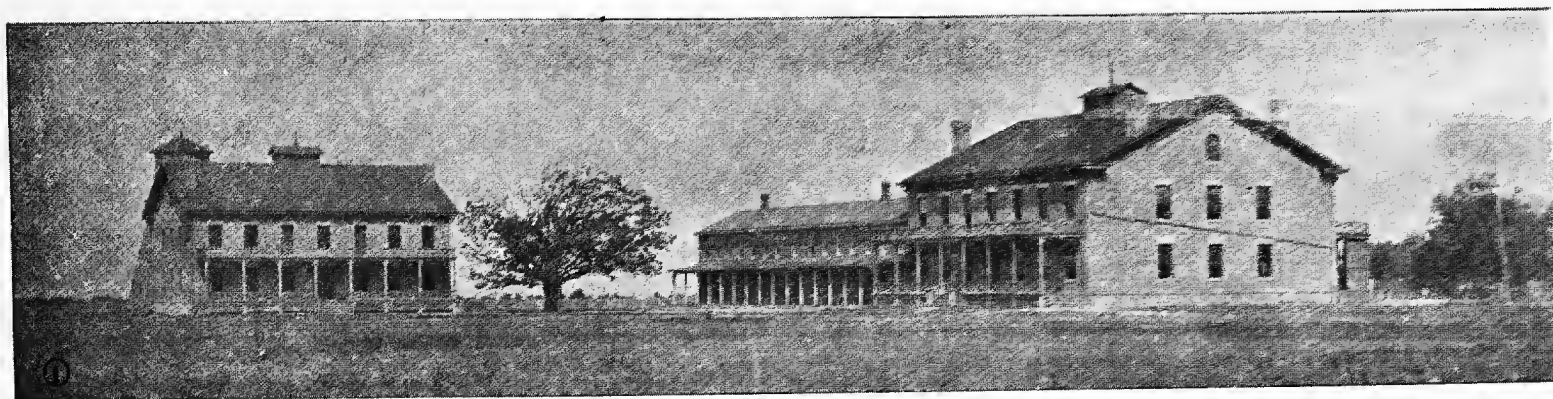
In muffs the small round seal muff of last year still leads. In robes and rugs musk ox, wolverine and Victoria possum dispute the supremacy. The last made of the silvery grey opossum of Victoria, the southernmost mainland colony of the Australian group, is a very close, warm fur, with a fine natural curl, and is growing in favour by hops and darts.

The really most noticeable feature of the new fur fashions is the combination of seal and Persian lamb. Hardly a jacket is made without this, and the beauty of the contrast commends it to every eye.

NORMA DE LORIMIERE.



SKETCHES AT FORT GEORGE, NIAGARA, ONT.



UNITED STATES TROOPS AT FORT NIAGARA, N.Y.
 1. Barracks. 2. Fatigue Uniform. 3. Full dress. 4. Field Uniform. 5. Types of the Garrison.
 SCENES ON THE NIAGARA FRONTIER. (By our special artist.)

SPORTS AND PASTIMES

Rugby football is having a greater amount of interest taken in it this year than ever before, and anybody who saw last Saturday's game between the Montrealers and Britannias will acknowledge that only with a few better teams on the other side of the water could a much better match be seen. With a spectators' stand filled with men who understand the game, and a few ladies, to whom it is always a pleasure to explain its mysteries, and all with their sympathies already fixed, it can easily be imagined how high enthusiasm would rise in a close game. The young men who play in second and third teams, the old, steady-going fellows, who played when hacking was allowed and the maul in goal was still an institution, when pretty nearly everything went, and tackling from crown to heel was practised, even if not exactly legitimate; the men who, in the good old days, played football, so to speak; the young men who expect to play football when they get bad enough and sufficiently hardened to have their vital anatomical portions walked on. All these were at this match, and it was balm to the soul of the kicker. There was only one thing that could cause dissatisfaction, and that was, that the best team did not win. The referee attempted to be impartial in his decisions, no doubt; but he was not successful. A great many of the spectators disagree with his differentiation of rouse and safety touch; but that can be let pass, as in the first part they did not materially affect the game. But a throw in from touch that is foul, or a pass forward ought to be attended to. Both happened on Saturday last and both should have been seen by the referee, because they were seen by everybody else; but he apparently did not, and the result was that Montreal scored twelve points, which, from the circumstances of the play, they were not entitled to. The referee was a conscientious and hardworking one, but not a particularly successful one, when such nice powers of discrimination are required, as in a closely contested Rugby match. The Britannias should have won, and, as far as football was concerned, did win; but their usual bad luck left them with the poor consolation of making a draw, and, after winning the championship on the field, they will be forced to see their opponents hold the title until another opportunity for challenging and an open date occurs.

There was a marked improvement in the effectiveness of the work done by the Britannia forwards, and the changes made in the positions were judicious. They were no longer swept backwards by the Montreal, and an inch of ground was a hard thing to get. Their quarter and half-backs could hardly be improved upon, and although Rawlings is a splendid player, he seems at times too deliberate in his movements for a full-back. It would be difficult to suggest where the Montreal forwards could be improved, and everybody knows what a brilliant player Campbell is at half-back. It would be hard to pick two perfect teams, but these two are good enough for all practical purposes, and they can play as good a game as is to be seen on the continent. A clever bit of passing in the first half enabled Campbell, after a desperate run, to secure a try, and a few minutes afterwards the Brits were forced to rouse. All that the Brits gained in this half were three rouses, so that when time was called the score was 5 to 3. The second half saw an entirely different state of affairs. Play had just been resumed when Ross got an opening and kicked a goal from the field. Then another rouse was added to the score, bringing it up to 10-5 in favour of Britannia. The boys in blue were now having decidedly the best of the game, their back division were working like clockwork and the tackling was fierce enough to suit anybody. A clever pass from Rankin to Arnton gave the latter an opportunity which he availed himself of beautifully, and another goal from the field put the Brit figure up to 16. A grand run of Campbell resulted in a try, but the kick failed. Another try was got by Wand, which Bell converted into a goal, sending the Montrealers ahead by two points, which Britannia succeeded in equalizing by obtaining two rouses. The Brits were anxious to play out another half hour, but the Montrealers were not, and thus ended one of the best games of football ever seen in Montreal.

McGill's first fifteen somewhat agreeably surprised their friends by the showing made against the famous Ottawa College men, who have been practically invincible for some time past. McGill started out well and had evidently much the best of the play, at the end of the first half the score standing—McGill, 7; College, 6. The visitors had fallen into the same mistake as the Montrealers had on the previous Saturday, the half-backs were playing too close up to the scrimmage, but this was remedied considerably in the latter half. A goal kicked by Hamilton put the McGill men leading by 13-6. A try secured by McDougall for the College, and another one by Cormier, added eight, and the Ottawa men now led by a point, to which three minor points were afterwards added, leaving the score 17 to 13 in favour of Ottawa College.

In the junior championship struggle third fifteens of the Brits and McGill met on Saturday, and an exciting match

it was, too, at the end of time the score standing 5-4 in favour of McGill, but as the latter's five consisted only of rouses and safety touches, the referee ordered another half hour's play. This won the game for the Brits, as they succeeded in getting a try, which was converted into a goal. There was a good deal of dispute about this, the college men claiming that the ball was picked out of the scrimmage, and a protest was to be entered; but it is to be hoped that the grand old game of Rugby will not deteriorate to the level of the national game. The field is the place for Rugby, not the committee room.

The Grand Trunk Football Club, which has been practically invincible all through the season, met with its first defeat on Saturday last at the hands of the Ottawas, who won five goals to the Trunk's two. The winners started in with a rush, and before a quarter of an hour had elapsed had put three goals to their credit, and added two more in the second half, while the Trunk got only one in each half. The standing in the Eastern series now completed is:—

Club.	Played.	Won.	Lost.	Drawn.	Points.
Grand Trunk.....	6	4	1	1	9
Ottawa.....	6	4	2	0	8
Valleyfield.....	6	1	3	2	4
Cornwall.....	6	1	4	1	3

From the interest taken in the Association game this year it looks altogether likely that several new clubs will be added to the series list next season.

The Eastern Football Association have made some amendments to their bye-laws, and have picked a team to represent them in the inter-association match, which will be played in Toronto on November 17th. A look at the names ought to satisfy anybody that the East has a good working opportunity to defeat the West. Following is the team selected:—Bollard (Ottawa), goal; Crawford and Lawrence (Grand Trunk), backs; Chittick (Ottawa), Robertson (Grand Trunk), and Simmonds (Grand Trunk), half-backs; R. Hill (Valleyfield) and Willis (Ottawa), right wing; W. M. Hill (Ottawa) and Jacobi (Grand Trunk), left wing; and Chalmers (Grand Trunk), centre. It is also likely that the Grand Trunks, the winners of the Eastern series, will challenge the holders of the Western Cup to play for the championship of Canada.

The Toronto and 'Varsity football teams met on Saturday and a grand match was the outcome, Toronto winning by 17 to 6. The superiority of the winners was seen almost from the start, and they had the best team on the field they could possibly get together. The game was a remarkably fast one and a most exciting one for the spectators. In Hamilton the Upper Canada College made a plucky fight with the local fifteen. The college boys started things with a rush and soon had a good lead. The Hamiltons discovered that careless play would not do, so they woke up and made up for lost time, the College not being permitted to score at all in the second half. The result was 35 to 10 in favour of Hamilton.

In Association football the West is preëminent, and the number of matches is so great that nothing but a mere mention can be made in this column. Toronto 'Varsity defeated the Marlboros by 4 goals to 1, and the Scots and Osgoode Hall played a draw, each side securing a goal. The second eleven of 'Varsity defeated the Brocks 4 to 1, while the second Victorias played a draw with the Marlborough colts. Ayer was defeated by the Hurons 3 goals to 2, and the Stanleys managed to capture one goal to their opponents' nothing.

The Fish and Game Protection Club have not been idle since the annual meeting, and many offenders have had good reason to regret their own temerity and the club's vigilance. A letter has been acknowledged by Lieut.-Col. Tilton, Deputy Minister of Finance, in which the officers of the club make several very valuable suggestions, among them being a reduction in the number of netting licenses; that fish ways be put in the Beaudette and Chateauguay rivers; that the close season for lake trout and brook trout begin at the same time, October 1st, and end together; and that the close season for bass, maskinongé and doré end the same time, June 15. The club also desires to ask the appointment of Alfred Marsoin to act in concert with John Norris, to act as fish wardens over the district mentioned above. If these suggestions are favourably received the club will hold itself responsible for the protection of fish, and will furnish the department with all the information in its power.

The skating is not a great way off now and already preparations are being made to ensure the success of the season. The Canadian championships have never been particularly well patronized by our cousins from over the line, but the same fault could be found with Canadian skaters. The reason for this is obvious. There has only been one instance when a representative skater has been sent out of the country at the expense of a club, and without some such backing young men can scarcely afford to travel and waste maybe a week waiting for ice. It is altogether likely that the Victoria Skating Club will make an effort to hold a special meeting, which would certainly be an attraction, and already there is some rumour to that effect. There is another thing which has been suggested before,

and that is, that such an association as the M.A.A.A. should have affiliated with it a skating club and have ice of its own. Then there would be a much greater opportunity to send skaters abroad and bring back some championships from the land of Stars and Stripes.

As was to be expected, the Crescents still hold the Provincial Lacrosse Championship, having easily defeated the Sherbrooke Juniors by three straight games. The Valleyfields and Independents, of Quebec, were expected to make a struggle for the honour, but they failed to put in an appearance, and probably it is just as well, as the result would most likely have been the same. The Crescents have now hung up their sticks for the year, and with only one defeat during the past season, they have every reason to be proud of their record.

The Shamrocks and Torontos played off their drawn match on Saturday afternoon, and although the result could have no bearing on the standing of either club, there were about three thousand enthusiastic Torontonians on the benches. The match was a rattling one, too, and for a little while it looked as if the Shamrocks were to have a walk over, they having a good deal the best of the play, and winning the two first games easily, but then want of condition began to tell and the Torontos took the next four games. It was impossible the week previous for the Shamrocks to do any practice owing to the state of the weather, otherwise the result would have been a different one.

Of just as much interest to the younger players is the Independent League Championship as the Senior battle is to the older ones. The Maples and Violets had run a very close race for this honour and were obliged to play off on Saturday last. It was a rattling match from start to finish, but the Maples were too much for the Violets and the score read: Maples, 3; Violets, 1. This wound up all the series play for this season.

The Ottawa Athletic Association has made wonderful progress for so young an organization, as may be seen from the reports presented at the annual meeting. At the first meeting a year ago thirty-five members signed the roll, while at present there are on the books 433 names. The excess of assets over liabilities representing present capital is \$2,648, a very good showing for a year's work. The new board of directors consists of Messrs. P. B. Taylor, A. F. May, E. F. Burritt, E. M. Black, C. W. Badgely, H. Morrison and J. A. D. Holbrook. The election of officers will be held next Monday.

Professional billiard matches have never been followed to any great extent in this country, but once in a while a match is arranged that excites some interest. When Capron played Donohue straight rail billiards last year there was a very respectable gathering to see the match, but since that time hardly anything has been done. Capron, however, is looking for fresh victories to his cue, and has posted \$100 and come out with a challenge to play Watson, of St. Albans.

O'Connor is back in his old home and telling his experiences of antipodean life. He has no fault to find with the climate, which he says agreed with him perfectly, although at the beginning he found it hot. The only thing, in fact, he does not speak well of is the difficulty he had in getting on a race in the first instance. He attributes the cause of his defeat to the change in the rig of his boat, which he first took to and which he kept at too long. He says he never was in better shape in his life, and never worked harder for a race, but the Paramatta and the rig beat him. He thinks that when Kemp and Stansbury come across the Pacific that they will be handicapped in American waters.

It was hardly to be expected that Owen's record for the hundred would be let go without a strong protest from some quarters, and, of course, any amount of affidavits were forthcoming that he beat the pistol, etc.; but now what is going to be done about Carey's supposed time of 9½ seconds, three-tenths of a second better than either Johnson or Owen's time. It seems to me the only real objection to these records is the fact that nobody has ever made them before. People seem to forget that there are vast improvements being made in tracks, watches, shoes, training, etc., and why should not the time also improve?

At the meeting of the Quebec Rugby Union on Wednesday, neither McGill nor Britannia protests were allowed. There was one good feature about this decision—it may tend to make protesting less popular.

The annual games of McGill College, held on Wednesday, turned out most successfully, and there was very palpable evidence of some splendid athletic material for the near future.

If Montreal has the same sort of a game to contend with to-day as McGill played last Saturday, they will not win.

R. O. X.



DAWN.

Elsewhere (see Editor's Table) we have written of the author of the "Book of Wonders." Let us open the book and read the pages. What is this? Dawn! An appropriate title for the initial article. Let us read it over: Again the darkest hour; again the stars slowly dissolve; again the darkness silently steals away, borne on the wings of the new day. So still, so calm, so tranquil! The air so clear and fresh, free of dust and smoke, and sweet and pure. A bird twitters above your head; you look up and see him on the wing—an early riser seeking material to build a nest wherein to raise his brood. Floating upon the still air, borne on the gentle morning zephyr, from some distant fold come the music-tinkling tones of the belled herd, as driven up from their night's abiding-place to be milked. The dew is on the meadow grass, and on the flowers and plants in the garden, and the delicate spider-webs by the roadside are covered with it. Soon the long white cloud in the east gradually lowers, and slowly, silently, a ray of golden light gleams from the horizon, and almost before one knows it, the sun is up, shining with all its heat and brightness upon the fair, still earth. The delicate folds of the flowers, which last night were wrapped so protectingly around the less hardy pistils and stigmas, are now being unrolled by its heat, and the dew on the spider-web and meadow is rising to the clouds. Tiny curls of smoke begin to rise from the chimneys around, and another day is recommenced—a day of strife and labour—a day of tears and sorrows to some, a day of joy and blessings to others. How many there are who may look on this same quiet picture—look, perhaps, for the last time on home and friends—on meadow and on forest, on familiar nook and dell, wherein are associated so many happy reminiscences of youthful days; and from the old home, whose homely walls have sheltered them from April flood and December storm, where trouble was unknown and joys were many, they take their departure out into the great world. And what may be in store for them? Joy—sorrows; strife—victory; tears—blessings; rejoicings—death. The scene of the morning of their departure from friends and fireside will never be forgotten, and its chastity, purity, serenity, may be a lesson which may keep them from walking in the paths of sin and strife—a lesson which, may we hope, will guide them through an unlighted world to one of joy and gladness, and where there is no night but all morning. And as the day grows on and the sun rises toward its zenith, we also grow from youth to manhood, and the quickly descending sun will soon set behind the distant hills of the west, when we, too, must lay down the scythe and the sickle and give our place to others. May our decline leave behind a brilliant sky, and as the setting sun is only outvalled in splendour by its rising, let death come on unshielded against, for we know of the glorious Dawn to Come.

Let us remember that this is a boy's essay—the observations and reflections of one whose life was ended before he completed his 18th year. Yet, is there not a certain maturity of thought, a certain finish of style, as well as that loving study of nature's handiwork that is characteristic of the artist-poet? The last entry in "The Book of Wonders" is:

THE LONG AGO.

We were sitting alone in the study,—
My dear old friend and I,—
And as we sat in the twilight,
A tear was in his eye.

We were talking of past recollections—
Of memories ever dear—
When the old man spoke unto me
In a low voice and not clear:

"To me there is nothing dearer
Than down memory's stream to row
In the boat of past recollections
To the Lake of Long Ago."

We were silent then for a little,
Thinking of former years,
Of the happiness of boyhood,
When we knew not care nor fears.

As the old man had said unto me,
On memory's stream we rowed,
And as I glanced o'er its water
I saw that the river flowed

With a greater speed and volume
Than was its wont to do;
And as I approached the mill flume
The waters look darkly blue.

As I glanced unto the westward
I saw a little boat
With sails as white as the lilies
That on the waters float.

I looked again on the picture
My eyes to me had shown,
And as I looked upon it
It suddenly went down.

And then I awoke from my vision
And glanced about the room;
It had an icy coldness
And a chill uncommon gloom.
I touched the old man's shoulder
And called him by his name;
But I received no answer,
And the gloom was just the same.

My dream had been a true one—
His boat had just gone down
In the waters of Memory's River,
For the spirit of life had flown.

But it was received by a Pilot
From the City of the Blest,
And there 'tis hallowed safely,
And forever is at rest.

Between the sketch and the poem that we have reproduced there are more than a dozen of essays in prose and verse on a variety of subjects. Those which relate to the scenery and life amid which he lived, such as an "Autumn Picture," account of a "Sleet Storm," "Farmin' and Workin'" (an attempt at the use of dialect in metre), seem to us the most meritorious. In the last mentioned he thus warns off the unfit:

But if you're looking around for fun
And an easy life and gay,
You'd better get as far away from a farm
As you can tramp in a day.

As an appendix to the "Book of Wonders," there is a story, which is, doubtless, based, in part at least, on personal experiences. Like much in the volume, its title—"Afar"—seems to be prophetic. "The author," writes the editor of the book, "has left this land of joys and sorrows, pleasures and disappointments, and his bright, genial presence we miss. But we only miss; we do not mourn. How can we mourn when we know that our loss is such gain to him? And what a time that must have been when the spirit, released at last from the sufferings of the body, reached the joyous home where all is happiness! No, we do not mourn. But, when we think of the happy days that were, when his bright companionship cheered us and made the days pass more joyously, and then think of the days and months and years to follow in which, in place of his companionship, will be a blank—oh, how we miss him!"

"Oh, for the touch of a vanished hand
And the sound of a voice that is still!"

WOMAN'S DOMAIN.

The Hon. Mrs. Joyce, vice-president of the British Women's Emigration Society, recently addressed the ladies of Vancouver on behalf of that association. In explaining the methods taken by that body to secure a proper class of immigrants for the various colonies, she mentioned the names of several well-known ladies of rank who were its patronesses and active committee workers. She then went on to say that the desire of the society was to send only such girls as are of good character and capability, to select only such men and families as would be required in the colonies, to secure protection during the voyage and a fitting reception on their arrival in the new colony, and to keep them in charge for two years or so after they come to their new place of residence. The farming districts of England had, to a considerable extent, been laid down to grass, requiring fewer labourers. Many of these were worthy people who would make most desirable immigrants. If the class of immigrants are all they are said to be, the Hon. Mrs. Joyce will be conferring on the ladies of this country a favour which they will not be slow to avail themselves of. But the majority of girls that have heretofore been sent to our country have proved such a "delusion and a snare" that a somewhat sceptical opinion is now held about these "treasures from the Old Country," whose arrival at one time was hailed with every evidence of delight—hoping that at last one was found who would prove all that the mistress fondly hoped for—but, behold, in a few days, and in some cases the same day, an end put to these hopes by the "treasure" leaving or having to be dismissed abruptly. However, this society seems to be taking every care that none but those of a better class shall find their way out by requiring from the applicant certificates of moral character and bodily health. The servant girl question is every year assuming graver aspects and the ladies are beginning in consequence to look more favourably upon co-operative housekeeping, which is greatly in vogue in the United States, especially with those ladies who have children and do not wish for this reason to make their homes in hotel or boarding house. The co-operative plan of living allows a private residence and provides for a table managed as the boarders may direct. A circle or club is formed, and only those congenial to the charter members may be admitted. The usual arrangement is to lease a convenient house and instal a competent housekeeper. She is to receive a stated salary per year, and is to occupy the house with such servants as may be required to prepare and serve meals. She will make purchases of provisions, and the bills will be audited and paid by a committee appointed to act for the club in all such affairs. Once a week, or as often as may be desired, an assessment will be ordered to defray expenses, each person paying pro-

rata. If a member brings visitors, he must pay an additional amount. The families living in this way will thus be relieved of the most burdensome part of house-keeping. They can devote their time more to the enjoyment of their homes and the performance of social and other duties. At the same time it is expected that the expense of living in this way will not be greater than under the conventional mode of individual housekeeping.

Mrs. F. Darwin, writing about the servant girl question, has rather a novel idea to advocate. She says that there is one peculiar relic of feudalism—one might almost say barbarism—in the custom of engaging servants which needs reform. It is strange, to say the least of it, that the mistress should be entitled to have a written and formal character of the servant, and that the servant, to whom the situation is everything that is most important in life, should have no formal opportunity given her of judging of the situation of hearing of the character of the household. This, which common justice demands, could be easily remedied without any extra machinery by the following plan: Every mistress should choose a referee, or two referees, among her servants, past or present, who have been with her not less than two years; she should give the names and addresses of these two referees to the servant whom she is inclined to engage before she writes for her character from her last mistress.

A brilliant wedding lately took place at St. John N. B. The principals in the interesting event were Miss M. Steeves, eldest daughter of Dr. Steeves, Medical Superintendent of the Provincial Lunatic Asylum, and Rev. K. Haughton, of Liverpool, England. The bride wore an exquisite white corded silk dress, with pearl trimmings and orange blossoms and carried a magnificent bouquet of white roses. Mrs. Steeves, mother of the bride, was attired in black velvet, with canary satin trimmings. Of the bridesmaids, Miss Russee wore green silk and Miss Parks and Miss Steeves pink silk, all carrying handsome bouquets of white roses. The wee bridesmaid, Mona McMann, won many admiring glances. She was dressed in cream silk and carried a beautiful basket of pink roses. After the ceremony the wedding party and invited guests repaired to the home of the bride, where a reception was held. The grounds were illuminated and the rooms, especially the supper room, beautifully decorated with greenery, flowers and illumination. The presents were many and costly, including a massive silver water pitcher and card receiver from the employees of the asylum. The bride and groom left on the western train for a wedding tour to Boston and New York. The church was crowded to the doors by a large assemblage of beauty and fashion. Among those present were—Sir Leonard and Lady Tilley; Sir John and Lady Allen; Senator and Mrs. Dean; Lt. Col. and Mrs. Armstrong.

Chambly.

Its skies are bluer than the brightest blue
Of other skies. Its waters run more clear:
The cadence of its chimes ring out more true,
And songbirds soothe, delight, entrance the ear.

Its grasses grow more gladly; every tree
Tells tales of happiness; each hawthorn hedge
Holds a delight; the rapids running free
Caress frail flowers crouching at its edge.

To holy gladness every moment tends,
A promise throbs through the exultant air,
And when the hallowed evening hush descends
It falls upon the spirit like a prayer.

Why do I thus recall it? Can it be
No other place is fair—none other good?
Ah yes!—but none can ever be to me
Like that which charmed my earliest maidenhood.

Then life was lovely, guarded by the care
That keeps all earthly hurts so far away;
Then dream was never darkened by despair
Or night-time wearied as it greeted day.

Then all things told of goodness and of gain,
And every moment made a deathless song;
Then naught was trifling, nothing mean, or vain,
And no desire could hold a thought of wrong.

So do I view, through tears, the sacred spot
Which sheltered my sweet childhood. Know you not
It was my spirit painted that pure place,
And gave it thus, to me, immortal grace.

Montreal.

MAY AUSTIN.

Our Christmas Number.

The Christmas number of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED, which will be ready early in December, will be the finest publication of its kind both in letter-press and illustrations that Canada has ever produced. Some of the foremost writers of the day will contribute prose and poetry to its pages and no expense is being spared to make it, in artistic beauty and literary merit, worthy of our great Dominion. Early orders are requested.



SCENES ON THE JACQUES-CARTIER

Men and Matters in Ontario.

[From our own correspondent.]

TORONTO, October, 1890.

There is a troublesome time ahead for the Council of the city of Toronto. With two months of life yet to run, the Water Works Committee find themselves with a deficit of \$42,000 piled up on a record of demoralization. The Council as a whole have several weighty matters thrown on their hands—the Esplanade difficulty, the street railway case, the Don muddle, the drill-shed site and the rifle ranges, among others. During the year absolutely nothing has been accomplished in the way of reform, and the citizens have again and again rejected by-laws submitted to them, involving the expenditure of money, thus declaring

want of confidence in the corporate body. The press have not been sparing of abuse, which may or may not have been ill-timed. The course taken by Ald. Boustead, who resigned his thankless position, may be followed by other desertions. As a matter of fact, there are few men in the Council possessed of vigour and ability equal to the occasion, or who seem alive to the duties of their public office. The mayor appears to have grown tired of his task. The energy by which he pulled the Council after him in the past years has evidently expended itself. Things have come to the present pass inevitably through the manner in which civic elections have long been conducted. Party and faction win, and men of sterling worth are kept or have kept themselves in the background. It may be that out of this helpless state of things a new feeling will spring up which will place the city government on a different basis. The Victoria College federation question has at length

been finally decided. Though the party who have been called the "antis" have not changed their spots, they have accepted the decision and will do their best for success in the order of things. The Methodist body have now a new movement on hand in connection with federation, of which this will be the first intimation to the outside public. They propose to have a ladies' college beside the new Victoria in Queen's Park, Toronto. The idea originated with a couple of wealthy lay members of the conference. They have no doubt the success of the scheme or its interference with the payment of subscriptions for the new building. What they propose to do is to get a sufficient number of solvent men of the connexion to insure their lives for \$1,000 each. On 500 policies they could raise enough money to go on with the buildings without any delay. The proposition is being canvassed round and is meeting with favour.

In political circles a good deal of interest centres in the South Victoria election, the vacancy in the constituency being created by the death of Mr. Adam Hudspeth. At the time of this writing the writ has not been issued, but both parties have put their strongest local men in the field. The Conservative candidate is Mr. Mossom M. Boyd, a well-known Canadian lumberman. He is a man who heretofore has taken no part in politics, and who does not seem to covet parliamentary honours. But he is a strong Conservative and thoroughly popular, being held in high esteem by men of both political beliefs. The Reform candidate is Mr. Lownsbrough, also a strong and very popular man. The Conservatives calculate on having a majority of between 40 and 50. The election will be fought on the unrestrictive reciprocity platform, and here in Toronto the opinion prevails that there will be a considerable change in the vote in favour of the Government supporter. The Conservatives, however, have suffered through not having their man on the ground.

Three important events of the time to Roman Catholics are the ceremonies—one at London on Sunday last, when Bishop O'Connor was consecrated; on Sunday next, the 26th inst., when Archbishop Cleary, of Kingston, receives the pallium, and on the 28th, when Right Rev. Dr. Macdonell will be consecrated bishop of the new diocese of Alexandria. A large number of dignitaries of the Church from Canada and the United States were present at the consecration of Bishop O'Connor, who is a man of great power and vigour as a preacher and a ripe scholar. Cardinal Taschereau will officiate at the ceremony in Kingston. Dr. Macdonell is not very well known to the people of the province generally, but is spoken of by clergymen with admiration.

How precious the ballot is esteemed by young men has been evidenced this week in the elections of the Osgoode Legal and Literary Society and the Young Men's Liberal-Conservative Association. The affairs of the former body have been prominently before the public for weeks in the local newspapers. The chances of the candidates for the presidency were breezily discussed day after day. When they reach the voting point their proceedings were wonderful. They had spared no expense to draft young lawyers into the city from all the provincial towns, but the party which was thought to have secured the greater number of allies found a new difficulty to contend with in the shape of a football team, inured to "scrummaging," which no hostile power (not even the police, who were called in) could dislodge from the position that they had taken up at the entrance to the polling booth. The young politicians were more orderly and regular; but they expended, nevertheless, a considerable sum in making legitimate voters.

In Toronto there are many musical organizations that leave the public no ground to be avaricious of concert music at the end of the season. But up to the present time there has never been a dramatic society. Some young men have been thinking this matter over, and find that they cannot allow Hamilton to be ahead of them with the Garrick Club of the Ambitious City. They have determined to call the Toronto club the Sheridan Dramatic Society. They are a promising lot of young men, principally scions of the best families and law offices of the city. They will give their first public entertainment about Christmas time.

The recent address of Principal Grant, of Queen's College, before the National Club, has won a great deal of attention, and it is probable that the scheme of a Canadian National Association, for the development of trade, which has been evolved by Mr. J. N. Blake, has been helped into existence by it, although the idea is distinctly Mr. Blake's own.

Birchall's last weeks of life at Woodstock jail are being rendered less monotonous by reason of the history of his life, which he is supposed to be engaged upon. The New York newspapers are keenly on the scent after it, and their representatives are on the ground waiting some opportunity for opening up negotiations in regard to the purchase of the manuscript.

The sale of Paul Peel's pictures did not turn out the success the artist must have anticipated. The prices attained were in all cases very low, particularly his Canadian studies.

Miss Irene Gurney is a talented young lady, and proved it to a large number of her friends at her recent piano recital. Even if all the tickets had not been invitations, Association Hall would have been filled. It was a very brilliant and cultured gathering. Miss Gurney's devotion to music has been long known to her friends; but she has simply astonished society on her first public appearance. For three years she has been carrying on her pianoforte studies at the New England Conservatory, Boston, under Carl Paeltzen, who is now the director of that institution.



THE "BOOK OF WONDERS."

To some of our Eastern readers the "Book of Wonders" may be a not altogether unfamiliar title. A few of them, we doubt not, knew the author and loved him for more than his book, for more than the bright gifts of intellect and fancy to which it bears witness, for the genial, affectionate, wholesome nature, for the rare faculty of enduring friendship and the sympathy with all that is good and beautiful and true. But let his biographer tell the story of this life of high promise so mysteriously cut short:

In the village of Wolfville, on the 18th of April, 1871, Leslie L. Davison first saw the light of this world. Had he lived five more days he would have reached his eighteenth birthday, and lived eighteen years. These years were busy ones. His thoughts seemed always busy. Whatever he wanted done, he could do it, and do it well. He was a genius. He attempted printing, and in a very short time excelled. Spare hours he spent successively at wood-work, drawing, wood-engraving, studying and writing. He was always skilful with the plane and saw, and in wood-work he succeeded so that when he was very young he could make the carpenter's tools do wonders. Drawing and wood-engraving had great attractions for him, and several of his efforts in this line have appeared in the *Acadian*. Studying he liked better, seemingly, after he had left school than while attending. He continued studying Latin on leaving school, and became quite far advanced. When he was sixteen he wrote a journal in Latin and English. But chemistry he preferred to Latin, and after making wood-cuts and stereotypes, he was not satisfied till he had acquired the process of making electrolytes. Writing he always loved. Had he not, he never could have written what he had. In the articles that are to follow the contents of the "Book of Wonders" will be given.

I remember how he laughed as he showed me the book for the first time and I read the title. He always depreciated his literary talent, and this was the satirical appellation he gave his book of manuscripts. . . . One day not long before the spirit left the quiet sick-room and winged its way to fairer shores, "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest," as I sat and conversed with him, he said: "You remember my 'Book of Wonders'? I wish, if you could in any way muster up the courage and patience, you would read it over again, and if there is anything in it that's worth preserving you would take care of it and burn the rest." I told him that I would and that I thought there was a good deal worth preserving.

Such is the pathetic origin of what we look upon as most interesting among Canadian volumes. It is vain for us to conjecture what Leslie Loring Davison might have accomplished had he lived on till the period of mature manhood. He did not live quite eighteen years, and precious to his friends and not unworthy of his aspirations are the "Stray Leaves" from his "Book," which form the bulk of this memorial collection of prose and poetry. On another page ("Red and Blue Pencils") we give a specimen of what Leslie Davison could do in either style of composition. We have to thank the Rev. Arthur J. Lockhart for kindly interceding with the publishers (Messrs. Davison Brothers, of Wolfville, N.S.) on our behalf. We have also to thank his fellow-editor and himself for making us acquainted with the life work of their friend.

FANCIES OF BOYHOOD.

There was not the same inevitable obligation to put in print the juvenile productions of Mr. Edward Blackadder that justified the publication of the "Book of Wonders." By a singular coincidence the same generous patron of letters has encouraged the living and done justice to the dead aspirant. Mr. Blackadder thanks Mr. H. Sidney Davison, of the Wolfville *Acadian*, for many kindly suggestions and instructive criticisms. It was on the staff of the *Acadian* that Leslie Loring Davison made that start in literature which was so full of promise—promise that would have had its fulfilment had not death so sadly shortened the young writer's career. Is it not Mr. Sidney Davison, in conjunction with "Pastor Felix," who has saved from oblivion the records of that brief but fruitful life? *Hæu miserande puer, si quæ fata aspera rumpas, Tu Marcellus eris.*

Let us hope that Mr. Blackadder will have more than his tribute of lilies—though in the case of young Leslie Davison it certainly cannot be called *immatura*.

As a rule, we do not approve of the publication of youthful poems, simply as such. If poems or any other literary compositions have any value, let the world by all means have the delight and profit of reading them. But if they are of such doubtful worth that it is necessary to remind the reader that they are the offspring of immaturity, then far better let them rest in the shade. In his preface, Mr. Blackadder informs us that all the productions in his book were written between his twelfth and nineteenth years—"which early age," he adds, "will account for some irregularities of metre and crudities of construction." Now, as he has survived long enough and sufficiently improved in knowledge and taste to be aware of these defects, would it not have been wiser for Mr. Blackadder to have revised his poems

before submitting them to the public? What does the poet say of those who devote their lives to the elevation of their kind?

They give the people of their best,
The worst they keep, the best they give.

That is the true principle, and less than what it implies we cannot expect to be acceptable. While, however, we deem it our duty to deprecate any ostentatious emphasizing of precocity as conferring a charm on what, if it were the product of a mature mind, would attract little, if any, attention, and to express our conviction that poetry, like everything else, should be judged solely on its merits, we are glad to recognize in much of Mr. Blackadder's work the undoubted signs of inspiration, and if his development be consonant with these beginnings there is good reason to hope great things of him. It gives us pleasure to read his tribute to the memory of L. L. Davison. In spite of roughnesses, some of his translations are by no means bad. But they could be amended. Some of the patriotic poems show promise—even more than promise. But one fault pervades the book. The author is unfair to himself in leaving so much that might have done him credit in an unfinished state. Moreover, why should he publish fragments? Some of them have good thoughts, indeed. For instance:

He who would fain attain to greatness must
Attempt great things—not wish to be among
The glorious stars and grovel in the dust.

But we do not look for fragments from young writers. When great men have passed away, we gather up the fragments, so that nothing which bore the impress of their genius may be lost. Again, why perpetrate such a rhyme as "plaything—dayspring?" Mr. Blackadder's own ear must have tingled with pain at such a discord. His metre is also (as he acknowledges) frequently at fault. In his preface he justifies publication, on the ground that for the humbler singer there is a place as well as for the more tuneful. But the humbler owes it to his admirers to sing his best. If, as we fear, Mr. Blackadder has avoided revision in order to let us see what his muse was like in her gushing and thoughtless teens, he has committed a folly. He has certainly shown that there is good stuff in him, but for that very reason he ought to cultivate his gift to better advantage. Its development is of more importance than the precocious exercise of it. We hope to hear from Mr. Blackadder again and to have the best thought and imagination of his manhood, as well as the revised fancies of his boyhood. (Halifax, Nova Scotia, Printing Company.)

THE FEAST OF SAINT ANNE.

It is a good sign when the public gives a book an encore. We can well recall when "The Feast of Saint Anne" first made its appearance, just as Lord Dufferin (to whom it is dedicated) took his leave of the Dominion. With the name and many-sided ability of the author, Mr. Pierce Stevens Hamilton, we have long been acquainted. A native of Truro, after completing his education at Acadia College, he entered on the study of law and was admitted to the Bar. He has served in some important public positions and has written largely on a variety of subjects, many connected with the interests of the Maritime Provinces. He took a lead in the Confederation movement, and is a sturdy Imperialist. Poetry has been the solace of his leisure hours. Several of the poems in this volume appeared in Provincial journals on various occasions. One of them—"Jhansi," the most spirited of the shorter compositions—is based on a tragic incident of the Indian mutiny, which was so fruitful in heroism as well as in atrocity. The plan of the principal poem has been successfully employed by many poets, both of the past and the present. It is that of a gathering which furnish a succession of narrators of tales or episodes. The occasion for bringing the company together in this instance is a ceremony long of annual recurrence among the Indians of Nova Scotia. St. Anne, on whose festival it takes place, is the patroness of the Micmac or Souriquois tribes. The festival is or was not long since commemorated at Chapel Island, in the most southern arm of Bras d'Or Lake, about seven miles from St. Peter's, Cape Breton. The island in question, with a tract of land on the opposite mainland, was one of the principal Indian reserves in Nova Scotia. The sports observed at the anniversary are generally kept up for a week or ten days, and are witnessed by large numbers of the white dwellers in neighbouring settlements. The scene is thus described:

In swarms of arrowy canoes they came—
Flotillas dancing o'er the wide Bras d'Or,
And barks more ponderous, with sail and oar,
Equipped and managed by the white man's skill—
From many an Indian village near and far,

The favoured of their frequent shifting homes,
With names most musical in their soft tongue,
Though oft distorted into sounds uncouth
In false refinement's blundering utterance,
Or changed for nomenclature meaningless.

The homes of the gathered host are duly enumerated:—
From Malagatchik's mazy shores they came

And many another dell and stream and shore
To these dark natives of the soil most dear
In this last stronghold of their fading race.

Various motives have inspired the throng—religion,
trade, recreation,

When games and revels and barbaric glee
Untiringly from morn till laten eve
Shall banish silence from their wooded shores,
And not Indians only;
Far other crowds

by curious impulse led,
mingle among the descendants of the old lords of the soil,
And there amid majestic e'en flow
Of Micmac converse, softly musical,
Rang forth the gay, sonorous *Langue d'Oil*
As heard in France a century ago,
With lusty Gaelic gutturals—the tongue
Which loves the name of Scotia, Old and New,
While English, mingling through the whole was heard
Like drone of bagpipe with the chanter's air.

The various pastimes are described—the canoe races, the war-dance, the Highland-fling, towing the caber, and "other feats of nimbleness or strength." Then followed high mass, a *feu de joie*, a banquet and renewed revelry, and the "far fetched company" determined to devote a portion of the time to story telling. Fittingly remembering that

"This, our country's history, though young,
Does many a high heroic deed enshrine,"

they selected their themes from the eventful annals of Canada. Among the tales embodied in "The Feast of Saint Anne" are the "Rendezvous of D'Auville," "The Heroine of St. John," "A Legend of Port Royal" and "The Last Witch of Shubenacadie." Thus introduced, our readers may, we believe, be safely left to Mr. Hamilton's powers of entertaining. Carefully prepared notes shed light on the history, folk-lore and antiquities of the scenes depicted. (Montreal: John Lovell & Son.)

Canada to the Fore.

It is a comforting thing to possess the best of anything,—to possess a much better than the very best is not often vouchsafed to earthly cities, and yet Montreal is in this happy position. The San Francisco Palace Hotel is the best hotel in the world, its manager says so, and has the fact "written large" in newspapers, and in newspapers they never admit anything but the truth; and yet, though the Palace is the best hotel in the world, Montreal has a very much better one in every single respect, except size, and surely the Windsor is large enough for any reasonable being.

The Palace Hotel at San Francisco is very large—three hundred and something feet long by two hundred and something feet wide, and stories and stories high. Its rooms are fairly large, and it has a particularly fine courtyard in the centre with a glass roof (which courtyard, it must not be forgotten, lots up the superficial area occupied by the hotel handsomely). It has, it is said, accommodation for 1,400 guests, and, until the erection of the magnificent *Carmichael* building, was the highest in San Francisco. But height is hardly an advantage in a building with so much wood about it and such scanty precautions against fire in a city dried up with sun and wind like the capital of California. People cannot go to sleep there up on the fifth floor with the same feeling of security as they can in the solidly built Windsor. Nor have they a delightful, cosily carpeted corridor with its suite of drawing-rooms to step out into from the dining-room when they have risen from a luxurious dinner, and feel disposed to linger about and chat. Nor have they a luxurious dinner to rise from, unless they have abandoned "the American Plan" for the European at exorbitant prices per dish. The table on the American side at the Palace is not to be compared with the Windsor's for liberality or variety, and the attendance at the former is execrable. People accustomed to the discipline and politeness and attentiveness of the Windsor waiters can hardly believe their eyes when they get to San Francisco, for the waiter there saunters up to them with the jaunty assurance of a New York policeman, flings a napkin at them, whips the tumblers off the table, takes a ten minutes' stroll to fill them with iced water, brings the wrong dishes with intolerable delays, and answers them as if they were importunate beggars. Nor at the Windsor do they have to ring a quarter of an hour before they require an answer. Two minutes suffice. And, oh! what a change from the pleasant-mannered Canadian chambermaid to the duenna of the San Francisco hotel!

Not that there are not first-class hotels at San Francisco. For instance, every one who goes to the Occidental comes away full of its praises as a liberally managed, thoroughly comfortable hotel. But certainly our experience after travelling twenty thousand miles during the past year is that, all things considered,—the position on the finest site in the city with the open flower-filled square in front, and the St. Lawrence in full view beyond; the gigantic and luxuriously fitted house with its palatial dining-room and antique corridor, its grand rotunda hall and its safety from fire; the unusually good food and attendance; the combination of home-independence with hotel luxury;—all things considered, I say, I think the Canadian hotel the very best we have ever stayed in. One is never humiliated by interfering servants; there are plenty of them when they are wanted, and they never thrust themselves forward when they are not. Liquors are moderate in price and first-class in quality; the hotel laundry is not turned into an engine for pillaging the guests. In hotel, I should be disposed to back Montreal's hotel for as many virtues and as few vices as any in the world. *One's experts.*

DOUGLAS SLADEN.

HISTORIC CANADA, I.

Fort Senneville—A Canadian Feu al C stle of the 17th Century.

Castles in Canada! Feudalism in America! How incongruous do such ideas seem! And yet all Canadians who are at all familiar with the history of their country know that Canada had castles and that the feudal system did exist down to comparatively recent years.

As for those Canadians who are ignorant of the history of their own country, the best thing which they can do is to study it, either in the writings of our own historians or in the fascinating pages of Parkman.

The subject of this sketch is the chateau Senneville, near St. Anne de Bout de l'Isle, the seigneurie to which it appertained being called Boisbriant, after and by the first grantee, Sidrac du Gué, sieur de Boisbriant.

Du Gué came to Canada as a captain in the famous regiment of Carignan-Salieres, which became identified in so marked a manner with the history and very life of the country. A mere recital of the names of the officers is sufficient to prove this. Under Colonel de Salieres were Capts. Chambly, Sorel, St. Ours, Berthier, de Contrecoeur, de la Valtrie, de Meloises, Du Gué, and Lieuts. de la Pérade, Rougemont, de Verchères, de la Mothe, etc., etc.

Du Gué having retired from active service, was granted in 1672 a "fief noble" at the head of the Island of Montreal, a place which had been set aside as a military reserve thirty years before on account of its strategic value. As the "fief" had only the very modest extent of two hundred acres, it is to be understood that it was "noble" rather in regards to rights, privileges and military duties than in intrinsic value. In addition to the two hundred acres there was a supplementary grant "of all the islands and reefs (!) in front of it and others also, in consideration of his zeal in having constructed a house." This little seigneurie Du Gué christened with his own title, and, setting up his stockade, built his seigneurial mill and settled down with his wife to play the part of lord of the manor.

With the restlessness which was a feature of the times, Du Gué sold his seigneurie, after a few years' ownership, to the Le Ber family, and it changed its name as well as its master, being re-christened "Senneville." The first occasion on which the defences of "Fort Senneville" were tested was in resisting an attack by the Iroquois Indians in 1687, of which mere mention is made.*

In 1689 took place the memorable massacre of Lachine, which has recently been so graphically described by Mr. Girouard, M.P.

The savages have been bitterly denounced for their cruelty, but it is only fair to remember that the French had been guilty of brutality and treachery, and reprisals even when carried out by civilized Christian nations do not always reach the actual offenders.

Two years later Senneville was the scene of one of those episodes which were so common in the early days of our country, in which the Spartan bravery exhibited was only equalled by the laconic brevity of narration.

The following is the account given by Abbé Belmont: "On the 7th of May, 1691, the Iroquois burned the mill of M. Le Ber at the Rivière des Prairies; the wife of Gouillon, Grégoire and his wife, de Verchères, de Lachenaye, Goulet the farmer and several others defended a breach forty feet long against 300 Iroquois. De Verchères and a soldier were killed." And, as if such affairs were an every-day occurrence, the only notice of this defence in the great chronicle of the period, the "Relations des Jésuites," is this: "May 7th, 1691. Senneville was burned this day."

After the partial destruction of the original stockade mentioned above, the castle was built in stone in 1692, of sufficient strength to overawe the Indians and keep them at a safe distance ever after. Here the seigneur lived and entertained on a scale of elegance and comfort equal to that of many country gentlemen in Old France. Sometimes the guests were in the King's service, welcome visitors, no doubt, especially to the ladies of the castle. Gay, courtly, young and handsome, the heroes of many "moving accidents by flood and field," their presence would afford a flavour of the life of the Capital (Quebec) and relieve the ennui which must have sometimes afflicted their sociable spirit. That detachments of troops were needed at Senneville up to almost the very last of the old regime, we find from an account of an attack by Mohawks on the upper end of the island in 1747, and garrisons of regulars and militia were maintained there during 1747 and 1748.

Eleven years later the battle of the Plains of Abraham changed the destinies of half a continent, and the Fleur-de-Lis disappeared from New France.

The chateau and seigneurie of Senneville must have remained in the Le Ber family as late as 1753, as there is an entry in the "Actes de Foye et Hommage" of that date recording the oath of Jean Le Ber de Senneville on behalf of his brothers, sisters and himself for their share of Ile St. Paul.

The property and title eventually passed to the de Montigny family in consequence, no doubt, of intermarriage, Mlle. Anne Testard de Montigny (a connection, if not a direct ancestor, of our present Recorder) having married François Le Ber. The de Montignys were evidently one of those old families who frankly accepted the new order of things after the cession, as we find one of them serving with distinction against the American invaders in 1775-76.

Dr. Dawson tells us in his admirable pamphlet† how Capts. Foster and de Montigny attacked superior forces of

Americans, defeated or captured them; advancing with audacity, striking with effect; successful and masters of the position even in retreat, they out-witted and out-generaled Arnold himself,* who took an unworthy revenge by setting fire to the unprotected castle, reducing it to ruins, as it has ever since remained.

A few weeks later (June 15th, 1776) the American troops retired from Canadian territory, leaving behind them not only the ruins of Senneville, but also the blackened walls of many a peaceful hamlet and homestead, as significant comments on the grandiloquent proclamations with which they entered the country "for the protection of the Province and for the express purpose of giving liberty and security to the inhabitants."

The last de Montigny de Senneville was Marguerite, daughter of Jean Baptiste Jeremie Testard, who married Dr. Forbes, of St. Geneviève. Being left a widow without children, she devised the property to her steward, Guyot, and who is thought to have been a blood relation. By this will the nearer and more direct heirs were cut off.

The next change of ownership took place when the Hon. Mr. Abbott acquired the property by purchase.

The architectural features of the castle, while very simple and even primitive compared with similar structures in Europe, were quite magnificent, if regarded in connection with the state of the country and the attacking power of the Indian enemy.

As will be noticed on reference to the plan, the building formed a parallelogram, of which the residence (G., I., K., H.) was one end, the other sides being simply defensive walls, nowhere now more than twelve feet high, pierced with loop-holes and having a gateway at E. At the angles are flanking towers (A., B., C., D.), the two first being connected by a wall (S., T.) which probably did not come much above the ground floor windows. The court-yard (N., O., P., Q.) is nearly square, measuring seventy-five or eighty feet each way. Judging by existing buildings of that period and the ruins which remain, the general appearance of the chateau must have been pretty much as represented in the sketch (No. 1) showing the water-front, looking north-west across the Lake of Two Mountains. The residential part was very like the ordinary seigneurial manor house as we still have them all over the province, with a frontage of about eighty feet and a depth of thirty-five or so, two stories in height in front, but probably only one or one and a half behind (as the ground was higher inside the courtyard), with a high pitched roof, containing a double attic, and large chimneys and fire-places. The walls of the towers are strengthened by that outward spread toward the base, which was a feature of the period, as shown in sketch No. 2. These towers were not large, measuring only about twelve feet square inside, were two or two and a half stories in height, with large windows in the outer walls, and on the sides commanding the curtains or main walls are small embrasures (sketch No. 3), which were probably mounted with light artillery.

In the Natural History Museum there is a relic from this neighbourhood and, as far as can be determined, connected with the period of Senneville's prime. It is a mediæval breach-loading cannon, which was fished out of the Lake of Two Mountains, where it had probably lain for at least a hundred years. This sketch (No. 4) gives as good an idea of its appearance as would a long description. As far as I know, it is certainly the oldest specimen of breach-loading artillery on this continent. As the bore at the breach is only two and a half inches, expanding to four at the muzzle, it is not easy to say what was its calibre. The total length of the piece from tip of tail, or handle, to the muzzle is only 52½ inches, and the circumference at the breach is 21 inches. It would have added greatly to the interest if the breach-block had been recovered with it.

As to how and when it was lost in the lake we can only conjecture. It may have been carried off from Senneville by de Montigny when retiring before the Americans advancing from Montreal, and dropped accidentally from a boat.

The two land-ward towers (C and D on the plan) are completely destroyed down to three or four feet of the ground.

The next sketch (No. 5) is a view from the courtyard, looking out across the Ottawa river towards the railway bridge and the St. Lawrence.

Like all our older buildings, Senneville was remarkably well built; the materials were rough boulder stones with cut-stone jambs, lintels, sills and fireplaces, and such mortar as is not made nowadays—that department of construction seems to be a lost art. One can see places where the stones dropped out, owing to their round shape, when those just below had been removed, but the mortar has retained its shape and hardness though exposed for more than a hundred years to all the changes of our variable climate.

In addition to the castle proper, there were outworks which served more than one purpose. A few hundred yards back from the river the ground rises to a little height, forming quite a commanding position, being crowned by a fortified windmill. These fortified mills were a marked feature all through New France, and have done good service not only against the Indians, but even against the more civilized invaders of the United States.

The mill of Senneville, in addition to being loop-holed for musketry, has a rather unusual feature, namely, a hooded door, as shown in the sketch (No. 6), and which served the same purposes as the machicolations of a mediæval castle. The tower was at least three stories in

height and measures 15 feet inside diameter, the floors having been supported by strong oak beams. The chimney was simply a flue in the thickness of the wall, opening to outer air just below the second storey ceiling; the hood opened above the floor of the same chamber. The roof was doubtless of conical form, covered with shingles, as are some other towers of the same date in this city. These wooden roofs were always points of weakness in time of attack.

The present owner of the seigneurie has restored the original name, Boisbriant, in remembrance of the first seigneur.

A beautiful spot is the old "fief noble" to-day. In front is the Ottawa, with its picturesque and fertile islands; a little to the north-west the river expands into the Lake of Two Mountains, with the Two Mountains themselves in the hazy distance beyond. Around and behind the castle is rich rolling land, with groves and copses of stately trees; lawns, meadows, tilled land and gardens in charming combination. The old courtyard is now a croquet ground, being hardly large enough for tennis. The click of ball and mallet is heard instead of that of the flint-lock, and the flash of rapier and pike-head is replaced by the sparkle of bright eyes—perhaps no less dangerous.

And now, before we turn from Senneville and its story, has it no lesson for us? Are not those battered walls, firm and strong even in their ruin, silent witnesses that the present peace and beauty have come down to us from the trial and conflict, the courage and endurance, of those who have gone before? They may well remind us that neither men nor nations can become great on material prosperity alone, "like cucumbers on a dunghill," as one of the British poets* has said.

Though time and distance may soften the old animosities, as the wild vines try to cover the wounds in these old grey and red-brown walls, Canadians should not forget that they may again have to face trials, as their fathers have done; that self-denial and self-sacrifice may be called for in defence of flag and country.

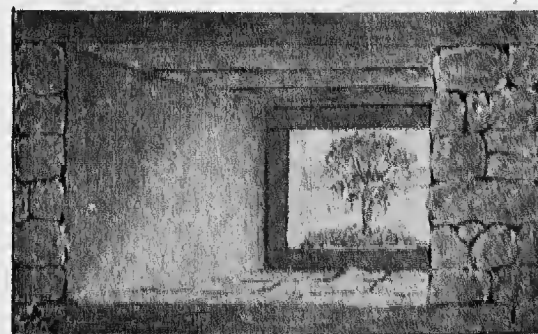
But we will hope, in view of what Canadian patriotism has already accomplished, that, should dark days come again to Canada, there will be found men, and women, too, to "defend the breach" as bravely and as successfully as did that little handful of men and women at Boisbriant two hundred years ago.

ROSWELL C. LYMAN.

*Gerald Massey.



No. 4.—Old French breach-loading cannon recovered from Lake of Two Mountains, probably from Chateau Senneville.



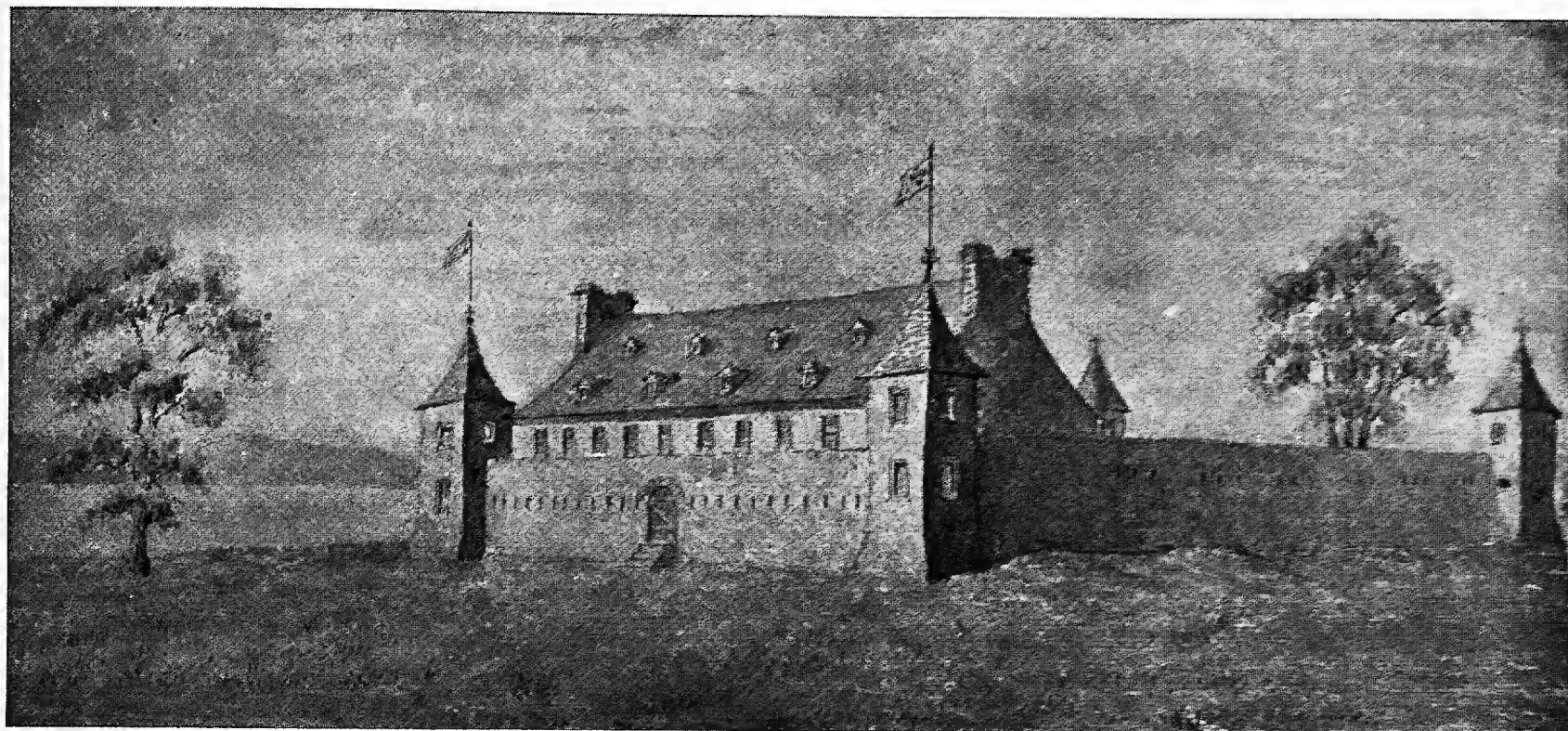
No. 3.—Embrasure.

*Paris Documents.

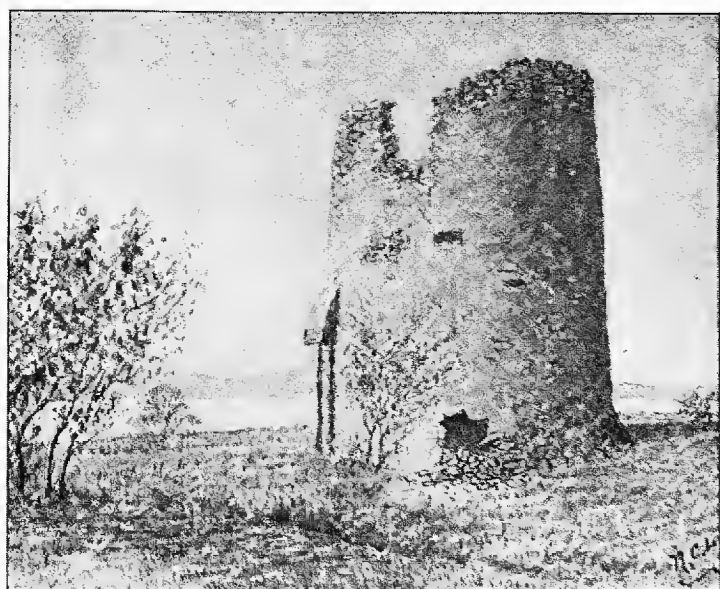
†Paris documents.

‡"The Massacre of the Cedars," S. E. Dawson, LL.D.

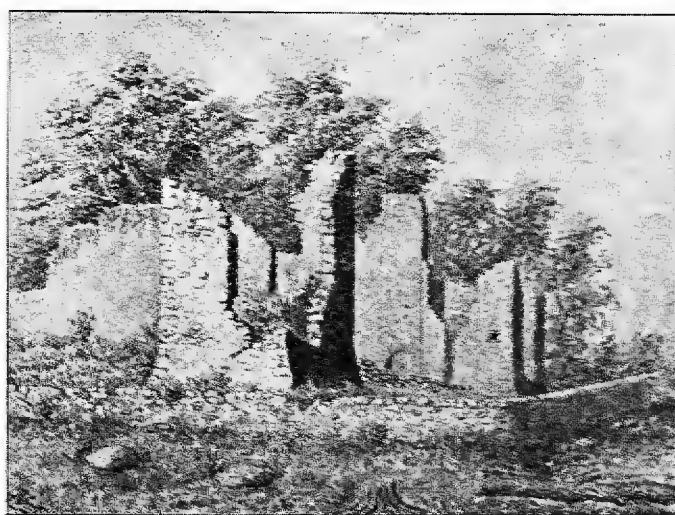
*The American general commanding.



No. 1.—Chateau Senneville.



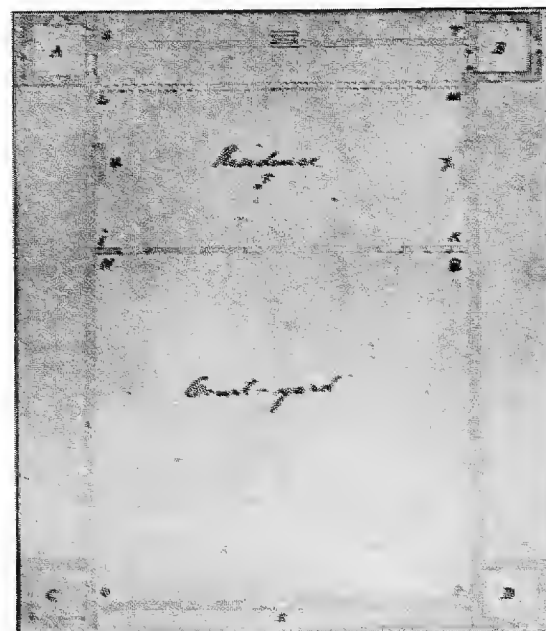
No. 6.—Fortified Windmill.



No. 2.—Ruins of Chateau.



No. 5.—View from Court Yard of Castle, 1890.



Plan of Chateau and Court Yard.

HISTORIC CANADA, I.

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After the partial destruction of the original stockade mentioned above, the castle was built in stone in 1692, of sufficient strength to overawe the Indians and keep them at a safe distance ever after. Here the seigneur lived and entertained on a scale of elegance and comfort equal to that of many country gentlemen in Old France. Sometimes the guests were in the King's service, welcome visitors, no doubt, especially to the ladies of the castle. Gay, courtly, young and handsome, the heroes of many "moving accidents by flood and field," their presence would afford a flavour of the life of the Capital (Quebec) and relieve the ennui which must have sometimes afflicted their sociable spirit. That detachments of troops were needed at Senneville up to almost the very last of the old regime, we find from an account of an attack by Mohawks on the upper end of the island in 1747, and garrisons of regulars and militia were maintained there during 1747 and 1748.

Eleven years later the battle of the Plains of Abraham changed the destinies of half a continent, and the Fleur-de-Lis disappeared from New France.

The chateau and seigneurie of Senneville must have remained in the Le Ber family as late as 1753, as there is an entry in the "Actes de Foye et Hommage" of that date recording the oath of Jean Le Ber de Senneville on behalf of his brothers, sisters and himself for their share of Ile St. Paul.

The property and title eventually passed to the de Montigny family in consequence, no doubt, of intermarriage, Mlle. Anne Testard de Montigny (a connection, if not a direct ancestor, of our present Recorder) having married François Le Ber. The de Montignys were evidently one of those old families who frankly accepted the new order of things after the cession, as we find one of them serving with distinction against the American invaders in 1775-76.

Dr. Dawson tells us in his admirable pamphlet how Capt. Foster and de Montigny attacked superior forces of

Americans, defeated or captured them; advancing with audacity, striking with effect; successful and masters of the position even in retreat, they out-witted and out-generated Arnold himself,* who took an unworthy revenge by setting fire to the unprotected castle, reducing it to ruins, as it has ever since remained.

A few weeks later (June 15th, 1776) the American troops retired from Canadian territory, leaving behind them not only the ruins of Senneville, but also the blackened walls of many a peaceful hamlet and homestead, as significant comments on the grandiloquent proclamations with which they entered the country "for the protection of the Province and for the express purpose of giving liberty and security to the inhabitants."

The last de Montigny de Senneville was Marguerite, daughter of Jean Baptiste Jérémie Te-tard, who married Dr. Forbes, of St. Genevieve. Being left a widow without children, she devised the property to her steward, Guyot, and who is thought to have been a blood relation. By this will the nearer and more direct heirs were cut off.

The next change of ownership took place when the Hon. Mr. Abbott acquired the property by purchase.

The architectural features of the castle, while very simple and even primitive compared with similar structures in Europe, were quite magnificent, if regarded in connection with the state of the country and the attacking power of the Indian enemy.

As will be noticed on reference to the plan, the building formed a parallelogram, of which the residence (G., I., K., H.) was one end, the other sides being simply defensive walls, nowhere now more than twelve feet high, pierced with loop-holes and having a gateway at E. At the angles are flanking towers (A., B., C., D.), the two first being connected by a wall (S., T.) which probably did not come much above the ground floor windows. The court-yard (N., O., P., Q.) is nearly square, measuring seventy-five or eighty feet each way. Judging by existing buildings of that period and the ruins which remain, the general appearance of the chateau must have been pretty much as represented in the sketch (No. 1) showing the water-front, looking north-west across the Lake of Two Mountains. The residential part was very like the ordinary seigneurial manor house as we still have them all over the province, with a frontage of about eighty feet and a depth of thirty-five or so, two stories in height in front, but probably only one or one and a half behind (as the ground was higher inside the courtyard), with a high pitched roof, containing a double attic, and large chimneys and fire-places. The walls of the towers are strengthened by that outward spread toward the base, which was a feature of the period, as shown in sketch No. 2. These towers were not large, measuring only about twelve feet square inside, were two or two and a half stories in height, with large windows in the outer walls, and on the sides commanding the curtains or main walls are small embrasures (sketch No. 3), which were probably mounted with light artillery.

In the Natural History Museum there is a relic from this neighbourhood and, as far as can be determined, connected with the period of Senneville's prime. It is a mediæval breach-loading cannon, which was fished out of the Lake of Two Mountains, where it had probably lain for at least a hundred years. This sketch (No. 4) gives as good an idea of its appearance as would a long description. As far as I know, it is certainly the oldest specimen of breach-loading artillery on this continent. As the bore at the breach is only two and a half inches, expanding to four at the muzzle, it is not easy to say what was its calibre. The total length of the piece from tip of tail, or handle, to the muzzle is only 52½ inches, and the circumference at the breach is 21 inches. It would have added greatly to the interest if the breach-block had been recovered with it.

As to how and when it was lost in the lake we can only conjecture. It may have been carried off from Senneville by de Montigny when retiring before the Americans advancing from Montreal, and dropped accidentally from a boat.

The two land-ward towers (C and D on the plan) are completely destroyed down to three or four feet of the ground.

The next sketch (No. 5) is a view from the courtyard, looking out across the Ottawa river towards the railway bridge and the St. Lawrence.

Like all our older buildings, Senneville was remarkably well built; the materials were rough boulder stones with cut-stone jambs, lintels, sills and fireplaces, and such mortar as is not made nowadays—that department of construction seems to be a lost art. One can see places where the stones dropped out, owing to their round shape, when those just below had been removed, but the mortar has retained its shape and hardness though exposed for more than a hundred years to all the changes of our variable climate.

In addition to the castle proper, there were outworks which served more than one purpose. A few hundred yards back from the river the ground rises to a little height, forming quite a commanding position, being crowned by a fortified windmill. These fortified mills were a marked feature all through New France, and have done good service not only against the Indians, but even against the more civilized invaders of the United States.

The mill of Senneville, in addition to being loop-holed for musketry, has a rather unusual feature, namely, a hooded door, as shown in the sketch (No. 6), and which served the same purposes as the machicolations of a mediæval castle. The tower was at least three stories in

height and measures 15 feet inside diameter, the floors having been supported by strong oak beams. The chimney was simply a flue in the thickness of the wall, opening to outer air just below the second storey ceiling; the hood opened above the floor of the same chamber. The roof was doubtless of conical form, covered with shingles, as are some other towers of the same date in this city. These wooden roofs were always points of weakness in time of attack.

The present owner of the seigneurie has restored the original name, Boisbriant, in remembrance of the first seigneur.

A beautiful spot is the old "fief noble" to-day. In front is the Ottawa, with its picturesque and fertile islands; a little to the north-west the river expands into the Lake of Two Mountains, with the Two Mountains themselves in the hazy distance beyond. Around and behind the castle is rich rolling land, with groves and copses of stately trees; lawns, meadows, tilled land and gardens in charming combination. The old courtyard is now a croquet ground, being hardly large enough for tennis. The click of ball and mallet is heard instead of that of the flint-lock, and the flash of rapier and pike-head is replaced by the sparkle of bright eyes—perhaps no less dangerous.

And now, before we turn from Senneville and its story, has it no lesson for us? Are not those battered walls, firm and strong even in their ruin, silent witnesses that the present peace and beauty have come down to us from the trial and conflict, the courage and endurance, of those who have gone before? They may well remind us that neither men nor nations can become great on material prosperity alone, "like cucumbers on a dunghill," as one of the British poets* has said.

Though time and distance may soften the old animosities, as the wild vines try to cover the wounds in these old grey and red-brown walls, Canadians should not forget that they may again have to face trials, as their fathers have done; that self-denial and self-sacrifice may be called for in defence of flag and country.

But we will hope, in view of what Canadian patriotism has already accomplished, that, should dark days come again to Canada, there will be found men, and women, too, to "defend the breach" as bravely and as successfully as did that little handful of men and women at Boisbriant two hundred years ago.

ROSSELL C. LYMAN.

*Gerald Massey.



No. 4.—Old French breach-loading cannon recovered from Lake of Two Mountains, probably from Chateau Senneville.



No. 3.—Embrasure.

*Paris Documents.

†Paris documents.

‡"The Massacre of the Cedars," S. E. Dawson, LL.D.

*The American general commanding.



FASHIONS IN FURS FOR 1890-91.

Kleptomania.

Probably no uncivilized man believes in kleptomania. Even among civilized peoples many persons smile incredulously when they are told of the acts of kleptomaniacs. They know better: the kleptomaniac is a thief with a fine name; and the name has been invented for the purpose of screening the higher classes who indulge in low vices. But a case has been brought to light recently which ought to convince the most sceptical. A man was arrested a short time ago in the act of stealing a pocket handkerchief from a lady in a Vienna suburb. In his sane days he had been a prosperous banker; but a mania for cambric pocket handkerchiefs seized upon him and proved his ruin. It was his habit to accost ladies in the street and offer to buy their pocket handkerchiefs. If they refused he used to get

angry, and to offer higher and higher prices until a bargain was struck. Many ladies—could they have been ladies?—traded upon his madness, until at last all his money was spent, and he became a bankrupt. But bankruptcy did not cure his mania, for, no longer having money to pay for pocket handkerchiefs, he took to stealing them, and was sent to prison. For five years nothing was heard of his depredations, and it was believed that his imprisonment had cured him. But a short time ago he was discovered at his old tricks. When arrested he had fifteen cambric handkerchiefs in his possession, all of which he confessed to having stolen within an hour. In his bedroom 434 cambric pocket handkerchiefs were found, and it is believed that many more were concealed in hiding-places which he refused to reveal. He had never been known to steal anything else; nor does he seem to have made any use of the cambric handkerchiefs. The tribunal before which he

appeared very properly sent him to a madhouse and not to prison. This case is absolutely convincing; and probably no one who reads it will in future doubt the fact of kleptomania. But that it should ever have been doubted is surprising and not very creditable. The world has been familiar with the delusions of the lunatic from its earliest ages; and many of those delusions have been infinitely more curious and difficult of belief than that a man should have too keen a desire to possess himself of other people's property. It is probable, in fact, that the commonest of all forms of madness is that induced by excessive greed; and the only reason why so few persons are charged with theft or kleptomania is that their greed is tempered and kept in check by cunning. Whenever a case happens where the motive for theft is exceedingly small or entirely wanting the person who possesses himself of what is not his own should be suspected of kleptomania.—*Hospital.*

THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

TRADE MARK

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF PARLIAMENT OF CANADA, IN THE YEAR 1889, AT THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.

REGISTERED

Vol. V.—No. 122.

MONTREAL AND TORONTO, 1st NOVEMBER, 1890.

\$4.00 PER ANNUM. IN GREAT BRITAIN, 25s. 6d. 10 CENTS PER COPY. NO. 416



SAND BANKS NEAR PICTON, ONT.

The Dominion Illustrated.

\$4.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

THE SABISTON LITHOGRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING CO
RICHARD WHITE, PRESIDENT.

ALEX. SABISTON, MANAGING-DIRECTOR.
The Gazette Building, Montreal.

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36 King Street East, Toronto.

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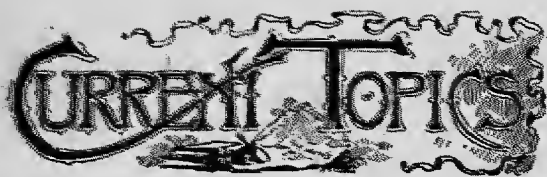
3 & 4 Boulevard Street, Fleet Street, E.C.
SOLE AGENTS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

1st NOVEMBER, 1890.

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All business communications, remittances, etc., to be addressed to "THE SABISTON LITHOGRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING CO., MONTREAL."

Literary communications to be addressed to
"THE EDITOR, DOMINION ILLUSTRATED."



The ease with which train robberies are still committed in some of the States and Territories of the Union is certainly not creditable to the authorities. The recent surprise of a south-bound train on the Santa Fe railroad by three men, who, after overpowering and robbing the conductor and porter, proceeded to "go through" the passengers—carrying off altogether about \$1,500—reads more like a sample of Turkish brigandage than an instance of real life in a law-governed country. This is the third example of such marauding in the course of a few months. It is time that Uncle Sam took effective measures for the protection of honest wayfarers. Whoever follows the thieves to the mountains and takes them captive will get \$1,000 from the outraged company, but he must be wary as well as valiant who will secure the prize.

Several of our French contemporaries have taken up the subject of our insane asylums with an earnestness which encourages the hope that the Government will soon deal faithfully and humanely with the question. This hope seems all the more reasonable as it is journals friendly to the powers that be which have been most outspoken in urging prompt and comprehensive reform. It is generally admitted that the farming-out system is antiquated and entirely incompatible with that treatment of the insane which medical science and humanity demand. *L'Union Libérale*, which has begun a series of elaborate studies on insanity—the work clearly of an enlightened alienist—points out that a system which consists in nothing more than detention, is out of keeping with the best usage of modern civilization. Public opinion was first drawn to the defects of our present establishments at the time of the British Association's visit to Montreal. Much indignation was directed against Dr. Hack Tuke who (whatever may have been thought of him in this province) is undoubtedly one of the foremost students of and writers on insanity in Europe, for having ventured to criticize institutions without respect to persons. That Dr. Tuke ever dreamed that his honestly expressed opinions would be regarded as deliberate and malicious insults to a most deserving order of self-sacrificing ladies we do not believe. His animadversions on lay institutions in his own land and in the United States were of a candour and severity less tempered with kindness than his comments at Montreal. Besides, the commission, subsequently appointed by the Government, took practically the same line of attack against what its members deemed deserving of reprehension. It is essential, indeed, to a fair and unprejudiced consideration of a subject in which we are all directly or indirectly concerned, that the personal element be eliminated from the discussion altogether. The matter is too serious to be made a pretext for bandying reproaches, or a theme for charges and recriminations against religious creed or political party. What is of moment is that al-

most all, without respect to church, party or nationality, are convinced of the necessity of a change in the system. The only point on which there is room for difference of opinion is whether the urgency of the circumstances is strong enough to justify the annulment of contracts entered into before either Governments or the public had awakened to the realization of the situation and to a full sense of the action which duty prompted them to take. The decision on that point rests with Mr. Mercier and his colleagues.

Our contemporary, *The Week*, calls attention to the anomaly of treating a Christianized Chinese lady in a Christian land as if she were merchandise. What a shock, it is urged, must such treatment have been to one who had accepted Christianity as embodying the broadest doctrine of human brotherhood! Nor would the contrast between religious theory and political economy, as practised by Christian people, be easy to explain away. It is not the first time that earnest advocates of foreign missions have had to protest against a proceeding which stultified their cause. It is to be hoped that the remonstrance of the Women's Missionary Society will prove more effective than preceding appeals in bringing about the desired change in the application of the law. The problem presented by Chinese immigration is one of admitted difficulty and it is a delicate duty, however discharged, that necessity has imposed on our Government. It is useless to argue that no such law should exist and that then there would be no trouble about its enforcement. After a careful investigation and fully weighing the pros and cons in the case, it was decided that some restrictive measure was essential for self-protection. What is wanted is a reform in the *modus operandi* which would save Chinese gentlemen from insult and Chinese ladies from treatment which is an outrage on civilization. There are surely a few persons connected with the Customs who are sufficiently enlightened and judicious to be allowed a certain discretion. Or are they all not so? And to the brutality which has already made our neighbours despicable in the eyes of cultured Chinese is there no alternative? In that case, should our missionaries to China escape the treatment awarded to the least favoured nation, we shall have reason to felicitate ourselves and them. Besides, is not China one of our markets that are to be? Let us be wary and void of offence. In Chinese ethical books there is a passage practically identical with our golden rule, on which the superior men of the race have been framing their conduct for two millenniums and a half. And did not another heathen say that the way through precepts is long, while through example it is short and effectual?

M. Gustave Molinari, editor of the *Paris Journal des Economistes*, whose name and reputation are familiar to many, his person, to several of our readers, undertakes to show, on the authority of a member of the higher circles of French commerce, that the McKinley tariff will do much more harm to the people of the United States than it will to the European nations trading with that country. In 1887-1888 the United States furnished \$519,298,000 of a total \$683,862,000 imported by seven European states—England, Germany, France, Belgium, Holland, Spain and Italy. During the same year those seven countries supplied to the United States merchandise valued at \$264,300,000 in a total of \$2,723,000,000 imported to the United States. In the former case the proportion of the total value of goods imported by the seven European countries contributed by the United States was seven-tenths, while, on the latter, the value of the merchandise sent across the ocean to American ports was less than one-tenth. The closing of Europe to the United States will mean, therefore, the forfeiture of seven dollars for every dollar that Europe will lose by the closing of the United States. The cry of retaliation has already been raised not only on the continent but in England—two writers in the *Fortnightly* proposing the formation of a fund by means of a duty on United States corn, dairy produce, beef and other food stuffs, out of which bounties should be paid on all

similar foodstuffs from colonies or other countries receiving British goods free—the bounty being higher to free-trading than to protectionist countries. By this plan it is considered that England could retaliate on the United States without raising the price of foodstuffs for English consumers. When even England accepts the challenge of the McKinley bill, our neighbours may be sure that the nemesis in store for them from professedly protectionist countries will not be long delayed.

The many-sidedness and sharp contrasts of modern civilization are singularly exemplified by the variety of subjects, the discussion of which has for years past been attracting those ecumenical congresses whose transactions add so much to certain special domains of knowledge. Last year was exceptionally rich in these world-gatherings, the French exposition drawing men and women engaged in every pursuit that could be named from the limits of the inhabited earth. But every year has its tale of fresh themes that compel from afar the devotees of the sciences, the arts, the industries, whose development brings us nearer to the millennium. A conference on weapons of war will have peculiar interest for one class of thinkers and workers. Another will meet to deliberate on schemes by which war may be abolished or robbed of its horrors. The congress by which this year will be most memorable to men of science is doubtless the tenth International Medical Congress, which took place in Berlin and was attended by some six thousand general practitioners and specialists. It is the latter who gave these congresses their *raison d'être*. There was a time when speculations such as those of Koch, of Pasteur, of Lister and others were looked upon with disfavor by members of the profession, who deemed themselves practical men. Some of the grandest discoveries of our time, as of every age in the world's progress, have been made under the ban of suspicion, ridicule or apathy. But every victory won over prejudice by the patience and fortitude of the inspired and persevering investigator is a triumph for humanity. The men of knowledge and skill who assembled from east and west, from north and south, under the presidency of Professor Virchow, to learn the latest results of research in the noblest of all the sciences could not but be stirred to fresh exertion in the warfare against disease and death. Canada was represented by some of her best physicians and surgeons and the Dominion is sure to profit by their contact with the great minds of the old world. The first of these congresses was that which met at Paris in 1867. Here, as on so many other occasions, France took the initiative in a great movement. About five hundred medical men of various nationalities attended the opening congress and since then this parliament of the world's healers has been triennial. There are still (as was made deplorably evident a couple of years ago in connection with the fatal illness of the late German Emperor) unseemly jealousies to get rid of, but, on the whole, the effect of these conferences has been most salutary in bringing into friendly intercourse the benefactors of the human race of different nationalities. The cordiality with which the great personalities present were greeted as they appeared, without regard to origin, was not the least welcome feature of this latest congress.

Last year we presented our readers with portraits of the ladies who won the prizes at the beauty competition at Spa. A male jury of eight was appointed to award the 10,000 francs entrusted to M. Hervé du Lorrain for distribution among the three fairest of the group of twenty-one selected from the whole list of candidates. The arrival of the ladies, whose charms were to be the subject of arbitration, was made the occasion of much public rejoicing in the town honoured with their presence. The burgomaster presided at the examination and the proceedings were marked by dignity and decorum. Grace of carriage, taste of toilet, and courtesy of manner were taken into account as well as beauty of person. The religious authorities, however, did not approve of an exhibition which was considered out of harmony with female modesty, and might, it was feared, stimulate the vanity of

the thoughtless. Such displays have been forbidden in a number of Roman Catholic dioceses, and the churches generally are opposed to them. No interdiction has as yet, however, been pronounced on the giving of prizes for ugliness, and an enterprising journalist thought he might without offence start a competition in which not the fairest, but the plainest, should be the winner. In such a rivalry ladies could hardly be expected to engage. Indeed, the plan adopted made the competition involuntary, for it was the subscribers to the organizer's journal (*Le Tourbillon*) who were to adjudge the prizes. The winner of the first prize, Mr. Oscar Browning, would not accept it. Personal spite, political prejudice, love of fun and mystification were the chief motives in the plebiscite. Mr. Gladstone and the Lord Mayor of London figured in the list of claimants.

SIR WILLIAM DAWSON ON THE CLASSICS.

A discussion arose at the recent meeting of the Protestant teachers of this Province concerning specialism in education, which has been continued in the daily press. In the course of a letter to the *Montreal Gazette*, Dr. A. Aspinwall Howe, the venerable Rector of the High School, in explaining the difference between specialism that is profitable—specialism that is based on a broad knowledge of principles—and that which, being superficial, is to be distrusted, refers incidentally to certain remarks on ancient classical literature made by Sir William Dawson in his inaugural address, delivered thirty-five years ago as Principal of McGill College. *Aliquis latet error*. In the address in question, as printed, Sir William Dawson does not use the words attributed to him by Dr. Howe, does not characterize "ancient classical literature as fit only to be relegated to museums of chain armour and panoplies of the knight-errant of the middle ages." On the contrary, Sir William speaks of "the noble literature and language of the Hellenic races," races "gifted with a vividness of imagination, a delicacy of taste and acuteness of intellect, that have enabled them to transmit to us models in literature, art and abstract science that cannot be excelled. Certain grand prominent points in this literature (continues the Principal) are landmarks in the progress of the human mind. The greatest of epic poems, breathing at once the air of the east and west, bursts on us at the very threshold of Greek literature." Then he alludes to "the fathers of European history," to "a crowd of inimitable poets, dramatists and orators, many of whom still live as powers in the world of mind," to the "mathematicians, physicists, naturalists and metaphysicians, whose influence is still strongly stamped on our modern science." Of the Latin language and literature the Principal speaks in equally worthy terms as "connecting forms of thought and civilization which have altogether passed away with those which under various modifications still subsist, and linking the language, the politics and the jurisprudence of the present inseparably with those of the past. Its study (continues the author of the address) thus becomes, without taking into account the merely literary merits and beauties of the Latin authors, an object of undeniable importance to the professional man, the man of science and the English scholar. The large obligations that we owe to the literature of classical antiquity, as well as its present value, are thus sufficient to retain it as an important element in the higher education." But the new Principal of McGill (whose address is well worth reading in its integrity) thought it necessary to add to his praise of the classics these words of warning: "The only danger is that the time of students may be so occupied and their minds so filled with such studies that they may go from our colleges armed with an antique panoply more fitted for the cases of a museum than to appear in the walks of actual life." The metaphor is somewhat confusing in its rapid transit from the ideal to the real. But we know what it means and its sense is very different from what Dr. Howe's remembrance of it would imply. The Principal then goes on to say that "such results of the too exclusive devotion to ancient literature have undoubtedly given rise to

just complaint," but, while voicing that side of the controversy, he deprecates neglect of classical studies, emphasizing their value even as purely practical branches of learning. "No one," he proceeds, "who weighs aright their influence on his own mental growth can doubt this. Even those of us who have been prevented by the pressure of other duties and the attractions of other tastes from following out these studies into a matured scholarship, have to thank them for much of our command over our own language; for much breadth of view and cultivation of taste; for much insight into the springs of human thought and action, and even for some portion of our appreciation of that highest light which we enjoy, as compared with those ancient nations which with all their wisdom knew not the true God, and in consequence of that deficiency, appear in our more enlarged views, even in their highest philosophy, but as children 'playing with the golden sands of truth.'" Those who read the whole of the passage that we have quoted or indicated will not, we are assured, accuse Sir William Dawson of that cheap contempt of the classics which, as the learned professor of Greek in Queen's College has more than hinted, is usually associated with ignorance both of them and of other things. The address of the young principal of McGill is, to our mind, admirable throughout, and has no trace of that narrow specialism of which Dr. Howe bids us beware.

SOME SIGNIFICANT CONTRASTS.

In his famous article, "Kin beyond Sea," contributed to the *North American Review* in 1878, Mr. Gladstone brings out very clearly the points of difference between the British constitution and the United States system of government. Like all compromises the monarchy of Great Britain has, he concedes, its flaws—anomalies, and apparent self-contradictions. But as a whole, it has grown to fit the people fairly well and, compared with the professedly more logical republican régime of our neighbours, it is much more in consonance with popular aspirations. In fact, in many ways, the nation is more fully and honestly represented in London than in Washington. Dr. Bourinot, who has devoted many years to the study of the history and practice of our Canadian constitution, shows still more explicitly that in some important particulars where our neighbours diverged from, and we have adhered to, traditional usage, the advantage is with the British system. He acknowledges that upper houses appointed by the Crown may be less effective as co-ordinate authorities in the legislature than the federal and state senates. But in the relations of the executive to the legislature, the Canadian plan is decidedly more in accord with the principle of popular self-government and equal justice to all the functions of administration. The executive in the United States has no direct control over the legislature, in which it has no place—the clumsy expedient of the veto indicating its only power of intervention. On the other hand, there is nothing in the United States answering to our ministerial responsibility. The members of the cabinet have no seat in Congress, as our ministers have in Parliament, which, in its legislation, has the benefit of their lead and counsel. This distinction is of the utmost importance both from the standpoint of popular liberty and from that of the cabinet's many-sidedness. It is the regulator of the relations between the sovereign (represented by the Governor-General), the Senate and the Commons, "exercising functionally the powers of the first, and incorporated, in the persons of its members, with the second and third." Under our system, that which happens not seldom at Washington, a state of variance between the executive and the legislative authorities, is practically impossible. The President and his secretary may be in favour of a certain policy, while the majority in the popular house may be opposed to it. Such a deadlock occurred, in fact, quite recently when Mr. Blaine and Major McKinley (both Republicans) held different views on the subject of duties on sugar. Thus the Secretary of State (whose position corresponds with that of Prime Minister in Canada), having no seat in Congress, finds him-

self thwarted by his nominal ally, the leader of the Republican majority in the House. Now, if the Canadian rule, that ministers must be members of either legislative body, prevailed in the Republic, such an anomalous and unseemly conflict of opinion could not arise. The presence in the United States of delegates from Central and South America, with whom Mr. Blaine naturally wished to deal without restrictions on his freedom of action, made such opposition to his views peculiarly inopportune. In his excellent papers on "The Pan-American Conference," to which we have already referred, Senor Romero dwells almost pathetically on Mr. Blaine's position as that of a minister rendered powerless by his own party and forced to confess that he could not fulfil his promises.

Another point in which American differs *toto calo* from British and Canadian usage is that which concerns the Speakership. It may seem to us almost incredible that, as Dr. Bourinot informs us, "the Speaker himself is the leader of the party so far as he has influence on the composition of the committees." Yet how true this statement is may be disclosed to any seeker of evidence whenever the House is in session. Prof. James Bryce, author of "The American Commonwealth," was asked by the editor of the *North American* (*more suo*) to give his opinion on the recent action of the Speaker in counting members who were present but did not vote as present for the purposes of a quorum. Mr. Bryce preferred not to meddle with American party questions, but he volunteered to give his views on the Speaker's office, and, in doing so, he contrasts the strict impartiality of the British, with the avowed and open partisanship of the American, presiding officer. "In Congress," he writes, "the Speaker is for many purposes the leader of the majority. The majority is often advised by him and usually reckons on him to help it to carry out its will. The hare might as well hope that the huntsman would call off the hounds as the minority expect the Speaker to restrain an impatient majority." Such is the deliberate judgment pronounced by an Englishman, whom our neighbours accept as the fairest and most thoughtful authority on the theory and working of their constitution, as to the American view of the Speaker's functions. How different is the record of the British Speakership. Prof. Bryce assures us that "in Parliament the Speaker and the chairman of committees are, and have always been, non-partisan officials." Whatever he may have been before, "the Speaker is deemed, once he has assumed the wig and gown of office, to have so distinctly renounced and divested himself of all party trappings that, if he is willing to go on serving in a new Parliament in which the party to which he belongs is in a minority, the majority is nevertheless, expected to elect him anew. Thus Speaker Brand, although he had once been whip of the Liberal party, was re-elected Speaker in 1874 by the Tory party, which had then gained a majority, and served on till 1883. The Speaker is not permitted, so long as he holds office, to deliver any party speech outside Parliament, or even express his opinion on any party question, and in the chair itself he must be scrupulously fair to both parties, equally accessible to all members, bound to give his advice on points of order without distinction between those who ask it. It is to this impartiality which has never been wanting to any Speaker within living memory, that the Speakership owes a great part of the authority and the respect it inspires." And what Prof. Bryce says of the English Speakership is equally applicable to the position of the Speaker in Canada. These points of admitted superiority in the theory and operation of our Canadian constitution bear witness to the folly of those who would exalt an alien system at the expense of their own and show that neither in freedom nor in order would we gain by exchanging our own mode of government for the rule of the Republic.

The Christmas number of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED, which will be ready early in December, will be the finest publication of its kind both in letter-press and illustrations that Canada has ever produced.



THE EARL OF ABERDEEN AND FAMILY.

From Down by the Sea.

Things have been very gay lately in the "city by the sea," the visits of the Governor-General and of His Royal Highness Prince George having necessarily created no little stir in social circles. We are not near enough to "the land of the free" to feel anything of the grand indifference to royalty and titled greatness possessed by our American brothers. We are still so small and unenlightened that the titles tickle our ears, and we feel honoured when our rulers or our potentates condescend to be entertained by us and graciously accept our homage.

Speaking of our American brothers, reminds me of a proposal made by one of them the other day, after witnessing the wonderful Oberammergau Passion Play. He offered to "transfer the whole thing for a winter show to Staten Island," adding, as an inducement, that he would "put a hundred instead of only twelve apostles on the stage." Evidently the directors of these old-time ceremonies need Brother Jonathan to "show them how to do things." But to return to our "sheep."

Halifax has been holding a "Nautical Fair" in aid of the "Seaman's Rest," which has been a great success, both financially and otherwise. Though the ladies tired themselves out with their indefatigable efforts, it was in such a good cause that I am sure their guardian angels will not allow any permanent harm to follow their exertions. Each booth in the fair was decorated to represent some part of a ship, and all the young lady-traders were most tastefully attired in sailor costume. The pretty little frocks were exchanged for more imposing gowns on the Tuesday following the conclusion of the fair, when a grand ball was given at Maplewood, that lovely spot at the North-west Arm, by the officers of the Army Service corps. Chinese lanterns and gay marquees made the scene beautiful, and the inner man was satisfied by a choice repast, prepared by Street, the well-known caterer. His Royal Highness was, of course, the star of the assembly, and the hearts of many fair ones fluttered when close to the royal arm.

The students at our several universities are hard at work again after the summer slackening of the mental bow. King's College, Windsor, the oldest university of all, has opened with fair prospects in the autumn of its centennial year. We fear that the race of naughty fellows who shaved the president's horse, fished for his geese out of the bedroom windows, and committed other charming atrocities in the days gone by, is becoming extinct. These

docile and industrious young men remind one of the crew described by "Bab" of the immortal "Ballads" in the "Bumboat Woman's Story." However, I suppose the honoured president who to-day trains the young minds, would scarcely view the matter in the same light. I believe some of the initiatory exercises compulsorily performed each term by the unlucky freshmen, are entertaining in a high degree to all but the principal actors. I remember a short time ago hearing a rather amusing, though not original, practical joke, which was played upon a young man who came to King's prepared to reside in college immediately upon passing his matriculation examination. Some mischievous juniors dressed themselves up in degree gowns, and with much gravity conducted him to a classroom to pass an examination, which he supposed was in due order. A paper of most impossible questions was given him, through which he laboured as his abilities allowed him; a want of the necessary comprehension preventing his appreciating the obvious absurdity of the work he was called upon to do. In some cases, however, he displayed no little ingenuity in his answers. Here are some of the questions over which the unfortunate youth pored for hours:

- I. Define a parallel straight line?
- II. Parse *Amans*, and compare it with the English *A man*, and also *Amen* at the end of the prayers?
- III. Compare the careers of the two prophets—El Mahdi and El Wiggins?
- IV. Suppose in travelling by train from Annapolis to Windsor you were to get out at Kentville and walk the rest of the way, how much sooner should you arrive in Windsor than the train?

The answer given to this last question was very much to the point. He "had never travelled on the Windsor and Annapolis Railway."

The poor little W. & A. Railway does not deserve all the hard things that are said of it, though certainly there is room for improvement in the matter of speed. Perhaps you do not remember the story of a Yankee's first excursion by this line. Near Newport station the train had to be stopped to dislodge a cow which was standing on the track, which proceeding amused the Yankee vastly. Near Windsor Junction, about twenty-six miles further on, the train was again stopped. On going forward to ascertain the cause, our friend saw that the same thing had occurred a second time. "Wall! I'm dashed," he said, "if we haven't caught up to that — old cow again."

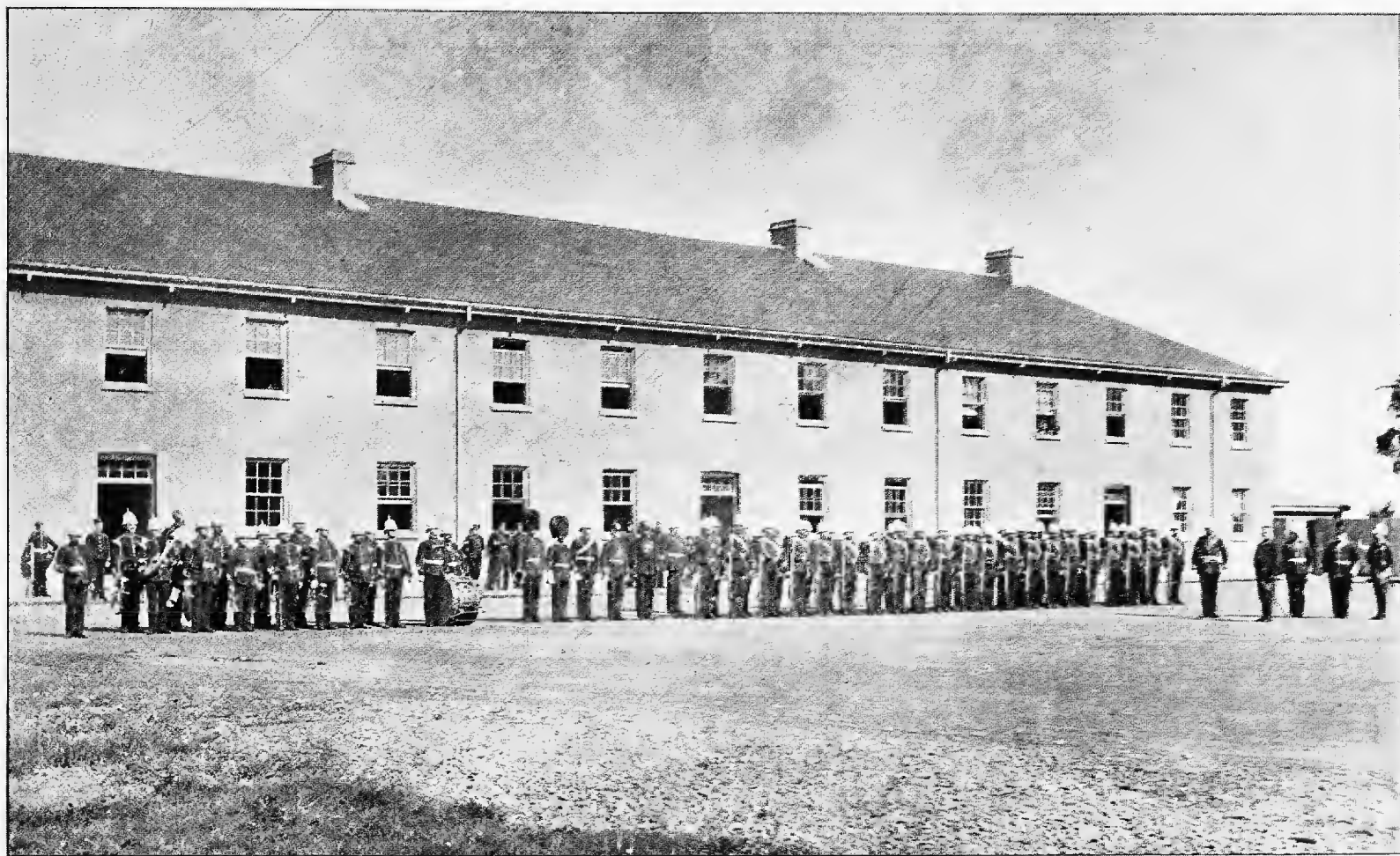
The road still continues to be popular, and it is scarcely to be wondered at, while such obliging and genial conductors as Joe Edwards and Addie LeCain retain their positions.

The following is culled from a late Halifax paper:—"The jury on the inquest to inquire into the cause of the death of ———, returned the following verdict: 'That ——— came to his death on Water street, in the city of Halifax, by tripping on a certain plank laid on the sidewalk to cover a hatchway, and, in tripping, fell through an opening in a fence into a pit or excavation for a cellar, and striking with violence upon a large stone, lying in the said excavation, the said being about eight feet deep, the said ——— received a blow on his neck whereby his spine was broken, and from which injury he died.' " From the foregoing I should judge that the man was dead! Whether the jury has survived the wonderful exertion of brain employed in manufacturing this verdict I do not know.

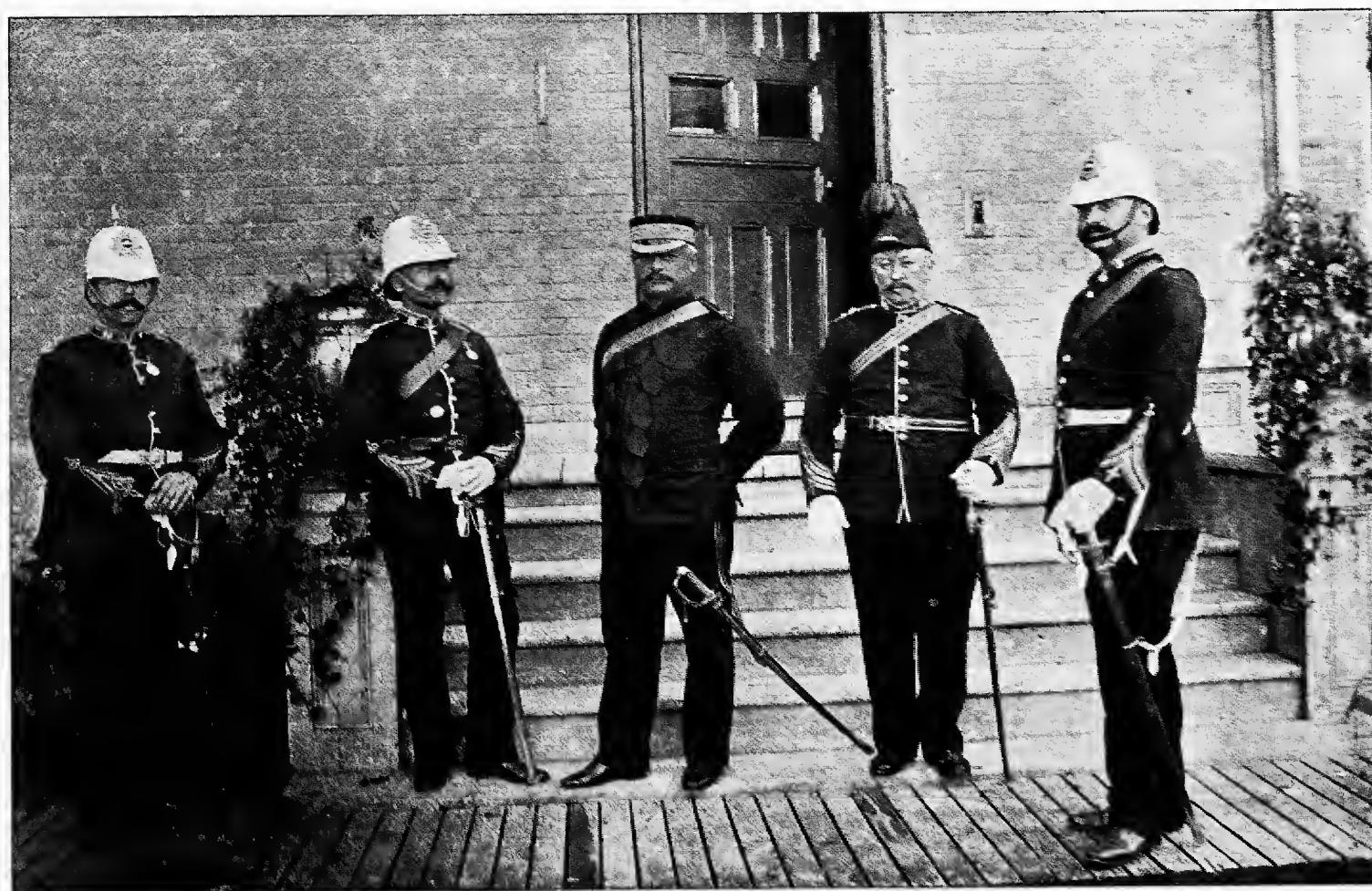
Societies seem to be the order of the day in the university town of Windsor. A Philharmonic Society educates the musical taste of the young people, and its members disperse sweet strains at concerts given every now and then for the benefit of the society.

The members of a Shakesperian Society meet every week at different houses. The anxiety of these students to learn the wisdom and poetry of the immortal bard is something delightful, and ere long I should imagine that their knowledge would equal the combined lore of Shakespeare commentators of all ages. The study of the play under consideration lasts from eight till nine, and the rest of the evening is devoted to the Muse Terpsichore. Of course those who prefer the Goddess to the Sage can show their partiality by coming to the place of meeting a little late. Seriously though, there is at least a most decided leaning towards elevating occupations that is not usual among young people of most communities. A French and a German class, formed within the last few months, are well attended, some industrious and ambitious students attending both. To the clever and kindly professor who is striving to leaven the tastes of the community in which he lives with drops from his own store of learning, our sweet-voiced poet of the Maritime Provinces, all success in his efforts. It will not be his fault, at all events, if the desired end is not gained.

Next time I shall talk to you about the sister province. My pen has run away with me, so that I have left no space for more this time.



"B" COMPANY ON PARADE.



CAPT. CHINIC.

CAPT. FRENETTE.

LEUT.-COL. D'ORSONNENS.

SURGEON-MAJOR CAMPBELL.

CAPT. COURBOIS.

"B" COMPANY, ROYAL SCHOOL OF INFANTRY.—THE PERMANENT OFFICERS.



THE COMTE DE PARIS AND THE DUC D'ORLEANS.—The presence in Montreal of the representative of the royal line of France, the direct descendant of the sovereigns under whom Canada became a colony and the cities of Quebec and Montreal were founded, is an event of historic moment in which our readers are sure to be interested. We have been happy enough to secure excellent portraits of both the Comte de Paris and his son, the Duc d'Orleans. They are descended from King Louis XIII., whose second son, Philippe, was Duke of Orleans. The Duke's first wife was his cousin, Henrietta, daughter of the unfortunate Charles I. of England. His second consort and the mother of his children was Elizabeth Charlotte of Bavaria. His son was the Regent, who married a Bourbon. The Regent's son, Louis the Austere, married Jane of Baden, who bore him Louis Philippe, known as the Charitable. He had two wives—Louise Henriette de Bourbon-Conti and Charlotte de Montesson. Louis Philippe, that *Egalité* who figures so strangely in the pages of Carlyle's History of the French Revolution, was the son of the former lady. We need not dwell upon his career, which closed on the scaffold—the dire scaffold of the Reign of Terror, to which he had doomed his guiltless kinsman, Louis XVI. The son of *Egalité* became King of the French after the Revolution of 1830, by which Charles X. was driven from France, and reigned till February, 1848, when he was driven out in his turn.

His mother was a Bourbon, daughter of the Duke of Penthièvre. He also married a Bourbon, a daughter of Ferdinand IV., of Naples, whose name he gave to his eldest son, the Duke of Orleans. The latter was killed in 1842 by being thrown from his carriage. He was only in his 32nd year, but he had married in 1838 the Duchess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, and left two sons, Louis Philippe Albert, Comte de Paris, and Robert, Duc de Chartres. The other sons of King Louis Philippe were Louis Charles, Duc de Nemours; François, Prince de Joinville; Henri, Duc d'Aumale, and Antoine, Duc de Montpensier. This last, who was born in 1821, married the Infanta Maria Luisa of Bourbon, sister of ex-Queen Isabella, and second daughter of King Ferdinand VI. His eldest daughter, Maria Isabella, became the wife of the Comte de Paris, and the issue of the marriage is six children, two sons (Louis Philippe Robert, Duke of Orleans, and Ferdinand François, a child of six years), and four daughters, of whom the eldest is married to the King of Portugal. By the marriages of his uncles and aunts and his brother, the Duc de Chartres, the Comte de Paris is connected with several other of the Imperial and Royal houses of Europe and (till the revolution in Brazil) of America. The eldest daughter of Louis Philippe married the King of the Belgians, widower of the much regretted Princess Charlotte of England and cousin of Queen Victoria. One of his daughters married a Prince of the line of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha; another married a Prince of Wurtemberg. The Duc d'Aumale married a Princess of the Naples Bourbons; the Prince de Joinville married a sister of Dom Pedro, ex-Emperor of Brazil, and the Duc de Nemours, the Princess Victoria of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. The Duc de Chartres (the Comte's brother) married his cousin, daughter of the Prince de Joinville, and the eldest of his four children (two sons, two daughters,) married Prince Waldemar, son of King Christian of Denmark, thus establishing a connection with the imperial family of Russia, the royal families of England, Greece and the faded glories of Hanover. So much for his family. As for his personal career, the Comte de Paris has lived the life of an amateur statesman, soldier and author. With

his uncle, the Prince de Joinville, and his brother, the Duc de Chartres, he served on the staff of General McClellan, in the American Civil War, of which he has written a history. His brother took part in the Franco-Prussian war in the *corps d'armée* of Brittany under General Briand. The later record of the Comte is well known. He succeeded to the representation of the older, as well as the younger, branch of the royal house on the death of the Comte de Chambord, and, notwithstanding his exile, he is looked upon by his royalist supporters as Philip VII. *Le roi est mort—Vive le Roi!*

TORONTO ART GALLERY.—The Ontario Society of artists have secured control of the Toronto Art Gallery.



ROOMS OF THE TORONTO ART GALLERY.

which they will make their permanent headquarters. They have long required a proper gallery for their exhibitions, and they owe their acquisition of this necessary feature of an Art Society to the enterprise of a private citizen, Mr. J. Enoch Thompson, who built the new Art Gallery last year in connection with the Academy of Music. The gallery consists of a *suite* of four rooms, with north and roof

gratifying the readers of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED. They have been pronounced capital as illustrations of Japanese life by a gentleman lately arrived from the land of the Rising Sun.

THE EARL OF ABERDEEN AND HIS FAMILY.—This engraving is supplementary to the portraits which appeared in our issue of September 13, which also contained biographical sketches of the Earl and Countess. Our readers may remember that Lord Aberdeen (seventh in the list of earls) is a grandson of the famous Prime Minister under whom Mr. Gladstone first took office as Chancellor of the Exchequer. He is now in his 43rd year. He was educated at St. Andrews and Oxford. He has since he came to maturity been a consistent Liberal, and has adhered faithfully to Mr. Gladstone in his changing fortunes. As Lord Lieutenant of Ireland for a short time he won much popularity, and proved a sage administrator. Lady Aberdeen, youngest daughter of Lord Tweedmouth (formerly Sir Dudley Coutts Marjoribanks), is a woman of rare gifts and is highly esteemed by rich and poor alike. She is president of the Haddo House Association, which trains young women for domestic duties. Since their arrival in Canada Lord and Lady Aberdeen have entered cordially into the life of our people, by whom they are deservedly much liked and respected.

FIRE AT THE ABATTOIR.—This engraving gives a vivid idea of the fire at the Western Abattoir, St. Henri, Montreal, which was first discovered at half past six on the evening of the 22nd ult. The alarm being given, the brigade was promptly on the spot, but the blaze from the burning fats and oils stored in the building made it virtually impossible to arrest the conflagration. The building destroyed was of brick, four storeys high, and the loss was variously estimated. The insurance amounted in all to about \$20,000.

SAND BANKS, PICTON, ONT.—Of all Nature's master pieces, this unique reach of white hills is among her most beautiful and weird. They are situated on the shore of Lake Ontario, about ten miles from Picton, in the County of Prince Edward, and visitors passing to them through Picton, thus have occasion to drive over one of the pleasantest roads in Ontario, bordered in summer-time with waving grain fields, gardens and groves of rich-foliated trees of many varieties. Here are two fine views of the hills by a Picton artist, Mr. W. F. Johnston, who has taken first prize on work exhibited at the Art Association of Canada, Toronto. One shows the southerly limit of the hills, with the lake and its rocky shore in the foreground. The second view shows the lake in existence, and is a continuation of one of the hills, although there are arid reaches where no trees are found, only fragments of time-shattered limbs and roots. The hills are certainly a beautiful curiosity, and travellers from many parts of America come to visit them and rest awhile by the great shore.

FORT MISSISSAUGA, NIAGARA.—The fort shown in our engraving was erected to the left of Fort George and near the centre of the familiar point of land, after the retreat of the Americans in 1813. It was so called after a tribe of Indians who once had their habitation in the district. In its construction the brick and stones of the burned town were utilized. The tower is still standing, though dismantled, but its iron-studded gates lie open, the palisades that defended its trenches having nearly all disappeared. "Cattle and horses," as Miss Murray writes in *Pictorial Canada*, "now graze peacefully round these old memorials of war, and the lake bears friendly ships from shore to shore; but the inhabitants of Niagara have not yet forgotten what their fathers suffered when, in the frost and snow of December, 1813, helpless women and little children were turned into the street and their houses burned to the ground."



ROOMS OF THE TORONTO ART GALLERY.

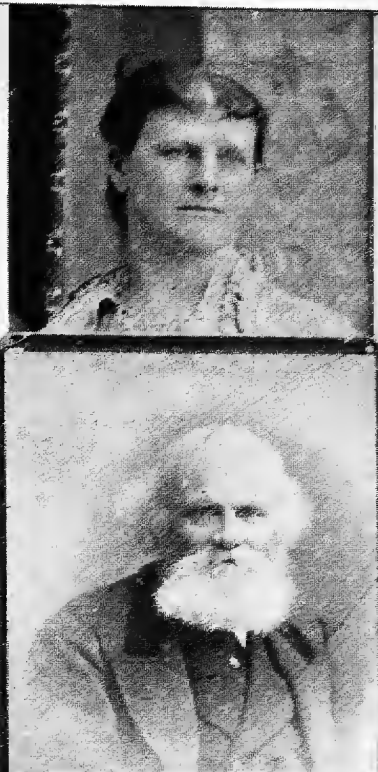
lights, and is also provided with smoking and dressing rooms. The main room is 45x70. The gallery has already become a prominent feature in the artistic and social world of Ontario. Several fine exhibitions of paintings have been held there. At present Mr. Scott, the well-known art dealer of Montreal, occupies the north rooms with a fine collection of European paintings. The Ontario Society of Artists gives a ball there on the 30th to celebrate their taking possession.

SCENES FROM "THE LITTLE TYCOON."—These scenes from Willard & Spencer's "tuneful and amusing" comic opera, were taken by our artist for the express purpose of

"Dear me, I hope it ain't serious!" said old Mrs. Bunker. "What's the matter?" "Ethel says in her letter that she and her husband had a row on the lake Saturday afternoon." "Pooh! that ain't r-o-w row. It's r-o-w row."



Mr. and Mrs. Henschel.

Mrs. Page-Thrower.
The late Mr. Gray.

Madame Helen Hopekirk.

MRS. PAGE-THROWER AND MUSICAL FRIENDS.

SPORTS AND
PASTIMES

I was not very far out last week when I wrote that McGill would beat Montreal, for the prediction was verified. I am still of the opinion that it is the best of the three provincial teams, and, with another chance at Ottawa College, the result would be different from the last one. In past years McGill has been looked upon in a sort of secondary way by football men, and the statement that the Collegians could whip either of the other senior teams was received with a smile of derision; but all this is changed now, and McGill is a very important factor. They are a splendid looking lot of fellows on the field, and they are built with the thews and sinews of football men. All the material is there, but there is still lacking in a marked degree a very essential quality, and that is judgment. The College forwards were superb and their tackling was a sight for the gods, the way some of the heavy Montrealers went down being a decided surprise to them. Montreal, too, has a splendid forward division, but they are out-classed by McGill. Of course, there must be weak spots somewhere, and McGill's failing is in the back. That part of the team was slow and unable to take advantages of many of the opportunities offered, and nearly every attempt to run was followed by a loss of ground. A comparison of the three senior teams shows that McGill is strongest in the scrimmage, Montreal second, Britannia third; in the back division—Britannia first, Montreal second, McGill third; full back—Montreal first, Britannia second, McGill third. An analysis of this would apparently show that McGill should not occupy first place, but the excellence of the rushers and their superiority and effectiveness in tackling more than counterbalance their weak points. The McGill men should learn the fact that their quarter and half backs are not quick enough to depend on running or dodging, and better results would be had if they paid more attention to kicking, for that rush of the forwards could always be depended on to gain ground. When the match started it was immediately apparent that it was going to be a fierce and hotly contested struggle, McGill starting off with a rush that was apparently bound to carry everything before them. A lucky pass and a splendid combined rush of the Montrealers sent the leather well into McGill territory, and this was followed by a series of hard and determined scrimmages. At last Louison got the ball near the College goal line, he was tackled sharply, but still he managed to plant that elliptical leather just over the line, securing a try. Miller failed to kick a goal. This seemed to put new life into Montreal, and they rushed things, while even the powerful scrimmage of McGill was forced back inch by inch, and at last a long punt of Campbell sent the ball over the line, and the rush was so fast that Donohue was forced to rouge. A few minutes afterwards Montreal secured a safety touch and the score was 7 to 0. And now McGill began to settle down to work in earnest, and, after a series of sharp scrimmages, the College got a try—7-4. After the kick off and a hard scrimmage, another rouge was obtained by Montreal, as well as a point from touch in goal, leaving the score 9-4 in favour of

Montreal at half time. In the second half McGill added a try and three rouges, bringing the tally up to 11 points to Montreal's 9. In this half the superiority of McGill was marked.

The result of this match will perhaps have a bearing on the championship which has not been looked forward to. McGill is now the champion, and it is questionable as to what the outcome will be of the protested Montreal-Britannia match. It was a peculiar decision of the council to order the match to be played over anyhow, considering that the challenge and not the series system is in vogue. It looked very much as if in the minds of the council McGill was not reckoned in the calculations, and that ordering the match to be played over would decide the championship. It looked like taking it for granted that the struggle would be between the Montreal and Britannia clubs. The question now arises as to whom the first right of challenge belongs. The season will be over on the 8th, it is true; but if it was time enough to order a match to be played over again, on the understanding that such match would decide the championship, it should be looked on in the same light, even if a club that was not calculated on should be the holder of the championship. To my mind it is a sort of injustice to the Britannia club. In the eyes of every football player they won their match with the Montreal club, and they were the protesting parties. If there is any such thing as precedence to be given in McGill's choice of opponents, it should most decidedly go to the Brits, for it should be remembered that Britannia was willing to play out the tie right on the ground, but Montreal was not; and as to the rumour that Montreal should have the privilege of the first match because the Britannias have already made two attempts,—such a thing is unworthy of Rugby men; but, after all, is only on a par with similar tricks that have not elevated other branches of sport.

Mrs. Page-Thrower.

COMING CONCERTS.

The importance of the first visit to Canada of so great an artist and organization as Herr Anton Seidl and the Metropolitan Orchestra of New York will be generally recognized. This being the twenty-first year of Mrs. Page-Thrower's active work in Montreal (in whose brain was first conceived and whose energy carried out the idea of bringing Herr Seidl and his orchestra to Montreal), it has also been thought well to give the portraits of Mr. George Gray (Mrs. Thrower's father), Mrs. Thrower, Mr. and Mrs. George Henschel and Madame Helen Hopekirk.

MR. GEORGE HENSCHEL, OF LONDON, ENGLAND.—Mr. George Henschel was born at Breslau, the capital of Silesia, Germany, on the 18th day of February, 1830. His musical talent was evinced when he was scarcely more than an infant, and at the age of five years he began his musical studies with lessons on the pianoforte. His first public appearance was made when 12 years old, and after prosecuting his studies in Leipzig, he visited Weimar, and there made the acquaintance of Liszt. His career since then has been one of constant development and success. In the spring of 1881 he married Miss Lillian Bailey, and about the same time was asked to take the position of director and conductor, and became the founder—musically—of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. On resigning this position he returned to London, where he now resides, and it was during the two visits to America since he became a resident

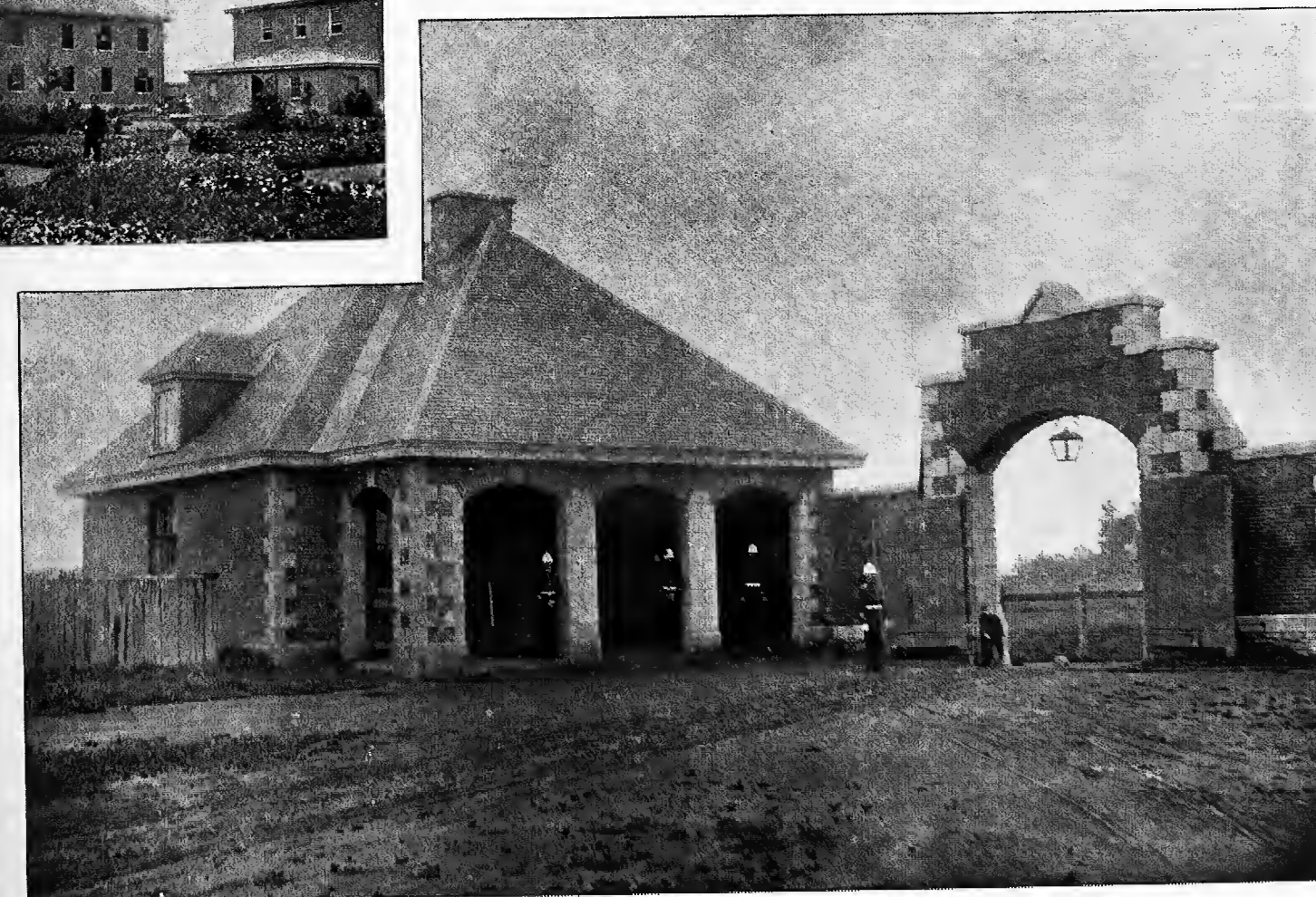
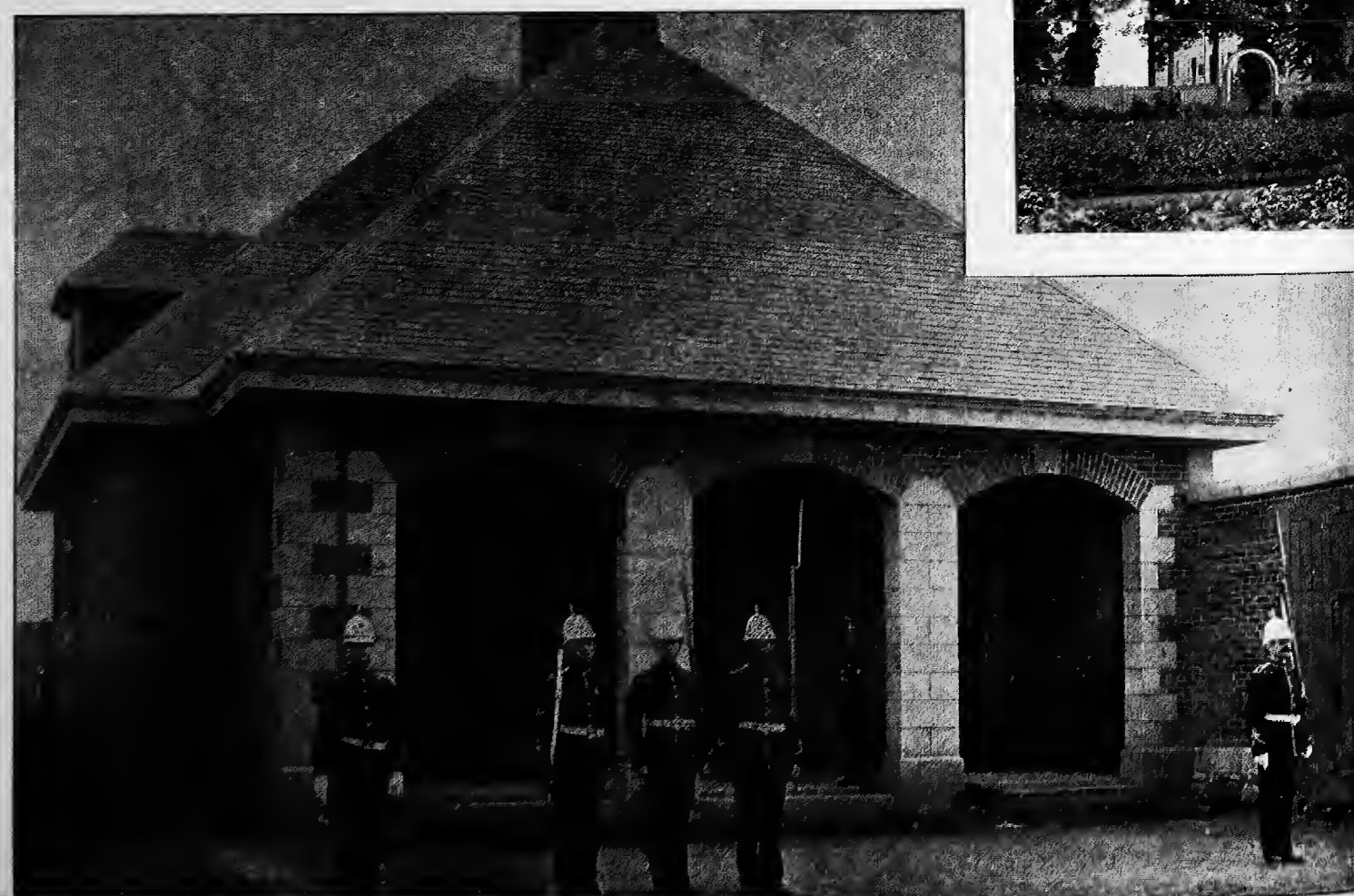
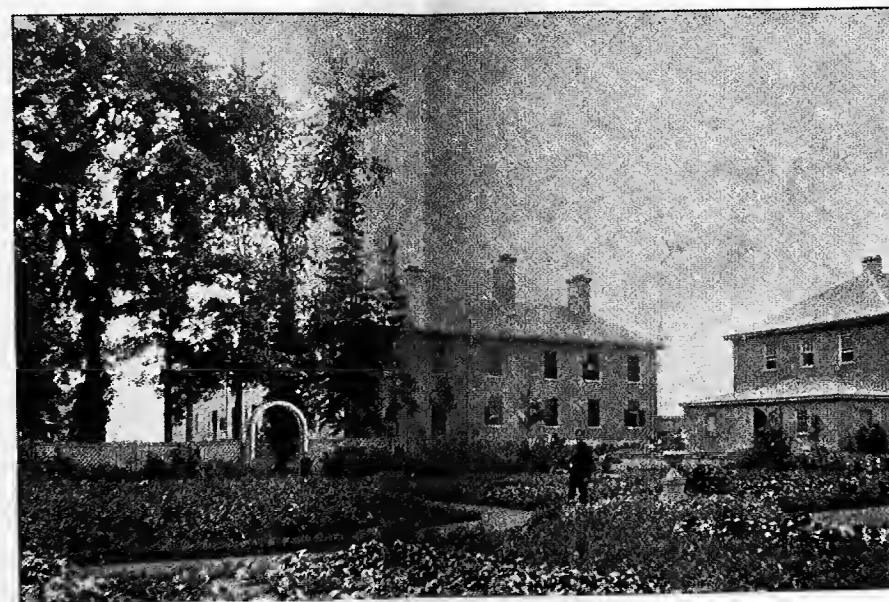
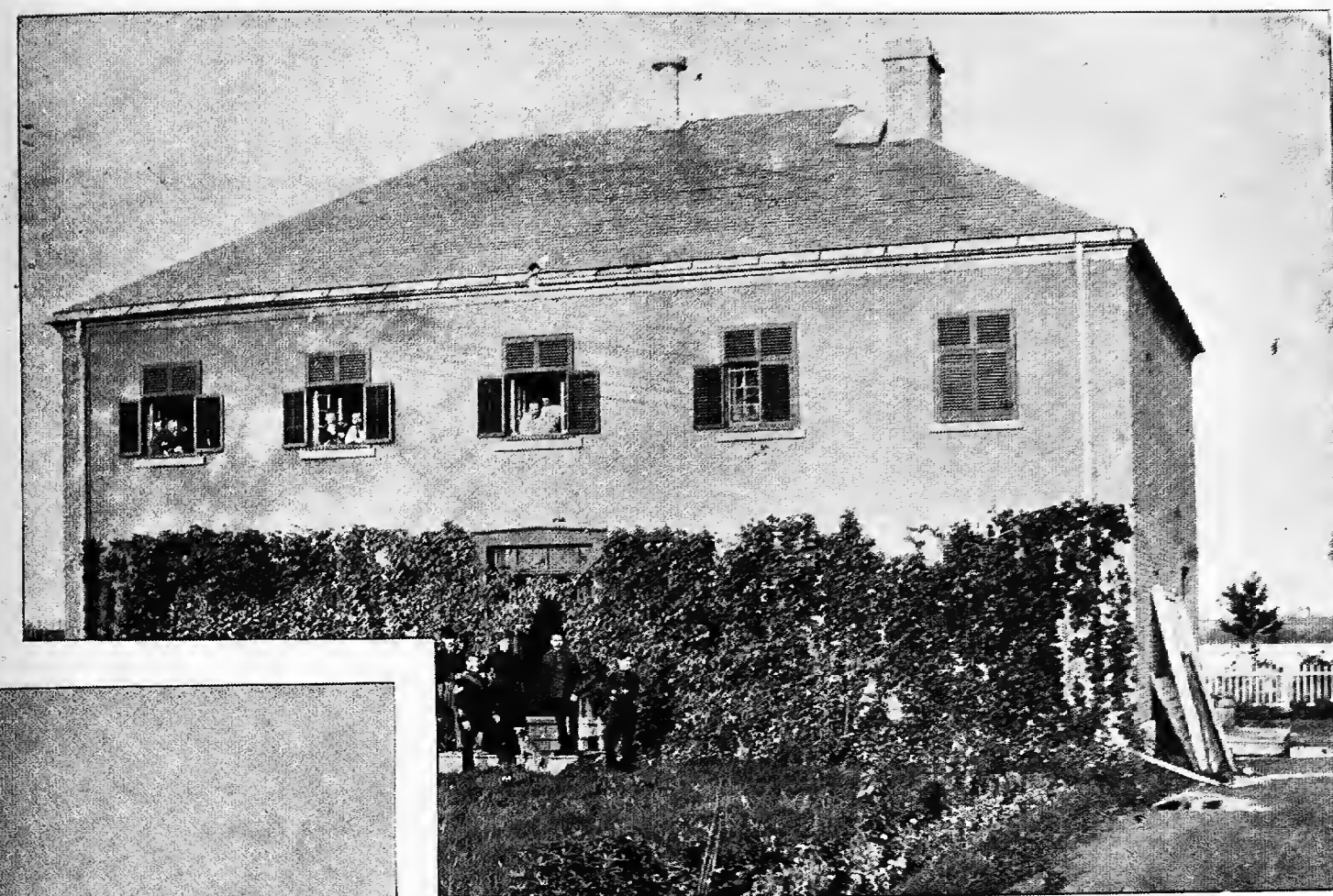
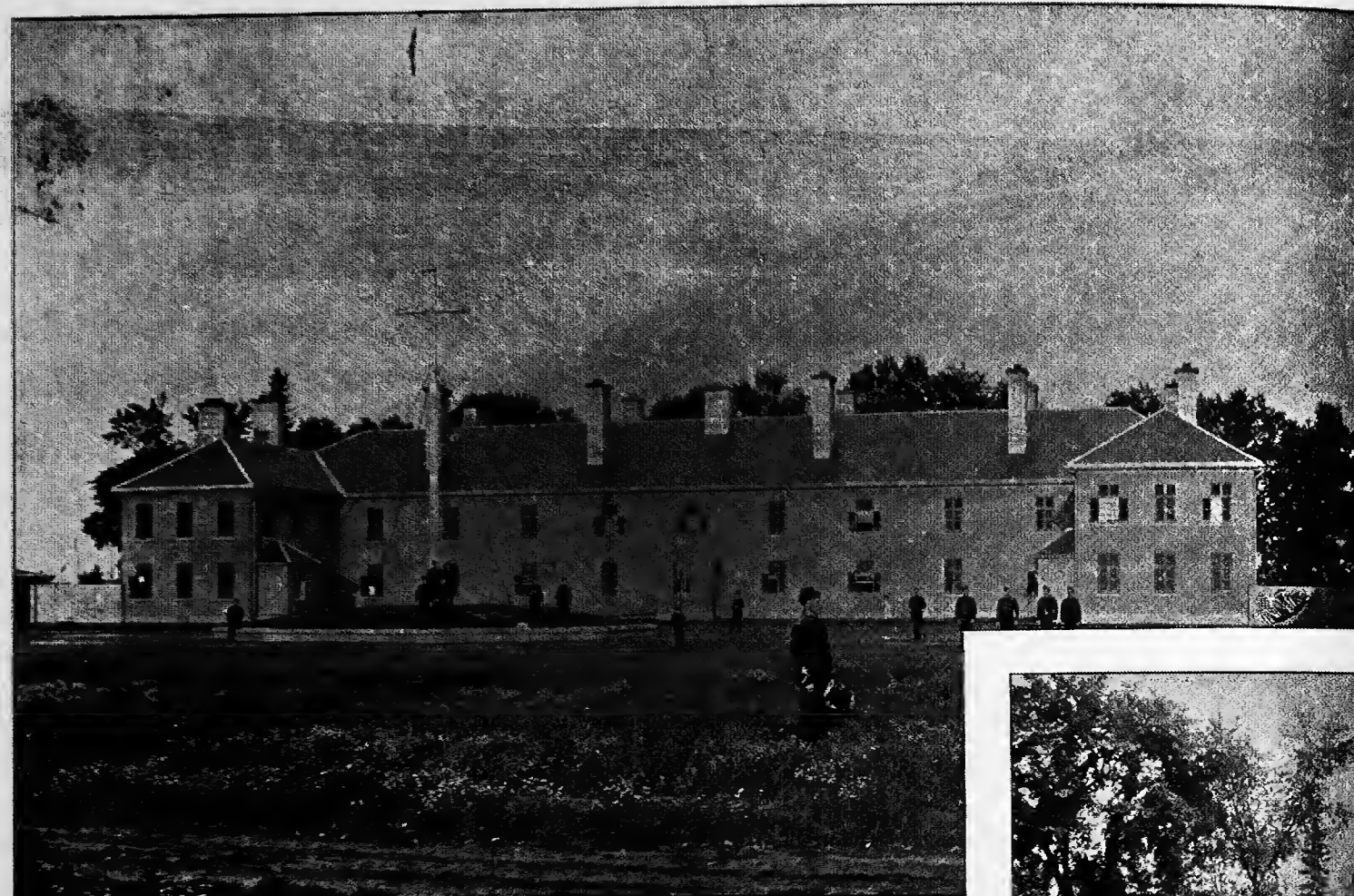
of the great metropolis, that the engagements were by which Mr. Henschel's name is associated with Thrower's management of concerts in Montreal.

MRS. HENSCHEL.—Mrs. Henschel (Lillian Bailey) born in Columbus, Ohio, January 18, 1860. Manifested musical talent, she commenced the study of when in her eighth year, and steadily pursued it under the best masters obtainable in her native city. In June, her mother took her to Paris, and placed her at once under the instruction of Madame Viardot-Garcia, with whom she remained until early in the next year. Her singing to the Philharmonic Society, London, introduced her to Mr. Henschel, who appeared in the same concert, and though he had for a long time declined to give any lessons, and was devoting his time to singing and composition, made an exception to his rule in her case. In the autumn of 1881 she was married to Mr. George Henschel, and have lived in Boston and London since that time. The portrait we have copied is one lately taken by Wm. Grove, London, a copy of which was sent to Mrs. Th.

HELEN HOPEKIRK.—This distinguished pianiste, success some three years ago was so marked, is a woman by birth. Since leaving America she has resided in Vienna and continued to study under the direction of Leschetzky. Her studies being completed, she appeared at a concert of the Vienna Philharmonic Society, and the baton of the great Hans Richter played one of the parts of the Bach triple concert with such success that Herr Richter engaged her to play the same with his orchestra in London in May last. Madame Hopekirk turns to America and Canada early in the new year, and she and Mr. Wilson have placed the entire business management of the tour in the hands of Mrs. Page Thrower.

MR. GEORGE GRAY.—This gentleman, from whose portrait we have copied the one above, was a professional musician, who began his career as chorist in Eton College chapel, and he was frequently chosen to sing solos in the Royal Chapel, St. George's, Westminster. He was connected with the choir of Westminster and of the Royal Chapels, St. James and Whitehall, London, and had the right to use the title, "A Gentleman of Her Majesty's Chapels Royal." He was connected with the choir of Ely and Armagh cathedrals, which last Mrs. Thrower was baptised, having been in Armagh December 20th, 1844. In later life Mr. Gray held appointments in the choirs of St. Patrick's and St. George's churches, and the Castle and Trinity churches, Dublin, and he was laid to his final rest in St. Patrick's cathedral, beautiful floral offerings being sent by the Sacred Harmonic Society, of London, and many other friends who had known and respected him during his life. He was also the founder of the "Benevolent Fund," a sort of insurance for singing chorists which received Royal patronage.

Mrs. Thrower's work as a teacher of vocal music, one interested in bringing the best music possible to Montreal, is too well known to require more than a passing notice, further than to say it is to her we are indebted for the appearance in Montreal of the artists whose presence we give to day, and to offer her our sincere good wishes that the advent of Herr Anton Seidl to Montreal (the Canadian city that will have the opportunity of hearing great artist this season) may not only be a great success, but also show that our citizens appreciate efforts by attending the concerts in large numbers.



Officers' Quarters, from the Barrack Square.
The Guard House and Barrack Guard.

The Commandant's Residence.

The Barrack Hospital.
The Barrack Gate and Guard House.

"B" COMPANY, ROYAL SCHOOL OF INFANTRY, ST. JOHNS, P.Q.



COMTE DE PARIS.



DUC D'ORLEANS.

VISIT OF THE COMTE DE PARIS TO MONTREAL.

Husband and Wife.

Addressed to Rev. Ammi Prince and wife, Bangor, Me., on the occasion of the late golden wedding,

The day returns, my bosom burns,
The blissful day we two did meet.

—BURNS.

Again the day returns, the blissful day,
When we commenced our journey hand in hand;
I see thee still,—thou smilest the same old way,
By which thy unscent love I understand.

Dear wife, the way was chequer'd; but the shade
Hath been as needful to us as the sun;
And e'en our sorrows the dear Lord hath made
Rich as our joys that to soft music run.

Now, though the sunset splendour warmly shines,
And brightens calmly through life's Western door,
We sigh not for the Past—though fair its lines,
But wait the glorious things that lie before;
When we—our work and warfare are complete—
Shall lay our crown at our Redeemer's feet.

ARTHUR J. LOCKHART.

The Spur.

Sir, dullard heart! Wake, listless soul! Afire
With passionate delight, to feel, to see
The brave, far reaching sky's virginity,
Immaculate, yet burning with desire!
Eye, purge thy lucent orb! O ear, within
Thyself withdrawn, come forth!—renew thy birth,
Move 'mid fresh glory o'er th' transfigur'd earth,
And to thee uncorrupting treasure win.
How canst thou let thy favouring day go by,
And all its golden freight slip in the sea?
Thou lovest Time to lose Eternity!
Wake, soul, and live! Thou dreamest but to die!
Thou tread'st a land of wonder, little knowing
What groves are blooming, and what streams are flowing.

ARTHUR JOHN LOCKHART.

Through the Magazines.

POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY.

In the November number of this excellent monthly (now in its 38th volume) Mr. Herbert Spencer leads off with an article of rare interest on "The Origin of Music." It is really an afterthought, having been prepared as a postscript to the author's short treatise on the same subject in his "Essays Scientific, Political and Speculative," of which Messrs. Appleton & Co. are bringing out a final edition. The whole essay (including this appendix) forms an impor-

tant contribution to the Spencerian philosophy. Prof. Meendenhall deals with a question on which it is becoming more and more essential that we should have correct notions—"The Relation of Men of Science to the General Public." The paper was originally read at the Indianapolis meeting of the American Association in August last, as the president's retiring address. Prof. J. Norman Lockyer relates "The History of a Star"—a chapter in cosmic evolution largely based on spectrum analysis. Of a practical as well as scientific character are "The Use of Alcohol in Medicine," by Dr. A. G. Bartley; "School Life in Relation to Growth and Health," by Prof. Key, and the "Logic of Free Trade and Protection." This last article, by Mr. Arthur Kitson, is peculiarly opportune at the present economic crisis. In natural history there are two readable illustrated articles by F. Le Roy Sargent ("The Root Tip") and by A. G. Mayer ("Habits of the Box Tortoise"). We would call special attention to a paper by Mr. George Hles (also illustrated) entitled, "My Class in Geometry." It is a contribution to the art of teaching (scientific teaching) which should be in the hands of all who are engaged in educational work, and it is a pity it could not have been read at the recent meeting of Protestant teachers in this city. It illustrates ingeniously and pleasantly the variety of ways in which the reflective, analytic and inventive faculties of young people may be developed. "Human Selection," by Alfred Russel Wallace; "Some Lessons from Barbarism," by Elaine Goodale, a sketch (with frontispiece portrait) of Amos Eaton, and the "Editor's Table," etc., complete a number of comprehensive interest. The *Popular Science Monthly*, founded by the late Prof. E. L. Youmans, is edited by Dr. William Jay Youmans, and is published by Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., 1, 3 and 5 Bond street, New York.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

The numbers of *The Living Age* for October 18th and 25th contain "The Progress of Weather Study," *National Review*; "Carthage," *Contemporary Review*; "In a Sunny Land," *All the Year Round*; "My Desert Island," *Macmillan's Magazine*; "A Mediasval Popular Preacher," *Nineteenth Century*; "On the Fighting Instinct," *Longman's Magazine*; "Goethe's Last Days," *Fortnightly Review*; "Carlyle and Old Women," *National Review*; "A Tragical Tertulia," *Murray's Magazine*; "Mahomedans at the Dock," *Public Opinion*; "Eh, but It's Queer Altogether," *Temple Bar*; "A Prince of Condé," *National Review*; "A Physiologist's Wife," *Blackwood's Magazine*; "In Ceylon," *Gentleman's Magazine*; "John Bull Abroad," *Temple Bar*; "The Defensive Position of Holland," *Time*; "The Last Days of Heine," *Mac-*

millan's Magazine; "Discovery of an Early Christian House at Rome," *Chambers' Journal*; "An Old Letter from the Baltic, by Lady Eastlake," *Murray's Magazine*; "Parallel Passages from European and Asiatic Writers," *Asiatic Quarterly Review*; "Ober Ammergau: Behind the Scenes," *Spectator*; and the usual amount of choice poetry. For fifty-two numbers of sixty-four large pages each (or more than 3,000 pages a year) the subscription price (\$8) is low; while for \$10.50 the publishers offer to send any one of the American \$4 monthlies or weeklies with *The Living Age* for a year, both postpaid. Littell & Co., 31 Bedford street, Boston, are the publishers.

THE ARENA.

With the November number the *Arena* closes its second volume and first year. From the start it has been a success. It brought into sympathetic communion some of the most earnest and clear-seeing minds in the United States, Canada and Europe. With a staff of contributors that included Rev. E. E. Hale, Prof. Shaler, N. H. Dole, Miss Frances E. Willard, Rev. Minot J. Savage, Rabbi Schindler, Mrs. Helen Campbell, Junius Henri Browne, Louis Fréchette, Helen Modjeska, Rev. R. Heber Newton and others of the foremost thinkers of the time, it was sure to have a *clientèle* both wide and select. Dion Bouicault's paper on "The Future American Drama" will be read with melancholy interest, now that the "premier of the Anglo-Saxon dramatic world" has gone where every individual plays a new part—that of his real, undisguised self. It is an inspiring forecast of a drama nobler than any that has yet been attained. Prof. Shaler (who is as many-minded, evidently, as the typical poet) treats of a very living question, "The African Element in America." A symposium on a topic which is the reverse of convivial, "Destitution in Boston," is shared in by Dr. E. E. Hale, Rabbi Schindler, the Rev. O. P. Gifford and other prominent divines. It has brought out some sad truths which have a bearing on other cities as much as on Boston. The Rev. Forrest A. Marsh, Miss Willard, Mr. B. O. Flower (the editor) and Mr. Marcus J. Wright contribute notes on such problems as woman suffrage, dramatic talent, the dispensation of justice and the share of men in women's shame. If the *Arena* contains no light reading, such as would satisfy those "lowl persons of the baser sort" who are provided elsewhere, it is equally free from heavy stuff, which is neither food nor medicine for the mind. It is addressed to thoughtful observers and students of their time, thinkers and workers, who will hail direction from acknowledged leaders but decline to accept the guidance of either tradition or fashion. Its criticism, in letters, as in art,

philosophy, political economy and religion, is without *parti pris* and is always original, well-weighted and independent. Subscription, \$5 yearly. Address, Arena Publishing Company, Pierce Building, Copley square, Boston, Mass.

CANADIANA.

The latest number of *Canadiana* is one of the fullest and finest yet issued. We are glad to see in print a paper on Father Marquette by Mr. John Lesperance, to which we had the pleasure of listening when it was read before the Society for Historical Studies. It is instructive, though necessarily brief, suggests further research into the real significance of the great westward and southward movement of the Old Régime, and is marked by the author's characteristic graces of style. Mr. Henry Mott has managed to compile a really fascinating study out of what, to the uninitiated, would be the most uninviting of subjects. "Only a Catalogue" is the title, but of catalogues the name is legion. Some are virtually worthless, some are "jewels of price," and Mr. Mott was happy in choosing for his theme that thesaurus of bibliography which bears the impress of Mr. Gerald Hart's taste and judgment. Lovers of books, and all that is related to them (especially of those precious Canadian works of which only bibliophiles ever catch a glimpse) will revel in Mr. Mott's account of that grand library, of which now, alas! the *disiecta membra* alone survive. In praise of books the essayist has added poems by Austin Dobson, George Martin and Henry Mott—this last written for the occasion of the final meeting of the Numismatic and Antiquarian Society, at which his paper was read. Mr. Douglas Brymner, Dominion Archivist, who always merits attention, writes of a monument to Tecumseh which it was proposed to erect on St. Helen's Island, and towards which a considerable sum was collected. The movement, which began in 1841, seems, owing to some mysterious interruption, to have proved abortive. For full particulars we advise our readers to consult Mr. Brymner's paper, which, in these days of patriotic hero-worship, is of more than curious interest. "Mabel's" study on the Chien d'Or legend is worth reading, as is also the survey of the de Levis manuscripts. A poem on the "United Provinces," contributed to the *Monthly Review*, and dated December, 1840, shows that the legislative union of the Canadas had its enthusiastic singers as well as the later and grander Confederation. How many Ottawas are there? "H. M." has discovered ten, besides the Queen's choice. *Canadiana* continues to do a good work in preserving from oblivion much that would otherwise be irretrievably lost. It is edited by Messrs. W. J. White and J. P. Edwards, and is printed by the *Gazette* Printing Company. The subscription is \$2 a year.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

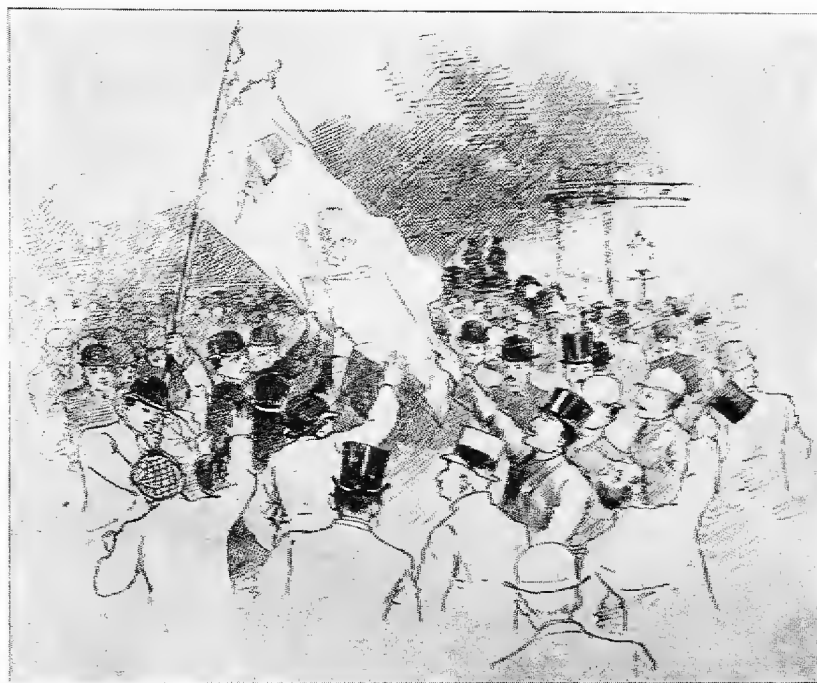
Those who are old enough to recall the first appearance of the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" ever so long ago, will rejoice to find that kind and clever despot, now on the evening of life, exercising sway "Over the Tea Cups," with the old charm of tone and fruitfulness of speech still recognizable. "Life is," he says in the November *Atlantic*, "a *petit verre* (a metaphor which arose naturally out of some French reminiscences) of a very peculiar kind of spirit. At twenty years it used to be said that the little glass was full. We should be more apt to put it at eighty in our day, while Gladstone and Tennyson and our own Whittier are breathing, moving, thinking, writing, speaking, in the green preserve belonging to their children and grandchildren, and Barcroft is keeping watch of the

gamekeeper in the distance." And then he goes on chatting about old age in a gentle, chastened way, with touches of pathos now and then and occasional outcroppings of the old bitter-sweet humour. Most interesting of all to lovers of the "Autocrat" are the parting words of the series, a chapter of autobiography which those who have read the three preceding ones as they appeared—"Autocrat," "Professor" and "Poet"—will read with mingled sadness and hope, sadness that this delightful and instructive companionship is again interrupted, and hope that it may be resumed ere long and lost for many a joyous year. Mr. Frank R. Stockton begins a serial story, "The House of Martha," which has the much prized flavour in style, but in invention seems to be a fresh departure. Two continuous contributions deal with a medieval (P. C. Sewell) and an American highwayman. In "The Legend of William Tell" Mr. W. D. McCrackan traces the development of a myth long accepted as history back to the year 1477—more than a century and a half after the Swiss hero is supposed to have lived. Mr. Percival Lowell, who is an authority on the Lands of the Sunrise, tells the story of a Japanese Reformer. Under the heading of "Along the Border of Proteus's Realm," Edith M. Thomas gives some lake and seashore studies, for which she had received the first suggestion from the look and moods of Lake Erie. John Jay Chapman has tried his hand at translating the fourth canto of the "Inferno"—beginning "Rupperi l'alto sonno nella testa Un greve tuono"—in which Dante congregates in a Pagan elysium the great poets, philosophers, warriors and women of renown, from Adam to Saladin, whose virtues were due not to Christian teaching but to the light of nature. His object is to produce some semblance of the effect of the original, and to that end he has adopted the poet's metre. It will, we believe, be conceded that Mr. Chapman has achieved no slight success, and his management of the list of names near the close of the canto is not the least happy feature of his essay. The remainder of the magazine (including the noteworthy review entitled, "The Christ in Recent Fiction") makes with the foregoing a number that is certainly not below the *Atlantic's* usual high standard. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; New York, 11 East Seventeenth street.

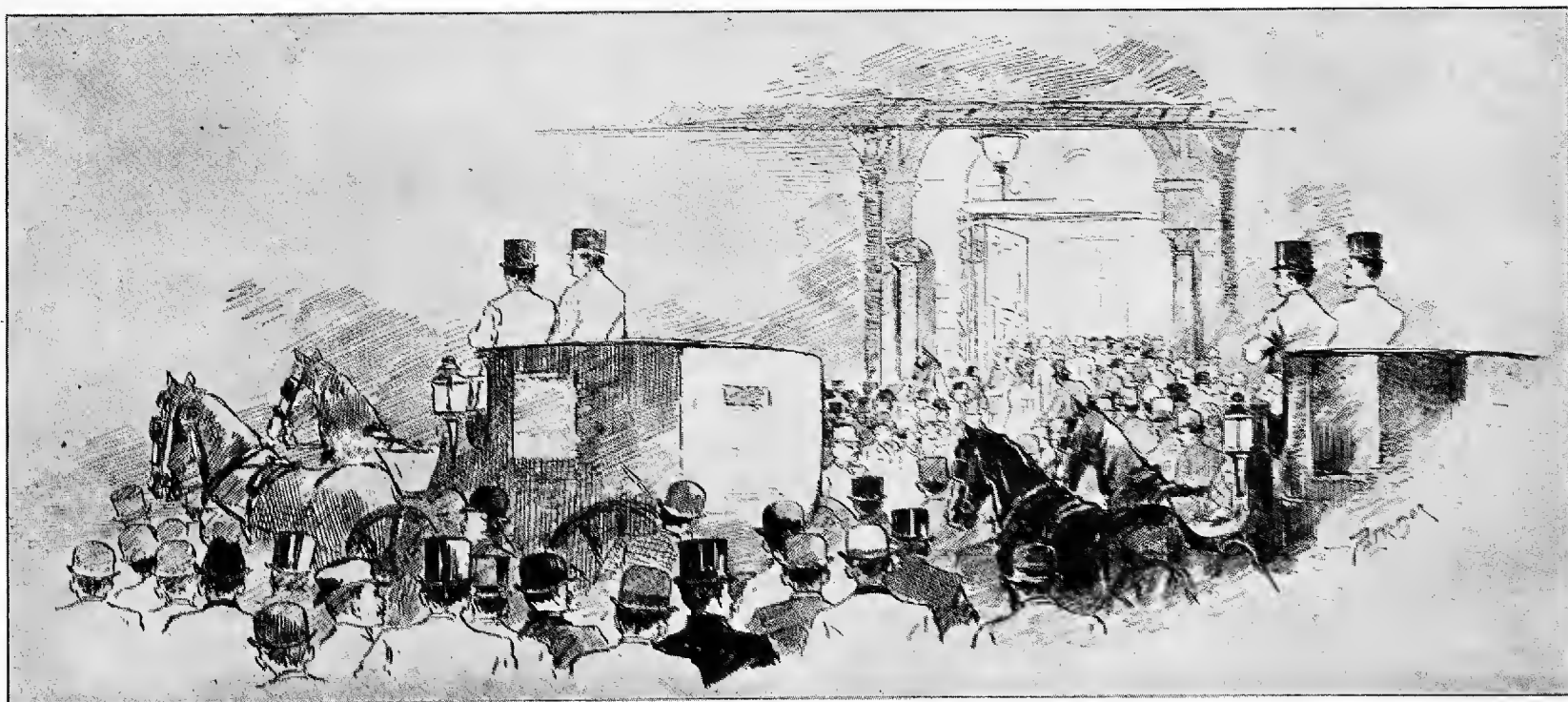
THE WEEK.

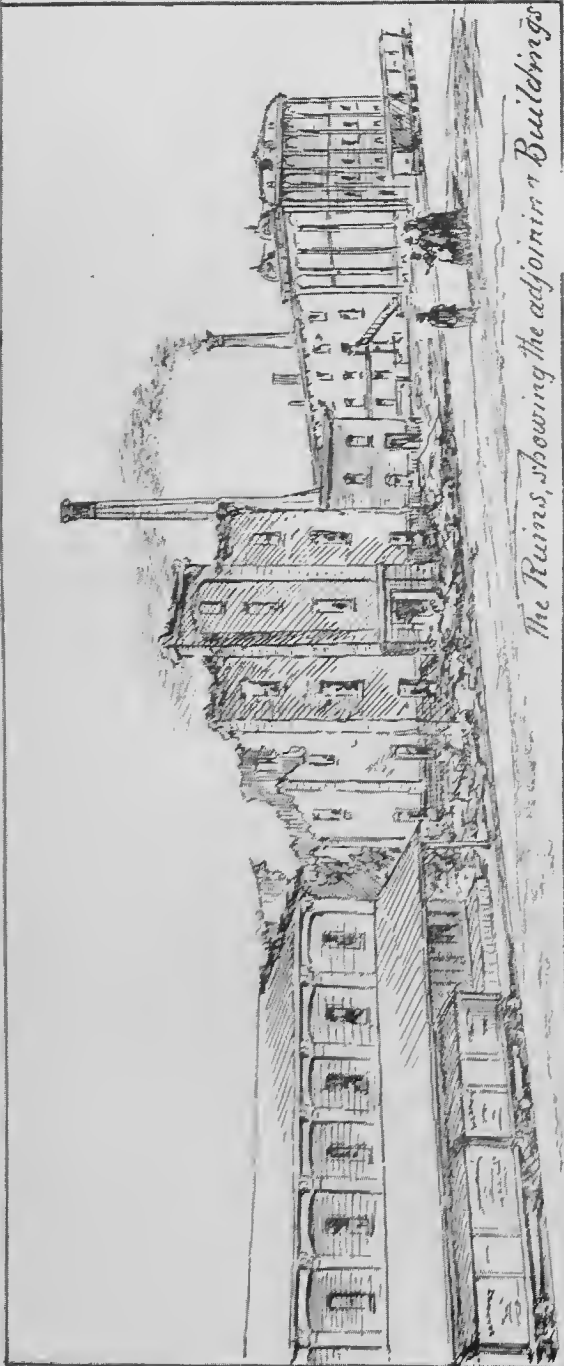
A study of a phase of industrial life not often portrayed is that of Mr. Archibald Macmichael in the last two numbers of the *Week*. "Life on a Cattle Ship" the narrator found trying enough, but not without its compensations. "It was," he says, "rough, hard, dirty work, and plenty of it, with coarse fare and coarser mates." He did not relish being at the beck and call of a rough Irishman,

"after being the petty tyrant of a country school," and he seems to have had more than his share of keeping watch. But he made up for his loss of sleep at night by "long drowzes on the sweet hay or the clean-smelling pine planks over the sheep pens." The *Week* had beautiful weather all the way across and, on the whole, Mr. Macmichael did not consider his experience much of a hardship. Whatever he endured was amply counterbalanced by breathing the wholesome sea air and looking at the strange sights of ocean and sky. The account of the trip is well worth reading. "N. K. J." (a young Toronto lady) is contributing her impressions of the Oberammergau Passion Play, which she witnessed last summer. Her description of the play and the chief actors is animated and instructive and as her notes were taken on the spot, may be regarded as trustworthy. The Rev. M. R. Knight and Miss Emily Macmanus contribute patriotic poems, while Mr. J. H. Pauw gives a translation of Horace's love-ode, "Dumee Gratus Erat" (III. 9). Mr. John Darby, of Ottawa, discusses the labour question. "Walter Powell's" London Letter is full of witty gossip on literary, art and society matters, while "Z" sends the latest tid-bits of like news from across the channel. A thoughtful article on "Legal Reform," the "Kamibler's," opportune moralizings, criticisms of recent books and music, and vigorous editorial on policies and events complete the bill of fare. The *Week* is worthy of support, and out of Canada would long since have had a pecuniary triumph as well as a *triumph d'estime*. It is published by Mr. C. Blackett Robinson, Jordan street, Toronto.



THE CROWD TEARING DOWN THE STUDENTS' FLAG.

THE PARTY AT THE WINISOR.
VISIT OF THE COMTE DE PARIS, 24th OCTOBER.



RUINS OF THE WESTERN ABATOIR, ST. HENRY, AFTER THE FIRE OF 22nd OCTOBER. (From sketches by our special artist.)



SCENES FROM "THE LITTLE TYCOON" AT ACADEMY OF MUSIC, MONTREAL, 20th to 25th OCTOBER.
(By our special artist.)

On the Virgin Stalk.

By MISS A. C. JENNINGS.

Helena, too, when she heard him honourably spoken of, was pleased to remember, though her personal recollections of him were vague, that this was the man who had been her own especial friend.

But, although these thoughts were pleasant, they did not lend much vitality to her lonely life. The lingering, eventless days followed each other as she grew older, and she began to perceive that nothing happened to her, that the lovely surprises and triumphs and disclosures of youth were passing her by, unfairly, she thought, for she found herself sitting as a spectator at the show while she could still have loved and laughed and wept and enjoyed as keenly as the busiest actor there.

She had missed something, and Life's horizon was narrowing day by day.

But nobody knew or cared anything about these thoughts of Helena's. Her sisters believed that they were her very good friends, and they believed also that she was very well off; that it was nice to have so many pretty things made for their children by her ingenious fingers, and that by-and-by, in the natural course of things, Helena's fortune would fall to the little ones, which would be still nicer.

So her barren future was complacently settled by others without the suspicion of any secret rebellion in Helena's heart against this rather arbitrary plan of her destiny. For it is a truth, although not quite an agreeable one, that it is needful for each one of us to take his or her place and part in life and keep it against all invaders with what strength is in us.

If a generous nature makes one sacrifice of its own rights it will be taken at its word and taught further renunciation, but it will find few defenders chivalrous enough to say:

"Heaven did not mean
Where I reap thou shouldst but glean."

Brothers and sisters drift apart from the simple bond of family feeling in the intenser struggles of new and complex interests developed by individual hopes and aspirations. It can scarcely be otherwise, and yet this is not absolutely and invariably true; but, I think, those are exceptional people who, when they marry, or in any other way enlist in the world's marching ranks, do not forget their father's house.

All which means that the sisters of Helena Wylde were not more remarkable for what is called natural affection than the majority of human beings.

And inflexible Time began to whisper to Mr. Wylde insinuations that he was growing old. His health was not

actually impaired, but the dull, grey winter mornings oppressed him and the long days of summer wearied him. He was tired of business cares and calculations and the routine of office duties; and a growing distaste for exertion, combined with an inevitable recognition of its necessity, warned him that nature was claiming a well-earned period of repose, and that the time was at hand when he would gladly see a younger man in the place he had so long successfully occupied.

But where should he find the "younger man," now that he had mentally resigned his labours, whom he could wisely and willingly invest with his discarded mantle?

His thoughts reverted wistfully to Harry Drummond. He felt sure that his old favourite would bring him the rest and comfort he needed. But he was not sure that Drummond would come cheerfully. He had taken kindly root and flourished in that foreign soil to which he had been exiled for so many years, and life in the warm, luxurious island was in many respects a pleasanter experience than a stern northern climate could offer.

Having once, however, allowed himself to meditate upon this subject, Mr. Wylde was not the man to relinquish his idea without a trial, and accordingly wrote to Mr. Drummond that he wished to consult with him upon an important change in the management of the firm which he had in contemplation, and was anxious to have a personal discussion about the matter, and suggesting that the voyage was not a long one. He added that if Mr. Drummond would agree to come and see his old-time friends they would try to make his visit something of a holiday for him.

Harry Drummond had fitted himself easily into his West Indian life, and had not yet grown dissatisfied with conditions which, sooner or later, vex and weary most men not to the manner born. And he was far from understanding Mr. Wylde's meaning literally, for the latter had not been explicit. But the younger man felt that there could be no question or hesitation on his part about complying with the request of his true and constant friend, and made his preparations accordingly.

It was April, a rather wild and stormy month for the proposed voyage. At that season the violent spring gales so prevalent upon his hazardous native coast were likely to be encountered, but that was not taken into account.

He had written to Mr. Wylde by the previous mail announcing the date of his departure from Barbadoes. He was coming north in one of the fine traders belonging to the firm, which was all but ready to sail direct for the port to which he was bound. He thought the opportunity one too favourable to miss, and his arrival might be calculated upon definitely.

In all his years of absence he had not, Mr. Drummond said, longed for home. He had been busy and prosperous, and, although he had not forgotten his youth, he had been

contented. But now that it had been put into his head, he found it so pleasant to think that his early friends had not forgotten him in almost twenty years, that he was as homesick as a school-boy, and had begun to fancy that a tropical sky was enervating him. A breath of the fresh wild north-westerns he remembered so well would, he thought, set him up wonderfully.

Mr. Wylde seemed to forget his weariness and grow more cheerful, as people at his age do when some new hope or interest stirs the languid narrowing stream of life.

He talked a good deal to Helena about dinner-parties, a mode of hospitality he had of late much neglected, and suggested that she should give some dances and show Drummond some pretty girls who were not Creoles.

The weather was gusty and fitful, but the spring days grew longer, and great mountainous masses of dazzling sunlight cloud drifted majestically across the intensely blue sky at the pleasure of the variable winds, the snowy peaks and promontories parting and shifting to reveal the deep, cool azure caverns which lay behind their fantastic forms.

And the sea took on the lovely soothing colour so unlike its wintry hue. But it was the transition season, when fierce and sudden changes were not uncommon. The Billow was on her homeward trip, and Hugh Wylde, being one of her owners, and having besides that strong personal interest in her safety, felt that he should be glad to see her canvass furled in port again.

The vessel had a reliable commander and was in every respect well equipped and seaworthy; but when about the twentieth of the month a week of tempestuous weather set in he began to feel rather uncomfortable.

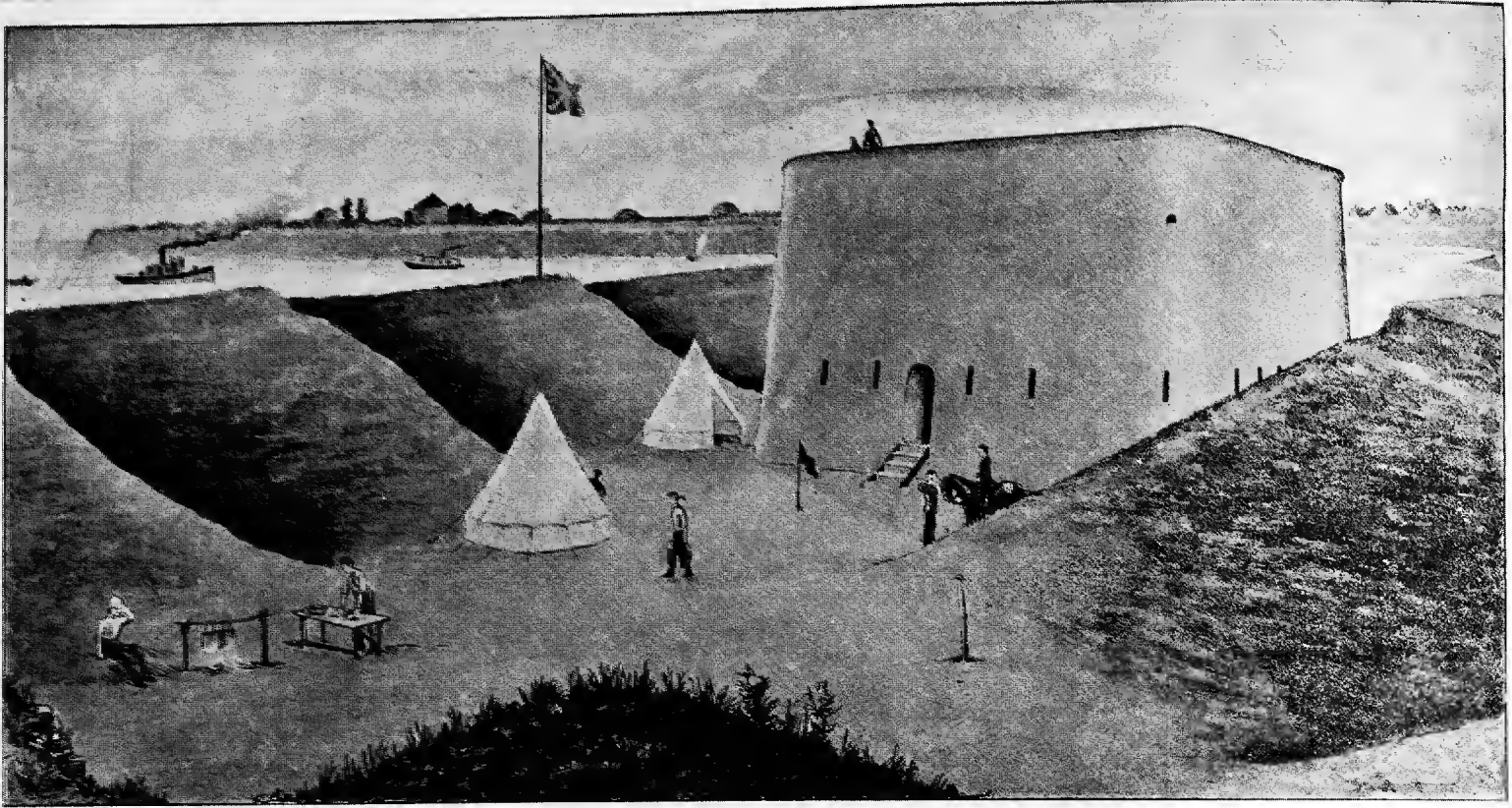
Some disasters in the fishing fleet were already reported, and a large foreign steamer, trying to run in upon the perilous coast without a pilot, had, in a dense fog, gone ashore below the light-house, and was beating herself to pieces upon a sunken reef which there lay in wait for the unwary.

On the twenty-fourth the violence of the wind had somewhat abated, and the water was less turbulent. There seemed a prospect of a lull in the conflict at least; but the fishermen of the neighbouring coves, who had mostly come in from the deep-sea fishing grounds for shelter would not yet prophesy fair weather.

Mr. Wylde kept a good boat in the cove below Cliff House, and Peter Schmidt, who was in charge of her, was an old pilot who had given up the active duties of his craft for a less toilsome life on shore.

The opinions of Peter were almost infallible, but he gave his employer no particular consolation at this juncture, although he knew well why he was consulted.

(To be continued.)



FORT MISSISSAUGA.

HISTORIC CANADA, II.

Fort Mississauga.

Fort Mississauga is situated on the lake front, and there the ruined remains of its thick, strong earthworks and massive brick tower are still plainly to be seen a few hundred yards to the west of the Queen's Royal Hotel. The earthen embankments were thrown up at the time of the building of Fort George in 1792, or immediately afterwards; but the huge tower in the centre of the enclosure was not erected until several years later, when it was built with bricks from the ruined walls of the houses of the town of Niagara, which had been set on fire by order of the American General McClure in the war of 1812. Though not so extensive as Fort George, this lake-shore fort was not less solidly nor scientifically constructed, and owing,

among other things, to the fact that the interior has not been turned into a farm, the outline of the bastions and other portions of the fortification is much more clearly and sharply defined. In fact, the projecting and re-entrant angles, the covered way and underground passages, the principal entrance with its massive double-plank gate thickly studded with iron bolts, the magazine and store-rooms, and all the other salient features of the stronghold may still be readily identified, and could easily be preserved from final destruction and disappearance by the outlay of a little pains and money. Even the old brick tower in the middle could be saved, if the necessary repairs were made on it immediately; but soon it will be too late, solid and exceptionally massive as it once was; it is rapidly crumbling, an eye-sore and a disgrace to the country. These old forts are not, of course, required for

purposes of defence, and still less for purposes of attack; they would be useless for either purpose if they were required. But surely it would not be too much to expect that they should be at least retained in their present condition as exceedingly interesting landmarks of our past history, even if they be not restored to something like the condition they were in three-quarters of a century ago. Economy is an excellent thing, but it is possible to carry it too far. No person, we are sure, and certainly no patriotic Canadian, would object to a trifling outlay on these venerable ruins. It would not cost much to bring them into a condition of which we would not be ashamed; at present they are but ghastly and forlorn shadow of former substance and greatness. Fort Mississauga is spelt in a variety of ways, as Mississauga, Mississauga, Missasauga, Massasaga, Massasauga, and half a dozen others.

Science and Art in Toronto.

[From an occasional contributor.]

TORONTO, October, 1890.

Despite the presence in our city of two old favourites—Robert Burdette and Roland Reed, the Woman's Congress, representing the Association for the Advancement of Woman, has been the event of the week. Invited by the city in the spring, the city, as represented by mayor and aldermen, received the Association with the consideration due to such distinguished guests, and, by tending them a public reception, testified the warmth of their welcome. The reception was held in the theatre of the Normal School, the Honorable the Minister of Education for Ontario thereby testifying his sympathy with the aims and objects of the Association, and in the same building comfortable committee rooms and other conveniences necessary to the work of so important a gathering were provided.

And work the Association did. "We shall have little or no time for junketing," wrote the energetic treasurer to the local committee. Indeed it has caused widespread regret that, owing to this fact, Toronto society has had positively no opportunity of meeting Mrs. Julia Ward Howe and other eminent women among the delegates, save at the crowded public reception. Several of the ladies—Mrs. Howe, Miss Mary F. Eastman, Mrs. Colby, and Mrs. Florence Kollock—are staying over Sunday, but each has some special engagement—such as preaching or speaking—which necessitates her delay, the rest of the party having gone to Buffalo to spend Monday there by special invitation, and giving Tuesday to Rochester, from which city, the home of Susan B. Anthony, the venerable and delightful, an invitation was telegraphed as soon as it was known our visitors had really arrived.

Seldom has Toronto had an opportunity of listening to such papers as have been read before them this week. No crude, ill-digested, speculative statements, but a dealing with the subjects proposed by those who know—women who, having already made their mark upon public literature, can deal with questions from the cultivated standpoint that alone has weight. When Julia Ward Howe talked on "The Practical Value of Philosophy," we knew we were listening to a master mind. When Mary Eastman spoke of "Woman in the State," we had to bow, willingly or unwillingly, to her logic and the clear perception that showed us the folly of our prejudices. "The Scientific Work and Influence of Maria Mitchell" was not less inspiring than interesting, and both in her success as an astronomer, and her immense influence as a teacher of that

abstruse study, formed a sufficient reply to the opponents of women's mental freedom, as well as furnished another instance, like those of Elizabeth Barrett Browning and George Eliott, of the gift a father makes to the world who gives his daughter the highest education of the time, irrespective of sex. A highly appreciative and critical paper on "Ibsen's Plays" was read by its writer, Mrs. Ellen Mitchell, of Colorado, and attracted, no doubt by the fame of the papers already given, a number of our literary men, such as Dr. Withrow, G. Mercer Adam, Richard Lewis, the venerable elocutionist and Shakespearean student, George Robinson, and Prof. Ashley, Toronto University, were present. Our university men as a rule have been conspicuous by their absence, whether governed by the indifference, not only manifested but testified to, by Sir Daniel Wilson in the matter, or for other causes, cannot be said; but save by Prof. Clark, of Trinity, who represented the universities at the reception, no sympathy has been shown in a quarter where high intellectual gifts and attainments are supposed to be best appreciated. No doubt sex stood in the way. The paper on "More Pedagogy in Universities and Schools," written by Mrs. Bundy, of Illinois, and read by Mrs. Parker, the wife and assistant of Mr. Parker, the founder of the Normal School of Chicago, was a powerful and well supported plea for the education of teachers in teaching and a chair of Pedagogy (the second *g* was pronounced soft by the speakers, except Miss Eastman, who retained the older fashion*) was spoken of as a vital necessity in our universities. In Toronto University, though there is no chair, the principle is acknowledged, and the Education Department has for a year or two required that graduates who entered our High Schools as teachers, should take a Normal course in teaching of at least six months.

One or two notable incidents connected with the meetings of the Women's Congress are worthy of mention. One was the presence as a delegate of Dr. Martha Mowry, of Providence, R.I., the first woman medical practitioner in the United States. In Toronto she met the first medical practitioner in Canada, Dr. Emily H. Stowe, who became a member of the Association, which is a branch Sorosis, when studying in New York Women's Medical College, and through whose zeal and endeavour the Association became our visitors. Many of your readers will know that the theatre of our Normal School is richly decorated with

busts standing on brackets about the walls—representing devotees of the arts and sciences best known to English literature and history, beside royal personages of esteem. Here are Brougham, Nollekens, Cowper, Sterne, Charles L., Oliver Cromwell, Rowland Hill, O'Connell, Disraeli, Prior, Pope, Whewell, Lyndhurst, the Duchess of Kent, the Dowager Duchess of Gloucester, the Queen, Prince Albert—as English people best love to call him, Empress Eugenie, the Princess of Wales, Queen Mary, Queen Elizabeth, and a hundred more, all excellent and authentic likenesses. On Wednesday afternoon such a glory of sunshine rested upon the head of Queen Elizabeth that the President, poet as she is, stopped the proceedings in order to call attention to it, and accept it as a message of congratulation to themselves from one of the strongest-minded and ablest queens that ever sat on a throne. I must leave other able papers than those I have referred to untouched, space being too limited, and notice the last that was read at this Congress—"The Study of American History"—by Mrs. Kate Tennant Woods, Massachusetts, because in it the writer drew attention to the fact that while large sums are spent and great interest exhibited in the ruins and remains of the Old World, as it is called, enquiry has led to the conclusion that America is *the* Old World, and we know that Central America is full of the remains of peoples whose monuments equal in grandeur and value of any records yet discovered.

The perfect self-possession, grace and high breeding both of manner and speech of these ladies were very generally remarked upon. Except in an isolated case or two, there was no Yankeeism. English ears could, however, discover the slightest tincture of the dialectic peculiarities that had distinguished the forefathers of some—nay, most of these ladies; Mrs. Howe's speech was the perfection of elegant English as her manner is the perfection of breeding. It is evident that the learning these ladies undoubtedly possess is not a veneer put on over common or cheap education, and the most exacting could find no fault either with manner, speech or deportment.

Seeing that I have written so largely on the subject of the Association, believing your readers would be sufficiently interested in it, I must defer one or two other matters until another opportunity. I ought not, however, to omit saying that during the session of Friday afternoon a telegram was received, addressed to the president, from Lady Aberdeen, who was travelling in British Columbia, expressing her regret at her inability to be present, and wishing the Association a successful and agreeable visit. It is needless to say that the telegram was received with much applause.

*The system sound is undoubtedly in accord with the best usage. Of course in Greek *g* is always hard, but in English words derived from Greek, it is hard only before *a*, *o* and *u*.—ED. D. L.

OUR PERMANENT TROOPS, I.

"B" Company, Royal School of Infantry.

Royal Military Schools.

On the 25th of May, 1883, the Governor-General assented to an amended Militia Act, which had been introduced by the present popular Minister of Militia, Sir A. P. Caron, which provided for the organization of three companies of infantry, to be permanently maintained. The object was, in the words of the Act, "to provide for the care and protection of forts, magazines, armaments, warlike stores and such like service, also to secure the establishment of schools for military instruction." Such schools had previously existed in Canada, and, as a matter of fact, did exist at the time this act was passed. Their previous existence will be remembered by many, for they were in connection with Imperial regiments stationed in Quebec, Montreal and elsewhere. To secure attendance at these Imperial regimental schools did not require a commission in the militia. Any one could attend, and, upon getting a pass certificate, secured a certain money payment. Hundreds availed themselves of this privilege. The withdrawal of the Imperial troops from Canada in 1871, necessitated the Canadian Government organizing regular troops of their own, to garrison the Citadel at Quebec and Fort Henry at Kingston. To perform this work, A and B Batteries of Canadian Artillery were called into existence on the 20th of October, 1871. These batteries were to consist of two divisions—"Field and Garrison"—and were shortly after called upon to perform the "school duties" which had hitherto been carried on by Imperial troops. In addition to their true military designation, they had given them the title of "Royal Schools of Artillery." To these schools went many officers of the militia force for instruction; but the infantry officers felt that an "artillery school" was hardly the place at which to get first-class infantry education. To meet this difficulty, the amended Militia Act of 1883 gave authority to call into existence three permanent companies of infantry. On the 21st of December, 1883, a Militia General Order, the substance of which is as follows, appeared in the *Canada Gazette*:

INFANTRY SCHOOL CORPS.

The formation of three schools of infantry having been authorized, the requisite number of militiamen will be enrolled and formed into one corps, to be known as the "Infantry School Corps."

The stations of these schools were to be: "A" Company at Fredericton, N.B., under Lieut.-Col. Maunsell, commandant; "B" Company at St. John, P.Q., under Lieut.-Col. D'Orsonnens, commandant; "C" Company at Toronto, under Lieut.-Col. Otter, commandant. Subsequent authority was given to organise a fourth company—"D" Company—and it was and is stationed at London, Ont., where splendid new barracks were specially erected. In 1883 a troop of permanent cavalry—"The Cavalry School Corps"—was organised, under Lieut.-Colonel Turnbull, and stationed in Quebec. In 1885 a company of mounted infantry was formed and stationed at Winnipeg, and in 1887 another battery—"C" Battery—was called into existence and stationed at Victoria, B.C. The three Batteries of Artillery—A, B and C—form "the Regiment of Canadian Artillery," under the command of Lieut.-Col. Irwin. By the end of January, 1884, the required number of men were enlisted for the infantry and cavalry—the period of enlistment three years—and in the spring of that year their educational work began and has continued ever since. Some three years ago Her Majesty was pleased to bestow upon them the title of "Royal Schools." The course of instruction lasts three months, and there are three courses in the year. The officers attached for instruction live and mess in barracks and receive one dollar a day pay. The instruction is carried on by the permanent or regular officers and non-commissioned officers under the direction of the commandant. In addition to militia officers, militia non-commissioned officers and men can also be attached. They receive fifty cents a day pay. The pay of the regular Canadian private soldier is forty cents a day and a full kit. The only stoppages are 15 cents a day when in hospital and a trifling monthly stoppage for hair-cutting. Such is a brief outline of the organization of our small force of Canadian regulars—a portion of whose duty is that of "military schools" for our volunteers, the officers of which must qualify or lose their commission. To render the qualifying as easy as possible at the end of each regular course, special courses lasting about two weeks are given.

This issue of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED we devote largely to illustrating the Royal Military School in connection with "B" Company, Infantry School Corps, stationed in the Barracks at St. John, P.Q. A recent issue contained a view of the officers' quarters from the tennis ground and another taken from the river. The ground on which the barracks are built is memorable ground in connection with the early history of this country, and saw stirring scenes when occupied by the French, as it also did when assailed by an American force. The old French earthworks, which are still in a good state of preservation, show that the fort covered a considerable piece of ground and mounted a number of guns. The present barracks were erected in 1839, as we are informed by a brass plate on the hall of the officers' quarters, which bears the following inscription:

This Barrack for
3 F. Officers, 27 Officers, 12 Sergeants, 200 Men
and Hospital for 80 Patients
Was
Commenced June, 1839 Completed December, 1839.
Amount estimated £19,000 15s 3d
Amount expended £117,231 5 7½ sgd.
Executive officer, Major Foster, R.E.,
Commanding Royal Engineers, Canada.
Col. Oldfield, R.H.

Old residents of St. John speak with feelings of pride when they tell of the famous British regiments which in turn have been quartered in the barracks, among them the 43rd and 71st. The late Col. Dyde once told the writer, of the gay scenes which marked the residence there of the latter regiment under Sir Hugh Dalrymple. Upon one occasion he with two or three friends had gone out on "guest night" to dine with the officers. A snow storm of extraordinary severity came on and they were not able to get back for several days. Every night became a "guest night," "and a jollier crowd," said the old colonel, "I never saw." Even in these latter days such an occurrence is not uncommon, and more than once, guests of "B" Company—to Dinner" on guest night, have been compelled to remain till next day, because of an old-fashioned Canadian snowstorm.

In this connection let us say a word as to the hospitality of the permanent officers of "B" Company, Infantry School Corps. They are few in number, but a more generous lot of fellows it would be hard to find. Many an officer of the Montreal volunteer force has experienced it, and not a few of our Montreal citizens can testify that they have received a cordial welcome on "guest night" at the barracks, which is every Thursday night. At 6.30 the bugle sounds for dress, and at 7 p.m. the call to dinner is resounding through the corridors. Then the ante-room presents a gay scene—the permanent officers in their beautiful scarlet mess jackets and dark blue vests; the attached officers, some in scarlet and some in rifle green; the civilian guests in full dress. As the mess room door opens, the mess sergeant announces "dinner is served," the guests troop in, the band in the kiosk on the tennis ground, begins to play and continues to do so at intervals during the dinner. If the scene in the ante-room was gay, the mess room is even more so. The dinner table is beautifully laid, and is in season nicely decorated with flowers, while the officers' servants, acting as waiters, dressed in the regimental livery, (tail coat, with large brass buttons and scarlet vest and regimental trousers), move about quietly attending to the wants of the guests. The only toast drunk is "The Queen." Dinner over, the ante-room is once more occupied; then coffee and cigars; after which, cards for some, while others take to the billiard room. Any guest from Montreal wishing to do so can return by train, leaving St. John at five minutes to eleven, reaching his home by midnight. If he decides to stay all night, he gets a soldier's bed and a soldier's welcome. The band of the Company for its strength is an exceptionally good one. The officers, however, state that it is very difficult to keep it in good condition, as it hardly ever gets any outside engagements. The company is short of two lieutenants—Captain Freer, who rejoined his regiment, and Lieut. Roche, transferred to Fredericton, not having been replaced. The school suffers in consequence. A few words now regarding our illustrations.

THE GUARD HOUSE AND BARRACK GUARD.—The Guard Room is a new one—built some four years ago, the old one having been burned previous to the barracks being occupied by Canadian troops. It contains an officer's room, a room for the guard, a room for prisoners and four cells. The Barrack Guard consists of three privates, a bugler and a non-commissioned officer. Occasionally for instruction an officer's guard is mounted. Sentry-go is two hours on and four hours off. On a blustery cold winter's night sentry duty at this post is cold work.

BARRACK GATE AND GUARD HOUSE.—The approach to the Barrack Gate from the town is over a road which is said to have once been splendid, but now it is always bad, and in wet weather a perfect "slough of despond." Pedestrians fare better, as the Government have given them a good wooden sidewalk. The gate is shut at 9.30; "last post" at 10 p.m., and at 10.15 p.m. "lights out" is sounded. A sickly lamp attempts at night to show the homeward bound soldier where the gate is, being placed above it. As a beacon it is a poor one; as a light to dispel darkness it is not a success.

PERMANENT OFFICERS OF "B" COMPANY, INFANTRY SCHOOL CORPS.—In the centre of this group is the commandant, Lieut.-Col. D'Orsonnens, whose whole life has been passed in the military service of his country. He served as an officer in the Prince of Wales Rifles, in the Montreal Cavalry, and on the Niagara frontier during the time that Canada, owing to the American Civil War, kept a small volunteer force on the permanent frontier duty. Col. D'Orsonnens also served during both Fenian raids. He subsequently became Brigade Major at Quebec, from which place he was promoted to the position of Commandant of "B" Company, Royal School of Infantry. About a year ago he was appointed Deputy Adjutant-General of the 6th Military District. As a drill instructor Colonel D'Orsonnens is perfect, and as a Commandant of a School he is said to be about as perfect as it is possible for a man to be.

SURGEON-MAJOR F. W. CAMPBELL.—Dr. Campbell has had charge of the School since its formation, having been transferred to "B" Company, Infantry School Corps, from the Surgeoncy of the Prince of Wales Rifles, which

he held for twenty-three years. He saw service during the Fenian raids of 1866 and 1870. Both officers and men speak highly of the attention and kindness of their surgeon. That he has performed his duties well is proved by the fact that, notwithstanding a great amount of serious illness, the Company has had only one death since its formation.

CAPTAIN CHARLES J. Q. COURSOUL.—Captain Coursoul is the son of the well-known late C. J. Coursoul, for many years M.P. for Montreal East and Police Magistrate. He was at one time a member of the Victoria Rifles, and was transferred to the Infantry School from the 65th Battalion, in which corps he held a captain's commission. He is an excellent officer and is beloved by his men.

CAPTAIN AND ACTING ADJUTANT CHINIC.—Captain Chinic began his military career as an officer in the 9th Battalion (Quebec). When the North-West Rebellion broke out, Lieut. Chinic was taking a long course (then a year—now nine months) at this School. A portion of this course entails attendance for three months at the Royal Military College, Kingston, and while there he was attached to the Battery of Artillery for messing. The Battery being ordered to the North-West he went with it and served with distinction. On his return he received his commission as an officer of the Infantry School Corps. He wears the North-West medal. Captain Chinic is an excellent adjutant. He is well up in his work and is admittedly a careful and painstaking officer.

QUARTER-MASTER AND HONORARY CAPTAIN FRENETTE.—Captain Frenette served with the 9th Battalion (Quebec) throughout the North-West Rebellion, and, therefore, wears the North-West medal. He is well up in his work, and does everything he can to make his fellow officers and the men comfortable.

"B" COMPANY, INFANTRY SCHOOL CORPS (ROYAL SCHOOL OF INFANTRY) ON PARADE.—In this engraving the Company with band are drawn up on the Barrack Square. The attached officers are between the band and the Company, and the permanent officers are on the right. As the Company is only allowed 100 men, it is never possible to put a strong Company on parade. There is always to be deducted from any parade, guards, prisoners, men in hospital, cooks, officers' servants, mess men, etc. Those acquainted with the work these companies have to perform say that an addition of at least twenty-five, or even fifty, men is urgently needed.

OFFICERS' QUARTERS FROM THE BARRACK SQUARE.—This is the reverse view of the officers' quarters from that published in a previous issue. The barracks consist of two other wings occupied by the men and running at right angles to the officers' quarters. When originally built, a fourth wing completed the Barrack Square, but it was burned down a number of years ago, and as it was an unsightly ruin, it was removed some six years ago. In the centre of the Barrack Square stands the flag staff.

HOSPITAL OF "B" COMPANY, INFANTRY SCHOOL CORPS.—The original Hospital of the Barracks was built outside of the Barrack Square, facing the river. It still stands, but is not occupied. It was made to contain eighty patients. Such large hospital accommodation was not required for a force at most (with attached men) of one hundred and thirty. The Government, at the suggestion of Dr. Campbell, fitted up the building at present used as an hospital. This was originally the commissariat store building of the barracks. It contains ten beds with room to increase to ten more. It is a model hospital in every way, and, in addition to two good sized wards, contains a surgery and the quarters of the hospital sergeant. Hospital Sergt. Cotton, who is in charge, may well feel proud of his neat and clean hospital. Surgeon Campbell says that he is a model hospital sergeant.

In conclusion, the Montreal volunteers take much pride in this military school; but while admitting its value where it is at present stationed, state that its value would be increased tenfold if it was where it ought to be—in the city of Montreal. They point to the visit which the School made to Montreal on the occasion of the review on the Queen's Birthday in 1889, and the enthusiasm which that visit created, as a proof of the assertion they make. The grounds which surround the officers' quarters have, under the horticultural guidance of Colonel D'Orsonnens, been changed from a scene of desolation to that of beauty, the like of which, it is claimed, is not to be seen at any other military school in the Dominion. In future issues we hope to publish illustrations of the other military schools.

The Commandant's residence occupies the north-east portion of the officers' quarters. The ground in front is arranged in a tasteful manner, and is luxuriant with flowers.

Shelley.

UPTON BISHOP, ROSS.

HEREFORD, G. B., October 16th, 1890.

SIR,—Something over a year ago since, I wrote from Nova Scotia a note, which you published, saying "Shelley was not drowned accidentally in the Gulf of Spezia." Sir Charles Goring's words to me are corroborated in "Talks with Trelawny," by R. Edgcombe, in *Temple Bar* of May, 1890. Some of your readers may be glad to know this.

Yours, &c.,

DAVID MOORE.

Our Farewell to Japan.

At last the fateful hour had come. We had said good-bye to the queer land, so restless itself with earthquakes and typhoons and volcanoes, so creative of rest, not to say languor in all who tread its lotus-bearing bosom, the land so mysteriously mixed up with the sunrise. For a few more hours we shall look upon the crumpled hills, and pass, perhaps, not a few of its great junks, like Noah's arks, rigged with the quilted window-blinds, dear to the æsthetic lodginghouse-keeper, and then our world for the next fortnight will be a world of waters, and moving upon the face of them the stately China, the greyhound of the Pacific. We have hardly had time to notice much about her at present, beyond that she is the younger sister of the Alaska and Arizona, erst the greyhounds of the Atlantic, square-rigged on her fore and mainmasts, and fore and aft on her others, with a full equipment of decks, hold, orlop, main, spar, promenade, pilothouse, with a saloon 30 feet long by 47 feet wide, and ten feet high, with a huge airwell in the centre eight feet higher, going right up to the roof of the social hall (30 feet by 18). There is a smoking room almost as large provided for our amusement, and if we become intimate with the captain, we shall find his cabin taking up the same space above the smoking-room and furnished like a drawing-room. She is Scotch built, but with her original plan modified to introduce the latest American ideas of luxury afloat, Mr. George Gould, the chairman of the American company to which she belongs, having made it his special care that no consideration should be given to cargo space, which conflicted with the utmost comfort of the passengers.

Our cabins are most luxurious, eleven feet wide and ten feet high, and furnished with a double berth below—like a bed, a berth above and a sofa opposite; and each cabin has a tap of fresh water. The berths are supplied with the most comfortable bedding that can be bought, and not one vibration can be felt from the enormous engines with their six double-ended boilers, which can drive her at the rate of eighteen knots an hour if need be, as they did on the historical trip from Hong Kong to Yokohama, which she accomplished in three days and twenty-one hours. From England to Suez, Suez to Singapore, Hong Kong to Yokohama, and Yokohama to San Francisco, they have given her the record for the fastest trip.

I go up to the beautiful promenade deck forty feet wide—without an obstacle—in front of the captain's cabin, and turn my thoughts on that fast receding land of wonders, which has been my home for a winter, a spring and a summer. What on the whole are my impressions of Japan? These you will gather from the series of illustrated articles to be published in this paper, to which this is a prelude. For now that the launching of the magnificent new C.P.R. steamers from Vancouver to Japan and China promises to be the Queen's highway for all the mail, passenger and light freight traffic to the Far East through Canada, Canadians will be taking unusual interest in these countries. Of China I shall have to speak anon. The remainder of this article I shall devote to the task of writing a few introductory words about Japan. As a great French writer remarked in the leading French Review the other day, in order to understand the Japanese you must consider them as children. They are mere children, as children delightful and intelligent and precocious; but as adults, by the western standards, ludicrous failures. They are never so fascinating as in their actual childhood, like the gaily-dressed little dots toddling about in No. 1 in the broad



ground his daughter is tum-tuning on a drum, and a group of Jinrikisha coolies are taking in everything with absorbing interest.

No. 3 represents the human watercart, still in use even in Semi-Europeanised towns like Yokohama. When ready to discharge his water he pulls a spigot out of the bottom with a jerk.



No. 4 gives a New Year's dragon dance. New Year's week is a prolonged holiday and debauch with the Japanese, and the streets are full of little bands of character dancers, one of the favourite subjects being the dancing dragon, counterfeited by a man with a huge round cardboard dragon's head, terminating in a horse-hair mane and a green or scarlet cloth to envelope the head and shoulders of the actor. He is accompanied by a drummer, a fife, and a triangle player.



No. 5 gives the tomb of Will Adams, the English pilot,



Isezaki Cho, the theatre street of Yokohama. In the background will be seen one of the theatres, with its extraordinary rows of signboards, giving blood-curdling and wildly exaggerated pictures of the play in all the colours of the rainbow, blood predominating.

No. 2 is one of the shows of performing monkeys, so common in Japan, though the Japanese, out of common self-respect, ought to abolish them, for nothing more life-like can be imagined than their impersonations of the mannikins around them. In our engraving the monkey is playing the part of an old beggar woman. Her tale of woe has reduced the showman to tears. In the back-

east away in Japan about 1600, who became the father of the Japanese navy under Iyeyasu, the greatest of the Shoguns, and, after his death in 1620, became deified as English Anjin. There is a festival in his honour every year at Tokyo.

No 6 gives a group of what the pigeon-English-speaking Japanese call religious people, i.e., beggars for a Temple.



Just as I was in the act of kodaking him he discovered it, and, quick as lightning, clapped his hand over his face to avert the evil omen.

DOUGLAS SLADEN.

Enlightening "Sir Joseph."

LONDON, October 16.—Mr. Robert P. Porter, the head of the United States Census Bureau, spoke to-day to a London journalist on the McKinley Bill and kindred subjects. Speaking of the question of reciprocity with Canada, he said: "Canada is a bumptious and at times irritating little neighbour of ours, who wants to secure in return for a market of five or six million people one of sixty-four million. What Canada does or does not is a matter over which the American people don't spend many sleepless nights. To assume that the McKinley Bill was intended as an indication of unfriendliness to Canada is grotesque. On equal terms reciprocity with Canada is out of the question. The only way to secure the home market of sixty-four million is to become part of the Union."

Thank you, "Sir Joseph" Porter. You don't understand Canadians, *not much*, as they say in your language. So the object of the McKinley Bill is to make Canadians understand that unless they put their tails between their legs and crawl into the Union, on what terms they can get, they are to be starved into submission. No, thank you, "Sir Joseph" Porter, Canadians are *not built that way*, to use your language once more. We are "a bumptious and at times irritating little neighbour" are we? Why don't you say an irritating "*few*" country. This adjective would convey the circumstances better, and I don't suppose that you care any more about the Queen's English than about arithmetic, which, judging from your efforts in the census line, can't be much. We confess humbly that our population does not contain eight or ten million Africans, besides the sweepings of Europe. But, after all, it is no crime to have a smaller population, and we would rather have our six millions descended from the two greatest nations of modern history—Great Britain and France—than thirty millions mixed. If your sixty-four millions were Anglo-Saxons, with copious re-infusions of the original German stock, we might have ethnical reasons for wishing to join you. But when we reflect that we are a nation of pure Anglo-French descent, the heirs of men who chose to face climatic severities (duly exaggerated by certain parties for interested reasons), because they wished to take part in building up a nation and an empire under the old flag, we are at a loss to understand how you can imagine us willing to transfer the fabric built up with such pains and such cost to a new foundation which may prove of quicksand.

You may not have noticed, "Sir Joseph," that the same evening journals which announced your *Bull* (I mean in the Papal sense not the Irish), announced that the vessels of the great Canadian Mercantile Marine, trading with the West Indies, were filled to overflowing with West Indian orders, and that European maltsters will buy all the barley Canada produces at a figure equal or superior to what you have been in the habit of paying. And while I am finishing the interview, "Sir Joseph," would it be an embarrassing question if I asked if the British correspondent, into whose long and admiring ears you poured your heroics, was acquiring information for the *Daily News* or *T. P. O'Connor's Star*, or some other paper of the same Anglophile leanings.

The Paper on which "The Dominion Illustrated" is printed is manufactured by the Canada Paper Company.

THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

TRADE MARK

ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF PARLIAMENT IN CANADA, IN THE YEAR 1885, AT THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE

REGISTERED

Vol. V.—No. 123.

MONTREAL AND TORONTO, 8th NOVEMBER, 1890.

\$4.00 PER ANNUM IN GREAT BRITAIN 25s.
10 CENTS PER COPY



THE DOUGLAS PINE TREES, VANCOUVER, B.C.
(From photograph by Wm. Norman & Son.)

The Dominion Illustrated.

\$4.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

THE SABISTON LITHOGRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING CO

RICHARD WHITE, PRESIDENT.

ALEX. SABISTON, MANAGING DIRECTOR.
The Gazette Building, Montreal.

GEORGE E. MACRAE, WESTERN AGENT,
36 King Street East, Toronto.

London (England) Agency:

JOHN HADDON & CO.,

3 & 4 Boulevard Street, Fleet Street, E.C.
SOLE AGENTS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

8th NOVEMBER, 1890.

NOTICE.

All business communications, remittances, etc., to be addressed to "THE SABISTON LITHOGRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING CO., MONTREAL."

Literary communications to be addressed to
"THE EDITOR, DOMINION ILLUSTRATED."



The Christmas Number of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED will, we believe, convince the reading public that a holiday issue comparable, both in its pictorial and its literary contents, to anything produced on either side of the Atlantic can be compiled with Canadian co-operation alone. Neither effort nor expense has been spared in making it worthy of the highest aspirations of the Dominion. Our best artists and writers will be represented in its pages, and it will be Canadian from title-page to finish. As this number will mark a new starting point in the history of illustrated journalism in Canada, and will comprise a more comprehensive representation of Canadian ability and enterprise (artistic, literary and industrial) than any preceding publication, no time should be lost in sending in orders, so that every part of Canada may have a full supply for the Christmas sales.

There is one fact which those orators, who have been so persistently urging on our Canadian farming population the wonderful benefits that would result from the opening up of a market of sixty millions, seem to have lost sight of, and that is that the condition of the farmers on the other side of the line, who are in the enjoyment of this grand market is, in not a few instances, less satisfactory than that of our own people, who are asked to envy them. Of the state of things in Dakota it is hardly necessary to say a word. On that point the evidence has been overwhelming. Quite a number of Canadian settlers in the impoverished districts of the new State have lately been provided with homes in Manitoba and the North-West, and the alacrity with which they embraced the offer to transfer their penates across the frontier did not at all support the theory that the "sixty million market creates an elysium for the farmer." The visit of Mr. Innes, Dominion Immigration Agent, to Michigan brought out additional evidence of the same negative character. The condition of the settlers there was, it is true, in several respects, preferable to that of the Dakotan exiles, but some of the crops had turned out badly (the potato crop being practically a failure), complaints of hard times were rife, and not seldom the agent's inducements to return to Canada were eagerly accepted. In New England and New York the condition of many of the farming communities has been shown by statistics that are beyond question to be that of continuous decline. Even districts, which from their situation in close proximity to important business centres and in the enjoyment of every facility for communication with every point in the "sixty million market" have been proved to be waning in population and prosperity—the people taking the opportunity, whenever available, of seeking fresh fields and pastures new, where the chance of making a livelihood is not so meagre. In fact, it has been abundantly shown that agriculture in the New England and Middle, as well in some of the Wes-

tern States, instead of flourishing, as these advocates of surrender would have us believe, is in some localities in a decidedly and confessedly worse condition than it is in any part of the Dominion. It is well to bear this in mind.

It is of historical, if not of political, interest to know that the descendant and heir of the kings by whom the colony of New France was founded is much gratified with the condition of his kinsmen in the Dominion under British rule. Had valiant, brusque old Frontenac, when, from his eyry at Quebec, he defied the proud invader, Sir William Phips, who had summoned him to surrender, dreamed for a moment that, two centuries later, the descendant and representative of his royal master would send across the ocean such a message of acquiescence in the transfer of Canada to the control of its ancient foes, we can well imagine what surprise and indignation would have possessed his haughty soul. "L'homme propose mais Dieu dispose." The Comte de Paris accepts the turn of events in Canada with more resignation than he accepts what has taken place in France. The future may, however, have changes as noteworthy still in store. The present French Republic has, it is true, lasted longer than preceding attempts to establish democracy in France. It has surmounted obstacles so grave, and overcome enemies so apparently strong, that its friends may look upon it as assured. But a united and vigorous movement of conservatism against its defences may, for all we know, yet carry by assault the envied fortress of power. Should such a transformation come to pass, the letter of the Comte de Paris to Queen Victoria will acquire still greater significance as the deliberately expressed conviction of a King of France to a Sovereign of England. In any case, the Comte's telegram and Her Majesty's reply are worth remembering as a fitting conclusion to a visit which was gratifying in so many ways.

We have again and again commented on the progress of technical education in Canada. Its extension is not confined to any province, and it is satisfactory that it is having due recognition in the higher seats of learning as well as in the industrial colleges and schools. McGill University deserves credit for having first set the example of organizing special courses in applied science. The need of such provision was indicated as long as thirty-five years ago in the present Principal's inaugural address. In 1857 the first practical steps towards supplying the need were taken by the establishment of the chair of Civil Engineering. At the same time special branches were associated with the Faculty of Arts. In 1871 the subjects of the Applied Science course were constituted a distinct department, which in 1877 was raised to the rank of a faculty. Since then much has been done in the organization and equipment of the departments of civil, mining and mechanical engineering and practical chemistry. It is purposed, as soon as possible, to add to these a school of electrical engineering. The building, of which the cornerstone was laid with due formality on the 30th ult. by His Excellency the Governor-General (Lord Stanley of Preston), will add materially to the efficiency of the instruction in the scientific classes. The University authorities are indebted for the means of erecting this new home for scientific study and research to the late Thomas Workman, who by his will left \$117,000 to establish a department of mechanical engineering in the Faculty of Applied Science. Part of the capital of this bequest was to be expended in buildings and apparatus, the remainder to form an endowment fund for the teaching staff, including a professor of mechanical engineering. Mr. McDonald, an old benefactor of the University, supplemented Mr. Workman's legacy with a further gift of \$150,000, besides endowing a chair of Experimental Physics in the Faculty of Arts. The account given by Prof. Bovey of the progress of the Faculty of Applied Science during the last twelve or thirteen years is full of encouragement, as showing from what small beginnings the present advanced state of the scientific classes had developed. During the early portion of the period they were pursuing

science under difficulties, but the day of weary waiting for help had ended at last, and the faculty would now be placed on a broad and secure basis by the erection of suitable buildings and equipment of laboratories. This improvement of the scientific department of McGill is not of merely local importance, affecting very largely, as it does, the interests of this Province, and, to a considerable extent, those of the whole Dominion.

The Irish population of Canada (which constitutes an important proportion of the whole) cannot fail to be concerned at the course of events in Ireland. The Chief Secretary's tour through the Western Province has revealed an amount and degree of wretchedness which must bring home both to the Government and its opponents the urgent need of industrial revival. Mr. Balfour has seen with his own eyes the condition of the peasantry and has had interviews with the clergy of the most destitute districts. The latter take the sensible view that mere almsgiving will prove of little benefit. What the people want is to be put in the way of helping themselves. To that end it is recommended that loans be advanced which would enable the inhabitants of the coast to procure gear for deep-sea fishing. The fisheries of Ireland are immensely productive, but the destitution of the people has in many instances been so great that they can buy neither boats nor tackle and the consequence has been that one of the most profitable of the island's resources has yielded comparatively little to the sustenance of the people. Another cause of complaint is the absence of means of communication with the markets of the interior, and it is proposed to build light railways which will be of permanent usefulness, while their construction will afford work and thus give immediate relief. But, when all that is practicable has been done, the people in the poorer and more crowded districts will still be struggling with poverty. To cling to such homes as Mr. Balfour saw in Connemara might be excusable if there was no place else in the world where those poor peasants could make a living. But, while there are millions of acres of fertile land in Canada awaiting the coming of the pioneer, it surely seems folly to persist in dragging on an existence in those desolate wilds. Perhaps Mr. Balfour is afraid to speak of emigration. That is the deplorable feature of the whole business. A mission has just reached the United States to raise money for further agitation; but, meanwhile, nothing is done to help the people and everything is done to prevent them taking advice or help from others. The prosperity of thousands of Irish people in Canada shows that for the industrious and prudent there are opportunities of self-advancement which are sought in vain in Ireland under any Government. It is a pity that more of the Irish peasantry could not be induced to take up land in the North-West.

We regret to learn that feuds of race and religion have been mixed up with the troubles in the North-West Mounted Police Force, to which attention was called in the last session of the House of Commons. According to certain correspondence in a French contemporary one of the commanding officers of the force had spoken and acted in a manner calculated to wound the susceptibilities of members who were French-Canadians and Roman Catholics. In one case, a lieutenant, belonging to a well-known Montreal family, was prevented, we are told, from commanding the escort that accompanied the Governor-General from Fort McLeod to Lethbridge, solely on account of his race and religion. In order to prove that, in this instance, an English had been substituted for a French officer to cast a slur on the nationality and creed of the latter, it is stated that on the evening following the day on which the change had been ordered one of the incriminated superior officers had grossly insulted the lieutenant in question, using language regarding his origin which could only be indicated by initial letters. Several other accusations of the same kind are mentioned in the correspondence, the witnesses against the alleged offender being of English origin and speech. Some of the acts charged are of such petty spitefulness that one

may well hesitate to believe that any Canadian officer would be guilty of them. The alleged victims were both commissioned and non-commissioned officers, but the tendency of such injustice has been, it is said, to cause general dissatisfaction in the force, which can only be allayed by the cashiering of the offenders. The North-West Mounted Police Force is a splendid body of men, and has done excellent service in the maintenance of order in the Territories. It would be deplorable if, from any cause, it should become demoralized and lose the high prestige which it has won both in and out of Canada.

We would be glad to hear an authoritative contradiction to the statement that a member of the French Chamber of Deputies had sent an insulting message to Marshal Count von Moltke on the occasion of his 90th anniversary. It would appear from the despatch which publishes that deputy's shame that he had first essayed to send his ribaldry by telegraph. But the officials, on learning the character of the message, returned it to the sender. He then, it is said, sent it through the post. The man who had so little self-respect, so little regard for the honour of France, as to insult a nonagenarian soldier and patriot, whose only offence was to have served his country by his military genius, courage and endurance, is M. Francis Laur, deputy for one of the Departments of the Seine. If the French Legislature allows a man who could thus debase himself to sit unrebuked in its councils, or if the Government neglects to call him to account, the Republic will be disgraced in the eyes of Europe.

Baron Sackville, whose *faux pas* while British Minister at Washington, landed him in a cunningly devised party trap, and led to his summary removal by Mr. Cleveland, whose cause he had espoused, has been putting his foot in it in a manner which has inspired resentment beyond the pale of partisan warfare. Mr. George Washington Child, the munificent millionaire publisher of Philadelphia, had, as our readers are doubtless aware, presented Shakespeare's town with a memorial drinking fountain. Lord Sackville made a claim on the municipality for the rent of the ground on which the fountain stands. It seemed quite possible until lately that the claim was preferred in a moment of forgetfulness by the noble proprietor, or that it had been put forward, in the usual way, by his man of business. The proceedings at the banquet given a few days ago by the Mayor of Stratford leave no room for doubt, however, that Lord Sackville had demanded his rent with a full knowledge of what he was doing. For, on the occasion in question, his brother, the Earl of Dela Warr, who is High Steward of Stratford-on-Avon, expressed regret at the Baron's action, and ventured to hope that he would himself acknowledge that it was a mistake. Meanwhile, the untitled American, who, in this case, certainly proved himself to be the "noblest Roman of them all," had offered to pay the ground rent. We sympathized with Lord Sackville when the publication of his private letter was turned to account by Republican wire-pullers and when an ungrateful government insisted on his recall because his inopportune championship imperilled its position with an Anglo-phobe electorate. But to ask for the ground rent of a fountain raised in honour of Shakespeare's town by a generous descendant of Shakespeare's compatriot—that is an offence against civilization and culture unworthy of an English nobleman.

The latest report of the mineral resources of the United States contains some interesting statistics as to the production and movement of petroleum in Canada. Petrolia, the centre of the Canadian oil district, is in Lambton county, Ont., and was settled in 1839. It is on Bear Creek, a tributary of the Sydenham, and about 160 miles from Toronto. The paying wells are confined to a belt running north-east and south-west for about twenty miles, with a width of from one mile to four miles. The product of crude petroleum in the year 1862 was 11,775 barrels of 45 gallons; in 1888 this product had enlarged to 772,392 gallons. These figures represent estimates, there being, it seems, no trustworthy statistics of production. According

to the petroleum inspection returns, published in the report of the Geological and Natural History Survey, the total of Canadian refined oils inspected during the year 1887 was 7,905,666 imperial gallons, or 225 barrels of 35 gallons (imperial). This, at a yield of 100 crude for 38 refined, corresponds to 20,804,384 imperial gallons or 591,411 barrels, and taking the average price per barrel for crude oil on the Petrolia oil exchange as 78 cents, the value of the total yield would be \$463,641. This shows an increase on the product of the previous year of 107,970 barrels—the increase in the total value being \$25,844.

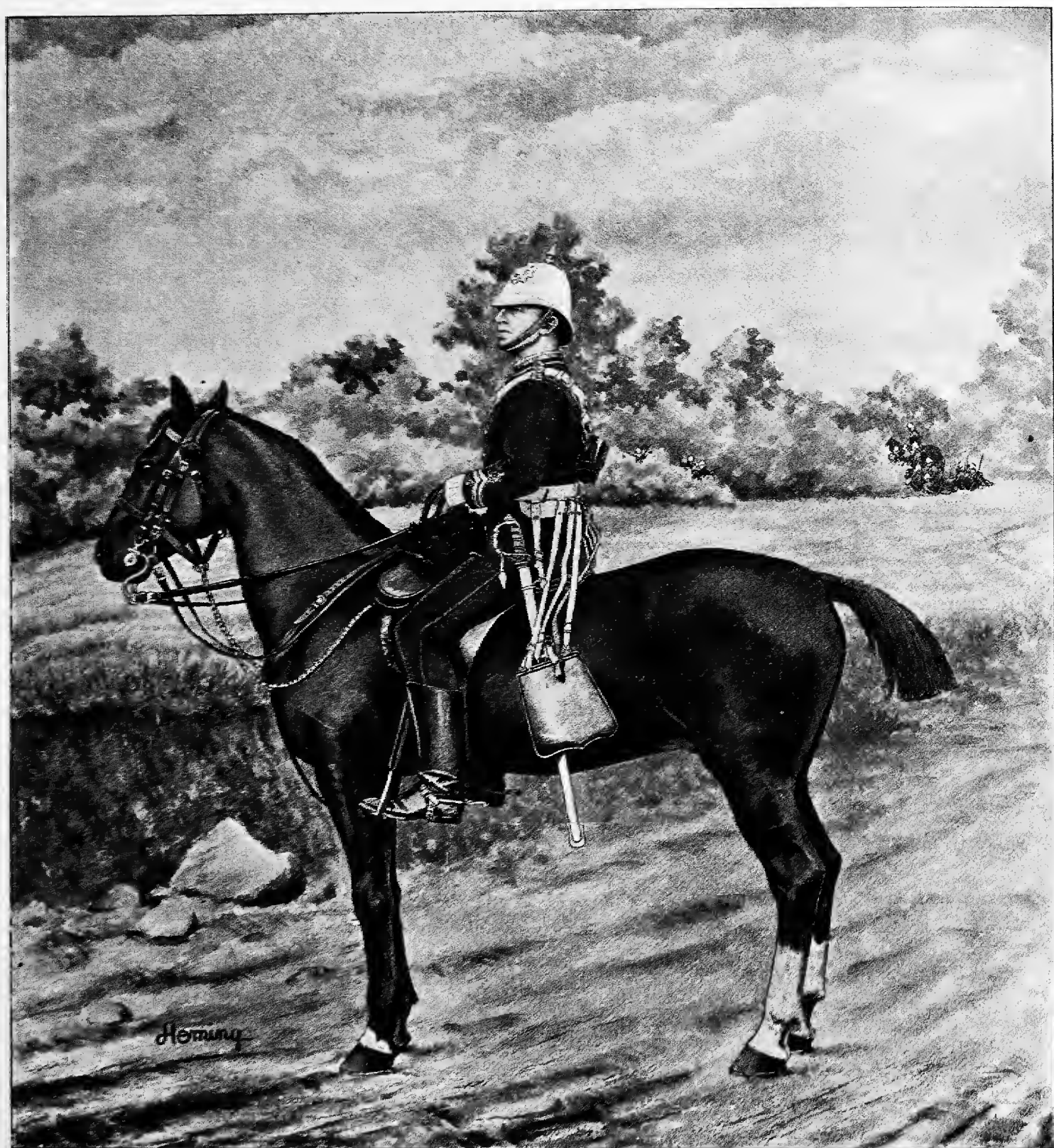
We are nearing the end of the nineteenth century. With another generation its praises will begin to be chanted, as those of the 16th, 17th and 18th have been chanted. We who have lived in and jostled (directly or indirectly) with its great men see but dimly the purport of its grand movements. We are even tempted sometimes to listen to the wail of those disappointed aspirants who, because they have failed themselves (failed through false pretences, probably, for an age of sublime thinkers and workers is also through the superabundance of its intellectuality, an age of shams), try to hide his shortcomings by universal detraction. It is so easy to go into ecstasies over a past about whose realities we may know very little more than what may be conjectured by the names of a few "men of the time"; and it is so easy to speak slightly of men and women because we have seen them in the flesh or have read the interviewer's account of them. Long ago, the world's leaders kept themselves apart, so that mystery added to their prestige. The danger in our day is that they may be vulgarized by association with the rabble—rich as well as poor. But this degradation of dignities, the logical sequel of social democracy, is only a transition stage. The test will purge the gold from the dross, though the process may take time. In some cases it has taken so long that one almost doubts the judgment both of contemporaries and posterity. The compensation missed in one age may come, it is true, in the next—compensation to a shade for the neglect which doomed a sensitive soul to disappointment, to want, perhaps to death. It is expedient, however, not once, but always, that some one (scores, rather, hundreds, thousands) should die for the people, die and pass into blank forgetfulness. The history of invention is full of sacrifice, and there is not a boon of comfort we enjoy that has not been won by tears and blood for some, while bringing wealth and glory to others. But that is only one phase of the great struggle of this world's development. The moral of it all is that we should keep awake to what is most fruitful and assuring in our own time, to the greatness of the world in which our lot is cast, hoping for still grander triumphs, instead of making invidious comparisons with a past in which we would not willingly live an hour.

THE STANLEY-BARTELLOT CONTROVERSY.

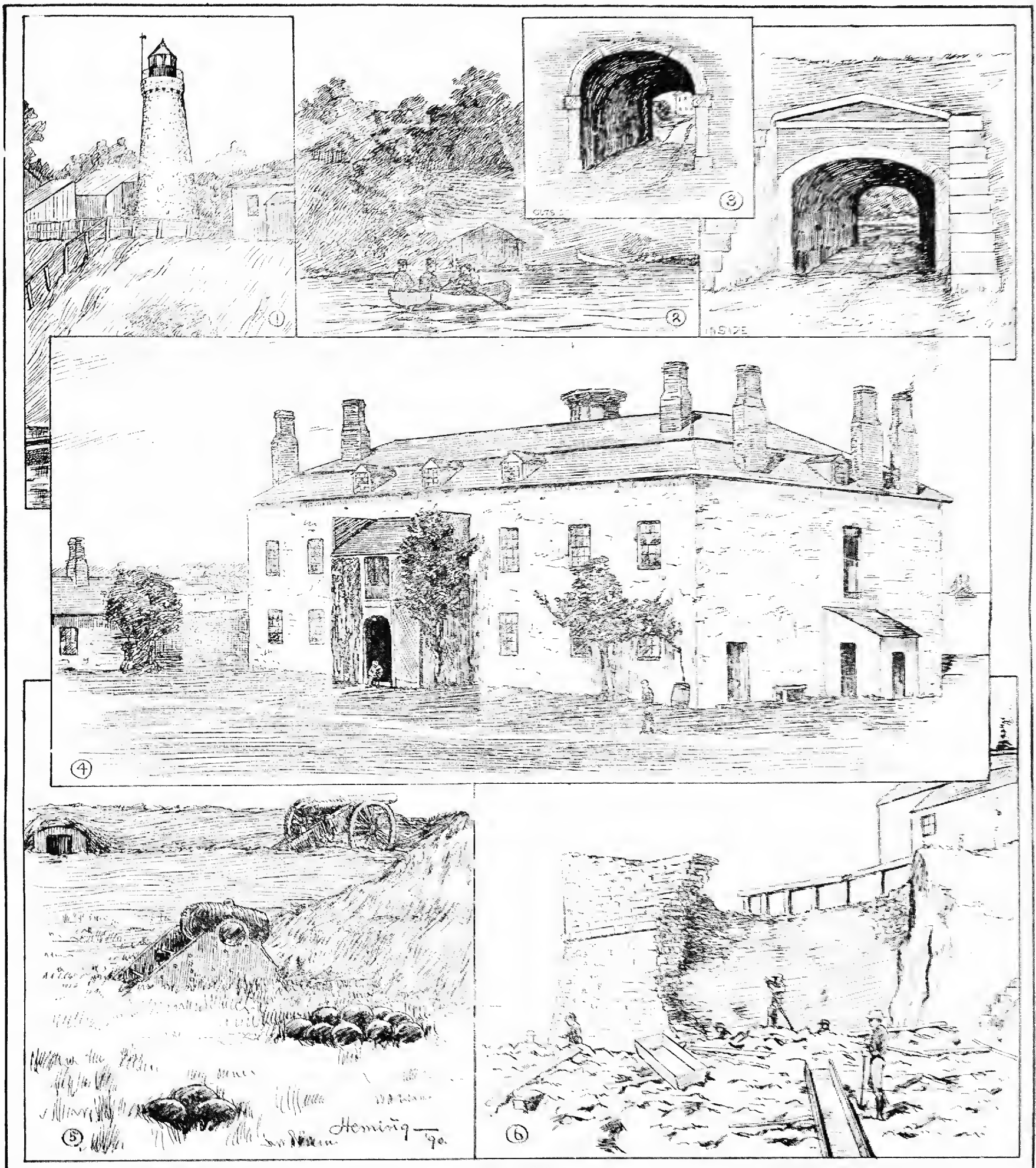
It looks as if some members of the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition were about to forfeit, through demerits of their own, some share of the honest fame which a generous world certainly did not begrudge them. The chief of the expedition set out on his humane and arduous quest with a prestige which many a distinguished soldier might envy. As one of Gordon's co-workers, Emin Pasha was deemed well worthy of the trouble taken to rescue him from a position of peril. He had conferred some service on science, had some reputation as an administrator, and, from his unusually romantic career, was altogether a noteworthy figure. As to his actual situation opinion was divided, but it was generally believed that no time should be lost in bringing assistance to a man who had dared and endured so much in the cause of civilization. That H. M. Stanley should have been chosen to command the rescuing force was in the natural course of things. It was he who had discovered Livingstone's whereabouts when that earnest missionary and intrepid explorer had been deemed hopelessly lost. He had since then continued Livingstone's work, which he had even surpassed by raising the veil of mystery from Africa's central

river system and contributing materially to the formation of the Congo Free State. There was some controversy as to the route by which Emin Pasha should be reached, not a few being in favour of starting from the east coast—a plan which the homeward journey proved to be less difficult than the course adopted. Stanley was, however, in the service of King Leopold, and felt obliged to follow His Majesty's suggestions. The decision to push northward by one of the chief branches of the Congo, through an unknown region and with thousands of tons of baggage, necessitated a strong corps of trained carriers. A certain number of Zanzibari had been engaged, and for the remainder, without which the rear guard could not advance except at a snail's pace and with well nigh intolerable toil and weariness, Stanley himself had made an arrangement with Tippu-Tib. That he did not entirely trust the Arab trader he freely avowed to Major Barttelot. Indeed, he gave that officer to understand that not improbably Tippu-Tib would play him false. In that case, what was the second in command to do? On that point he was left practically to his own resources. The force of men provided for him was clearly and wholly inadequate to the task which it was expected to perform. The peace pact with Tippu on the Arab's fidelity to the terms of which the arrival of the carriers depended had been made by the chief of the expedition with a full knowledge of the trader's character and of the possibility that Major Barttelot might be subject to annoying delays and patience-exhausting breaches of promise.

We know what happened. Major Barttelot was asked to perform the impossible. He lost his life indirectly through Stanley's arrangement. Stanley had the pick of the force with himself. Major Barttelot had not the explorer's experience in dealing with natives, and he was, it appears, impetuous in temper. The tragedy seems to have been due to misunderstanding. If what Stanley has lately more than hinted be true, the man who shot Barttelot was unjustly punished with death. On the other hand, if the account published by Major Barttelot's brother regarding the whole question of the rear column be accurate, the deceased officer was unfairly treated during his life and Stanley has been harsh to his memory since his tragic death. Even the explorer's own account of his disposal of the rear column, and of his instructions to its commander, leaves the impression that the unfortunate officer was more sinned against than sinning, and that a share, at least, of the blame for the postponements, uncertainty and endless misunderstandings connected with that portion of the expedition should fall on Mr. Stanley himself. It is to be regretted that any disagreement should have arisen on the subject, but it was unavoidable that the reproaches which the chief of the expedition did not hesitate to cast upon all who were associated with the rear column should be answered by some person. Mr. Stanley's story has been widely read on both sides of the Atlantic. He gives high praise to some of his lieutenants, and, indeed, he could not do otherwise, for never, by his own showing, were duties so arduous, so fraught with peril, performed with more cheerfulness, courage and fortitude than Stanley's companions brought to the tasks entrusted to them. But no less credit is due to "poor Jameson," who fell a martyr to his generous zeal, and, as for Major Barttelot, it is the least we owe to his memory that we should carefully weigh every word of his posthumous defence. At the same time, we must beware of giving heed to damaging statements like those of Dr. Peters, though he claims for them the authority of Emin Pasha. Between the latter and Stanley there seems from the very first to have existed an incompatibility of temper which gave rise to unseemly quarrels. Which of the two was the more blameworthy it is hard to say, and we should be all the more reluctant to express a judgment on the German-Arab naturalist because his rescuer has been at such pains to present his foibles to the world. Our admiration for Stanley is, however, not the less hearty, and our appreciation of his great work as an explorer is not the less sincere now that we know something of his faults as well as of his virtues. His career is his best justification.



CAPT. STEART, ADJUTANT 13th BATT., HAMILTON, ONT.
(Drawn by our special artist.)



1. The Lighthouse.
2. The Ferry landing.

3. The Sallyport.
4. The Old Castle.

5. On the Ramparts.
6. Repairing the wall.

FORT NIAGARA, N. Y. By our special artist.

OUR ENGRAVINGS

JOSEPH SAINT-CHARLES, ESQ., ARTIST.—It is always pleasant to note signs of advancement in our native art. We have already, on more than one occasion, both by letter-press and illustration, given some evidence of the progress achieved in this direction in recent years. In the present instance we submit to our readers the portrait of one of the most promising of our younger artists, Mr. Saint Charles. As yet he is only at the dawn of his career, though he has already afforded indications of its character. He has hardly completed his 23rd year, but his gazes of inspiration have been accepted by masters in painting as full of assurance. Mr. Saint Charles is now studying with Gérôme, and that he is destined to do honour to his native land there is no reason to doubt. He has that essential of fruitful genius—industry, with tenacity of purpose—and is sure to make good use of his hours with the painter of the "Coch-fight," "Phryne" and the "Duel of Pierrot."

MISS AGNES HUNTINGTON, CANTATRICE AND ACTRESS.—The lady, whose portrait, by favour of Mr. Henry Thomas, we are enabled to present to our readers in this issue, will shortly visit Montreal, to appear in the Academy of Music in her famous rôle of *Paul Jones* in the comic opera of that name. An American by birth, a singer by gifts and an actress by training, Miss Huntington was for months one of the chief attractions of the London operatic stage. An enthusiastic English critic characterized her as "a daughter of the gods—divinely tall and most divinely fair, with a rich, soft, velvety young voice." The opera whose title rôle she has made her own by a succession of rare triumphs, is the joint production of the late H. B. Farnie and of Robert Planquette, author of the popular "Chimes of Normandy." The libretto is an adaptation from the French of Messrs. Chivot and Darn. The melodies of the piece are said to be graceful, piquant and full of colour—with a fair distribution of emphasis on the romantic and the humorous elements. There is, indeed, ample scope for both in the story of Paul Jones. From a historical and patriotic point of view, the career of that bold sea captain is of greater interest to the American or the Frenchman than to the loyal sons of Old England, and it is evidence of Miss Huntington's remarkable faculty of vocal expression and characterization that in impersonating the commander of the "Bonhomme Richard" she always carried captive her English audience. Though he fought against King George, John Paul was a native of Scotland, having been born in the parish of Kirkbean in the year 1747. In 1773 he crossed the Atlantic to take possession of an estate that he had inherited in Virginia by the death of his elder brother. He had already some experience of a seafaring life, having at an early age taken charge of a vessel trading to the West Indies. In 1775 he offered his services to the Continental Congress and was made first lieutenant of the navy. Out of gratitude to General Jones, of North Carolina, who had befriended him, he assumed that officer's name, and was known henceforth as Paul Jones. He became one of the boldest and most skillful searovers of that troublous time, and by his daring secured many prizes. Our own coasts had reason to dread his appearance, as he was a terror to the fishermen of Nova Scotia. His most famous encounter with the British fleet was his action in 1779 with the *Scraper*, commanded by Captain Pearson, who surrendered to him, after the mainmast of his vessel had been cut in two by a double-headed shot. Paul Jones's ship, the *Bonhomme Richard*, was so badly damaged that it went to the bottom of the North Sea soon after the engagement. Though declared a pirate by the British Government, Jones was decreed a medal by Congress. He subsequently entered the service of Russia, and, after an adventurous life, died at Paris in 1799 at the comparatively early age of fifty-two. The French Government gave him a public funeral. Miss Huntington makes a dashing figure in her naval uniform. Handsome of face and admirably formed, with frank, laughing eyes, faultless teeth, white and graceful neck and broad shoulders that suit her stature, she has all the physical advantages for the cast in which she excels. Her voice she manages to perfection. It is "contralto of uncommon compass, powerful, especially in the lower and middle register," and is said to have filled with ease the great auditorium of the Broadway Theatre. The play comprises some capital dances, which, like the songs, come in naturally. In New York "Paul Jones" was a decided success, though it is not always that London's taste suits the Manhattanites. There are other good characters in the play, the parts of which are effectively taken by Miss Marguerite Van Pleydell (*Yvonne*), Mr. Eric Thorne (*Bouillabaisse*, an old smuggler), Mr. Waters, who makes a capital Yankee skipper, and Mr. Karl Mara, who plays *Rosino* to good advantage. We have no hesitation in saying, from what we have learned on the subject, that an operatic treat

of unusual attractiveness is in store for the patrons of the Academy.

JOHN JACQUES STUART, ESQ., CAPTAIN AND ADJUTANT, 13TH BATTALION OF INFANTRY, HAMILTON.—To the fine corps in which the subject of this illustration holds the responsible position of adjutant, none of our readers are likely to be entire strangers, for we have had occasion more than once, pictorially as well as by letter-press, to give it a prominent place in our pages. The *esprit de corps* is strong in it, and with good reason, for there is not a regiment in our militia that has shown more pride in its duty and hardly any, if any at all, that have been more ready to bear the brunt of danger in the critical hours that try men's souls. Of veterans who have seen active service the 13th has a fair proportion, the Fenian Raid having given an opportunity to many of the officers and men of distinguishing themselves in repelling the invaders of their country. Adjutant Stuart is of the elder members of a later generation. His name has been on the roll for a good many years. He was gazetted captain as long ago as the 13th of January, 1882, and has been adjutant since the 18th of April, 1884. He has earned the esteem of his brother officers by the faithful discharge of his duty, and is popular with the men of the regiment.

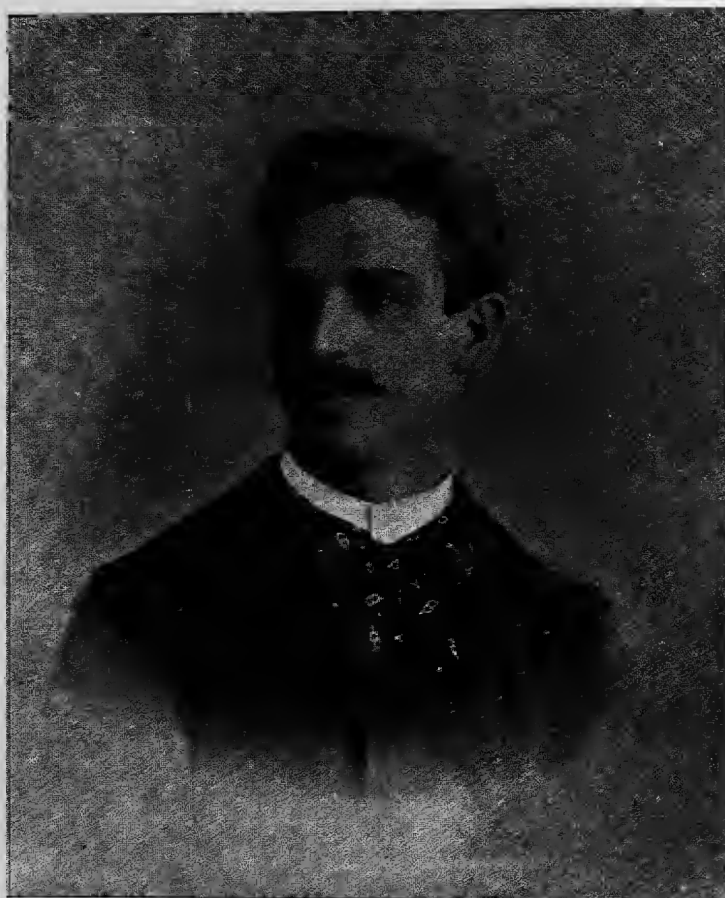
DOUGLAS PINES, VANCOUVER, B.C.—British Columbia is noted for its wonderful wealth of conifers, among which the Douglas spruce (called also Douglas Pine—the most

the night of the 16th Clayton was reached, where it was found necessary to lighten the stern part by transferring a quantity of coal to the fore portion. Brockville was passed at noon on the 17th, and Ogdensburg reached the same evening, where they remained the night. On leaving Ogdensburg they separated, the stern part going first, passing through the narrow rapids and reaching the Cornwall canal at 6.40 p.m. on the 19th. The lower gate was passed at 11 a.m. on the 20th, and proceeding through Lake St. Francis, passed Valleyfield, Beauharnois canal was reached at about 4.30 p.m., where they tied up to await the fore part. Coteau Lake and the Lachine Canal were passed successfully, and both portions reached Montreal safely. The vessel thus accomplished the distance from Buffalo, passing through forty-three canal locks, in about eleven days, without any trouble or difficulty of any kind, except an occasional hitch with the towing rope. This is just the converse of the proceeding adopted in the case of the Rosedale about a year ago, that vessel having been built at Sunderland for the Upper Lakes trade and crossed the Atlantic laden with cement for Chicago. On her arrival here the cargo was transferred to lighters and the Rosedale taken to Tates' dry dock where, being cut in two, she was towed up the canals and taken to Buffalo.

"ALARMED" (CANADIAN ELK).—This spirited picture of one of the most noteworthy of larger game of the Dominion, is reproduced from a black-and-white drawing by Mr. F. A. Verner, after the original painting exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1889. It is a good specimen of a branch of art in which Mr. Verner has shown special skill, for which his work has won praise from critics of unquestioned authority. The Canadian elk (*servus Canadensis*) was, up to about a century ago, a familiar enough sight in Eastern Canada, though now it is only occasionally met with between Manitoba and the Pacific coast (as far north as latitude 57 degrees) and on Vancouver and the adjacent islands. Mr. Tyrrel, who gives this information, says that it was through misunderstanding that Richardson applied the name *Wapiti* to the elk, its proper Indian name being *Waskaseu*.

DELEGATES FROM MANITOBA TO DULUTH, MINNEAPOLIS AND ST. PAUL.—Our engraving represents a jovial party of delegates from the leading commercial bodies of Manitoba, who were invited by the North Pacific and Manitoba Railway Co. to visit Duluth and the twin cities near the Falls of St. Anthony. The Boards of Trade of Winnipeg, Portage la Prairie and Brandon were well represented, as also were the Winnipeg Grain Exchange and City Council. The Railway Company paid every courtesy and attention to their guests, and General Manager Graham, accompanied by Traffic Manager Swinford, went with the party in their private car. The first place visited was Duluth, where they were right royally entertained by the hospitable and energetic citizens. Escorted from the station on arrival to the Spaulding House, carriages were promptly in waiting for them, and a most charming drive was the first event in the programme. One enthusiastic visitor, in the exuberance of his feelings, was heard to hint that, in point of beauty, the scenery approached that of Montreal; but this was generally considered to be laying it on too heavily, and was listened to with mingled feelings of incredulity and surprise. The drive was followed by a formal reception to the visitors given by the Duluth Board of Trade and Corn Exchange. Speeches of welcome to the Manitobans and of there thanks for the courtesies they had received were exchanged.

The novel and interesting expedient of turning out the fire brigade was the next act on the part of the hosts, and their guests could not fail to be impressed with the equipment and the manning of the force and its apparatus and reflected extreme credit on the fire department in general, and especially on the competent chief. A sumptuous banquet followed, after which the visitors left for St. Paul with the kindest recollections of Duluth and its citizens. A pleasant journey to St. Paul was soon ended, and again the "Britishers" were in receipt of great kindness. After breakfast, the secretary of the Chamber of Commerce took command and drove the party all through the city, giving them an unusually good opportunity of seeing the most beautiful parts of St. Paul. The highest building in the city—that of the *Pioneer Press*—was next ascended and the fine view enjoyed from the top. A run of seven miles on the new electric railway followed with return on the cable car, and the working of these—to us—novel features was explained by Mr. Chase, the assistant superintendent of the road. In the evening the party went on to Minneapolis, visited the Exposition (just opened), and were much interested in the representation of the Fall of Pompeii, which was exhibited with vivid scenic effect. On the following day the Manitobans commenced with a run on the electric railway and visit to its extensive shops, followed by a drive through and around the city and taking in its most charming bits of scenery. A novel experience followed—that of being photographed while on top of a building 220 feet high, viz., the Guaranty Building. At night the party re-embarked for home, arriving at the several destinations on the following day, concluding a most enjoyable trip.



JOSEPH SAINT-CHARLES, ESQ., ARTIST.

common of its names—Oregon Pine and Douglas Fir) is of exceptional exuberance. Though coarse in grain, it is straight, and suprisingly tough, being capable of bearing strains which other woods could not resist. Some of these trees are of prodigious size—attaining a height of 200 to 250 feet and being as much as eight feet in diameter. It is in great demand for masts and spars, and the timber is also largely used for bridges, frames, ties, boxes and in ship-building. In wood-craft (though not in science) two kinds are discriminated—the red and the yellow, one having a hard, knotty red core, while the heart of the other is less hard and has a faint tinge of yellow. The Douglas pine abounds on the mainland coast and as far north as the upper end of Vancouver Island.

THE STEAMER MACKINAW.—This vessel, a steamship of 2,573 tons, of which we give an illustration in the present issue, has passed through some singular experiences. The property of the Saginaw Steel Steamship Company, she was built for freight purposes at West Bay City, Michigan, where being launched she was taken to the Buffalo dry dock and there cut in two, so as to enable her to pass through the St. Lawrence canals. On the 11th of October she left Buffalo in tow of four tugs—the fore part being in charge of Captain Armstrong and the stern in charge of Captain Sears, who will have the command of the ship when she is put together, and who hopes to make many ocean trips in her. Port Colborne was passed the same day and Port Dalhousie on the 15th. That place was left at daybreak, the forward part going first and the stern, with rudder foremost, afterwards. The towing lines gave considerable trouble at first, but the weather was moderate on Lake Ontario, and good headway was made. On

Through the Magazines.

MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN HISTORY.

The chief feature of interest to Canadian readers in the November number of this instructive periodical is Dr. Prosper Bender's paper on "The French Peasantry," (Part III.) which deals with the habits and mode of life of our compatriots. As some of our readers are aware, Dr. Bender is one of us, having made his mark as a *littérateur* before he left his native Quebec for the New England capital. His article is at once sympathetic and independent, the author neither veiling the faults nor withholding commendation from the virtues of the *habitant*. The whole series is of considerable historic value, showing much research, as well as a large personal knowledge of the people of this Province not to be found in any other source of information. The Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst, D.D., contributes a paper on "Divine Drift in Human History." A fine portrait of Dr. Parkhurst forms the frontispiece to this number. The second article, "American Outgrowths of Continental Europe," by the Editor, Mrs. Martha J. Lamb, covers a broad field of scholarly inquiry; it is based upon the "Narrative and Critical History of America," and is handsomely illustrated. It is followed by General Winfield Scott's "Remedy for Intemperance," from Hon. Charles Aldrich; "The Puritan Birthright," by Nathan M. Hawkes; and "The Action of Tarrytown, 1781," with a graphic account of the heroism of Captain George Hurlbut, by Dr. R. B. Contant, president of the Tarrytown Historical Society. The "Library of a Philadelphia Antiquarian," by E. Powell Buckley, will be perused with interest by all bibliophiles. That wonderful literary worker, Hubert Howe Bancroft, writes of "The Literature of California," *cujus maxima pars est*, and the Rev. E. J. Kunk gives a historic poem, "Revolutionary Newburgh." Every issue of the *Magazine of American History* comprises something worth reading and preserving, and it is always rich in illustrations to be looked for elsewhere in vain. To students of the history of this continent it is indispensable. The subscription price is \$5 yearly. Address, 743 Broadway, New York City.

ANNALS OF THE AMERICAN ACADEMY.

We have already referred at some length to the most noteworthy contents of the first number of this important publication, especially to Dr. Bourinot's article on the comparative merits of the United States and the Canadian Constitutions and the Hungarian zone-tariff system of railway administration. The second quarterly number (October) is no less rich in contributions both of current and permanent interest on constitutional, economic and social questions. Dr. James H. Robinson has an exhaustive study on the American Constitution, in which he undertakes to show how much of it is original and what features of it are derived from the usage of the mother country. As the paper turns largely on the relations between the several States and the central power, it is not without its bearing on some points in our own constitutional development. Dr. Robinson maintains, as against the late Sir Henry Maine and others, that a distinct evolution, which was destined to bear fruit at the great crisis, had been in process in colonial times, and that writers who ignore this fact are sure to go astray in their comments. Prof. Andrews, of Bryn Mawr College, comes into conflict with Prof. John Fiske ("American Institutions") in treating of the origin of Connecticut towns, deeming to be baseless the theory that they furnished a model for the national federation. Of timely concern is Prof. C. Stuart Patterson's criticism of the Supreme Court's decision on the Original Package case, which he pronounces bad law and unworthy to be cited as a precedent. Miss H. Leonard has translated from the writings of the Austrian Economist, Prof. Boehm, a parallel, or rather contrast, between the deductive and historical school, in which the latter gets the worst of it. On this side of the ocean Prof. Sumner, of Yale, and Prof. Ely, of John Hopkins, are the respective coryphees of the two parties. The number also contains a mass of general information on the great movements of economic science and public law, and some admirable reviews of recent works. The publication is the organ of the American Academy of Political and Social Science, which is to be congratulated on the success of its enterprise. It is published at Philadelphia, where the Academy has its home.

THE CANADIAN INDIAN.

The second number of this excellent magazine (November) has been issued in good time. As already pointed out, it is published under the auspices of the Canadian Indian Research and Aid Society, and is edited by the Rev. E. F. Wilson, of Sault Ste. Marie, and Mr. H. B. Small, of Ottawa. The present number contains the continuation of Mr. Wilson's account of his visit to the Zuni, articles on "Indian Languages," "Indian Mounds," "Indian Training," "The North-West Half-breeds," "The Oka Controversy," and other questions that come within the scope

implied by its name. It is worthy of generous support. The annual subscription is \$2, which includes the privilege of membership in the society. Intending subscribers may address the Rev. Mr. Wilson, Sault Ste. Marie; Mr. Small or Mr. W. L. Marler, Merchants Bank, Ottawa. The *Canadian Indian* is printed and published by Mr. John Rutherford, Owen Sound, Ont.

THE AMERICAN BOOKSELLER.

This fortnightly publication gives regularly the names, authors and publishers of the most important recent works both of the new world and the old. It also contains interesting correspondence from the chief publishing centres, pithy notices of the principal books, with brief biographies from time to time of the leaders of the literary and publishing worlds in Europe and America. The last number (October 15) has a full page portrait of the late Thomas Longman, and a sketch of the eventful careers of the two great firms of the Rivingtons and the Longmans, now amalgamated. This sketch takes us back (in imagination) to the days of Queen Anne—the Augustan age, as it used to be called, of our English literature, and no less noteworthy an epoch in the annals of journalism and the publishing trade. The price of the *Bookseller* is \$2 a year. The office of publication is 22 East 18th street, New York.

THE OWL.

Mr. Duncan A. Campbell, contributes a suggestive paper



MISS AGNES HUNTINGTON.

on "One Phase of the Educational Problem" to the *Owl*, the bright and readable organ of Ottawa University. An editorial on "Baccalaureate Reform in France" is not untimely, in view of some recent discussions in Montreal. Mr. D. Murphy writes of "The Influence of the Head on Art." There is some fair poetry from students and others, and several pages of general reading, information on college sports and societies, and some touches of never absent and always welcome humour make up a good average number, and the average of the *Owl* is a high one. The *Owl* is published by the students of the University.

THE NEW YORK INDEPENDENT.

The New York *Independent*, in a criticism of Mr. W. Blackburn Harte's recent review of the writers of prominence in Canada, says: This is in many respects a valuable and excellent paper. Mr. Harte shows several qualities that go to make good criticism. He is bold, honest, happy, and free from circumlocution. His appreciations of the Canadian writers are subtle, exact, well considered, true; and they mark him as a sincere student of literature and a helpful critic. In speaking of the Canadian verse-writers, however, he has seriously marred the judicial character of his dicta by one omission. The foremost man of letters in Canada is Mr. Goldwin Smith, as Mr. Harte readily acknowledges. The foremost poet in Canada, in reputation as well as in achievements and power, is Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts. If there was one person in Canadian letters whose work could not possibly be skipped, it was he. Mr. Harte dismisses him with half a dozen lines. This goes counter to current opinion, and while saying much for the writer's courage and honesty, says less for his

judgment. It should be distinctly borne in mind that all the younger Canadians whom Mr. Harte praises with so much insight when he says that "they observe natural phenomena with the careful eyes of a botanist, the knowledge of a woodsman and the love and awe of a pagan," are only following in Roberts' larger footsteps; and that the spirit of patriotism and poetry within them owes its first stir of life to the stalwart manliness which achieved success in "Orion," while they were yet all boys together.

Our Past and Our Present.

At the banquet given at Quebec to the Comte de Paris, Dr. George Stewart spoke as follows:—

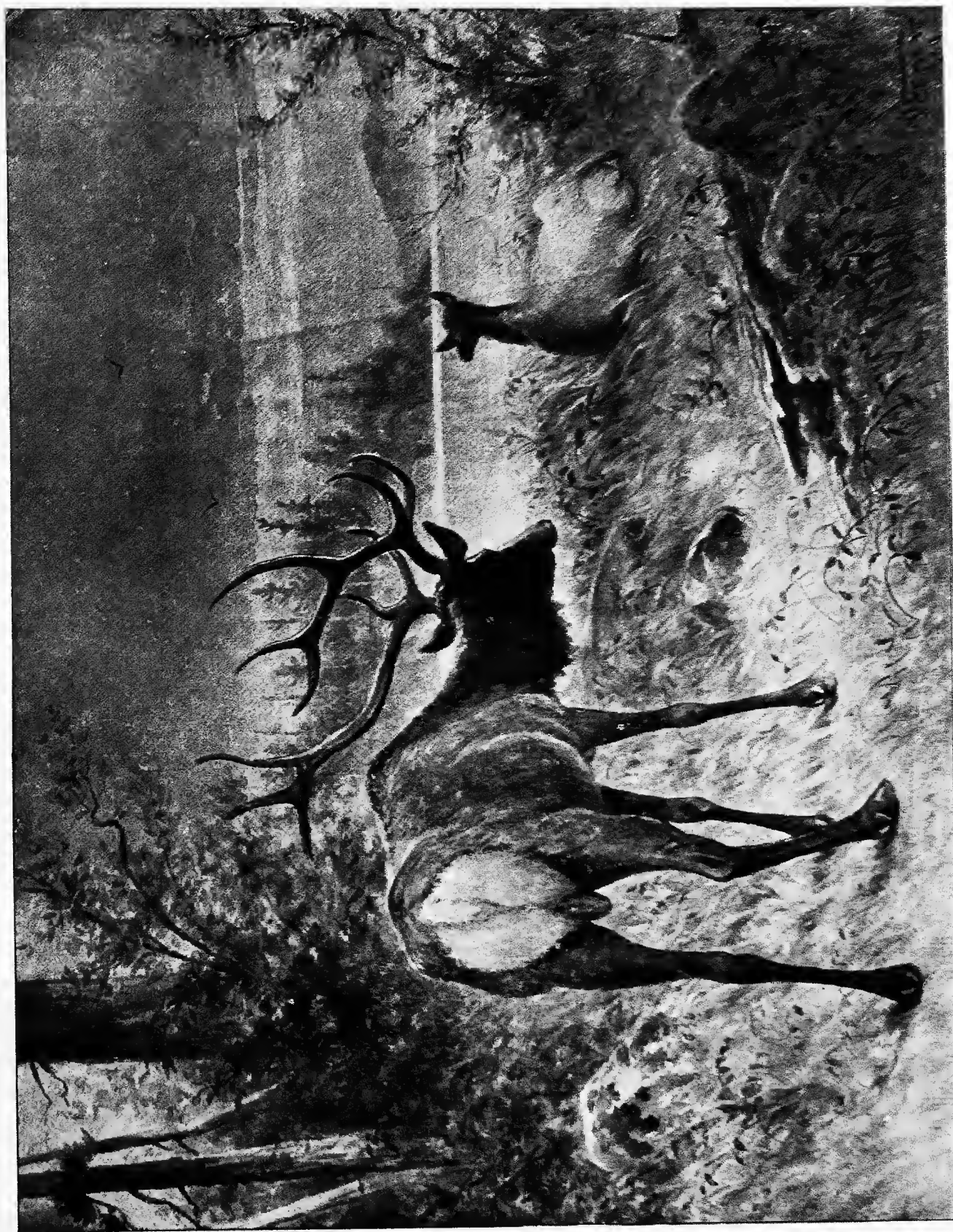
MR. MAYOR, MONSIEUR LE COMTE DE PARIS, GENTLEMEN,—I must ask you to accept my very best thanks for the cordial way with which this toast has been received, and for the courteous manner in which you have been good enough to associate my name with it. I am proud to be here this evening, to assist at a gathering of citizens called together to do homage, and to pay the heartiest respect, to the head of a great historical family, a true soldier of chivalrous daring, and an author and essayist of high renown. I am but voicing the opinions of my fellow-compatriots when I say to the Comte de Paris and his son, and their companions from over the sea, that Quebec welcomes, with open hands and open hearts, her distinguished guests, and bids them feel that they are among friends. It would not do, on an occasion of this kind, when the mind lightly turns to more agreeable topics, to burden you with extracts from the Canadian year-book, nor would you thank me, I fancy, if I were to regale you with quotations from those instructive annuals, appropriately bound in blue, which our Governments regularly supply to an eager Parliament and press. What then is there to say? The work performed by the illustrious ancestors of our honoured guest to-night, was a much more difficult task than the one which the descendants of those heroic souls have to play now. In the early history of this country the pioneers had everything to overcome. Every step of progress was impeded by disease, by the rigors of a climate which might well baffle the boldest heart, by the tomahawk of the Indian warrior, and by a forest that seemed interminable in its vastness and density. But those brave men and brave women fought their way, inch by inch and foot by foot. They had marvellous faith in themselves. Perhaps they had faith in the future of a land, which, despite its hardships and drawbacks, must have offered much in the way of inducement. The wise king comforted them by every means in his power, though thousands of miles of ocean separated him from his agents, and mindful of their spiritual welfare, he sent devoted servants of the cross to their far-off homes and established churches where they might worship God and practice the duty of Christians.

No wonder the country prospered when the priest and the woodsman, the soldier and the trapper, travelled over the same pathway together. Well, I will not dwell on those days. The story is familiar to you all. The Canada of to-day claims our attention. We are here a happy, a loyal, an industrious and a religious people. We enjoy the freest system of government in the world. Our parliamentary methods have been borrowed from the splendid experiences of England and the United States. We think we have embodied the better features of both. We make our own laws. We regulate our own tariff. We afford our people perfect liberty of action as regards their politics, their religion and their way of life and movement. Our press is independent and free. The door to our highest offices is never shut. We have unbounded confidence in the ballot box, and our appointed officers rarely afford grounds for criticism. Two great oceans wash our shores, and the land is rich, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, in the choicest products of the field, the farm, the forest and the prairie. Our soil from end to end is abundantly watered by thousands of rivers and lakes, and population only is the demand of Canada. In time population will come. Our people are all self-reliant. The best blood of France, of England, of Scotland and of Ireland flows in their veins, and side by side the lusty young sons of an older civilization, born 3,000 miles away, are working out a destiny, which three centuries ago was begun under conditions which more than once appalled the heart, but never crushed the spirit. Side by side English-Canadians and French-Canadians are developing the resources of the land, rivalling each other in a friendly way only, dwelling together amicably, and working out, with equal intelligence and hope, the political and social problems which from time to time press for solution. I thank you again, gentlemen, for the courteous hearing that you have given me.

I have two well known citizens in my mind's eye. One is a well-educated, sober, hard-working man, who with all of his advantages and energies, manages only to eke out a bare support. The other is a gentleman from the country, who is minus an education and seems to take life easy. He has been here only a few years, but has already made a fortune. Such contrasts puzzle. Why is it thus?—*Atlantic Journal*.



THE CANADIAN ELK. (From drawing by F. A. Verner, Esq., R.A.)



THE CANADIAN ELK. THE ALARM. (From drawing by F. A. VERMOREL, Esq., R.A.)



STEAMSHIP "MACKINAW."—VIEW OF HULL SHOWING THE JOIN.
(From photo. by W. Notman & Son.)



STEAMSHIP "MACKINAW" ON ARRIVAL AT MONTREAL.
(From photo. by W. Notman & Son.)



PAINTER POETS.

Not long since we had the pleasure of directing the readers of this journal to the charming little volume of the Canterbury Poets Series, containing "Selections from the Greek Anthology." We have now to recommend them to a booklet of the same dainty library on "The Painter Poets." Its editor, Mr. Kington Parkes, has very fitly dedicated his collection to Mr. J. Addington Symonds, who has given us so many fruitful suggestions as to the relations between scenery and sentiment, literature and art. Mr. Parkes's introductory essay is well worthy of study. He hazards the opinion that, to a certain degree, the art of poetry, as well as the art of painting, may be learned. "The manipulative skill required to give expression to the idea is," he goes on to explain, "taught in schools, but the spirit which projects a great work and inspires its maker is born. Instinct may prompt a child to draw rude figures with chalk or charcoal on the first plain surface he encounters, and instinct may prompt an inspired uneducated savage to sing rhythmical lines on the impulse of the moment. To produce a great picture, and a great poem, however, the elementary principles of the arts must first be learnt. The painter must know how to use his brush and with what colours to supply his palette; how to produce his distances and how to draw his figures naturally. The poet must be acquainted with the mechanism of verse and the value of the many forms; the meanings of the words composing the language in which he is to write, and their various uses. To produce works of art, all these things must be known, and to the native impulse to paint or to write must be added the expertness, facility, and ease of the painter or poet accomplished in the accessories of his trade. The art of poetry and the art of painting correspond in many important respects, proving themselves to be not merely sisters but twin-sisters of the arts. We have historical pictures and historical poems, pictures which depict a fair landscape, and poems which describe in words of colour as fair a scene. Allegories in painting and allegories in poetry are common; portraits painted in pigments we have, and we have also elegies and odes which are really portrait-memorials, cherished because of their subject, but afterwards cherished by posterity because of their beauty as works of art. We have the lighter descriptions of art too, the kinds we use for ornamentation and for easing life, decoration applied to making our surroundings sweet and cheerful, and *vers de société* which serves to lighten care. And again, there is the great subject picture, mythological mayhap, but still full of humanity, and this is matched in poetry by the epic; and, once more, we have the painting of a great incident, of which the canvas gives a vivid representation, which is life, motion, and feeling, and this, too, is done in poetry, in the drama, in which life is condensed into great episodes and situation crowds on situation, and all is stir and rapid action! In all these things the two arts correspond; and in that each appeals to the mind, one through the eye, the other through the intellect, do they correspond also. Each, too, has its limits, and painting can accomplish many things out of reach of the poem, and the poem can express much which the picture cannot attempt."

How many painter-poets have there been? In a sense, indeed, every painter is a poet, though every painter does not express his thoughts in verse. William Blake, Washington Allston, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, J. Noel Paton, Ford Madox and Oliver Madox Brown, Allan Cunningham, are among the names that occur to us, when we try to recall the possessors of the twofold gift. But save in a few instances, the leaning to one or other branch of art soon became despotic and the aspirant must become either painter or poet, if he is to excel at all. All the names just mentioned and many more—some of whom only wrote verse as an occasional recreation—are included in Mr. Parkes's list. There is much in the book that we would like to quote, and may some day. Meanwhile *place aux dames* (though there is really only one lady's verses in the book, those of Louise Jopling.) Here are some touching lines of hers:

LINES TO ———

I often wonder where we two shall meet,
By woodland, vale, or in the busy street.
Sometimes my heart is shaken when I hear
A sudden step of some one drawing near.
O love! what will you do? will your face change?
Or will your eyes meet mine with looks grown strange?
Can love then die? Within your mighty heart
Have I for ever lost a share, a part?
No, no, a thousand times! Love such as ours
Time cannot strangle; no, nor days, nor hours.
Deep in your heart the smould'ring passion stays
One breath of mine, it leaps into a blaze!
Our eyes have but to meet for each to know
That years have had no power, nor friend, nor foe,
One little touch of hands so long apart
Would send the life-blood throbbing to your heart.
The perfume of my hair across your cheek,
Would rob you of your strength and make you weak.
What matter where we meet? I know, O friend,

That thus it shall be to the bitter end.
Our hearts are true, though both are bound by ties
We cannot break. Not that way duty lies.
Oft in the lonely chamber where I rest
I think of all the love we once possessed.
Do you remember, dear, the day we met?
The glamour of it lingers round me yet.
Without—the breath of Spring was in the air;
Within—we knew it not—young love was there!
Long time we passed in silence, then I spake;
My voice the slumber of your heart did break.
Its sound, you told me since, had power to thrill
Your very being. Love, could it so still?
I know not . . .
Enough, what matters now, since you and I
Are sundered farther than the earth from sky?

We have only space for one more example and we give it to Selwyn Image's

VANITY OF VANITIES.

Ah! I know it, my darling: but who can say nay to you!
Who can say nay to those eyes, when they pray to you?
Who can say nay to those lips, when they say to you
"On a rose, on a glove, on a jewel, I am thinking?"

Were we strong, were we wise, had but virtue the hold on us;

Were we cold, to behold such a love's face unblinking;
Were it aught, but such stuff as it is, sweet, the mould of us;

Ah! then we might smile, and suffice you with smiling:
Yea, then were we proof against all the beguiling
Of even those eyes, and that exquisite lip's curve.

Great God! what avails? where his honey Love sips, nerve
Your soul to denial, Love will sip there again,
And again, till the end: as it hath been, it will be:
Aye, stronger, than strength of Death's fear, Love shall still be;

Cruel Love that but plays with you, fast in his chain.

Mr. Parkes has enriched his volume with biographical and critical Notes, which add greatly to the interest of the selections. (London: Walter Scott; Toronto: W. J. Gage & Co.; Montreal: E. Picken.)



There are more ways of choking that proverbial canine than with butter, and there are more ways of monkeying with lacrosse than are laid down in the rules. Of course we all knew this long ago, and in the East were prepared for most anything that a council of five or an executive committee of the N.A.L.A. might do; but things a little better were expected in the West, and we are forced to believe that the Eastern leaven hath leavened the whole lump. All the trouble is over that unfortunate Leroux case, which has bobbed up serenely through the newspapers and otherwise from the beginning of the season, and always bobbed down again when it seemed on the point of settling. Why the whole matter was not pushed through at once in the beginning of the season is known only to the protesting clubs and the time-killing council of the C.A.A.A. When, however, a move was made and a sub-committee appointed, people who were interested and who had followed the case, thought at last it would be settled one way or the other. The sub-committee got together, looked over the very contradictory evidence on both sides and came to the conclusion that the best thing to be done under the circumstances was to report to the full council recommending that Leroux be considered an amateur—not reinstated as an amateur—as some of the daily papers had it. This report was submitted, but for some reason or other the council never took action, and calmly tabled the matter until the new council should be elected, whose sittings would be held in Toronto. This seemed a shabby sort of way of shirking duty and throwing the onus of a decision on the shoulders of the Toronto men. The latter, however, were not long in taking the matter up, and, notwithstanding that they had the report of the first sub-committee to guide them, they appointed a new one of their own, which reversed the decision of the previous committee. The full council, of course, has yet to meet; but there is hardly any doubt of the result, and Leroux will be declared a professional. Then there will be more lacrosse legislation. On account of having played a protested professional during the season, Cornwall's games will be all declared null and void. This, of course, will put Toronto in first place, and everything will be lovely in the West. If such a thing as this should happen, and it probably will, then it will be but one more blot of disgrace on the national game.

Some sports start up with a dash and startle everybody by their brilliancy and then flicker out like a candle and no more is heard of them. That, to a certain extent, is the way with football in Canada. The season is much too short, especially in the Province of Quebec, when a month or six weeks is about the limit. But though the season is short, the enthusiasm is great and perhaps never before has

there been such a boom in Rugby. For years have the Montreal men swept everything before them in this part of the country, only meeting with defeat from members of the Ontario Union. In fact their prowess had been noised abroad to such an extent that the wearers of the black and red were considered to have a ninety-nine year lease on the championship. This fiction was dispelled when the Britannias made a draw which should have been a win, and was altogether wiped out of sight when the slightly-thought-of McGill men defeated them. McGill has been the surprise of the year and I have no hesitation in saying that the team now playing can defeat both Montreal and Britannia. They have improved, too, wonderfully during the past week or so and the improvement is most noticeable in the back division. A football writer in the *Gazette* gave them some wholesome advice after the match with Montreal, and they were sensible enough to take it. The result was seen on Saturday last when the backs showed fifty per cent. better play, the quarter-back Smart getting right down to his work and doing some splendid passing that resulted in a gain of ground every time. In fact, Smart played the game of the day. It was not to be expected that a fifteen like the Victorias could win from a team like the College, but it was likewise not expected that they should get such a triple-dyed coat of whitewash. Their forwards played a hard, plucky losing game, but forwards cannot play a whole fifteen and their back division were no earthly use whatever. They were not fit to meet the rush of those gigantic forwards, and there was quite a suspicion of funk at several stages of the game. There was no such thing as combination and not a particle of judgment, for the backs spent most of their time standing wrong end up. It was McGill all the way through and only once or twice did their full back ever get a chance to handle the leather. McGill has a magnificent rush line and a hard working back division and, playing as they did on Saturday, should be able to defeat any team in Canada. The score was, McGill, 41; Victoria, 0.

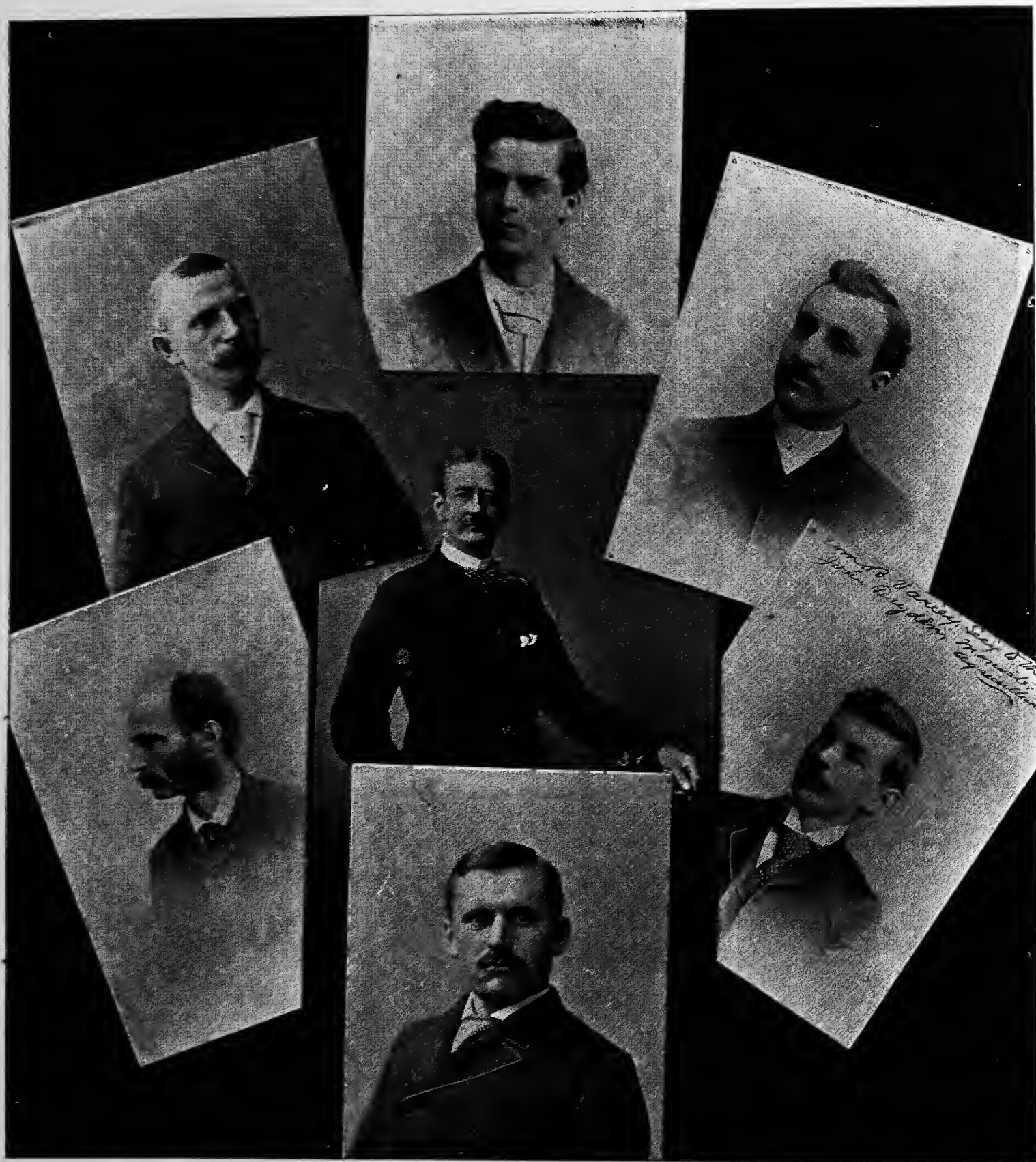
There was still another case of whitewash in Montreal on Saturday and the Beavers of Cornwall have returned to the Factory Town a sadder and considerably wiser fifteen. They were ambitious to hold the intermediate championship and they challenged the second Britannias for the honour, both teams meeting on the Shamrock grounds. The visitors were overmatched from the beginning, and, like the Victorias, their half-backs were nearly useless on the field, while their quarter and full backs did some good work, but without support. The forwards were a fairly hard working line, but had not the playing power of the Brits. The latter team is by no means perfect, but they were head and shoulders above their opponents. The score at the call of time was:—Britannias, 43; Beavers, Cornwall, 0.

There was more than the usual amount of interest taken in the Rugby match between Hamilton and Queens for the Ontario Union championship on Saturday, but the ending was unfortunate, as the Kingston men, who were beaten by seven to four on the field, went into the protest business, protesting three of Hamilton's players and also arguing that the full time had not been played out. The Rugby Union considered the charges in the evening and decided that there were no grounds for protesting the players, but that the claim of short time was sustained, and ordered the match to be played over again. The Hamiltons have one consolation, and that is that, notwithstanding they were much the lighter team, they had the best of the play all the way through. Defeat is hard medicine to take always, but when it has to be taken it should be swallowed quickly and Queen's would have shown better taste by taking it that way.

In the Quebec Junior championship the McGill and Victoria third fifteens played on the College ground, the result being a victory for McGill by 14 to 4. The score was made up of three tries and two rouges, while the Vics secured but one try. The third teams of the Montrealers and Brits also played on Saturday, when the latter were clearly outclassed and defeated by a score of 17 to 2.

Never perhaps in the history of the Montreal Hunt has such a glorious and hard-riding run been had as on Saturday last, when the hounds met at Ste. Anne. Even the veteran master, who has followed the chase for nearly sixty years, said he never had a better run. The country was stiff enough to satisfy the most enthusiastic wearer of pink, and although there were no serious accidents, there were a few croppers taken quietly. One gentleman had a strange experience. Taking a rail his stirrup leather broke and his horse struck the fence and smashed it. While fixing up the broken strap he was suddenly confronted by a vociferous farmer, filled with pungent language and armed with a spade, who demanded that he be reimbursed for his fence. The fence certainly did look in a bad way and he thought he would have to part with something in the neighbourhood of ten dollars. Imagine his relief when the disciple of Cincinnatus said:—"Vingt-cinq sous." There were two hinds but no kill and the second fox kept horses and hounds going with only a few checks from shortly after two o'clock until nearly five in the afternoon, and there were a good many sore backs next morning.

R. O. X.



J. J. McIntosh, Private Sec'y to Hon. J. M. Gibson, Provincial Sec'y.
L. O. Percival, " " Hon. E. Harcourt, Provincial Treas.

E. S. Williamson, Private Sec'y to the Assistant Com. of Crown Lands.
H. R. Alley, " " Hon. G. W. Ross, Minister of Education.
S. T. Bastedo, " " Hon. Oliver Mowat, First Minister.

Frank Veigh, Sec'y to Hon. S. Hardy, Com. of Crown Lands.
W. B. Varley, " " Hon. John Dryden, Minister of Agriculture.

THE PRIVATE SECRETARIES TO THE MINISTERS OF THE PROVINCE OF ONTARIO.



DELEGATES FROM MANITOBA TO DULUTH, ST. PAUL AND MINNEAPOLIS, SEPT. 1890.

On the Virgin Stalk.

By MISS A. C. JENNINGS.

(CONCLUDED.)

And these men of the coast were not surprised when they found their predictions and precautions justified.

Towards sunset the great black, ragged clouds came drifting in from sea, and a tempest, swift and sudden, of wind and blinding rain and sleet from the south-east followed that hurried squadron and burst with terrific fury on land and water.

As night came on, the roar and rage of the storm was increased by the not unusual accompaniment at that season of violent thunder and lightning, making the scene and hour more appalling.

About ten o'clock signal guns, apparently from a ship in distress, were heard close at hand, and old Peter came up from the next cove, where he lived, to speak to Mr. Wylde, who already knew something very like what he was going to hear.

"There's a vessel on the 'Sisters,' sir," he said. "She wants help. What is to be done?"

"That is what I must ask you, Peter," the old gentleman replied. "Will you go out to her if you can get a crew?"

"I can man a boat, sir, in the lower cove," Peter responded, "and we'll venture it. I came up to tell you that. I've gone out upon nights well-nigh as bad as this, but I never saw a worse one."

The old fisherman and his master were standing upon the terrace in front of Cliff House. The moon was up now and gave light enough to disclose a wild and terrible picture.

The twin reef lay between them and the fishing-village in the adjacent cove, and although the moon was only occasionally visible through wide rifts in the masses of black and broken vapour, they could, at these intervals, distinctly see the ship as she lay wedged between the hidden ledges of her treacherous foes.

The furious water leapt and broke and clambered over her sides with a devouring force that struck terror to the heart of the old merchant, and looked ominous enough to the more experienced seaman.

"Can you make her out at all, Peter," said Mr. Wylde. "I take her to be a large brig, sir," was the answer.

Neither of them said it was the Billow, but they understood each other.

Then Mr. Wylde remarked, "Is there a good boat at the village. No ordinary one will do in this sea, and if you reach the brig it will be no easy matter to get her people off."

"We've got the best boat on the shore," said the sailor, "one that knows how to behave herself in rough weather;

and if we come back ourselves we'll bring the lads out there with us."

By starting from the Fishing Cove the rescuers had an important point in their favour. That little bay was situated a short distance below the wreck, while Mr. Wylde's property lay above it, and the boat would have her best chance of success in the fact that the wind and incoming tide were behind her, and it was settled that in returning from the reef, if they were so fortunate as to reach it and leave it again in safety, they should make for Silversand Cove, by that means securing a continuance of the rather precarious advantages with which they set out.

Old Peter Schmidt went his way and Mr. Wylde, filled with suspense and fear, yet, in spite of both, encouraged by the bold spirit of the practical sailor, returned to his house to order fires to be built in all the available bedrooms, and preparations for a substantial supper to be immediately undertaken.

He did not tell Helena that he believed it was the Billow, with their expected guest on board, lying out there in the relentless grip of the "Sisters." He told her that it was an awful night for making the coast, and that the wrecked vessel, if she had taken a pilot below the harbour was most likely previously disabled and unmanageable.

Her people, if they could be got on shore, were to be brought to Cliff House for care and shelter, but he insisted that she should go to bed and be out of the turmoil. He and the servants would see to all that was necessary to be done and he would come to her door and tell her the news before he went to bed himself.

Helena obeyed her father reluctantly; but she was not deceived by his reticence, and had her own thoughts about the Billow and the friend of her childish days.

Meanwhile, the hardy boatmen were battling with the frantic wind and sea of their merciless coast, but in their strife with the fierce elements skill and courage prevailed, and they neared the doomed ship at last with a cheer that restored hope and energy to her perishing company.

Sure enough it was the Billow, "with one cabin passenger on board," the captain shouted in reply to the first hail from the deliverers.

Imminent as was the danger, there was no panic nor selfish terror in the eagerness with which the shipwrecked men welcomed their chance for life. The captain gave his orders as calmly as he would have done in fair weather, and when Mr. Drummond had been successfully lowered into the boat each man took his turn obediently until Peter Schmidt said authoritatively: "We can only take one more this time. Will you come, Captain! We'll come back for the rest."

"No," was the answer, "the Billow will hold together, I think, for a couple of hours. You're quite full enough already. Come back for us—if you can."

"We shall make for the upper cove now. The tide will

turn in an hour, and the wind lull. 'Tis likely, and we'll come back with the ebb," roared old Peter as the boat headed for the shore.

And the stout-hearted old mariner was as good as his word. The violence of the gale lessened as the tide receded, according to Peter's expectation; and before day broke over the still turbulent waste of waters every man who sailed in the Billow was safely landed in Silversand Cove, drenched and exhausted, indeed, with the buffeting of the cold April waves, but thankful for their escape, perhaps (so few of us are thankful) from a fate that overtakes so many a brave crew in these wild engulfing waters.

Mr. Wylde found less difficulty than he had anticipated in carrying out the plan he had formed in connection with Harry Drummond, for a thing happened in furtherance of his scheme which had found no place in his calculations, and was quite at variance with the views of other members of the family.

Mr. Drummond fell passionately, absurdly, some people said, in love with Helena.

"It was preposterous," her sisters remarked, "to see that man, who was now almost a foreigner, making such a fuss about Helena. It would be an altogether unsuitable marriage. It was strange that she could be so silly as to think of it. He would never accustom himself to a new mode of life, and what would become of papa if Helena's time were taken up with a husband?"

But none of these dismal forebodings were fulfilled; and as for papa, he ungratefully turned his back upon his sympathizing family critics and failed to give them any support or adhesion whatever.

Papa was secretly delighted that his daughter had unconsciously proved such a powerful ally in the thing upon which he had set his heart, and the lovers' suit met with his cordial encouragement.

And perhaps no one concerned was more surprised than Helena herself when she discovered that she was of so much account to a man whose love and admiration no woman would have despised. Under the influence of that sudden and magical charm she emerged sweetly from her solitary fancies, and was won out of the fastidious reserve of which men generally had accused her.

The right man had come at last, and no one who saw the eager and distinguished looking wooer could say that she had waited so long for a "crooked stick."

In the former time there had been weddings handsomely celebrated at Cliff House, but never one so royally furnished forth as was Helena's. And now there is a younger Helena Drummond to patter round the old house with grandpapa, to sit upon his knee in the bay-window where her mother sat alone so often, or to lead him out to the strawberry-bed in the hillside garden to pluck the biggest and ripest cluster for mamma.

THE END.

Fort Niagara, N.Y.

The most important objects of historic interest at the mouth of the Niagara River are the ruined remains of Forts George and Mississauga, the old camping-ground on which the Indian commissioners used to distribute the gifts and allowances of the British Government to the tribes of the Six Nation Indians, and the venerable Anglican Church of St. Mark's, in whose hallowed burial-ground are interred the mortal remains of very many of the early soldiers, to whose heroism, endurance and self-denial we are in no small degree indebted for the preservation of the Niagara peninsula, if not of the whole of Canada, as a dependency of the British Crown. These places are all on the Canadian side of the river, and lie within short walking distance of one another, and, besides these, on the opposite or United States side, stands old Fort Niagara, occupying the site on which was erected the first stockade, palisade, or whatever it was in the shape of fortification that was constructed by the earliest European adventurers who dared to penetrate into these far inland regions. The history of the American Fort Niagara dates back at least a century before that of either of the forts on the Canadian side or of St. Mark's Church, whose history is inseparably linked with theirs. It may, therefore, help us a little to understand the series of events that have taken place in these regions if we first take a glance at the fort over which the Stars and Stripes still wave, and then follow the chronological order of such significant occurrences as have impressed their mark upon the country. Securing the services of an antique Charon, a compound of the fisherman and ferryman, we speedily row across the river, approach the ever open gate of the fortress by a rising path, ask and readily receive permission to enter from a courteous caretaker in semi-military attire, and immediately find ourselves within the lofty walls, which, backed by broad and deep embankments of earth, form the principal outer defence of the fort. A walk all through the enclosure and around the battlements is enough to show us that the lines of fortification, the magazine and the other requisite buildings are still in good preservation. For some reason or other our American cousins seem to have taken sufficient pride in this old historic landmark to induce them to protect it against the corroding influences of time and exposure. Repairs have been regularly made from time to time as occasion might require in the buildings and in the embankments, and the result is that the whole structure presents an appearance of comfort and solidity, as great, in all probability, as it ever possessed in the palmiest days of its existence. The earthworks have been strengthened by a facing of a solid brick wall several feet in width, within whose massive thickness loop-holed galleries and chambers have been constructed in several places—the wall, where it contains no such intra-mural rooms, being double and having the hollow space filled in with grouting of earth, sand and mortar, stone and broken brick. No doubt it was a formidable fortress in the olden time and capable of offering a very stubborn resistance to any attack that might be made against it, whether by the fire-arrows of the aborigines or the scarcely more effective artillery employed a century ago by the whites; but it is perfectly safe to say that the solid double strengthening wall would not withstand a second volley from a modern heavy piece of ordnance. It would in fact be almost certain to crumble to pieces by the mere shock of the concussion of a heavy gun of modern construction discharged against an attacking foe through one of its own embrasures. The massive earth embankments, however, will still prove a somewhat formidable barrier, for the earth does not fall in masses, nor is it easy to form a breach in such a structure—balls or shells generally imbed themselves in the loose soil, and do little or no serious damage to the embankment or its defenders. The fort cannot, nevertheless, be regarded as a stronghold in modern times: neither in design, strength, appearance, nor in any other quality is it to be compared with Fort Henry at Kingston while the fortifications of Quebec and Halifax are as far superior to it as it may possibly be to the rude stockade or pioneer fort against the Indians that once occupied its site. It looks very much better than the mud banks that now stand on the sites of Fort Mississauga and Fort George; but the ruins of either would be as capable of offering effectual resistance to an assault of modern artillery. The American troops have recently been removed to more comfortable berths in the "new quarters," a few minutes walk from the fort, which is now tenanted merely by a couple of caretakers and their families, and may be regarded as having been virtually abandoned.

The Niagara route to the West and North-West was discovered in the year 1669, and soon began to draw to itself a considerable portion of the traffic which had all been previously carried on by way of the Ottawa Valley and Lake Nipissing. In 1678 La Salle erected a palisaded stronghold on the site now occupied by Fort Niagara, in order to prevent his retreat from being cut off while he was pushing to the westward by Lake Erie, and a curious old Indian legend relates that while he was contemplating the building of the brigantine Griffin, the first vessel that ever floated on Lake Erie, he was induced by his friend, Citronkouthic, an Iroquois chief, to consult a famous Indian oracle at the Devil's Hole, a wild chasm three miles below the falls on the American bank of the river, and that he was answered in accordance with what did afterwards actually happen, that his death would be brought about by treachery, a prediction that possibly might not have been accomplished had he not too utterly disregarded the warning of the soothsayer. Four years after the erection of La

Salle's palisades a daring attempt was made by the French and their northern Indian allies, the Hurons and Algonquins, to secure the Niagara river. The attempt was, however, unsuccessful,—the allies were totally defeated by the warlike Senecas and Iroquois at Fort Frontenac (now Kingston), the French retreated precipitately to Montreal, and the northern Indians returned home crestfallen. But in 1687 the French, aided by an Indian contingent from Mackinac, defeated the Senecas and erected a wooden fort on the lines of La Salle's palisades. There they left a garrison, which was shortly afterwards surprised by the Seneca warriors and cut to pieces—ten men only escaping to bring news of the disaster. The southern Indians did not, however, long remain masters of the fort. It was again captured by the French and strengthened by a strong stockade and a blockhouse, described by Père Charlevoix, who visited the district in 1721, and five years afterwards, in 1726, it was still further strengthened by the addition of four bastions, in accordance with the terms of a treaty entered into by the French and Indians. In 1749 the Marquis de la Jonquière built a stone fort on the same site, and for the possession of this stronghold was fought, ten years later, one of the most gallant and stubborn contests of the whole struggle between the French and English for supremacy in North America. Brigadier Prideaux, who commanded the English forces, was killed early in the series of engagements, and the command devolved upon Sir William Johnson. The French garrison was ably and valiantly commanded by Pouchot, who did everything that pluck and skill could compass to retain the colour in its position at the top of the flagstaff; but the fates were against him. Ligneris and Aubrey, with 1,100 French soldiers and 1,200 Indian braves, marched to his assistance from the Detroit river. They were both intercepted and led into ambushes by the vigilance of the English commander, their forces cut to pieces and scattered to the winds, and they themselves were taken prisoners of war. The gallant Pouchot could not believe the tidings when conveyed to him at the ramparts by a British officer, and could hardly credit an officer of his own whom he sent immediately to ascertain the truth or otherwise about this saddest disaster that had yet befallen the arms of France in the New World; but it was all too true. The British were victorious at all points, and on the 25th of July, 1759, Pouchot and the surviving remnant of his gallant garrison marched out with all the honours of war and laid down their arms in token of submission on the shore of Lake Ontario. During this memorable siege one of the most active and daring of the younger British officers was the gallant Loyalist Captain John Butler, who had previously distinguished himself at Lake George, and was destined once more to distinguish himself in the War of Independence as commander of the celebrated regiment of Loyalist volunteers known as Butler's Rangers. We shall see his memorial tablet bye-and-bye on the walls of St. Mark's Church in Niagara-on-the-Lake. The consequences that resulted directly from the fall of Fort Niagara are matters of history. All the French forts as far as Erie were surrendered to the British, and French influence in the districts of the Great Lakes became thenceforward a memory of the past. Four years later a detachment of British troops set out from Fort Niagara to convey a consignment of provisions and stores to Fort Schlosser, on the American side of the river, opposite Navy Island. On their way they were surprised and massacred by a band of Indians near the ill-omened Devil's Run, and from that terrible disaster the little creek that flows through that gorge of death obtained the significant cognomen of the "Bloody Run."

The war of 1776 hardly touched the Niagara frontier: the country was still in the hands of the Indian aborigines and there were consequently no worthy objects of attack to be molested by the armies on either side. At the end of the war the east bank of the river was given up to the States, but Fort Niagara still remained in the hands of the British and was garrisoned by British troops, while settlements of U. E. Loyalists began to be made along the Canadian side of the river; but this state of things could not last. The Canadian town of Niagara was laid out in 1791, as we have seen in a previous paper, and in anticipation of the early giving up of Fort Niagara, the lines of Fort George were marked out on the Canadian side to protect Canadian interests. Governor Simcoe saw the absurdity of the position clearly and acted accordingly, by removing his capital to Toronto. The year following the removal, that is, in 1794, Jay's Treaty gave up Forts Niagara, Oswego, Detroit, Miami and Michilimackinac; and two years afterwards, the British flag was lowered and the Stars and Stripes were, for the first time, unfurled to the breeze from the top of the old flagstaff of Fort Niagara. Here it remained till the war of 1812, when the fort was shelled so vigorously by Fort George during the progress of the battle of Queenston Heights that the garrison was obliged to evacuate it for a time. They returned on the conclusion of the armistice which immediately followed, and retained possession till the 18th of December, 1813, when the fiery impetuosity of Col. Murray and his gallant troops took the first draughts from the cup of their revenge by driving the too confident Yankees first out of Fort George and immediately afterwards out of their own fort on the American side. Both declared and Fort Niagara restored, but these things belong to the history of the War of 1812, and, as we have already said, it is not our intention to produce such a history. The only sequent events in the history of Fort Niagara are un-

HISTORIC CANADA, III.

Brock's Monument, Queenston Heights.

The story of the battle of Queenston Heights has been so ably re-told of late that there is no need to again enlarge on the valour shown during all that eventful day by our troops. While a most decisive victory, it resulted in our greatest loss. The death of Sir Isaac Brock has indelibly stamped a sad preeminence on the struggle on Queenston Heights. From the battlefield to the grave is usually a short road in a dead soldier's life. The mournful fatality of the 13th of October was quickly followed by the solemn funeral procession from Queenston to Newark; there a rest that friends might have a last look at the remains of one so dear to all; and then the stately ceremonial of a soldier's burial in a fitting spot—a bastion in Fort George, just completed by his orders. While his name and deeds were fresh in the memory of all, the Provincial Legislature erected a monument on the heights where he fell. Its height from base to summit was 135 feet, and from the level of the Niagara river 485 feet. It was in the form of a Tuscan column on a rustic pedestal; the diameter of the base was seventeen and one-half feet, and an iron railing surmounted the pillar. It bore the following inscription:—

Upper Canada
has dedicated this monument
to the memory of the late
Major-General Sir Isaac Brock, K. B.
Provisional Lieut.-Governor and commander of the forces
in this Province,
whose remains are deposited in the vault beneath.
Opposing the invading enemy,
he fell in action near these heights,
on the 13th October, 1812,
in the 43rd year of his age,
Revered and lamented
by the people whom he governed,
and deplored by the Sovereign
to whose service his life had been devoted.

The remains of the General and his gallant Aide-de-Camp, Lt.-Col. McDonell, of the York Militia, were removed from the first place of interment (Fort George) on the twelfth anniversary of the battle and deposited, with all befitting solemnity and state, in the receptacle prepared at the foot of the monument. The day was an unusually fine one, and a vast concourse of people had assembled from all parts of the country; and the presence of large detachments of troops from the Imperial and Militia regiments gave additional interest to the ceremony. H.M. 76th Regiment formed the guard of honour; the battalions of Militia lined the road from Fort George to Queenston; while a detachment of the Royal Artillery, posted on the heights, fired a salute of nineteen guns. The remains of Brock and McDonell lie side by side. The coffin of the former bears two oval plates of silver, on the first of which is the following inscription:—

Here lie the earthly remains of a brave
and virtuous hero,
Major-General Sir Isaac Brock,
Commander of the British Forces,
and President administering
the Government of Upper Canada,
who fell, when gloriously engaging the enemies
of his country,
at the head of the Flank companies
of the 49th Regiment,
in the town of Queenstown,
on the morning of the 13th October, 1812.
Aged 42 years.
J. B. Glegg, A.D.C.

The second plate reads as follows:—

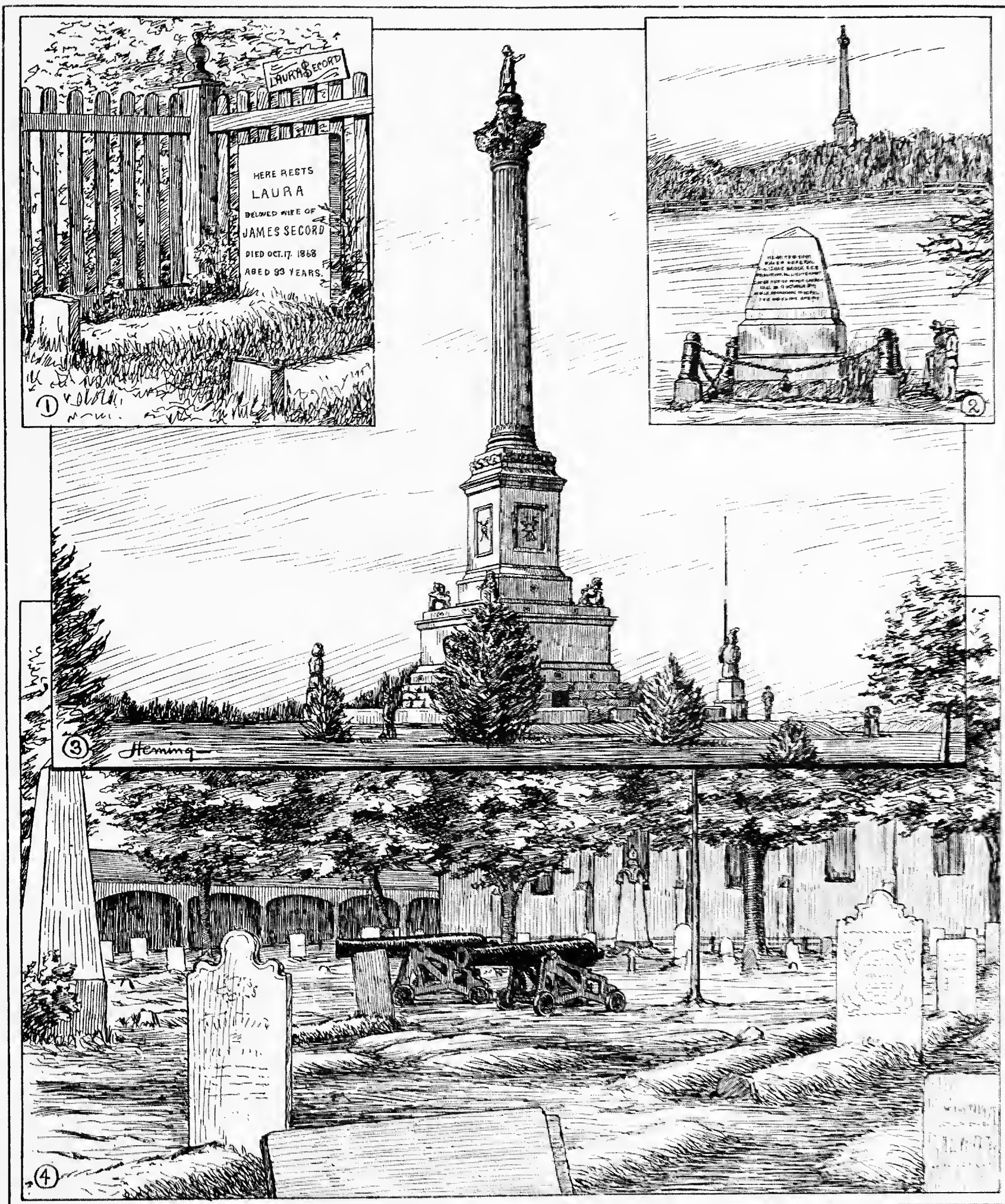
The remains of the late
Major-General Sir Isaac Brock, K. B.
removed from Fort George to this vault,
on the 13th of October, 1824.

While on the coffin of the brave McDonell is the following:—

The remains of
Lieut. Col. John McDonell,
Provincial Aide-de-Camp to the late
Major-General Brock,
who died on the 14th of October, 1812,
of wounds received in action the day before,
Aged 25 years.

The two heroes lay in peace for sixteen years, when their rest was disturbed by a scoundrel named Lett. On Good Friday, the 17th April, 1840, this man—the father of the dynamite school of the present day—secretly placed a large quantity of gunpowder into the monument, and exploded the same with such effect as to damage the column beyond repair. Lett had taken arms against the Government during the rebellion of 1837-38, and had been compelled to fly to the United States on the collapse of that unwarranted outbreak. His cowardly spirit thus thought to revenge itself on Canadian justice. The indignation of the public was aroused in all parts of the Province, and a great and remarkably enthusiastic gathering was held on Queenston Heights on the following 30th of July. It was decided to erect on the site of the mutilated column a monument far more grand and impressive.

Again the anniversary of Brock's death witnessed another pageant to his memory, for on the 13th October, 1853, his remains and those of Col. McDonell were re-interred at the base of the new monument. The foundation stone was then laid with due solemnity by Lieut.-Col. McDonell, brother of him to whose memory they were assisting to do honour. The column was completed in 1856, and is an exceptionally fine piece of work. It is one of the highest monuments in the world, measuring 190 feet from the ground to top of statue. Suitable inscriptions are engraved on the column, and it stands to-day a fitting tribute to a man whom all patriotic Canadians delight to honour.



1. Laura Secord's Grave at Lundy's Lane.
2. Spot where Brock fell, Queenston Heights.

3. Brock's Monument, Queenston Heights.

4. Lundy's Lane Battle-Ground, Niagara Falls south.

HISTORIC CANADA, III.
A FAMOUS BATTLE-GROUND. (By our special artist.)

She's Gone to Rest.

She's gone to rest in peaceful slumber,
To blend with earth from which she came;
You need not her misfortunes number,
Or even try to guess her name.

Regard her as an unknown maiden,
Trusting, loving, kind and gay,
Pure and sweet as roses laden
With the sparkling dew of May.

One too true to doubt a friend,
Too simple to detect a foe,
Who never had a thought to lend
To future sorrow, care or woe.

And now a nameless mound forsaken
Is all that marks her lonely grave,
Even friends would not to pity waken,
Or try her precious life to save.

O youth, how silly are thy actions,
How prone to evil deeds and vile,
How often lost in dire distractions
That arm our peace, our thoughts defile,

And O deception, vilest, lowest,
Meanest cunning of thy kind,
What art thou bringest forth and showest,
What charms to lure a tender mind.

To lead to vice, from virtue win,
Pollute, dishonour and abase,
To mark with ruin, shame and sin,
And steep your victim in disgrace.

Could I but raise her silent clay
Into these longing arms again,
And for a moment chase away
Her every pang of grief and shame,

I'd willingly lie down to rest,
My conscience purged from hidden care,
And think I was serenely blest,
Her drear and silent grave to share.

But no, remorse will ne'er resign,
It ever at my conscience rends,
And bids me live but to repine
For what I ne'er can make amends.

St. John, N.B.

FRED. DEVINE.

Sonnet.

TO CHARLES C. D. ROBERTS.

Still walk amid the beautiful, and know
The mystic things to eye and heart reveal'd
For thee the sacred fountains be unseal'd
In kindred worlds, within, above, below.

When green's the marsh, and the sweet birds do blow,
As woo'd by kisses of the amorous spring,
Win thee the notes of all the birds that sing
And kindle in thy soul Love's fiery glow.

For fairer seem the hills my boyhood trod,
And brighter those triumphant waters shine
That swell'd to match my gladness, for the wine
Of thy warm praise to christen each precious sod.

Richer, down golden wastes, for thy clear call,
The burning leaves of sunset crimson'd fall.

ARTHUR JOHN LOCKHART.

Literature and Art in Toronto.

[From our own Correspondent.]

TORONTO, October 27.—The "intelligent compositor" may not have been the sinner in transforming the name of Dr. Michael Barrett, the late Dean of the Women's Medical College, into Bauch, nor in misrepresenting the name of our Toronto artist, Forster, by an outlandish proper noun never before heard of. Sometimes the caligraphy of correspondents is not as legible as might be; your correspondent is quite ready to "own up" and beg the reader's pardon, if such was the source of the errors in your last issue but one.

The Association for the Advancement of Women has made its mark, as all such gatherings—whether called by the name of congress or convention—must. A club (title yet undecided upon) is already under weigh, and English literature is to be the first branch of study taken up. It is felt that the higher culture is almost an unknown quality among our women of—and not of—leisure. Society, necessary as its duties and responsibilities are to a proper balance of human life, is often made a scape-goat for that *ennui* that need not exist if an additional interest of a worthy intellectual sort were made to the mental activities of women.

The excellent standard of the papers read at the meetings of the association have had their effect, converting some who, through the narrow prejudices that warp the souls of able men and women, oppose everything they know nothing of, and awakening a cheerful ambition in others who having felt the value of such impetus to their thoughts, such centres around which to cluster them, see

that it is for their own and humanity's interest to "go—and do likewise."

Availing themselves of the prolonged stay among us of Mrs. Kate Tannatt Woods, the women graduates of University College asked her to lecture for them on some historical subject. Mrs. Woods chose the "Moravians of New England" for her topic, and spoke in the theatre of the Normal School, readily lent by the Hon. the Minister of Education for Ontario. The audience will not soon forget this lecture, which set before them in their inside and outside influence the customs, life and aims of a people—if so we may style them thus—who have left their mark on the world in so many and such distinct spots.

On Saturday night, at the request of Public School Inspector Hughes, Miss Mary F. Eastman addressed the city teachers in Victoria Hall. Miss Eastman is a tall, grey-haired lady of fifty or thereabouts, of a genial countenance, possessing that type of head which looks well from every point of view, not capacious but roomy, promising everything and failing in nothing. The lecturer dealt with the responsibilities and consequent needs of women teachers, and to these ladies she addressed the most of her remarks. Sketching for her audience the rise of the higher education of women from the time of the Puritan settlement of New England, when Harvard, and afterwards Yale, were founded for boys, she told how girls' education had had to creep through dame schools, where they were taught "manners and the catechism," in at the door of the "Latin schools," where they were allowed to attend before breakfast hour—our breakfast hour, more correctly—that is before eight of the clock, and on Thursday afternoons, when the boys—those terrible fellows, so corrupting and so easily corrupted by girls—were away on their weekly holidays. Fifty years ago this state of things for girls was hardly bettered; but at length, after several years of consultation with clergymen and other men who were referred—and deferred—to as absolute authority, a lady, Miss Smith, of Massachusetts (your correspondent forgets the town), who had inherited a large fortune, used it to build the first college for girls in America, namely, Smith College. Taking this glance into the past as her text, Miss Eastman urged upon her hearers to be content with nothing less than all, no longer to take with thankfulness the dole of the lesser part; for how, if they had not the best, could they do their best or give the best to their pupils? And on several occasions during her address Miss Eastman impressed upon her hearers that she regarded each individual in her audience, at home, at school, or in the world, as a teacher. The address was listened to intently, and the many points which Miss Eastman has the gift of making were earnestly applauded. The gentlemen of the Public School Board were upon the platform, and also the Rev. Septimus Jones, who for several years past has given a prize to the boy and the girl among our public school pupils who reads at sight the best. A visitor of note, Mr. Garratt, of Nashville, Tennessee, president of the National Association of Teachers of the United States, addressed words of praise of our methods of teaching, and hoped that Canada would make his association *inter-national* by becoming officially part and parcel of it. Mr. Garratt was received with warmth.

The invitation piano recital given by Miss M. Irene Gurney at Association Hall on the 20th inst. was an event in musical circles. Miss Gurney, who is a graduate of Boston Conservatory of Music, is the daughter of Mr. Samuel Gurney, the iron founder, of this city. The young lady exhibited great mechanical skill, as well as musical insight and sympathy, and her career is looked forward to with much interest by her fellow-citizens. Her playing of Schumann's "Nocturne," Op. 23, No. 4, showed that she had caught the spirit of the composer, while the *Morceau* No. 6, from "Soirees de Vienne," exhibited her wonderful brilliancy of touch. Miss Gurney was happy in having the assistance of musicians of such high standing as Torrington and Mrs. Adamson, and of Earnest Mahr, whose 'cello playing is something to be heard.

Art sales have opened the season already. Many are advertised "on their merits," with a big "m." The judges are not mentioned, however, and the hydra-headed public, always conceding that each head has a brain, may surprise by its prices the owners and advertisers of the pictures. Certainly Paul Peel's sale does not promise much from a discriminating point of view. It is said the artist was disappointed at the prices fetched, his best and largest work realizing but \$30 or near it, while many of the smaller ones went for "an old song." But we must not judge our public too harshly; money is not so plentiful in Canada as to warrant a fancy price for anything, and at present the old saying holds good for more things than pictures,

"The real worth of anything
Is just as much as it will bring."

The Anglo-Canadian Music Publishers in this city have just issued a very musical waltz by Angelo M. Reid, of St. Catharines, Ont., entitled "Ormalinda; or, the Fair Maiden." The fine poem by Mr. McNaughton, New York, has evidently touched the artistic taste of our people, among whom it was introduced in a somewhat expensive form three or four years ago, even an *édition de luxe* at \$20 finding purchasers here, so that "Ormalinda" is as well known in Canada, perhaps better, than native works of equal merit.

"What do you think of the Kreutzer Sonata?" said one lady to another in your correspondent's hearing so lately as a week ago.

"If my opinion is worth having among so many of authority," was the reply, "I think Tolstoi has made a

great artistic mistake in the Kreutzer Sonata; he has taken a character that might have formed with propriety one of a number, and has shocked us by setting him before us alone. All his deformity is so evident, all his weakness so cruelly laid bare that we are disgusted; it is like dissecting a cadava in the market place. We know that there are such beings as Posdnichoff wherever there are men; they are not Russian, not savage, they are of humanity—human, but we get no good from contemplating them as types—they are not types, and to use them as such is outraging both common sense and decency.

"But do you not think Tolstoi tells many plain and necessary truths in his book?"

"He does; but he so interpolates them with senseless raving, and he so often, through starting from a wrong premise, works out a false logic, that he undoes all he would do, and in this lies, I think, the safety of his book. The human mind, particularly on a subject like Tolstoi's, cannot be bamboozled; the appeal to experience defends that, and so the mischief is lessened and, I fear, the good discredited. Certainly it is an artistic mistake."

Golden chrysanthemums are all the rage just now. They flourish alike in our gardens and greenhouses, our windows and our young ladies' corsages, where, indeed, they look but cold, for yellow is a very cold colour, is it not? But oh, how beautiful the soft-petalled flowers are, and how hardy! Such a blessing as a bit of garden is, where you may see your coccas climb to your first floor windows, throwing out their tendrils, like children's fingers, to catch at everything, and pushing out their wonderful little unpromising green buds only to become in a day or two a beautiful pale green bell-shaped flower, that, chameleon-like, changes its colour in twenty-four hours through all the shades to a deep purple, and later to a large fig-shaped fruit which is almost as ornamental as the flower; nor fears the frost and cold until all other flowers are dead. And oh! your beautiful dahlias, black almost, garnet, claret, mauve, yellow, rose-tinted, white, so many! and at their feet the sweet white alyssum filling the air with sweet fragrance when the many tinted colours are black with the cold. The late stocks, too, and the lady's pincushion, scabious, red and white, and still, right up to November, the geraniums making up by the increased brilliancy of their browns and bronzes, their yellows and greens, for the fewness of their slowly developing flowers. And then the late sweet peas, and the purple heliotrope and the changeful shrubs. Ah, pity the man or woman who has not a bit of garden; but oh, pity more, *more*, the man or woman who does not love it.

Toronto holds its chrysanthemum show about the 11th of November, and Montreal florists are expected as competitors. Meanwhile there are private shows of these beautiful flowers going on, a small florist in our neighbourhood boasting three hundred plants in full bloom.

Are you asking what sort of literary result the *Empire's* offer of a prize for the best essay on the "Patriotic Effect of Hoisting the Dominion Flag on Our Public Schools" will give? Certainly the effect of a consideration of the subject by the young Canadian must be good, whatever the essays may be. In the meantime, it is satisfactory to know that some of the poems to be found in the pages of our Loyalist Poet were chosen for recitation on the occasion of the late celebration of the Battle of Queenston Heights by the schools. Would it not be well if more correct and elegant English were cultivated by our newspapers? Then we should "raise" our flag, not "hoist" it.

A Ferrivorous Worm.

A worm that feeds on common steel was first brought into general notice by an article in the *Cologne Gazette* in June, 1887. For some time preceding the publication of the account mentioned, the greatest consternation existed among the engineers employed on the railway at Hagen by accidents, which always occurred at the same place, indicating that some terrible defect must exist either in the material or construction of the rails. The government became interested, and sent a commission to the spot where the accidents, one of them attended by loss of life, had occurred. It was not, however, until after six months had elapsed that the surface of the rails appeared to be corroded, as if by acid, to the extent of over 100 yards. The rail was taken up and broken, whereupon it was found to be literally honeycombed by thin, thread-like gray worms. The worm is said to be two centimetres in length, and about the bigness of a common knitting needle. It is of a light gray colour, and on the head it carries two little sacs or glands filled with a most powerful corrosive secretion, which is ejected every ten minutes, when the little demon is lying undisturbed. The liquid, when squirted upon iron, renders that metal soft and spongy, and the colour of rust, when it is easily and greedily devoured by the little insect. "There is no exaggeration," says the official report, "in the assertion that the creature is one of the most voracious, for it has devoured thirty-six kilogrammes of rails in a fortnight."

The Paper on which "The Dominion Illustrated" is printed is manufactured by the Canada Paper Company.

THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

TRADE MARK

ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF PARLIAMENT OF CANADA, IN THE YEAR 1884, AT THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.

REGISTERED

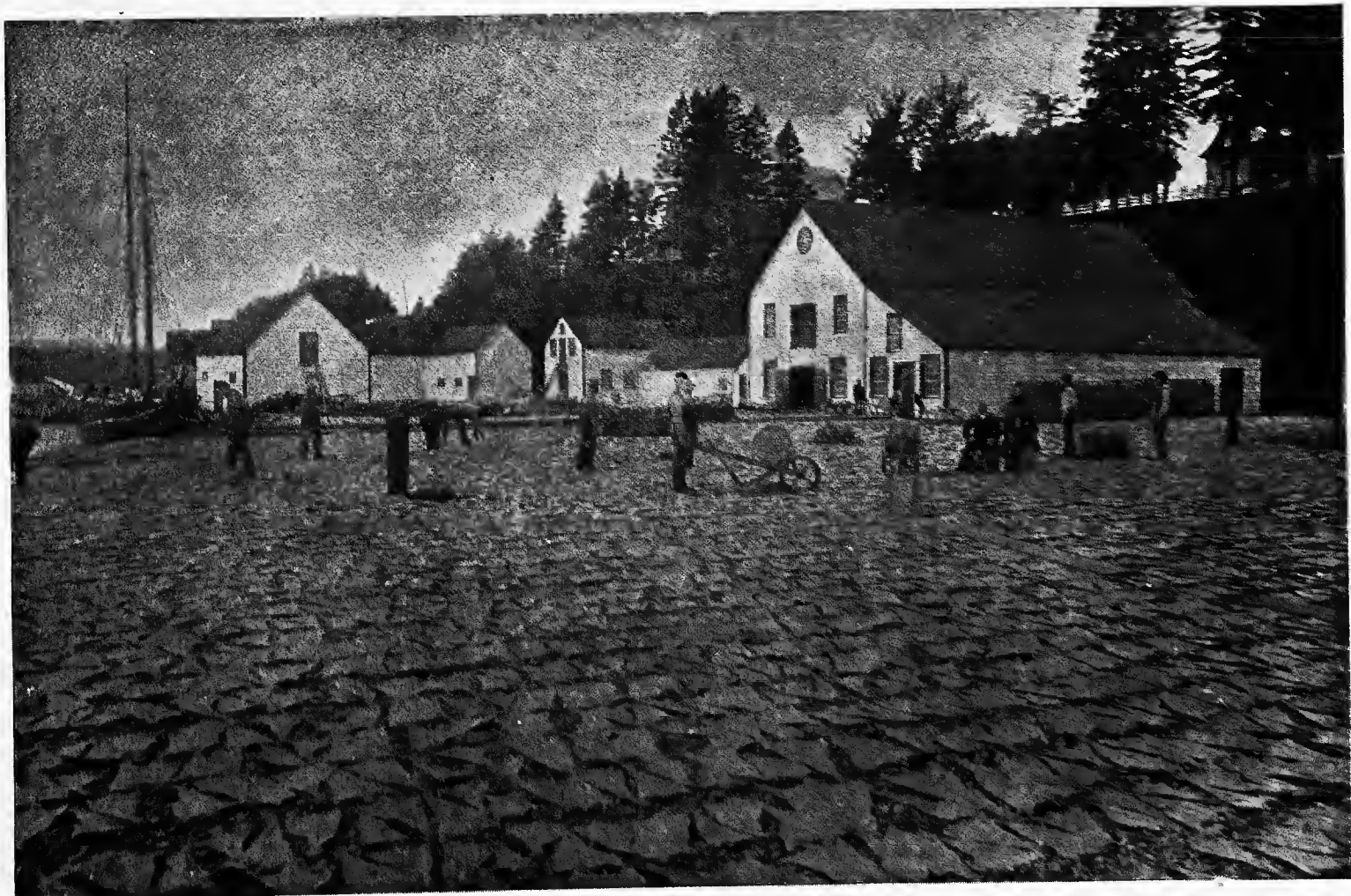
Vol. V.—No. 124.

MONTREAL AND TORONTO, 15th NOVEMBER, 1890.

\$4.00 PER ANNUM. IN GREAT BRITAIN, 21s. 6d. 60. 6d.



GASPE FISHING SCENES.—"The Bouleau"



GASPE FISHING SCENES.—Drying Codfish.

The Dominion Illustrated.

\$4.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

THE SABISTON LITHOGRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING CO

RICHARD WHITE, PRESIDENT.

ALEX. SABISTON, MANAGING-DIRECTOR.

The Gazette Building, Montreal.

GEORGE E. MACRAE, WESTERN AGENT.

36 King Street East, Toronto.

London (England) Agency:

JOHN HADDON & CO.,

3 & 4 Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, E.C.

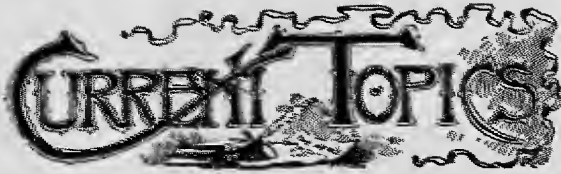
SOLE AGENTS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

15th NOVEMBER, 1890.

NOTICE.

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Literary communications to be addressed to "THE EDITOR, DOMINION ILLUSTRATED."



Any intrusion of political feeling into the ordinary intercourse of social life is to be deplored and deprecated. We regret to learn that the conviction still prevails in certain quarters that the slight offered to the Hon. J. W. Longley, Attorney-General of Nova Scotia, by persistently excluding him from the Halifax Club, is due to party hostility. In private life Mr. Longley is esteemed by all who know him; his character is above reproach; he is a man of unquestioned ability; a Q. C. of Dominion appointment; an student of history, letters and economic questions. Such a man, his friends think, ought not to be an unclubbable person, and they can think of nothing but political antagonism as a cause for his black-balling. If this be the case, as there seems reason to believe, we sincerely regret it. There are other precedents of old world society that Canada might follow with much greater advantage.

The forecast of improvement in the administration of hospitals for the insane indicated by several and clearly outlined by a few of our contemporaries has been repeated in the Speech from the Throne at the opening of the Quebec Legislature. As yet we have not any definite statement of the full extent of the changes contemplated, but we know the direction which they are to take. The Government will in future assume the responsibility for the management of those institutions, so far as existing contracts permit, and the intention is ultimately to take over the entire control of them. Meanwhile, in what relates to the medical treatment of this sadly afflicted class, the authority of the Government will be paramount. Another noteworthy feature is the reform to be initiated in the separation of congenital idiots from those whose minds have been deranged through disease, injury or other causes. This is an alteration in asylum management which has long, by the greatest alienists of our time, been deemed essential to the successful application of means of cure to those whose cases may admit of hope. At the same time, it facilitates the supervision of the naturally feeble-minded, and their subjection to such discipline as may improve their condition. At the Earlswood and other institutions in Great Britain much has been done by trained teachers to awaken in these unfortunates such sparks of intellect as may be susceptible of rousing to useful activity, and some of them, who would otherwise have been mere burdens on society, have been rendered capable of attaining a certain skill in employments adapted to their condition. The great benefit, however, of the new policy is that it gives a fuller opportunity of dealing effectually with that unhappy class of insane persons whose recovery (where recovery is possible) can only be assured by extreme watchfulness, rigid attention to rules of health and the constant care of thoroughly qualified alienists.

Seldom in the political history of the United States (of any great country, indeed,) has a reaction so far-reaching overtaken public opinion as that which was exemplified by the elections to the House of Representatives last week. The Democrats achieved a victory so sweeping as to surprise even their own party leaders. The 52nd Congress, that meets on the 4th of March next, will, in the respective numbers of the opposing parties, differ more materially from its predecessor than any two consecutive Congresses since the foundation of the Republic. The House elected in 1888 consisted of 176 Republicans and 153 Democrats; the House that meets in spring next will be composed of 233 Democrats and 103 Republicans. In not a single State did the party in power make any gain. In all but at most half a dozen it lost. In Massachusetts its representation fell from 10 to 5; in Illinois, from 13 to 8; in Pennsylvania, from 20 to 18; in New York, from 18 to 15; in Iowa, from 10 to 5; in Michigan, from 9 to 4; in California, from 4 to 0; in Kansas, from 7 to 1; in Ohio, from 16 to 8; in Virginia, from 4 to 0. The elections for Governors and State Legislatures were correspondingly sweeping. Mr. W. E. Russell (Democrat) is returned for Massachusetts, Mr. Pattison (Democrat) for Pennsylvania, and so on all along the line. President Cleveland expressed his "gratification as that of an American proud of his fellow-countrymen, who, though led away for a time by party prejudices and by blind confidence in cunning and selfish leaders, could not be deluded to their ruin. They have demonstrated that in dealing with them it is not safe to calculate that they are stupid or heedless of the welfare of their countrymen. The necessity," he continued, "of tariff reform, with its consequent reduction in the cost of living and the duty of the Democratic party to advocate it has been fully demonstrated by the action of the people. Their decision has been deliberately made, and it is all the more significant because they have voted upon their reason and judgment and because they have proved that corruption is powerless as against their convictions." Mr. Cleveland is naturally buoyed up with the hope of a still grander triumph—a Democratic president (himself once more, perhaps,) and a Democratic Senate. Many things may happen in two years; but, if the Democrats know how to use the vantage ground that they have gained, the hope may be fulfilled.

We devote due attention in this issue to the illustration of the visit to Canada of the delegation from the Iron and Steel Institute of Great Britain. The presence of those gentlemen in the Dominion is sure to give a fruitful impulse to the development of our mineral resources. Not the least notable incident in their brief sojourn amongst us was their being made eye-witnesses of Canada's wealth in a substance of the utmost importance in the manufacture of steel. They had seen, as Mr. Snelus, who has done so much to improve and advance that great industry, was delighted to confess at the Ottawa luncheon, something of whose existence in the world they little dreamed—a vast natural supply of nickel, a metal which they had been wont to regard as a rare, a unique product of nature, and which was of such inestimable service in eliciting some of the most remarkable properties of steel. The ores of this precious metal—at least some of the most valuable of them—are described in the report of the Royal Commission on the mineral resources of Ontario. All nickel ores, we are there informed, are found in veins in the primary or lower secondary formations, and the ores are rarely found except in association with cobalt ores mixed with the ores of copper, lead and other minerals. The copper-bearing rocks of the Sudbury district, the copper of which is generally associated with nickeliferous pyrrhotite (the average being from 3 to 7 per cent. of copper pyrites, $2\frac{1}{2}$ to $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of nickel, about 63 per cent. of pyrrhotite, and 30 per cent. of rock), are of considerable extent, and the pronouncement of Mr. Snelus must add very materially to their value. Nature had been equally prodigal, the president added, in bestowing upon Canada other precious and economic metals, from gold to iron,

and her great mineral resources only awaited development to yield enormous profits. Such words coming from the recognized official king of the great mineral kingdom must have the effect of stimulating Canadian capital and enterprise to more and more fruitful exertion.

The McKinley Bill seems to have already had a quickening effect on an important portion of our industrial community, directing attention to branches of production hitherto neglected, and indicating new markets in cases where the chief outlet had previously been to the States. The *Commercial*, of Winnipeg, sees no reason, nor do we, why Canada should not do something in a branch of food-production, which has long been strangely lost sight of on this side of the line—that of raising hogs. Pork, our contemporary points out, can be produced at home for less than the cost of freight and duty on the imported article. The cost to the consumers of Western Canada for cured hog products is estimated at about \$2,000,000 a year. The imported commodity costs three cents a pound duty and about a cent a pound for freight and handling. Thus, consumers pay four cents in addition to first cost and the profits of the dealers. Yet pork might be produced at home for two or three cents a pound. When, as now, large crops of cheap grains and roots are at the disposal of our farmers, pork could, it is thought, be grown without difficulty at half the cost that is now being paid for it. The suggested saving would surely be worth making, and it is only necessary to make a beginning, and success is certain to follow the undertaking.

We had occasion to mention last year how highly the Lethbridge coal is esteemed in Montana. At that time the great difficulty was lack of means of transport, absence of railway facilities necessitating a most inconvenient and costly circuit. Some time ago the first train of "Galt coal" (as it is called, from Sir A. T. Galt's connection with the enterprise) arrived over the Montana Central to the Helena Lumber Company. The narrow-gauge trains, laden with the fuel, are, as they arrive from the mine, run on to trestles prepared for the purpose at Great Falls, and the cargoes are dumped into cars of the Montana Central on the tracks beneath without the least delay. The haul from Lethbridge to Montana is 300 miles. The price in Helena for Galt coal, delivered in lump, is \$7.25 for lump, \$5.75 for nut. It is given a fine character as a calorific, one ton for heating purposes being deemed equivalent to two cords of yellow pine wood. Lethbridge is jubilant over the completion of the line from that place to Great Falls, the event being celebrated by a special railway edition of the *Lethbridge News*.

The census returns for the last decade in the United States have not proved so satisfactory as the more enthusiastic forecasts led one to expect. According to the latest bulletin on the subject the population of the country on the 1st of June last was 62,480,540. It is thought that certain additions still to be made will bring the total up to nearly 63,000,000. In 1880 the population was 50,155,783. The absolute increase of the population in the ten years was, therefore, 2,324,757, and the percentage of increase 24.47. In 1870 the population was stated at 38,588,371. According to these figures the absolute increase in the decade between 1870 and 1880 was 11,597,412, and the percentage of increase was 30.08. These figures show that the population was increased between 1880 and 1890 only 727,325 more than between 1870 and 1880, while the rate of increase has been apparently diminished from 30.08 to 24.57 per cent. Such a reduction in the rate of increase in the face of the enormous immigration during the past ten years would argue a great diminution in the fecundity of the population or a corresponding increase in its death rate. These figures are, however, explained by the fact that the census of 1870 was grossly deficient in the Southern States. Pennsylvania (5,248,574) has added 965,683 to its population in the ten years, and comes first in the rate of increase. New York, which for actual population (5,981,934) takes the lead, comes second as to

ratio of growth. Illinois (which has a population of 3,818,536) has added 740,665 to its numerical strength. Massachusetts is more populous by 405,332 than in 1880. Two States, Vermont and Nevada, one agricultural the other mining, show a decrease, the former (whose figure is 332,255) of 81, the latter of 17,939. This last decrease (nearly 29 per cent.) leaves Nevada the least populous State in the Union. It is difficult, where so many causes interfere with the law of natural increase to discover its actual rate. It has been suggested that if the births and deaths of the immigrants (5,246,613) that entered the country during the last ten years be accepted as counter-balancing each other, a little more than 7,000,000 would represent the natural growth of the population, so that the rate of increase would be about 14 per cent.

THE FLAGS OF FRANCE.

During the preparations for the visit of the Comte de Paris to this city, the question arose whether, in his reception, the old white flag of the Bourbons or the tri-colour should be used. The *drapeau blanc*, which was formally adopted by Henry the Fourth, was the flag of New as well as of Old France, when the foundations of the colony were laid and until its transfer to the Crown of England. The origin of the national standard of France is involved in obscurity. According to one story, Clovis, after his conversion to Christianity nearly fourteen centuries ago, adopted as his banner the "chape" or cloak of St. Martin—that is, the half that remained to the soldier-saint after he had shared that garment with the beggar. Some archæologists, however, maintain that the "Chape de St. Martin" was not really a flag or a portion of dress used as such, but a relic which was carried in a box. Others, again, adopt this view with the difference that the relic was really the half-cloak, and that the oratory in which it was kept was called in Latin "capella," and that our word "chapel" is thence derived, the first *capellani* or chaplains being the priests who had charge of it. The opinion also widely prevails among antiquaries that this "chape," borne on solemn occasions with the host of Clovis, was the first flag of Western Europe. Dagobert chose an eagle for his emblem, but whether he used it on a flag does not appear to be certain. The oriflamme is ascribed to the reign of Charles the Great, which that monarch is thought to have received from Pope Leo the Third. According to the Chanson de Roland it was at first called "Romaine" from this circumstance, but the name was afterwards changed to "Montjoie," from Mons Gaudii, a hill near Rome. To this oriflamme succeeded the flag of St. Denis, which was adopted by Philip the First from the abbey of the same name, to which it belonged. It was first solemnly raised in the year 1124, when Philip's successor, Louis the Sixth (Le Gros) was going to war with the Emperor Henry the Fifth. Its fate is still a theme for controversy. It is comprised in an inventory of the treasures of the abbey in the year 1504, and Dom Felibien testifies to having seen it ninety years later, greatly the worse for wear. It was of red silk and was, in all probability, flame-shaped, in harmony with its name. The oriflammes, both that of Charlemagne and that of St. Denis, were associated with religion in centuries when religion and war were often closely related. In the time of Louis the Seventh another flag came into use—a blue ensign—which ultimately became the banner of the nation. This was the blue flag with the golden fleurs-de-lys, sometimes called "bannière royale," sometimes called "bannière de France." Here again we are confronted with a conflict of opinion. Its origin, its significance, even the nature of its symbols are ground for dispute. Some trace it back to Clovis, some to St. Denis, one writer to Japheth, son of Noah. By some the fleur-de-lys is claimed to represent a lance-head; others will have it to be a rude representation of a bee; others would have us believe that the original artist meant to depict a toad in reference to the marshy country from which the Franks first came. A fourth group of inquirers hold that *fleur-de-lys* is a corruption of *fleur-de-Louis* (flowers of Louis), the early kings so called having so spelled

their name. As to the colour, it is the blue of the water, according to some; of the sky, according to others, while some again maintain that it was the favourite hue of St. Martin and of the Merwings. How the blue flag became white is another point on which there is scope for argument. One thing is that the white cross which French soldiers wore on their breasts was transferred to the royal standard in the time of Charles the Seventh, and that, partly through the example of the Maid of Orleans (who had a white flag of her own), and partly through the gradual broadening and lengthening of the arms of the cross till it covered nearly the whole of the blue ground, the change of colour was effected. The white cross appeared on the King's banner in the middle of the fifteenth century, but it was only after the accession of Henry the Fourth that the blue disappeared and the *drapeau blanc* became the acknowledged flag of the Kings of France. It lasted for just two centuries, embracing the entire period of the Old Régime in Canada. When the National Guard was constituted in July, 1789, its cockade was of red and blue—the colours of the French metropolis. After the taking of the Bastille, Louis the Sixteenth, with the shadow of doom already approaching him, put the new badge in his hat. On Lafayette's proposal, white was added, and thus the Bourbon colour completed the tri-colour. Even during the two centuries of continuous Bourbon supremacy, blue had not been discarded—all merchant vessels bearing "the old flag of the French nation, a white cross on a blue standard." Even red was not quite strange to French royalty—all three colours of the present flag being used in the liveries of the King's servants. It may be recalled by our readers that nearly seventeen years ago the late Comte de Chambord deliberately preferred to remain in private life rather than be king of France under any colour but his own—the white of Henry the Fourth and all the Bourbons that ruled in Canada. The opportunity, then lost, of regaining the throne has not recurred, and, from present appearances, is not likely to recur. But, should the offer be repeated, no scruples of that kind will stand in the way of acceptance.

THE UNITY OF THE EMPIRE.

The Ottawa branch of the Imperial Federation League has started a movement which just now must be considered especially opportune. Its object is to ascertain by inquiry the prevailing views of our people as to the means by which the unity of the Empire may be strengthened, and how, in the development of its vast resources, intercourse between the inhabitants and interchange of the products of its several parts may be most successfully promoted. A great deal of misunderstanding exists in some sections of our population as to the real drift and significance of the League's aims, and much utterly baseless apprehension has been caused through this misunderstanding. Some writers seem to look upon it as a gigantic conspiracy to rob Canadians of the birthright of their liberty and subject them, *volentes volentes*, to an alien yoke. We need hardly inform our readers that the founders of the League never dreamed of interfering in any way with a single right or privilege enjoyed by the people of any portion of the Queen's domain. On the contrary, it has been their desire and constant effort to enlarge the influence of the outlying parts of the Empire so as to give them due participation in the control and direction of Imperial affairs. As to the *modus operandi* by which that great end should be effected, there is room for much difference of opinion. Perhaps it would have been wiser if, in the first instance, the late Hon. Mr. Forster and his colleagues had avoided any seeming anticipation of the judgment of "Greater Britain" in their choice of a name for the society. Lord Rosebery has all along stood out against even the appearance of such prejudgment, and has deprecated precipitate action whenever he saw any members likely to be carried away by their enthusiasm. The Canadian branch of the League has followed in the lines laid down by Lord Rosebery, and has always been most cautious both in assertion and suggestion. Imperial unity has been its watchword. Its organiza-

tion is a protest against everything that tends, directly or indirectly, overtly or secretly, towards the disintegration of the Empire. "It is not," says the circular of inquiry which we have just received—"it is not, as many suppose, one of the functions of the League to propound a new constitution for the British Empire. No scheme worthy of the name is possible, without consulting every interest involved, and no attempt should be made to formulate a scheme except by properly constituted authority, after obtaining the fullest information respecting the wants and wishes of the several communities concerned. Nothing could be more definitely assuring against any contemplated surprise on our liberties than these plain, honest words.

But surely when we uphold the unity of the Empire we should be prepared to give a reason for our faith in the Imperial bond, as against any rival scheme. Some of us, it is true, would be content, with an unquestioning allegiance, to remain Britons simply because we are Britons and could never be anything else. But ours is a complex nationality. An important section of our population is British only by adoption, and attached to the British Constitution on account of the popular liberties and impartial administration which it secures. Others are attached to our very mild monarchical régime because, in practice, it is more thoroughly and consistently democratic than that of more than one republic. A good many, moreover, are conservative from habit, and dislike change. But, while sentiment is a strong force in human relations, self-interest is with the mass of the people still stronger, and it behoves all enlightened and patriotic Canadians not only to keep in mind the boons of liberty and order that we enjoy under our present dispensation, but to aid in every possible way in making known how our relations with the rest of the Empire may be rendered most advantageous to us, both as communities and individuals. The questions proposed in the circular to which we have referred deserve the thoughtful study of all Canadians who have the interests of their country at heart. The general problem to which they relate—how Imperial unity may be made more real and more fruitful of good to all parts of the Empire, and how and to what extent the great self-governing division, like the Dominion, should be given a voice in the direction of Imperial policy and the management of Imperial affairs—is by no means easy of solution. But solved in some fashion it must be, and it is our duty to give it careful attention. Elsewhere in this issue our readers will find the questions which the Ottawa branch has addressed to the public.

In connection with the subject, we would urge on our readers the importance, at the present juncture in our economic history, of devoting more attention than has hitherto been usual to the resources and capabilities of the other portions of the Empire, more especially with reference to the interchange of commodities with ourselves. We fear that the knowledge possessed by the average Canadian of the natural products and manufactures of the other parts of the Queen's dominions falls lamentably short of what, in regard to our own interests, it ought to be. It would be well, indeed, if in our schools and higher centres of education more attention were devoted to economic geography. In the commercial and in some sections of the scientific departments it ought to have a prominent place as a branch of study. Of course, a thorough acquaintance with the great physical and economic features of our own half of this continent is of primary importance, to this the study of the West Indies, Australia and New Zealand, South Africa and India, as well as of those foreign countries with which Canada might reasonably hope to have mercantile dealings being complementary. Far too seldom has the British Empire been studied, as a whole, with the zeal and national pride that our neighbours are wont to bring to the history and geography of the United States. We purpose, in future issues, to give a share of our time and space to the elucidation of this subject—a subject on which Mr. J. Castell Hopkins has already contributed some excellent papers.



VISIT OF THE IRON AND STEEL INSTITUTE OF GREAT BRITAIN TO CANADA.
GROUP OF MEMBERS AND FRIENDS ON STEPS OF CITY HALL, HAMILTON, ONT.

The Iron and Steel Institute.

In this issue we give some illustrations of the visit of this important society to the leading cities of the Dominion. On the 29th of October the members of the Institute, who had already visited the chief cities of the United States, accompanied by several friends (including a number of ladies), arrived at Hamilton, Ont., by special train from the Falls. They were received by the officials of the city and representatives of its most important industries. Among the visiting party were: Col. Holland, C.B.; Sir James Bain, ex-Lord Provost of Glasgow; Henry Banks, Thomas and Mrs. T. Bantock, T. W. Crawlhill-Wilson, E. Calquhoun Wilson, A. H. Dunachie, C. Evans, G. K. Harrison, A. E. Hunt, A. K. Huntington, I. J. Jenks, Geo. Kearsley, R. Laybourn, F. Marbourg, F. Monks, C. D. Phillips, Joseph Richardson, Geo. Slater, A. G. Service, Paul Siebel, H. C. Simpson, W. T. Thomas, R. Williamson, R. B. Thomas, J. F. Pease, W. Jenks, W. Howat, S. Dickenson, L. W. Crawlhill, Wm. Bright, Thomas Ashbury and E. Parritt, of the *Manchester Examiner* and *London Chronicle*.

Mayor McLellan, accompanied by Messrs. Adam Brown, M.P.; A. McKay, M.P.; F. H. Stinson, M.P.P., with Aldermen Griffith, Stevenson, Blaicher, Hancock, Stewart, Smuck, McDonald, Nicholson, Dixon and several other gentlemen were among those who received the distinguished visitors. Sir James Kitson, the president, was not of the party, but the vice-president, Mr. Snelus, and the secretary, Mr. Jeans, were present. They were accompanied by B. T. A. Bell, of the *Mining Journal*; Dr. Selwyn, of the geological survey; H. B. Small, secretary of the agricultural department; Thomas McFarlane, chief analyst of the inland revenue department; Mrs. Fletcher, Miss Selwyn and Miss Gisborne, of Ottawa; Archibald Blue, Ontario statistician, and Capt. Low, the Lieutenant-Governor's aide-de-camp. After inspecting the chief points of special interest, as far as the unfavourable weather would permit, the visitors were escorted to the Arcade Hall, where luncheon had been prepared, and about two hundred and fifty persons did justice to the menu. After the usual loyal toasts, Mayor McLellan proposed the health of the Iron and Steel Institute, and Vice-President Snelus responded. Having expressed his surprise and satisfaction at the growth of so fine a city in what a few generations ago was an un reclaimed wilderness, Mr. Snelus said that a great revolution was going on in the metallurgical industry, caused largely by the discovery of the valuable properties in nickel, and it afforded him and his colleagues infinite pleasure to note that Canada was rich beyond computation in that new and remarkable metal, which was going to be the great competitor of iron. He was astonished when he saw the inexhaustible deposits of nickel at Sudbury. He had always thought that there were inexhaustible supplies of it in this Dominion. This, he felt sure, would be one great element in Canada's future prospects. Mr. Snelus concluded a practical speech by an appropriate reference to the motto on Hamilton's escutcheon—"I advance"—a motto which, he hoped, would be true of that thriving city in the future as in the past.

Mr. Adam Brown, M.P., spoke of the devotion of Canada to the Empire.

Mr. Thomas McFarlane, Dominion Analyst, Ottawa, responded on behalf of the German delegates, dwelling on the kinships between the two great races.

Sir James Bain, ex-Lord Provost of Glasgow, proposed the health of Mayor McLellan, to which His Worship responded, and, with the singing of "Auld Lang Syne," the banquet came to a close.

The party then visited Toronto, Sudbury, Ottawa and Montreal. In the Capital careful preparations had been made to give the Institute a worthy reception. The entertainment at the Russell was in every way successful. Covers had been laid for two hundred guests, and the Governor-General, Lord Stanley, presided. At His Excellency's right were Mr. Snelus, vice-president of the Institute; Lady Stanley, Sir John Macdonald, Mrs. Snelus, Lady Caron, Hon. Mr. Chapleau, D. Evans, Lady Thompson, Hon. Mr. Foster, Mrs. Bantock, Professor Huntington and Mrs. Robillard. At His Excellency's left were Lady Macdonald and Col. Holland, C.B.; Hon. Mr. Bowell, Mrs. Huntington, J. Kirsley, Madame Chapleau, Sir John Thompson, Mrs. Drummond, Mr. Jeans, Mrs. Foster, Mrs. Seyborne, Mrs. R. W. Scott, Mrs. Howat, J. B. Morgan, Mrs. Gwynne, Justice Gwynne, Mrs. Service, Mr. Drummond and Mrs. Evans. The vice chairs were occupied by Sir A. P. Caron, Hon. John Carling, C. H. Mackintosh, M.P.; H. Robillard, M.P.; Sheriff Sweetland and Mayor Erratt.

His Excellency's speech was in admirable keeping with the occasion. He dwelt on Canada's vast and varied mineral resources, emphasizing its abundant supply of that newest element in metallurgy—nickel—and trusting that the visit of the Institute would give a fruitful impulse to the development of the wealth hidden in our rocks. His wish that the Institute would pay us another and a longer visit was gracefully acknowledged by Mr. Snelus in his reply. The vice-president concluded his speech by proposing the health of the Dominion Government, with which he coupled the name of Sir John Macdonald, the mention of which called forth such applause that it was some time before the venerable Premier could reply. The health of the Governor-General, proposed by Sheriff Sweetland, brought the banquet to a close amid much enthusiasm. The party then left for Montreal, where they arrived in due time on the evening of the first inst. The following is a

complete list of the English visitors and the Canadians who accompanied them to this city:—

Allan, James, Coathbridge, Scotland.
Bell, Charles, Stirling, Scotland.
Bell, B. T. A., Ottawa.
Bell, Dr. Robert, Ottawa.
Bain, Sir James, Glasgow, Scotland.
Bamlett, A. C., Thirak, England.
Bantock, Mr. and Mrs., Wolverhampton.
Bruce, J. M., Melbourne, Australia.
Banks, H., Wolverhampton.
Butler, Isaac, Newport.
Byles, A. R., Bradford.
Cook, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas, Sheffield.
Coghlan, J. H., Leeds.
Colquhoun, W. Tredegar, Wales.
Craggs, H. S., and the Misses Craggs, Middlesboro'.
Diechmann, Herr A. O., Berlin, Germany.
Dickinson, Mr. and Mrs., Wolverhampton.
Dawson, Dr. G. M., Ottawa.
Drummond, Mr. and Mrs., Bradford.
Dumachie, A. H., Glasgow, Scotland.
Evans, Mr. and Mrs., Llanelly, Wales.
Ellison, Mr. and Mrs., Worthington.
Farnmouth, W. Swindon.
Fellows, S. F., Wolverhampton.
Goldbach, Mr. A., New York.
Gregory, Joseph, Manchester.
Harrison, G. King, and Miss Harrison, Stourbridge.
Hobson, J. F., Durham.
Hoffer, Herr, Genoa, Italy.
Howat, Mr. and Mrs. W., Glasgow.
Holland, Col. C. B., Tunbridge Wells.
Huntingdon, Prof. and Mrs., London.
Jackson, W. T., and Mrs. Jackson, Buxton.
Jeans, J. S., London.
Jenks, Walter, Wolverhampton.
Johnston, James, Manchester.
Jones, W. H., and Miss Jones, Rotherham.
Kearsley, Col., Ripon.
Loeber, F. R., Leeds.
Laybourn, R., Newport.
MacLaren, J. F., Glasgow.
Macfarlane, Thomas, Ottawa.
Marburg, Herr, Wiesbaden, Germany.
Marsden, B., Manchester.
Marsten, C., Wolverhampton.
Morgan, S. Vaughn, London.
Moss, Miss, London.
Muir, A., Manchester.
Muller, J. N., Middlesborough.
Oakes, Gerald R., Derby.
Oakes, F., Middlesborough.
Pease, J. F., London.
Perkins, J. W., London.
Phillips, W. D., Aberdeen.
Powell, H. G., Wolverhampton.
Richardson, Joseph, Stockton-on-Tees.
Ridley, J. O., Newcastle.
Rummies, F. H., London.
Salter, M., Bradford.
Siebel, Herr, Dusseldorf, Germany.
Simpson, J., Whitehaven.
Service, Mr. and Mrs., Glasgow.
Selwyn, Dr. A. R. C., Ottawa.
Smith, G. J., Sheffield.
Snelus, Mr. and Mrs., London.
Sparrow, Mr. and Mrs., Wolverhampton.
Tannett, J. C., Leeds.
Thomas, J. L., Aberdeen, South Wales.
Thomas, F., Sydbrook.
Walker, W. H., Sheffield.
Wilson, F. C., Alston.
Wilson, S. W., Alston.
Wilkinson, E. B., Port Henry, N.Y.
Zwibonne, Herr, Neuwied, Germany.

The first to step from the train on its arrival was Ald. Stevenson, followed by Acting-Mayor Hurteau, Aldermen Farrell, Clendinneng and Villeneuve, all of whom had met the special at Coteau Landing. By these the principal members of the party were introduced to Aldermen Roland and Wilson, and Mr. Henry Bulmer, president of the Harbour Commissioners, who were waiting at the station. The visitors at once drove to the Windsor, and soon after they reached there Sir William Dawson, Dr. B. J. Harrington, Mr. Richard White and Mr. Alexander Robertson, the two latter representing the Harbour Commissioners, came in to welcome them to the city, which for a few days was to be their home. The following programme, which was agreed upon, after the Reception Committee had consulted with the secretary of the Institute, Mr. Stephen Jeans, and Mr. B. T. A. Bell, editor of the *Canadian Mining Journal*, will give a general notion of the manner in which the visitors passed their sojourn at Montreal:

Monday (Nov. 3), at 9 o'clock—Visit the Grand Trunk Railway Workshops, the Montreal Rolling Mills, Messrs. W. Clendinneng & Son's foundry and the Canadian Pacific Railway Workshops at Hochelaga, returning by way of Craig, St. Denis and Sherbrooke streets. At 11 o'clock—Visit McGill University. At 2 o'clock—Drive from the Windsor to Mount Royal Park, by way of Dorchester and Fort streets, past the Montreal Seminary, along Sherbrooke and Park Avenue, and, after driving round the Park, return via McTavish street to the Windsor. At 7.30 p.m.—Banquet at the Hall.

Tuesday (Nov. 4), at 9 o'clock—Review of the Fire Brigade on the Champ de Mars. At 10 o'clock—Leave by steamer Filgate from second lock basin for Lachine, going up the canal and returning by the rapids, after which the harbour will be visited.

On Sunday (November 2) many of the visitors attended the churches. At the banquet in the St. Lawrence Hall Acting-Mayor Hurteau presided in the unavoidable absence of Mayor Grenier, and on his right and left were seated Mr. E. J. Snelus, Sir Donald A. Smith, Mr. H. A. Bullen, Mr. E. P. Hannaford, Sir William Dawson, Mr. H. Bulmer, Col. Holland, C.B., Mr. D. Parizeau, Mr. R. Esdaile, and Mr. T. G. Shaughnessy. The vice-chairs were occupied by Ald. Clendinneng, Prefontaine, Stevenson, Farrell and Villeneuve. In addition to the aldermen and the members of the institute, the invited guests also included Sir Casimir Gzowski, K.C.M.G., Prof. Bovey, Hon. Ed. Murphy, Hon. J. R. Thibault, Hon. Alexander Lacoste, Hon. W. W. Ogilvie, Hon. G. A. Drummond, Dr. G. M.

Dawson, Dr. B. J. Harrington, Messrs. J. J. Curran, M.P., A. T. Lepine, M.P., H. McLennan, Richard White, S. W. Wanklyn, D. Preston, K. W. Blackwell, P. W. St. George, P. W. Dodwell, C. A. Massey, Herbert Wallis, J. P. Cleghorn, P. A. Peterson, J. T. Beland, M.P.P., James McShane, M.P.P., J. S. Hall, Jr., M.P.P., D. McIntyre, D. Lockerby, Andrew Allan, W. C. Van Horne, W. Wainwright, W. C. Munderloh and Mr. Fraser Graham, manager of the Nova Scotia Steel and Forge Company. Letters regretting inability to be present were received from Hon. G. A. Drummond, Hon. Ed. Murphy, Messrs. Andrew Allan, W. C. Van Horne, W. Wainwright and H. Wallis. The speeches by Sir William Dawson, Vice-President Snelus, Mr. J. Stephen Jeans (secretary of the Institute), Mr. Hugh McLennan, Dr. Selwyn, Sir Donald Smith, Mr. B. T. A. Bell, editor of the *Canadian Mining Journal*, Mr. J. J. Curran, M.P., Mr. Joseph Richardson, Acting-Mayor Hurteau, Aldermen Clendinneng and Roland, and Messrs. R. White and W. D. Phillips, mainly covered the ground already indicated in connection with the visits to other cities. Sir William Dawson dwelt on the great importance of our deposits of iron ore, which existed in every province of the Dominion, and some of which were not surpassed anywhere; on the economic value of our lignites, as well as bituminous coal, of our wealth in nickel, our gold and silver, and other great resources. Mr. McLennan spoke of the advisability of the Mother Country giving the preference to what was produced within the Empire, and Mr. Jeans said he would like to see a reversal of the relations between Great Britain and the United States and Great Britain and Canada. Dr. Selwyn regretted that the members of the Institute had not seen more of our mineral capabilities than what Sudbury offered—our wealth of hematite and asbestos, for instance. Even the Geological Museum at Ottawa gave but an inadequate notion of Canada's vast resources. Mr. Bell hoped the Government would spend more for the development of our economic resources. Mr. Snelus spoke hopefully of the impression that the Institute would carry to England of Canada's exhaustless wealth. Sir Donald Smith assured the visitors that they had seen merely the threshold of our great natural treasury. Altogether the banquet was very successful, and the visitors seemed to enjoy the excursions and other entertainments planned for them, though the weather was a little trying. The party left this city on the evening of Tuesday, the 4th inst., in three separate Pullmans attached to the C.V.R. train for Boston, bearing with them the good wishes and as *reminiscences* of their Montreal friends.

The Deepest Lake Known.

By far the deepest lake known in the world is Lake Baikal, in Siberia, which is every way comparable to the great Canadian lakes as regards size; for, while its area is over 9,000 square miles, making it about equal to Erie in superficial extent, its enormous depth of between 4,000 and 4,500 feet makes the volume of its waters almost equal to that of Lake Superior. Although its surface is 1,350 feet above the sea level, its bottom is nearly 3,000 feet below it. The Caspian Lake, or sea, as it is usually called, has a depth in its southern basin of over 3,000 feet. Lake Maggiore is 3,000 feet deep, Lake Como nearly 2,000 feet, and Lago-di-Garda, another Italian lake, has a depth in certain places of 1,900 feet. Lake Constance is over 1,000 feet deep, and Huron and Michigan reach depths of 900 and 1,000 feet.

The Famous Portrait Gallery.

The Duke of Richmond's famous portrait gallery at Goodwood House, near Chichester contains the counterfeits presentment of every Lennox, from Darnley, a remote progenitor, to the present duke. Goodwood is particularly rich in its collection of Sevres china, acquired by its third master when he was ambassador to the court of France. Among the numerous curiosities are the white satin baby shoes of the first duke, a watch and shirt that belonged to Charles I., a gold plate off which Napoleon breakfasted on the morning of Waterloo, together with the cockade and baton worn and borne by the Duke of Wellington in the same famous battle. The apartments occupied by the Prince and Princess of Wales during the race week are hung with magnificent specimens of Gobelin tapestry, representing scenes from "Don Quixote" and Hogarth's famous picture, *The Lady's Last Stake*.

The Battle of Waterloo.

An incident of the Battle of Waterloo, heard from the great Duke himself, was told by Lord Shaftesbury, the philanthropist, to the late Sir George Burns, in whose biography it is given by Mr. Edwin Hodder. At one moment in the battle the Duke of Wellington was left alone, his aides-de-camp having been despatched with messages. A gentleman in plain clothes rode up to him, and said "Can I be of any use, sir?" The Duke looked at him, and instantly said "Yes; take that pencil note to the commanding officer" (pointing to a regiment in the heat of the engagement). The note was taken and delivered, its bearer galloping through the thick of the fight to execute his commission. After the battle the Duke made every inquiry, but never could find out to whom he was indebted for this brave service. He told Lord Shaftesbury that he considered this one of the most gallant deeds that had ever come under his notice, seeing that it was done without prospect of honour or reward.

OUR ENGRAVING

FUNERAL OF FRED. YOUNG, ST. JOHNS, N.B.—On the 30th of October one of the wildest windstorms of the present season raged along the Atlantic coast, and St. John had its full share of it, huge waves rolling in from the sea and dashing against the wharves. Some boys were watching the scene from a wharf at Courtney Bay when one of them, Frederick Munde (aged thirteen), was blown into the water. Frederick Young, a lad of seventeen years, promptly seized a life-preserver with a line attached to it and swam out to rescue the imperilled boy. But the line, being too short, was let go by those holding it, and the two unfortunate youths were left struggling at the mercy of the waves. In vain boats were launched to save them. In vain was the attempt made to reach them by swimming. Young did all in his power to keep Munde from sinking; but, at last, exhausted by the strain, he had to relax his hold, and soon after went down himself, just as a life-boat came in sight. Nothing remained but to find the bodies of the drowned youths, which were recovered on the same day. The heroism of Fred. Young was the theme of universal admiration, and it was deemed fitting that due recognition should be given to his bravery and humanity. The City Council passed a vote to attend the funeral in a body, and the various societies and the volunteer corps with which he was connected passed resolutions to the same effect. Rarely had the city been so moved by a common sentiment, and it was resolved that, as Young had died the death, so he should have the honours of a hero. Mrs. Munde, broken down with grief for the loss of her own boy, kissed the cold lips of the young man who had sacrificed his life in the effort to save him. The double funeral took place on the afternoon of Sunday, the 2nd inst., and, though there was an exceptional downpour of rain, a vast multitude turned out to attend the services. From all the public, and many private, buildings, floated flags at half mast. Young's funeral took place from the residence of his uncle, Mr. E. G. Nelson, on Duke street, which, during the two preceding days, had been thronged with sorrowing people anxious to take a last look at the face of the dead. Many (including some appropriately beautiful) floral tributes had been sent by societies and individuals, and the casket was fairly shrouded in a mass of emblems. His fellow-employees in Messrs. J. & J. D. Howe's sent a large floral piece, the "Gates Ajar"; wreaths were sent by Capt. Godard and the officers of "C" Company, 62nd Fusiliers; the Sabbath School of St. John's Presbyterian church gave an anchor; the Bible class, a star; a basket of flowers, tied with white ribbons, came from young lady friends, while Mr. and Mrs. Munde sent a beautiful bunch of roses. Mr. and Mrs. Chas. K. Cameron, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Blair, Mr. G. O. Bent and a number of others also sent becoming tributes. The Rev. George Bruce, of St. David's church, conducted the service at the house. The casket was borne to the hearse by the pall-bearers, Messrs. Thos. Furlong, W. T. Cosman, Arthur Banks, J. C. Fetherstone, R. Johnston, R. Hooper, Geo. Gordon and Chas. Cruikshank. They are all past archons of Victoria Temple, an office which the deceased had himself held. The funeral procession was marshalled by Lieut.-Col. Blaine in the following order: Company "C" 62nd Fusiliers, officers 62nd Fusiliers, Mayor and City Council, officers and members of St. David's church, officers and members of the Y. M. C. A., First St. John Company, Boy's Brigade, of St. John's Presbyterian church, Silver Division, S. of T.; Alexandria Junior Temple, H. of T.; Carleton Junior Temple, H. of T.; Victoria Junior Temple, H. of T.; Rev. Geo. Bruce and Mr. M. N. Powers, other city clergymen, hearse with remains and pall bearers, mourners, employees of J. & J. D. Howe's factory, citizens on foot, carriages. The remains of little Fred. Munde were meanwhile being borne to their last resting place from his late home in Union street, where the Rev. W. O. Raymond had held an impressive service. The carriers of the *Daily Telegraph* sent a crown, and the newsboys of the *Gazette* a cross to mark their esteem for their lost colleague. Dr. D. E. Berryman sent an exquisite bunch of lilies; Miss Collins, a large wreath, and some playmates a beautiful cross. The pall-bearers were Frank Bittle, Frank Belyea, Stanley Harvey, Harold Higgins, Chas. Engel and John McKelvie. At the corner of Union and Waterloo streets the funerals came together, and the spectacle was truly impressive as the two processions moved silently down the latter street. The Artillery, Citizens and City Cornet bands had kindly volunteered their services, but the family of Mr. Young, while appreciating the offers, had thought it more in harmony with the sad occasion to have no music. The bells of many city churches tolled, and as the cortege passed the Roman Catholic Cathedral the chimes rang out the pathetic strains of "The Dead March" in Saul. At the cemetery the processions separated, and

services were held at the graves by Rev. Geo. Bruce and Rev. W. O. Raymond. Thus did St. John do honour to the memory of its heroic citizen.

LIEUT.-COL. GEORGE T. DENISON, LL.B., F.R.S. CAN. We are happy to present our readers in this issue with a portrait of one of the most patriotic of Canadians, Lieut.-Col. George Taylor Denison (third of the name), of Heydon Villa, Toronto. He comes of loyal stock. His grandfather, Lt.-Col. George Taylor Denison, born at Dovercourt, Harwich, England, in 1783, was one of the most influential pioneers of Toronto. He arrived in Canada with his father, (Capt. John Denison) in 1792, and from the beginning of the present century till his death in 1853 was prominently associated with the growth of the city. He served in the war of 1812 and in the rebellion of 1837, and did much towards the organization of the Volunteer Force, what is now known as the Governor-General's Body Guard having been created mainly through his efforts and largely at his cost. His first wife was a daughter of a U. E. Loyalist officer, Capt. Richard Lippincott. Col. G. T. Denison (the second of the name), who resided at Rusholme, Toronto, was born at Bellevue in 1816, and, like his father, devoted much time to the improvement of the volunteer service. He did duty in 1837-38 as an officer in his father's cavalry troop, of which he ultimately obtained the command, and, in 1855, on the passage of the new militia law, he had a leading share in establishing our



LIEUT.-COL. GEORGE T. DENISON.

military system on its actual basis. Col. Denison died in 1873. His eldest son and namesake, the subject of this sketch, was born at Bellevue, Toronto, on the 31st of August, 1839, and was educated at Upper Canada College and Toronto University, taking the degree of LL.B. at the latter institution. In 1861 he was called to the Bar. In 1865 and the two following years he served as alderman for St. Patrick's Ward. In 1872 he contested Algoma for the House of Commons and was not elected; his opponent, the Hon. J. B. Robinson, being returned. In 1877 he was appointed Police Magistrate for the city of Toronto. His military career began in 1855, when he was gazetted as cornet. In 1862 he was made Major and in 1866 became Lieutenant-Colonel of the Governor-General's Body Guard—a rank which he still retains. In 1866 Lieutenant-Colonel Denison served during the Fenian raid, commanding the outposts on the Niagara river under Col. (now Lord Viscount) Wolseley. In the same year he published his "Manual of Outpost Duties," and later a "History of the Fenian Raid." In 1868 his "Modern Cavalry" (long known in both hemispheres as a standard work on the subject of which it treats) was published in London, England. It was translated into German and published at Munich in 1869. In 1872, by the late Czar's command, it was translated into Russian and an edition brought out at St. Petersburg. In 1880 a Hungarian version appeared at Budapest. In 1874 the late Czar offered prizes for the best "History of Cavalry," and Lieut.-Col. Denison, having competed, was awarded the first prize of five thousand roubles. On that occasion the Canadian prize-winner was presented to the Emperor and Empress of Russia, who treated him with much consideration. The work is one of

widely recognized value, and like its predecessors has been translated into Russian, German and Hungarian. It used as a manual at several of the great military training schools of Europe. Lord Dufferin presented the author with a bronze medal *in memoriam rei*. Lieut.-Col. Denison is one of the original members of the Royal Society of Canada, and has been president of the section of English Literature, History and Archaeology, his colleagues showing their esteem for his abilities by electing him to that position during his absence in the North-West helping to put down the rebellion of 1885. In 1863 Colonel Denison married Miss Carol Macklem, of Chippewa, Ont., who died on the 26th February, 1888.

MUSKOKA SCENERY.—There is no part of Canada that has aroused more enthusiasm among the lovers of beautiful scenery than the region of which Muskoka Lake is the central feature. This body of water is the largest of a chain of lakes, of various sizes and of every imaginable contour occupying the highlands of Ontario. The district which takes its name from this lake system is about as large as Belgium. It is a land of rare natural charms, of delightful climate, of exuberant vegetation, and has grown wonderfully in favour with persons of means who like to reside on their own property. The route to it is traversed the summer long both by visitors of the latter class, who come and go from the cities and towns, leaving their families in *villeggiatura*, and by tourists from greater distance attracted by the fame of many allurements. Here the business and professional man finds rest from care and toil; feeble, health; the sportsman, ample use for his gun. The gateway of this fair land is Gravenhurst, to which the railway was extended from Orillia in 1879. In 1886 the opening of the Pacific Junction branch to Callender made the very heart of the district accessible from parts of the Dominion. To name the lake this great plateau would take up a good deal of our space; for, altogether, there are said to be no less than eight hundred—from sheets of thirty miles long to little ponds, such as the Japanese gardens. Not less numerous are the beautifully wooded islands. The chief commercial centre of the district is Bracebridge, which dates from 1861, when it started with a coup de log huts and the adjacent potato patches. To describe all the resources of this region for the lover of the picturesque, the lumberman, the sportsman and the seeker of health would require a volume. Our engravings will, however, give a fair conception of what is most characteristic in its natural features.

VANCOUVER CRICKET CLUB.—As British Canadian civilization extends, British and Canadian sports are sure to accompany it. There is hardly a spot of any importance in Manitoba, the Territories and British Columbia that does not boast its cricket club. It was only to be expected that so thriving a young city as Vancouver should show an interest in the healthy and invigorating game. Press of necessity forbids our giving more particulars of this in the present issue, but we hope to do so in the next number.

GASPE FISHING VIEWS.—The Gaspé fisherman has an individuality that separates him from his compatriots of the interior. At times he would be farmer, he is essentially a seaman. The harvest on which he depends is the fish of the deep. He takes the spade reluctantly, his most cherished associations are with the salt water. He has not the reputation of wealth, though he is not idle, but his hard toil has its compensation. He is healthy and vigorous, and he would not exchange home for a duller, if more thrifty, environment. Creighton has well described his life and belongings in *Picturesque Canada*. "There are nets everywhere, hanging on fences, piled up by the roadside, dangling from gables of the barns. Boats are at anchor in fleets on shore, hauled up in rows on the beach, and lying in fields and gardens; when quite past service in water they do duty on land as hen coops and pig-stys. There are flakes made like hurdles and covered with dry cod and haddock, which little boys lazily turn, so as to give and air full play. Barrels full of mackerel and herring and bags of salt are heaped up to the eaves of the sheds. Anchors and spars are piled in every corner. You meet carrying an oar, a string of cork net-floats or a coil of rope or driving a hay cart full of nets. The women and girls are busy on the slopes mending nets torn by dog-fish and stray sharks—fresh air, salt spray and frequent turns of oar account for their buxom figures and rosy cheeks. Simple, honest, kindly folk, these fisher people, and religious, too, as the number of tiny churches attests, hard life is theirs, for this is a terrible coast for gales, the winter is long." This description is applicable, in at least, to one of the scenes shown in our engraving that which depicts the fishing establishment of Messrs. G. & E. Collas at Gaspé. It illustrates very forcibly an important feature of the harvest of the sea—the codfish spread out to dry and the fishermen pursuing their calling. The other engraving shows the Bouleau, a salmon boat owned by Mr. Thomas Murdoch, of Chicago, with on that gentleman's houses in the background. It is on the York River, a stream a hundred miles long, which is

Gaspé Basin. Both views are fairly characteristic of this most picturesque portion of the Province of Quebec.

SHAWNIGAN LAKE.—This is one of the charming lakes with which our Pacific Province abounds. It is on the E. & N. Railway, about 30 miles from Victoria, and is a beautiful sheet of water seven miles long and one mile wide. It teems with speckled trout, while in the surrounding woods deer, bear and blue and willow grouse are plentiful.

Science and Art in Toronto.

[From our own Correspondent.]

TORONTO, November, 1890.

The squabble between the Toronto Art School and the promoters of a new institution to be called The Ontario School of Art and Design, is the result of a deep feeling of dissatisfaction with the administration of the former that has been gathering force for several years. Chiefly owing to a want of *consensus* of opinion among the members themselves as to what constitutes true art teaching, and partly to that mean feeling of jealousy which, it is said, exists in all corporations of the kind, the advance of art in Toronto has not been commensurate with the growth of the city and the consequent demand for the highest teaching. Housed in absurdly unfit quarters, receiving a government grant of an amount fit for a village only, and tied in some measure by an absence of popular sympathy, the Toronto School of Art has not prospered. Young people desiring to start on the best lines, so as to make for themselves and their country records of distinction, have not been able to get the teaching they asked for, and have become discouraged or have gone elsewhere. It is, therefore, to be hoped that a school such as is furnished by all cities and towns of commercial importance in Great Britain and France will be the outcome of the present difficulty, so that Canadian youth may receive that training that is an absolute necessity, not only for the walks of pure art, but also for manufacture.

Much indignation has been expressed both in and outside of the papers at the uproarious proceedings of the students, four hundred of them at least, at the Grand Opera House on Hallowe'en. People are asking whether the time-honoured custom of students on certain occasions "making fools of themselves," and thereby entirely frustrating the enjoyment by quiet people of the entertainment they have paid their money for, shall be longer allowed. Tom-foolery and practical joking are behind the times, and though a little harmless well-bred fun may be admissible, it is considered altogether vulgar to play upon tin-horns and pan-pipes. It is a pity our students do not content themselves with copying the custom of "the gods" of the Dublin Theatre Royal, who sing, and sing only, between the acts, and in good harmonious style too. If "the gods" of our theatres carried on as the students do three or four times a year, the police would turn them out in short order. Why the difference?

The McDowells are here in "The Balloon," a somewhat sensational play, but one well spoken of; and Jas. O'Neill played "The Dead Heart" at the Academy of Music to full houses.

Being invited the other day to visit one of the twenty-

two Kindergartens attached to Toronto public schools, your correspondent was glad of the opportunity of seeing this most interesting method of infant instruction at work. In a large, lofty, and beautiful room, lighted from the south and west with plants in most of the windows, were assembled seventy-six little ones, from seven years old and under, all seated at low tables in pretty painted high-backed chairs, and all singing a motion-song. The directress led the exercise, and five teachers imparted or corrected or demonstrated by word and action the lesson the children were singing. Such happy little faces, and such absence of anything like restraint or fear. Not that restraint is absent, but that the little dots restrain themselves. In the course of the morning several tree intervals were given them, when they talked, laughed, and sat as they liked. But there were no rude motions, no loud talking, no vulgarity. And yet numbers of these children came from the very poorest families where no kind of training is ever bestowed on them, but under the influence of kindergarten teaching the rude become gentle, the dirty clean, the selfish considerate, and the heedless orderly, and all without pressure, unless it be the pressure of the mild, firm word, and the eye of love. That these seventy-six children carry these lessons home and teach them over again who can doubt? And the deftness of the little creatures! The way they fold up squares of paper into geometrical divisions, and by some delft manipulation of their tiny fingers pull out corners, put down creases, and make with that same bit of paper "a man," is wonderful. You see the neck with its high collar, the sloping shoulders, the body and the upper half of each of the four limbs, and you say, "And now what do you do with it?" "Oh! teacher puts a head and boots on it and then *he's done*." You do not dare to say, "And what is it good for then?" because you know that the reflection necessary to making each fold in the right direction, the neatness and precision in doing it, the delicate handling of the folds that have to be pulled out and flattened to a different angle, are all invaluable lessons that will forever govern that child's after-life. At another table "the babies"—that is, bits of things of three and four are seated, putting needles threaded with coloured wools through the holes punched in cards to teach them to sew, in other words, to handle a threaded needle. "Did you ever see an untaught man try to sew on a button?" A tot of a child brought his card to show the visitors. It was three concentric circles of yellow, red and blue, each stitch drawn to a proper tightness, and no rough cobbling or loose ends at the back. "And what do you call this, my dear?" The round eyes looked up in wonder. "Is it a target?" The eyes laughed in a very knowing way, the little hands took back the card, and the little legs marched steadily back to their class. And the marching. The floor is painted in broad lines of black into an outer circle and an inner circle divided into quadrants. At a signal—the tables and chairs having been removed by the little ones themselves to a rhythmical measure—each class marches on certain segments following in an understood sequence, until all are ranged upon the outer circle, "John Brown's Body," "British Grenadiers," and other favourite marching tunes, being sung by all—directress, teachers and *kinder* alike. And then the fancy marching begins; each quadrant is developed simultaneously; the radii—red paint—of each are taken; then the cross of

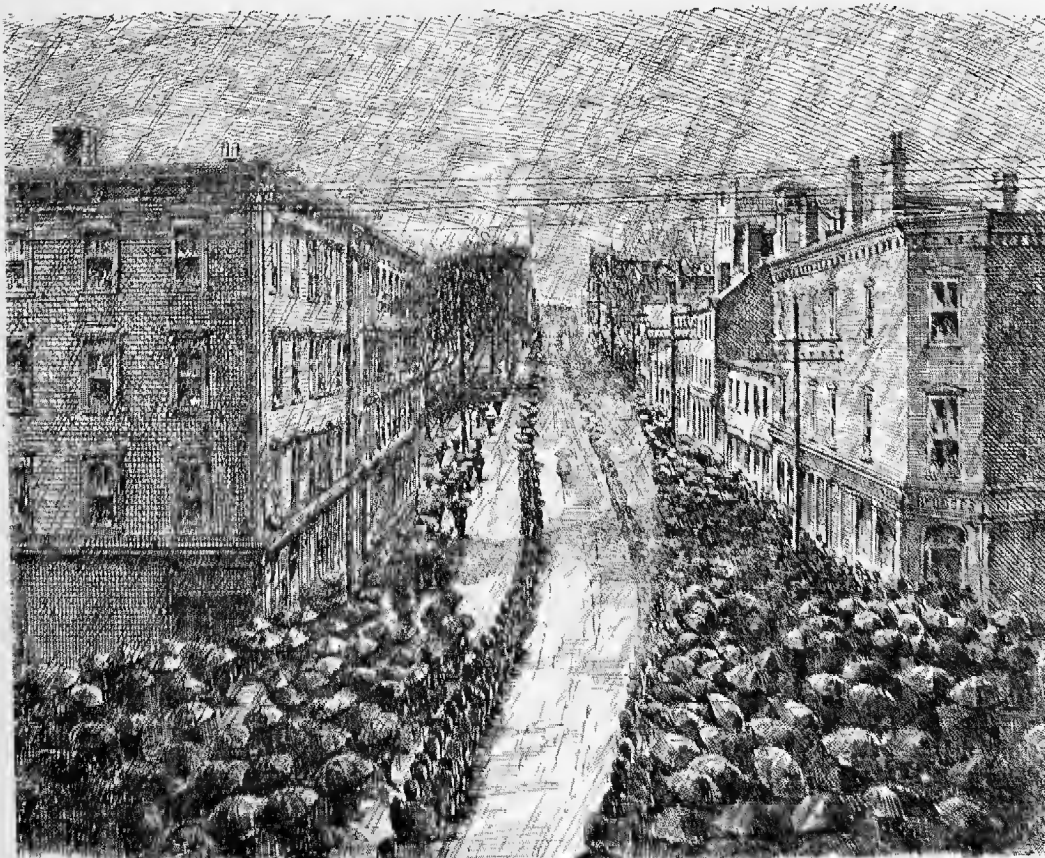


THE LATE FRED. YOUNG.

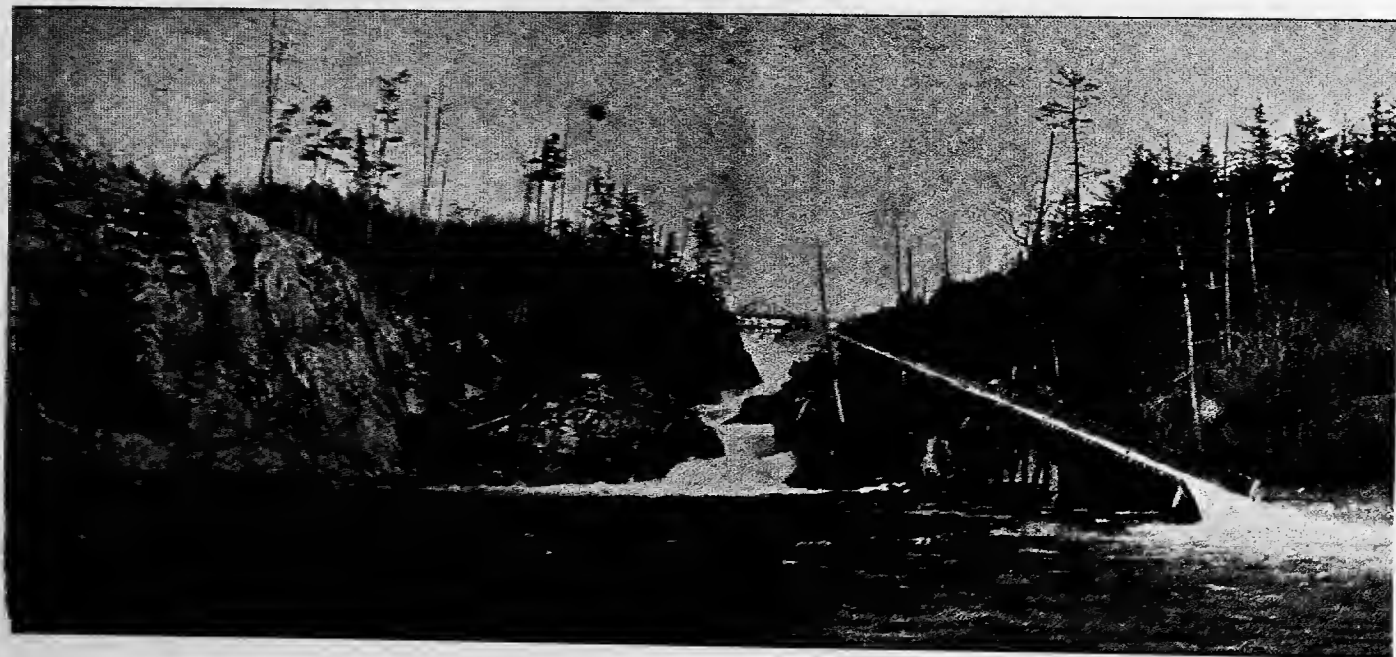
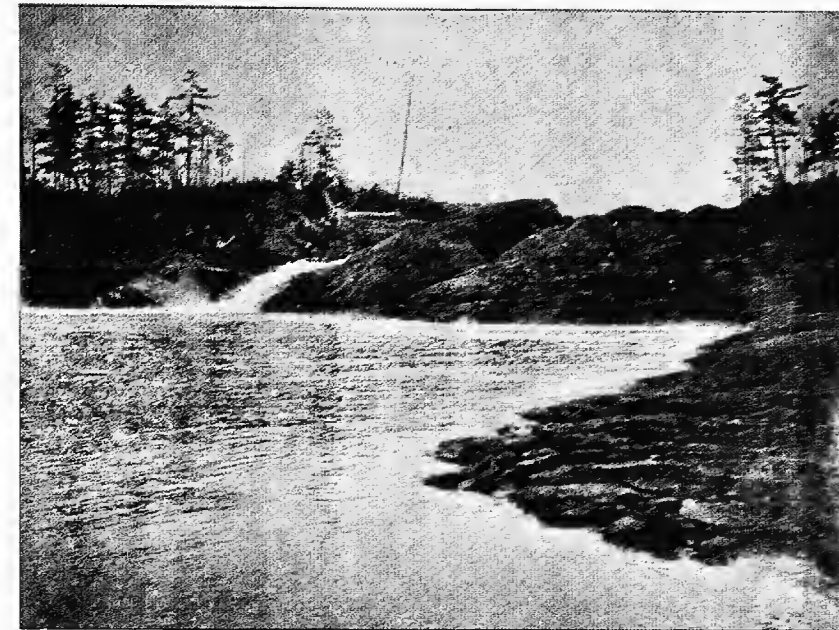
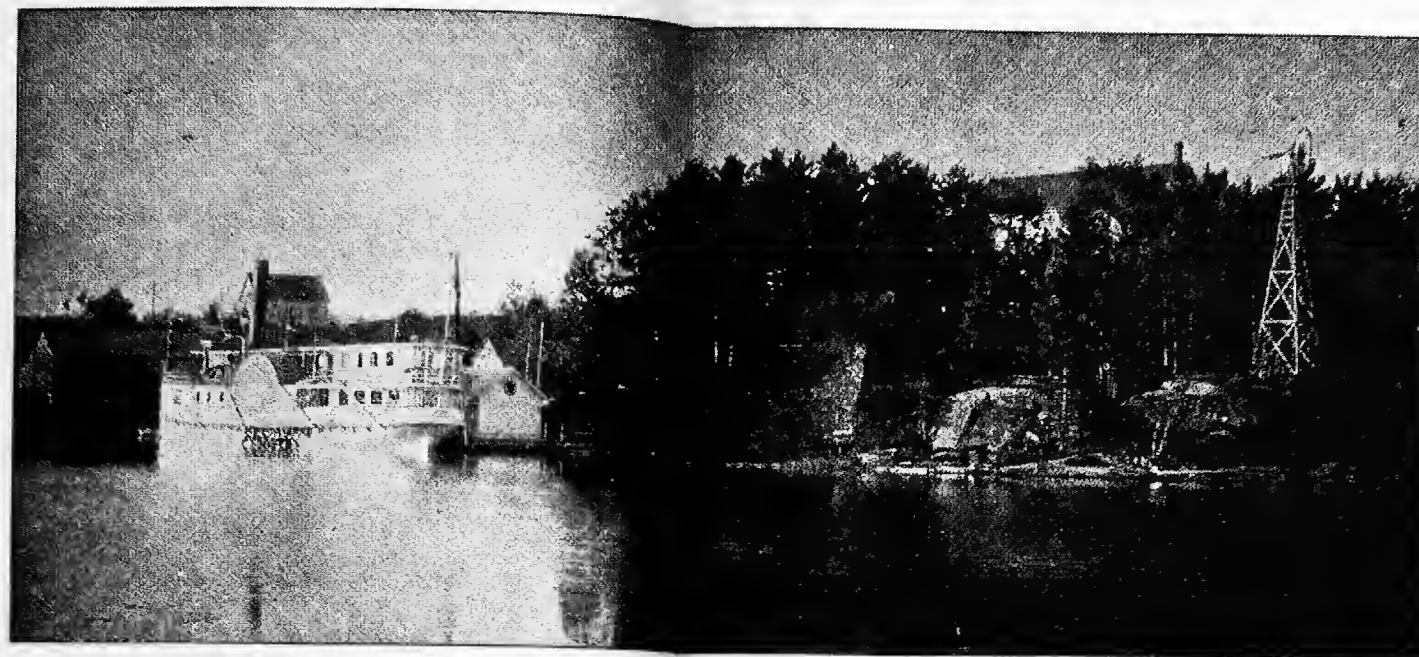
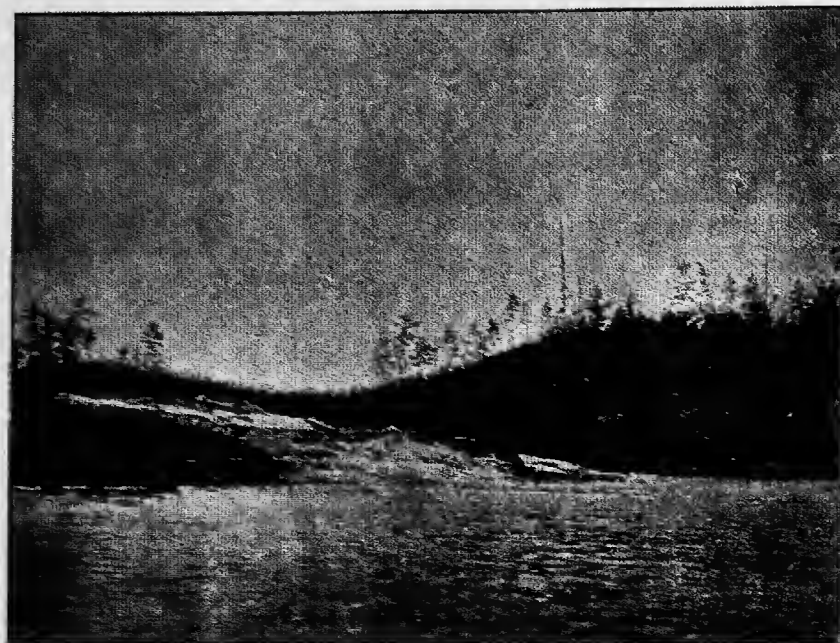
double outline formed between the quadrants is made; and next comes a horseshoe with the nails. All this by little tots of three to five perfectly, both as to time and step. To say that they carry themselves well seems needless; there were not three stooping children among the seventy-six. And when the whole number stood still at a sign, and the directress told certain of the boys—in rhyme of course—to choose a partner and take a dance, the grace of motion and the judgment to choose was remarkable. The four couples gallop with hands across twice round the circle, the teachers taking partners and galloping, too, both for example and authority's sake, that is, to give the gallop official weight, thus taking the aspect of mere amusement from it. The gallop ends with a bow as the boy leaves his partner at her own place in the circle. This, too, to a rhyme. But it would fill up an entire number of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED to detail a whole Kindergarten day, which, however, ends at noon. The beautiful room, nevertheless, must have a word of praise. The ventilation of it in common with the whole school building is perfect. None of that unmistakable school-room odour so familiar and yet so disagreeable is present. The Smead & Dowd system heats and ventilates at the same time, and the teacher has the air of her room entirely under command. All around the room above the skirting, which is of fine oiled wood, is a lining of slate, to be used for examples and exercises—as common to all the school-rooms—but in the Kindergarten only a small space is necessary for demonstrations, and over this is drawn a pretty art-muslin curtain. The rest is illuminated in coloured chalks, the work of the directress in this instance and very beautiful. A panel between windows is holly-hocks and a bird, another panel is scarlet poppies; the whole of one side of the room is a frieze of white daisies, yellow corn-flowers, ferns, chiefly the strong-looking *Filix-mas*, and pearly arrow-heads; at the north end of the room a branch of purple clematis is thrown across. Over this slate border having in the place of honour a portrait of Froebel, surmounted by the motto: "Let Us With Our Children Live." At proper intervals on every wall are coloured prints of various sizes, all in neat frames, and among all are interspersed the Union Jack and Dominion flag. The motto of the room, because the sign of the work done in it, is the word "Love." No wonder that experienced teachers like Mrs. Parker and Miss Mary F. Eastman, among our late visitors, say that they regard with more interest the Kindergarten than any other section of our school system, because "here the foundations for life are laid."

The committee of the National Association of Teachers of the United States have accepted the invitation of our Education Department to hold their next convention here, so that next July will find us with an influx of fifteen hundred or two thousand American teachers to entertain, and we hope an equal number from the various provinces of our own Dominion. Miss Eastman, Miss May Wright Sewell, and others, have already been requested to contribute papers on that occasion, and members of the profession in Canada will not be overlooked it is very certain.

A desirable change in the usual choice of subjects by the women students of University College has been made by two young ladies, who, instead of the "Moderns," which has hitherto been the favourite course, have taken "Science," under which head come those difficult but deeply interesting studies—Chemistry and Biology. These are not the first ladies to take the science course; Miss Curzon, who is at present assistant analyst at the School of Science, having graduated in that course in 1888.



FUNERAL OF THE LATE FRED. YOUNG, ST. JOHN, N.B.



Last Fall, Moon River,
South Fall.
View on Moon River.



Steamer "Nipissing" at Summer House.
Bala Falls, Moon River.
Fraser's Lake, Port Cockburn.

MUSKOKA SCENERY



Fall, Moon River.
View from above Fernside.
Scene on Moon River.



THE HENRY IRVING SHAKESPEARE.

We have just received from the J. E. Bryant Company, Toronto, the eighth volume of this beautiful and valuable work, which we hope to review in our next issue.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

Messrs. John Lovell & Son have brought out "Plain Tales from the Hills," "The Phantom Rickshaw," "The Story of the Gadsbys" and "Soldiers Three," in their handsome Star Series of choice fiction. As the price is only 25 cents a volume, no lover of fiction, however moderate his means, need remain a stranger to the marvelous genius of the famous young Anglo-Indian.

"MAMELONS" AND "UNGAVA."

Mr. W. H. H. Murray is known by reputation to many, personally to several, of our readers, as an enthusiast for life in the open air, for wood-craft and wood-lore, and for all that mysterious realm of poetry and romance which is associated with pre-historic America. He is best known to the reading public in connection with the apocalypse of the Adirondack wilderness. It was through a volume of his, published by Messrs. Ticknor & Fields in 1868, that the great mountain and forest region, of which Mount Marcy is the crown, and of whose water system the Hudson river, on the one side, and Lake Champlain and the Richelieu on the other, are the most noteworthy outflows, was made known to the lovers of sport and the seekers of health. During the interval that has elapsed since the publication of his "Adventures in the Wilderness"—a book that is still read with pleasure and profit—Mr. Murray has been wielding a fruitful pen, giving his attention to many topics—social, economic and literary—but ever, when occasion offered, returning to his first love, that sylvan muse to which he owes so much of his fame and of his inspiration. Since he began to dwell in Canada and on the shores of Lake Champlain, whose eventful story is so interwoven with the history of Canada under both régimes, he has, from time to time, followed the guidance of his inclination, and pushed far into the still well nigh untrodden wilds of our great north country. The Saguenay region has long had attractions for him, not only as a land of promise for the settler, but as a region rich in possibilities for romance. Its geological history opens up stupendous vistas to the imagination, and its physical features, as convulsion after convulsion of nature has left them, are of exceptional grandeur. Sparse and meagre, moreover, as are the data that have come down to us for framing any consecutive narrative of the operations of civilized or uncivilized man on that marvellous stage, Mr. Murray, by piecing together certain known facts and the inferences that may be deduced from them with the indications of tradition and scientific theory, has peopled the "King's Domains" with tribes of the ancient Iberian *arctawans*—that Atlantic stock from which (as Mr. Hale and other ethnologists would fain believe) the primitive races of America and Europe were derived. In "Mamelons" he makes a son of this ancient family (kinsmen of the Basques, who still hold by right of immemorial occupation a considerable portion of the Hispano-Gallic border-lands) do good service as a hero of romance. His heroine he fitly names "Atla," as being of the race of Atlantis, the common fatherland of both Europe and America. His title is simply the French name for "Mounds" (so called from their resemblance to what in Latin is *mammæ*)—those breast-like sandy mounds in the rear of Tadoussac. His most spirited creation is the Trapper, John Norton, comrade and bosom friend of the Chief of the Lenni Lenapé (the native name of the Delaware clan, whose legends Dr. Brinton has so skillfully deciphered and so learnedly illustrated), who represents the old race. On his death-bed (for he lay dying of a wound received in the great fight at Mamelons) the chief summons the Trapper, then five hundred miles off, and the summons was promptly obeyed. John Norton struck the trail, "as an eagle strikes homeward towards the cradle crag of his younglings, when talons are heavy and daylight scant. He drew his line by the star that never sets, and little turning did he make for rivers, rapids or tangled swamp, for mountain slope or briery windfall." Mr. Murray writes a sort of rhythmic prose, of which the aspirants of the *Atlantic* might take heed. For instance:

"The Trapper was clad in buckskin from cap to moccasins. His tunic, belted tight and fringed, was opened widely at the throat for freest breathing. A pack, small but rounded with strained fullness, was at his back. His horn and pouch were knotted to his side. In tightened belt was knife, and, trailing muzzle down and held reversed, a double rifle. Stripped was the man for speed, as when balanced on the issue of the race hung life and death. As some great ship, caught by some sudden gale off Anticosti or Dead Man's Keel, and bare of sail stripped to her spars, past battures hollow and hoarse-voiced as death and ghastly white, and through the damned eddies that would suck her down and crush her with stones which grind forever and never see the light, sharpening their cuttings with their horrid grists, runs scudding: so ran the strong man northward, urged by a fear stronger than that of wreck on the ghost-peopled shore of deadly St. Lawrence. A

hound, huge of size, bred to a hair, ambled steadily on at his heel. And though he crossed many a hot scent, and more than once his hurrying master started a buck warm from his nest, and nose was busy with knowledge of game afoot, he gave no whimper, nor swerved aside, but silently followed on in the swift way his master was so hurriedly making, as if he, too, felt the solemn need which urged the trail northward. Never before had runner faced a longer or a harder trail or under high command or deadly peril pushed it so furiously forward. Seven days the trail ran thus, and still the man, tireless of foot, hurried on, and the hound followed silently at heel."

Our readers will acknowledge that this is an effective picture. We feel like exclaiming in the words of the famous song, slightly altered:

Hurrah! Hurrah for Norton brave!

Hurrah for dog and man!

We are tempted to quote further so as to give the reader the full flavour of Mr. Murray's vigorous and harmonious periods, as he describes the feat of this man of men, this favourite of the gods of health and strength. But we have only room for another passage, which we leave with our readers as a companion picture. It is that of Atla, as she stands beside the Trapper at the dead man's feet:

"Her hair, black with a glossy blackness, swept the floor. A jewel, large and lustrous, an heirloom of her mother's race, old as the world, burning with Atlantean flame, a miracle of stone-imprisoned fire, blazed on her brow. The large gloom of her eyes was turned upon the dead man's face, and the sadness of ten thousand years of life and loss was darkly orbed within their long and heavy lashes. Her small, swarthy hands hung lifeless at her side and the bowed contour of her face drooped heavy with grief. Thus stood she, clothed in black cloth from head to foot, as if that old past, whose child she was, stood shrouded in her form, ready to make wail for the glory of men and the beauty of women it had seen buried forever in the silent tomb. Thus stood she for a time, as if she held communion with the grave and death. Then opened she her mouth, and in the mode when song was language she poured her feelings forth in that old tongue which, like some fragrant fragment of sweet wood, borne northward by great ocean currents out of southern seas, for many days storm-tossed, but lodged at last on some far shore and found by those who only sense the sweetness, but know not whence it came, lies lodged to-day upon the mountain slopes of Spain. Thus in the old Basque tongue, sweet fibre of lost root, unknown to moderns, but soft, sad and wild with the joy, the love, the passion of ten thousand years, the child of the old past and the old faiths, lifted up her voice and sang: 'O death! I hate thee! Cold thou art and dreadful to the touch of the warm hand and the sweet lips which, drawn by love's dear habit, stoop to kiss the mouth for the long parting. Cold, cold art thou, and at thy touch the blood of men is chilled and the sweet glow in woman's bosom frozen forever. Thou art great nature's curse. The grape hates thee. Its blood of fire can neither make thee laugh, nor sing, nor dance. The sweet flower, and the fruit which ripens on the bough, nursing its juices from the maternal air, and the bird singing his love-song to his mate amid the blossoms, hate thee! At touch of thine, O Slayer! the flower fades, the fruit withers and falls and the bird drops dumb into the grasses. Thou art the shadow on the sunshine of the world; the skeleton at all feasts; the marplot of great plans; the stench which fouls all odours; the slayer of men and the murderer of women. O death! I, child of an old race, last leaf from a tree that once shadowed the world, warm in my youth, loving life, loving health, loving love—O death, how I hate thee! Thus she sang, her full tones swelling fuller as she sang, until her voice sent its clear challenge bravely out to the black shadow on the sunshine of the world and the dread fate she hated. Then did she a strange thing: a rite known to the morning of the world when all the living lived in the east and the dead went westward."

What Atla did we must allow the reader to discover for himself. We recommend him to read "Mamelons" and its sequel, "Ungava." These companion idylls are bound together in a single volume, published by Messrs. DeWolfe, Fiske & Co., 365 Washington street, Boston. The book (which is enriched by notes on archaeology and natural history) may be ordered from any bookseller, and its purchase will occasion no regret.

THE CANADIANS OF OLD.

We have just received from the publishers a copy of Prof. Roberts's new translation of Philippe Aubert de Gaspé's romance, "The Canadians of Old." To many of our readers this interesting work is familiar, in one or other of the languages of this province. We have had occasion more than once to quote passages both from "Les Anciens Canadiens" and the "Mémoires" of M. de Gaspé, which may, in a sense, be regarded as its sequel. The author was a genuine type of the old noblesse, and the events related and scenes portrayed in his earlier as in his later work were drawn largely from recollections of his own home or from traditions communicated to him by aged members of his own family or other survivors of the Old Régime. The ancestral manor of St. Jean Port Joli was the original of the manor of Haberville, and the *dramatis personæ* are not altogether imaginary, as we know from the author himself. The eighty-five years of his life (1786-1871) linked together nearly all the great changes of administration which British Canada has undergone. His memory was first awakened when the Constitutional Act was passed and Upper Canada was born. He witnessed the eventful

half century that preceded the union of 1841, was still in the enjoyment of his faculties when Confederation was inaugurated, and only passed away when Canada comprised the whole vast region between the Atlantic and the Pacific. It was a happy inspiration that made him unbosom himself of a lore that would otherwise have gone to the grave with him. His pictures of the social and family life of "The Canadians of Old" and his record of the stirring events of which he was an eye-witness are well worthy of preservation, and in making our neighbours acquainted with his great romance Prof. Roberts has done good service to letters and to Canada. His version we find excellent, and the songs interspersed through the volume he has rendered as only a poet could render them. Though to the antiquarian student M. de Gaspé's "Notes et éclaircissements" (which constitute a fourth of the original work) are of considerable value, the publishers could hardly be expected to depart from convention by offering the public a novel so heavily annotated. "Les Anciens Canadiens" was first published at Quebec in 1863, an English translation appearing at the same time and place. The "Mémoires" followed in the year 1866. New York: D. Appleton & Company; Montreal: W. Foster Brown & Co.

Imperial Unity.

The following is the list of questions to which reference is made in our editorial columns as having been proposed to Canadian citizens by the Canadian Branch of the Imperial Federation League:—

1. Is the existing political union between the United Kingdom, Canada and the other parts of the British Empire generally satisfactory?
 2. Is it desirable that the union as it exists, or with modifications, should be perpetuated?
 3. Is it probable that some re-arrangement of the relations between the Dominion and the rest of the Empire will be called for by circumstances in the near or distant future?
 4. If it be probable that at no distant day modifications in these relations will become necessary, and may on some emergency become imminent, is it desirable earnestly to consider the question in all its bearings, in order that any change may be established with wise deliberation?
 5. In any re-organization of the Empire which may be necessitated by the progress of events, is it essential that every separate community under popular government should be consulted in a constitutional manner?
 6. In any possible new relations between Canada and the other portions of the Empire, should all political rights now enjoyed be substantially maintained?
 7. In a closer political union should Canadians equally with other British subjects elsewhere, have a voice in affairs which are of common concern to the whole Empire?
 8. In what way should all British subjects have a voice in Imperial affairs—through their respective governments, or parliaments or otherwise?
 9. If it be advisable, as some think, to establish an Imperial Council, or Senate, or Upper House, or Central Body of some kind to deal with, and be supreme, in matters common to the whole Empire, should representation in such Central Body be in proportion to population, or to the amount contributed to common revenue? or on what principle should representation be based?
 10. In such a union as that contemplated in questions 7, 8 and 9, in order to give to British subjects everywhere advantages not enjoyed by foreign countries, would it be desirable to adopt what has been termed "A British family trade policy"?
 11. Would it be desirable to give in whole or in part, the advantages of the British family trade policy to foreign countries agreeing to reciprocal terms?
 12. If British subjects in Canada and elsewhere (in the outer Empire) be placed on an equal footing with British subjects in the United Kingdom, so as to obtain equal benefits from expenditure for common purposes, should all bear some share, and eventually as colonial wealth increases, a fair proportionate share in the expenditure?
 13. Would it be advisable to raise the revenue for such expenditure (question 12) in the manner suggested by Mr. Jan. Hendrick Hofmeyr, of Cape of Good Hope, at the Colonial Conference of 1887, by means of a small *ad valorem* duty, to be levied generally, and independently of existing tariffs, on goods entering any part of the Empire from foreign countries? or in what way should provision for the expenditure be made?
 14. Referring to questions 7, 8, 9, 10, 12 and 13, would it be desirable that British subjects outside the United Kingdom should at one step assume the higher duties and responsibilities contemplated, or that full citizenship should be assumed by degrees, according to the conditions and circumstances of each individual community?
- It is not expected that busy men who have not previously given their thoughts to the subjects involved, will be prepared at once to respond to each one of the above questions; it is, however, hoped that many persons of all origins and occupations will view it in the light of a public duty to answer such of the questions as they may have considered.
- Replies to any of the above questions addressed to R. G. Code, 14 Metcalfe street, Ottawa, will be cordially received and duly acknowledged. Every person responding will be good enough to refer to the questions according to the numbers in the above list; they will further oblige by furnishing their full name, occupation and post office address.

THE EVE OF ALL-HALLOW'S.

BY MORDUE.

It was the Eve of All-Hallows and the old forest lay still and dark, save where the moonbeams penetrated.

The bells from a distant tower had hardly ceased ringing midnight when the stillness was broken by a shrill whistle, which was repeated at intervals from different parts of the forest, till the place became alive with sound. Strange shadowy forms now began to flit by, all hastening in the one direction, which leads to a wide open dell, where the moon pours down a flood of silver light. In the centre of the dell is a roughly made dais.

A strain of mournful music is heard, and from the forest they gather at the place of meeting; they approach the dais and range themselves around, while one seats himself upon it. Waiting till all are in place, he thus addresses them:

"Oh! my comrades, why do we thus sadly meet where but a year ago we met in mirth and gladness! Why this gloom which like a nightmare seems to hang upon each brow. Woe, woe, has come upon us! A traitor is among us. What say ye, my brave comrades, shall he suffer the penalty or no?"

Like an angry sea when tempest tossed rolled the answer from the crowd: "He shall bear the penalty!"

"Then bring forward the prisoner and let him hear the crimes charged against him and the doom which awaits him."

Near the confines of the forest stood the beautiful old manor house of the Selbys. Built in the time of wars and direst happenings, it had withstood several sieges.

The lofty hall was ablaze with light, while sounds of mirth and music came from the open windows, for it was the birthday of Dorothy Selby, the only daughter of the house. Young, beautiful and rich in lands and money, she was much sought after, and to-night she was the life and soul of the merry party gathered there to celebrate her birthday.

In a distant part of the old house sat an aged woman. Late as the hour was she made no effort to retire, but remained rocking her bent body to an fro and muttering from time to time aloud:

"Fun and frolic, fun and frolic, and it is the Eve of All-Hallows, the saints preserve us!"

At length the distant sounds of mirth died away and quietness settled down. Then up rose the old dame, and passing through several corridors, came to Dorothy Selby's sleeping-room. She listened for a moment and then opening the door of a small ante-room, she glided noiselessly in and crouched in a corner of the room.

In the stillness she could hear the light breathing of the fair sleeper.

"It is well," she muttered. "So far naught has come to disturb her. Oh! that the saints may protect her through the remainder of the night."

Suddenly the light, even breathing, gave place to short, quick gasps, as though the sleeper was labouring under some strong feeling, and then came a piercing shriek. In a moment the old dame was on her feet and hurrying towards the bedroom, pushed aside the tapestry, and looked within, and what a scene met her eye. In the centre of the room, in the midst of the flood of light which was pouring in through the casement, stood the tall figure of a man enveloped in a travel-stained cloak. On his head he wore the plumed hat of an officer. One hand was raised and pointed through the window to the forest, while the other beckoned to the young girl, who was sitting up in bed with her fair hair falling about her shoulders and her gaze fixed in an affrighted manner on this strange apparition, which gradually grew dimmer and dimmer and then vanished. Through the parted lips of Dorothy Selby came a low moan of terror, and sinking back upon the pillow she swooned.

"It has come at last and she must obey the summons. I had hoped she might escape, but it is to be and she must go."

The old dame bent over the still form of her young mistress and applied restoratives. Soon the blue eyes opened and fixed themselves upon the old dame, who began stroking her hands and murmuring soothing words. But as she recovered her senses the terrified look returned, and she said in a low whisper:

"Nurse, I have seen an apparition. You told me I might some time on the Eve of All-Hallows. I only used to laugh. But, oh! Nurse, it has come," and she grasped hold of the old dame's hand, while she shuddered violently.

"I, too, saw it, and, my mistress, you must obey it. Arise and dress for we must follow in the direction where it pointed."

Wrapt in their cloaks, the two stole into the forest and took the way pointed out.

"What think you, Nurse, it meant?"

"I know not. Only that, as thou wert born on All-Hallows eve,—The saints preserve us! what was that?" and the old woman crossed herself fervently.

"I saw nothing," answered the other, looking nervously round. "But it is strange, Nurse, I feel that I have no will but to go in this direction. See, here are two paths, and yet I am led by some mysterious influence to follow this one."

The old dame crossed herself as she said: "May the holy saints preserve you, for the charm is working."

"Think you danger threatens me?"

"Nay, my darling mistress; I hope not, for it would ill

befit the saints to let one so beautiful fall into the evil spirit's hands. I think thou art wanted for—Hist! what noise is that?" and catching hold of the young girl's arm she pulled her back into the shade, and bending forward listened. "Hearest thou anything?" she asked, turning to Dorothy.

"Yes, I hear a noise like the sound of many angry voices. It grows louder and louder. Hasten, Nurse, that same unseen power urges me onward."

The two now hurried along with redoubled speed—the elder, seemingly endowed with youthful vigour, as she followed the fleeing steps of Dorothy.

Meanwhile the noise grew louder, and presently a turn in the path brought them to the open dell, and before them lay that scene of which mention has already been made.

In the centre of a clamorous crowd stands the prisoner—head and shoulders above the rest he stands immovable amidst the surging crowd about him. With head thrown back he looks straight before him, seemingly regardless of the flashing swords which are pointed toward him.

"Look! there he is; the same one who appeared to me but a short while ago. See! he is looking this way; and oh! Holy Mary, they will murder him!"

Down on her knees fell the nurse and prayed for the protection of her mistress, as with swift step she made her way across the dell into the midst of the flashing swords, whose points were already touching that calm figure. Then above the clamour rose her voice:

"What! Would ye be such cowards as to slay a defenceless man?"

So suddenly did she appear in their midst that they started back affrighted and gazed with terror-stricken looks upon her as she stood there with her fair hair falling like a golden mist about her tall and queenly figure with her arms uplifted as though she would drive them back. Then there rose a murmur: "Was ought so lovely ever seen? Surely she belongs to the gods! A daughter of the gods! A daughter of the gods!" was now heard on all sides, and, quickly crowding round, they all with one accord knelt before her.

"Ask what thou wilt thou beautiful being and it shall be granted thee," they said.

Then quickly answered she, "I ask for his life."

A silence fell upon them which was broken by the one who sat upon the dais saying:

"O! thou daughter of the gods, ask not that, for he is doomed to die this night. Ask anything thou wilt, but not that."

"What has he done that he merits a death so terrible?"

"He has turned traitor to us—his comrades."

Still, urged by the same mysterious power, Dorothy pleaded earnestly for the life of the stranger,—pleaded so earnestly that he, who had spoken and seemed to be the leader, answered:

"It shall be granted thee, but only on one condition, and that is, that thou shalt go with us. Our ship rides at anchor near by and we will bear thee away to our island home—a home fit for thee, thou beautiful being. What say ye, my comrades, shall it be so?"

And that crowd, so inflamed with passion but a while ago, laughed and sang in glee:

"Thou sayest well, our captain. We will bear this lovely one to our island-home in the Mediterranean, and his life shall be spared for her sake."

Then the old nurse stole to her Mistress' side and whispered: "Art thou afraid?"

"I have no fear," she answered. "The same influence is working mightily upon me and I have to go."

"Then go, my Mistress. Thou canst not choose but to obey, and may the blessed Mary keep thee in her care."

Soon all were hastening from the forest to the shore, and there riding at anchor in a small bay lay the ship—a curious looking craft and built for speed, which she proved when, with every sail set, she sailed out of the bay and scudded over the waters.

A twelvemonth had come and gone and once more it was the Eve of All-Hallows. Standing on the shore of a small island, which rose like an oasis from the Mediterranean, was a young girl watching the rich after glow of the sunset. The air was heavy with the perfume of aromatic herbs and myriads of flowers. From the trees which drooped to the water's edge a melody of song was being poured forth by Nature's own songsters—the evening vespers of praise daily rendered by them; their only way of expressing their sense of gratitude for the surpassing loveliness of Nature. As the last note of praise died away and the rich colour began to fade from the sky, the girl, with one long, last look, turned and slowly climbed the path which led from the shore to a house half hidden amidst a wealth of foliage. As she reached a turn in the path, where a small summer-house was built, she stopped, hesitated for a moment, then turned and entered the place. As she did so, the figure of a man glided forth from the shadow of some trees, where he had been watching, and followed her within. Dorothy, for she it was, though so pale and fragile looking that she seemed like the ghost of her former self, turned quickly as she heard the step behind her, gave one look of startled surprise and then said:

"At last! At last! You have come."

"Yes, at last, I have come," he answered. "So closely guarded have I been that I could find no opportunity to come to you till this evening. Most of them left this morning for a long sail, and so, hearing of this, and knowing that the captain was away, there would be less vigilance kept up, I succeeded in drugging my guard and here

I am, if possible to save you, and so repay life for life. But I hear a step. Somebody comes this way!"

"It is but my old nurse; she is ever with me. We are quite safe; nobody intrudes here."

"Have they used you kindly?"

"They have treated me with every consideration, lavished every luxury upon me; but the one wish of my heart is refused. They will never free me from this place."

"The holy saints! with whom does my mistress speak! Ah! it is you; that mysterious stranger seen not since last All-Hallows Eve. Oh! comest thou to set my poor mistress free. A little while and she will be no more. Then turning to her mistress she continued: "How didst thou meet him; has the same strange influence been upon thee. I had hoped that all that was required of thee had been fulfilled."

"Nay, nurse, thou knowest that this is the Eve of All-Hallows and something warned me that on its approach I would once more be under the spell. All day I have felt it, and as I came up the path it deepened and led me here; but it works not so powerfully as twelve months ago, and this time I have no fear, only," and here her voice became very faint, "I feel as though my very life was slipping away."

As she finished, the stranger who had bent eagerly forward listening with deep attention to her words, murmured: "It is wonderful! I cannot understand this dreadful mystery! But let us away. If aught is to be done it must be done quickly. I have a small ship hidden in the cove near by. Three sailors who are friendly to me wait for us. Let us go."

Tenderly lifting the half-fainting Dorothy, he made his way down the path followed by the old nurse. Not a word was spoken, as with noiseless speed the sailors weighed anchor, and with every stitch of canvas spread, the ship was got underway and soon was standing out to sea. Three days they sped before the wind, but on the fourth the idle flapping of the sails told that the wind had died away. On the deck beneath a screen, which protected her from the fierce blaze of the sun, lay Dorothy Selby. Already hope had banished the despairing look from her eyes, and the colourless cheeks showed signs of returning health. All that day the ship made but little headway, but towards evening a breeze sprang up. Once more the sails were filled and the ship bounding through the water.

"Why do you look so earnestly in that direction?" asked Dorothy, who had been watching the stranger as he stood glass in hand scanning the distant horizon.

"Because I have noticed for some time a ship bearing this way, and from her build she looks like one of ours."

"Think you she is pursuing?"

"I fear so; but do not be alarmed, we have a good start of her, and, if this breeze keeps up, we will soon be far out of reach."

Nevertheless, in spite of his hopeful tone, she noticed that he grew more anxious-looking as the hours went by, and she could not but perceive that slowly and surely the ship was gaining on them.

As night came on he urged her to go below; but she felt she could not sleep while uncertain whether or no they would be yet able to escape from their pursuers. At the first glimpse of light all eyes were turned anxiously in the direction of the pursuing ship. There she was, not a quarter of a mile away, bearing down upon them. With blanched faces they looked into each other's eyes.

"There is no escape. Fight we cannot. Our number is too small," said the stranger, as he stood by Dorothy's side.

Then one of the sailors came forward and whispered something into his ear. The stranger thought a moment, and then turning to Dorothy he said:

"If we fall into their hands our death will be horrible, for they will be roused at our attempting to escape. The man says there is powder enough to blow up our ship. Shall we do it before it is too late?"

"Yes," was all she answered. Presently there came a sudden roar like thunder, and all was over.

Lines Suggested.

How happy was the world before it knew

About "bactaria,"

Or of the thousand ills that wait

Upon "malaria."

Before we knew the shape and size—

The general bearing—

And tubal tendency of "germs" inhaled

In every airing.

When childhood reveled in the dirt

Happy and healthy,

When apoplexy was unknown

Save to the wealthy.

When young life on the hills cried out

"O mundi gloria,"

Unconscious that all was not composed

Of "infusoria."

Broad blooms the future of the "germ" M.D.;

We soon shall see him perched high,

With telescopic lenses to reduce

The morning stars to "fungi."

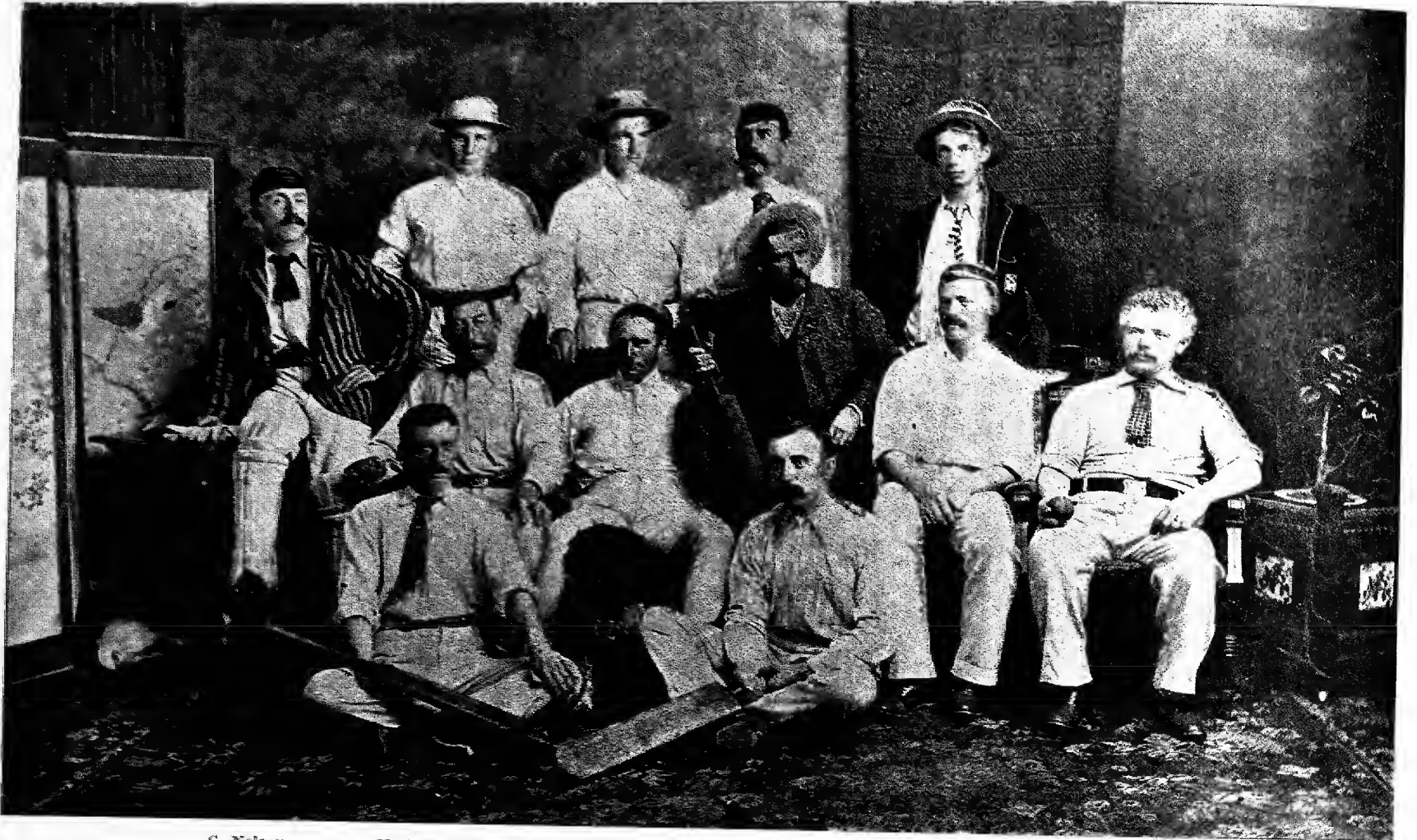
The leech has got firm; we can

Not ostracise him.

Lord love the heathen, let us pause before

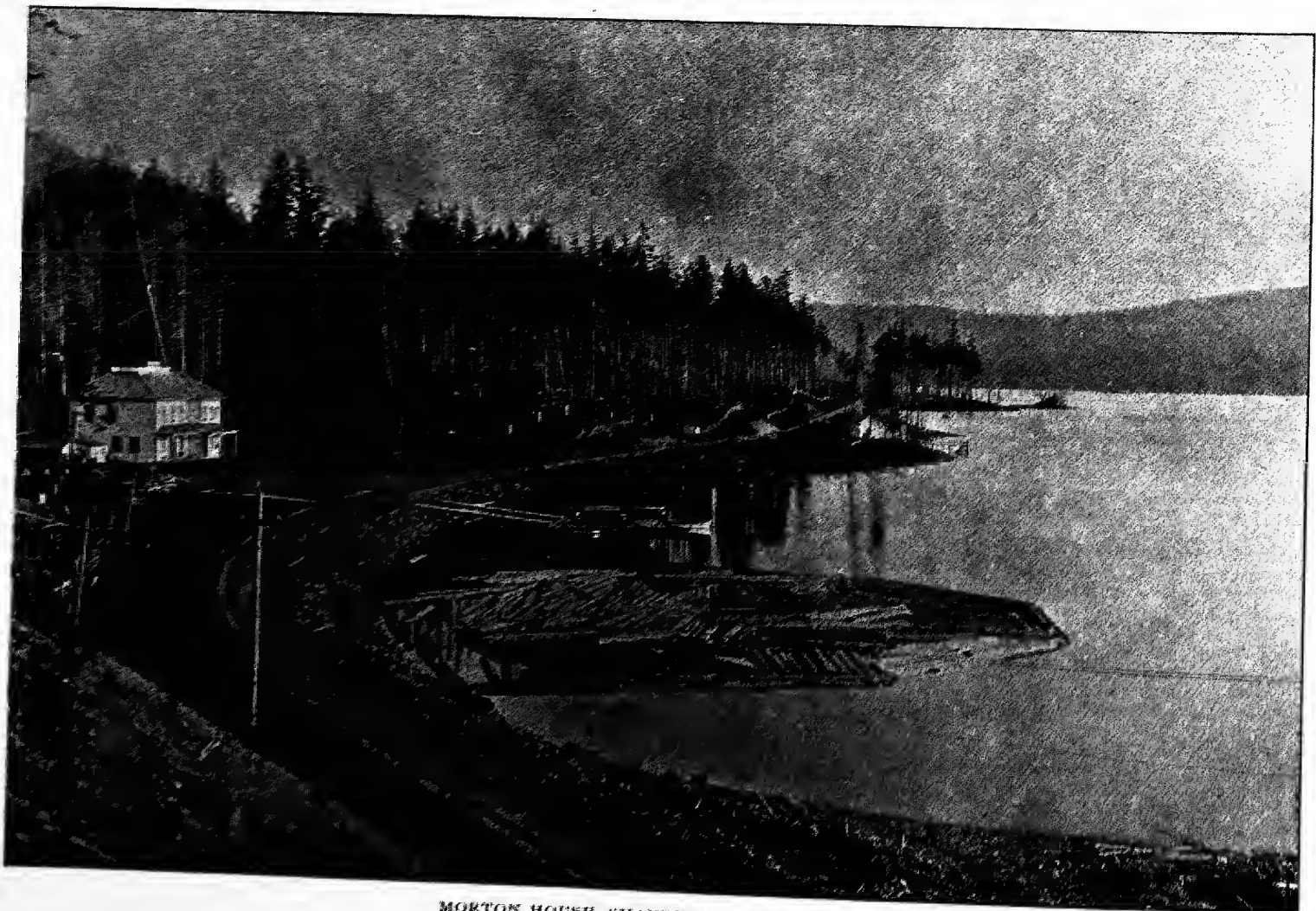
We civilize him.

The Chalet, Annapolis, N.S. IRENE ELDER MORTON.

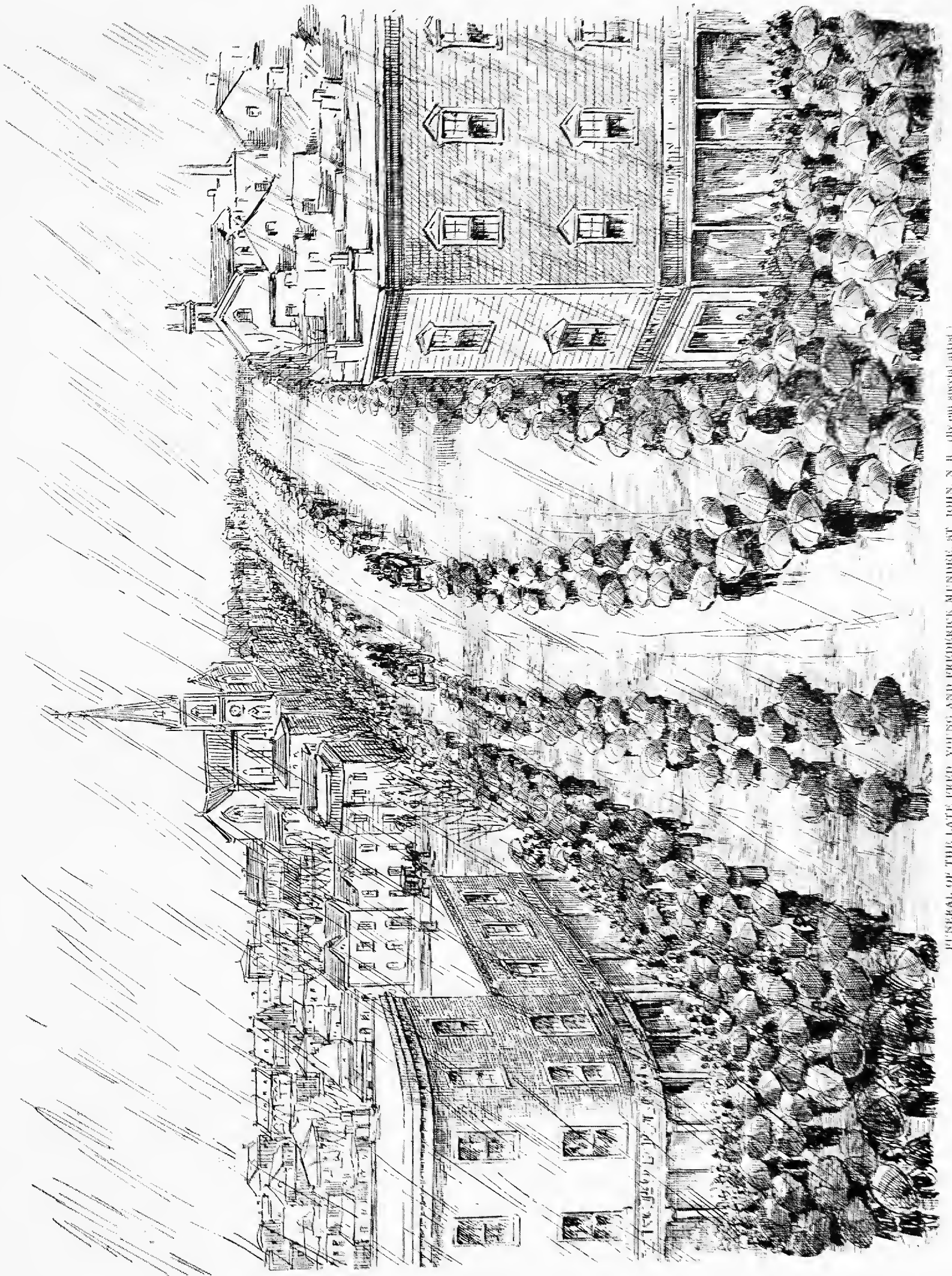


C. Nelson. H. Laurensen. H. H. McKay. J. T. Williams. A. Mac. C. Creery. E. Griffiths.
 W. Miles. R. Mackay Fripp. J. Boulbee, President. F. M. Chaldecott.
 H. J. Walton, Secretary. W. E. Green, Treasurer.

VANCOUVER CRICKET CLUB ELEVEN OF 1890.



MORTON HOUSE, SHAWIGAN LAKE, B. C.



FUNERAL OF THE LATE PIERCE YOUNG AND FREDERICK MUNDRE, AT JOHN, N. H. (BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.)

SPORTS AND PASTIMES

For the man who takes any particular interest in outdoor sport now is the winter of his discontent, especially in the neighbourhood of Montreal. The season, which has been a brilliant one in more ways than one, and which practically began its existence on the Queen's Birthday, practically also came to an end on Thanksgiving Day. We are not blessed with the lengthened days of outdoor sport that other more favourite climes can boast of; but we are blessed with the greatest faculty in the world of squeezing a great deal into a small space. We cannot "turn wooden cups to gold, make water wine," or do several other things, but we can appreciate much in little and still not be content.

* * *

In looking over the summer season's work, there is much to be thankful for and some little that might just as well be off the records. Take for instance the national game. From a playing point of view, the season was as brilliant as one could desire; but there have been bickerings and heartburnings and appeals to technicalities which, in the hands of the powers that be, never did anything particular for sport except to make trouble. Under the old N.A.L.A., where the delegates were as accomplished wire-pullers as would do credit to a modern electioneering canvas, strange things and serpentine twistings were simply matters to be looked for, and it became generally recognized that men whom nature fitted for the questionable talent of "lobbying," were the right men to send as delegates. But somehow or other a supposedly unsophisticated public began to open their eyes and resolutely object to be humbugged, even though a defunct millionaire consigned them to the place where lacrosse is played with the proverbial pitchfork, and learned politicians were wont to remark that the "public is a chump." It was at this time, when lacrosse seemed flickering out of existence, that the good idea of playing home and home games between the leading clubs was put into working order. It was a decided improvement on the old régime, and the first season showed how thoroughly any honest effort to provide good lacrosse would be appreciated. That same confiding public flocked in thousands to all the matches, and the gate receipts widened out and spread broad smiles over the faces of those particularly interested in "club welfare," etc. The first agreement was drawn up with the intention of having matches decided honestly on the field, and without reference to the decrees of learned gentlemen who knew rules and quibbles by the nails on the tips of their fingers. For the first year this system worked smoothly, and in the innocence of their hearts they thought their legislation was Median and Persian. They had forgotten that such a wily old parliamentarian as O'Connell many years ago discovered that there was room for a coach-and-four to be driven through any act of parliament.

* * *

In the second season a change came o'er the spirit of the dream. It gradually dawned on the minds of the managers that to make money—and all our amateur athletic clubs seem to be busily engaged in digging for the root of all evil—it was necessary to have a winning team. There is a good deal of truth in this, even if it is a little inexplicable to the really amateur mind. Granted that a winning team was necessary, the next question was how to get one. Only one club could possibly win what by courtesy is styled the lacrosse championship; but a failure in the field and a default or two might make a good deal of difference, and the championship might depend on a clever stroke of legal work. These measures were not taken exactly and clearly above board, but to any body who follows lacrosse and reads a little between the lines, the ultimate object was clearly perceptible, and not at all creditable to the manipulators. There are two subjects which come particularly under notice—matches postponed by mutual consent and the relative standing of the Cornwall Club with the others on the head of the Leroux case. In the first case the committee succeeded in satisfactorily multiplying itself. That particular meeting will go down in lacrosse records under the heading of invincible ignorance, if not under a more uncomplimentary name. The point was gained and the interests of a club, which was thought inimical to the organizations represented by a majority of votes, were simply left in the cold shades of a helpless minority. This with any thinking person needs no comment. It was simply the "brute force" of a majority. If this majority had represented anything like public sporting feeling it would have been all right; but it did not, and was guided solely by club animosity *alias* gate receipts.

* * *

In the Leroux case the question is slightly different. For a long time all of us have known that a good affidavit maker was an indispensable and invaluable attachment to any well regulated lacrosse club; but few of us suspected that things would go to such lengths as at present seems the case. When the first batch of affidavits were laid before the judges of Canadian amateurism, Leroux seemed to have a very bad case indeed; but when the second lot appeared, Leroux seemed an angel and the pin feathers might be distinguished already sprouting from his shoulder blades.

This position of affairs was a facer for the wisdom of the C.A.A.A., which held council in Montreal last year. They had got beyond their depth, and they appointed a sub-committee. The latter did their business with neatness and despatch and submitted a report according to their lights, which, as I wrote last week, the council proper were afraid to adopt. Whether this was from sheer cowardice of press criticism or simply because they wanted the Toronto end to bear the brunt of any difficulty, is only known to themselves, and their bumps of secretiveness seem to be abnormally developed. But they left the new executive in a pretty box, just the same box as the previous year's executive left the Montrealers in regard to the Ellard case. The new executive in Toronto made little play about the matter; in fact they took it into their heads to run things with a high hand. They neglected to pay any attention to the recommendations of the first sub-committee, and they formed a sub-committee of their own, which reported in a directly contrary fashion to the first body. But at the general meeting there was no quorum, and the next best thing was done, as will be seen from the following resolutions passed:

WHEREAS, some of the members of the executive committee residing at a distance from the place of this meeting are not present; and

WHEREAS, Mr. Leroux has not attended this meeting, although notified to attend; and

WHEREAS, the question before the committee is one of great importance to all concerned; it is

Resolved,—That three copies of the protest, evidence and correspondence, with the report of the majority of the sub-committee and the report of the dissenting member of the sub-committee in the Leroux case be made and submitted by correspondence, as provided in by-laws of the association, with a copy of this resolution, to the members of the executive committee for their decision; and that the copy to the Montreal members of the committee be sent to Mr. Beckett and other members there notified thereof, and the copy for the Ottawa members be sent to Mr. P. D. Ross and the other members there notified thereof, and that each member notify the secretary in writing of his decision within ten days after receiving notice from the secretary of the association of the mailing of the said copies for perusal and decision.

This was not the whole work of the meeting however, as may be judged from the fact that counsel for Leroux filed an appearance, but was given to understand that Leroux and not a lawyer was wanted to appear. Perhaps this is a good idea even if not exactly legal, and maybe the fewer forensic discussions the better for the game. But does it not seem that when what is supposed to be an amateur game gets into this stage of mortification some sort of a safety valve or escape vent should be made. There is no use trying to disguise that at least 25 per cent of the players on the leading lacrosse teams are professionals in everything but the name. We all know it, but it is hard to prove. Why not make a breach in the old method of running things and have professional lacrosse. There is no doubt but that a great many of those who depend for remuneration on the amount of the gate receipts would only be too glad to throw up an uncertainty for a certainty in the shape of a specified salary. There would be an opening then for professionals and no excuse for the contamination of the amateur ranks. This may sound like treason to those who cry "amateurism for ever," and shut their eyes to the fact that there is comparatively little of the genuine article on top. The subject is a long one to go into just now, but more will be said in a later number.

* * *

The Salford Harriers do not seem to be a very happy combination, and their experience at Boston was not the only unpleasant one of the trip. It is true they have added several medals to their already large collection, but from a social point of view they are not particularly successful, and the aristocratic Manhattan Athletic Club are pretty well tired of their bargain. The latest *faux pas* was at the dinner given them by the Schuylkill Navy Athletic Club, when the Harriers sat down to dinner in blue flannel shirts, while the rest of the company were clothed with claw hammers and immaculate linen. This was one of the English eccentricities that even the most Anglicized of Philadelphia's gilded youth did not care to imitate.

R. O. X.

HISTORIC CANADA, IV.

Laura Secord.

"Fitzgibbon and the Forty-Ninth!"
Where'er ye drink that toast
To brave deeds done a grateful land,
Praise Laura Secord most.

MRS. CURZON.

In the illustrations of the historic ground of the Niagara frontier given in our last issue, the grave of a Canadian heroine, Laura Secord, deserves special mention. The story is a brief one, but should be stamped on the memory of every loyal Canadian.

In June, 1813, the American army of invasion, at one time in possession of a large portion of the Niagara district, had been gradually beaten back to a mere strip on the British side of the river, the village of Queenston being within their lines. The American commander, with characteristic energy, determined on making an attempt to surprise a British outpost which guarded a depot of military stores within striking distance. The news of the intended attack reached the ears of James Secord, a merchant of

Queenston, who had been wounded in the battle of the previous October while serving as a volunteer under Brock. He limped home without delay and told his wife. Every patriotic impulse in her noble heart was aroused, and she decided to at once herself undertake that dark and dangerous tramp of twenty miles through the bush to warn the British outpost. At three o'clock on the following morning she arose, and after a hurried breakfast set out on her perilous journey. Our historians of the war have graphically described the difficulties and dangers she encountered. It is sufficient to state here that her mission was entirely successful, resulting not only in the preservation of the British outpost but also in the capture of the entire American detachment, amounting to 542 men, 2 guns and a stand of colours.

The heroine of this episode lived to a great age, long enough to be thanked and rewarded by the heir to the throne for which she did such noble service. She sleeps in the quiet churchyard of Drummondville; and the simple story of her great deed—so vividly told by one of our most gifted writers—will live long in our annals.

*Mrs. Curzon, in "Laura Secord, the Heroine of 1812." Toronto, 1887.

Fort St. Gabriel.

Fort St. Gabriel, though by no means one of our most important buildings, is or was a fairly good example of the permanence of real good work, however plain and unpretending, if only let alone. *Le Vieux Montreal*, by Messrs. Beaugrand and Morin, gives the date of its erection as 1659, and speaks of it as being a wooden fort—in fact, a stockade.

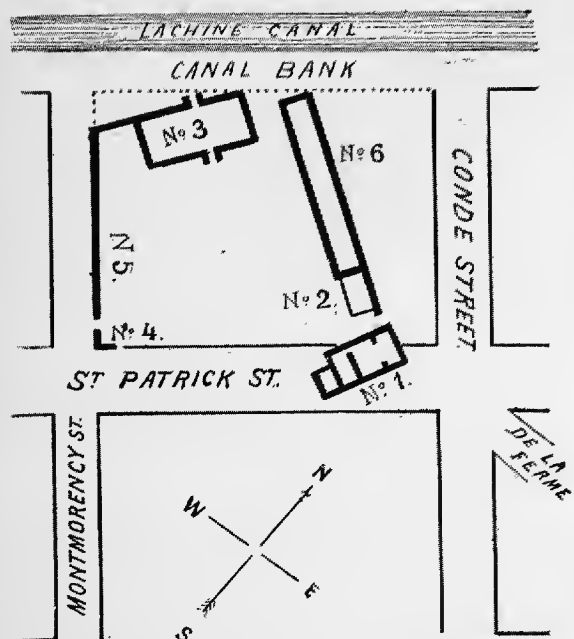
It formed one of a chain of outposts extending from the city to St. Annes,—the others being Verdun, Cuillerier (King's Post Farm), Lachine, Rémy, Rolland, Gentilly, Pointe Claire, and Senneville or Boisbriant, though all of these were built later than 1659. St. Gabriel was established and maintained by the gentlemen of the Seminary, never being granted as a separate fief, hence it was known as the *Domaine* of St. Gabriel, and the stockade was built mainly for the purpose of protecting the large farm of 400 arpents. It derived its name from the patron saint of its founder, M. l'Abbé Gabriel de Queylus, who also built the year previous Fort Ste. Marie, below the city, from which the "current" is named and which Faillon says was the stronger and more important of the two.

Perhaps it would be as well to quote Faillon's brief notice of its foundation, page 386, vol. 2, as follows:—"Mais un plus grande secours procuré aux travailleurs et au pays par les prêtres de St. Sulpice, des leurs arrivée, fut l'établissement de deux maisons destinées à servir de logement et tout ensemble de défense aux hommes qu'ils employèrent à cultiver les terres situées tout autour. * * * Ces deux terres, Ste. Marie et St. Gabriel, situées aux deux extrémités de cette habitation (Ville Marie) dit M. Dollier, servirent beaucoup à son soutien, à cause du grand nombre d'hommes que ces messieurs avaient en l'un et l'autre de ces deux lieux qui étaient alors comme les frontières de Montréal. Il est vrai qu'il leur en avaient bien coûté surtout les deux premières années, les hommes étaient alors très rares et les vivres à très haut prix, mais les années suivant ils attirèrent de France quantité d'engagés."

At the time of the destruction of the main building, in the summer of 1883, I fortunately applied to the late secretary of the Seminary, Mr. Marler, for information on certain points, and he not only referred me to Faillon's work, but very kindly furnished me with a number of details himself. From him I learned this place was never occupied by a regular garrison, its defence being entrusted entirely to the farm servants. It was not armed with artillery, nor was it ever subjected to a regular siege, though some of the servants were surprised and killed while at work in the fields. Some have thought that the building demolished in 1883 (No. 1) was the "citadelle" mentioned by Faillon, but it seems much more likely to have been the stone barn facing the canal (No. 3) with its massive gateway buttresses, which seem to have been intended as some kind of rudimentary barbicans. When the wooden stockade was replaced by the stone wall of the fort, part of which is still standing, does not seem quite certain, but the present remains are said to date from as far back as 1680.

The fort was situated, according to Mr. Morin, about half way between Ville Marie and the eastern end of Lac a la Loutre, a long, narrow and shallow lake about half as large again (on the old maps) as Ile St. Paul, which we now know as Nun's Island. There was a small stream running from the lake to the river, the course of which is pretty closely followed by the Lachine Canal. Perhaps I should mention that the lake called "a la Loutre" by Mr. Morin, is called Lac St. Pierre by Tessier. He describes the *Domaine* as extending from l'embouchure de lac St. Pierre ou est le moulin appelé Le Moulin Brûlé, jusque au glacis de Lavois ou est le moulin à eau, appelé Moulin de Laval, le tout appartenant aux Seigneurs."

The building marked No. 1 on the plan faced a little east of south-east, so that when St. Patrick street was opened through, it cut off the northern corner diagonally: its extreme length was 80 feet and, excepting a sort of kitchen wing, was 30 feet deep, and the walls from the ground to the eaves about 15 feet. It had the high pitched roof and massive chimneys so characteristic of our old houses. The walls were about two feet thick throughout, built of rubble stones, and the mortar so hard that it was difficult to make any impression on it with pickaxes. The house consisted of three divisions. The north-west room formed quite a respectable hall—38 feet in length by 26 feet deep, and



N.B. The heavy Lines indicate the old Buildings.

GENERAL PLAN.

contained a huge fire-place, suggestive not only of cold winters, but also of plentiful fuel and large logs. The most noticeable feature of the house was the arch which supported the roof-tree and rafters; half way between the ends of the large hall two piers, not large, only two feet square, but wonderfully strong and well built, ran up inside the front and rear walls like inner buttresses, till they met the roof, then inclined inwards till they met in the centre, forming a sort of an arch something of the shape of a chicken's "wish-bone." As far as I know there is no other example of this peculiarity of construction in the country. I have not been able to determine the exact size of the fort, but it probably occupied the block of land situated between Montmorency and Condé streets, and St. Patrick street and the Canal bank, as well as about half as much more on the south east side of St. Patrick street, still remembered by some as "The Priest's Garden." The same may remember the arched main gateway, resembling that of Cartier's ancestral home at St. Malo. The wall on Montmorency street averages 10 or 11 feet in height, and is about 30 inches thick at the ground, tapering up to about 24 inches at the top.

This, of course, is quiet insignificant compared with Fort Ponchartrain, but approaches the dimensions of Boisbriant.

The storehouse on the canal front is about 90 feet long with a depth of about 40 feet.

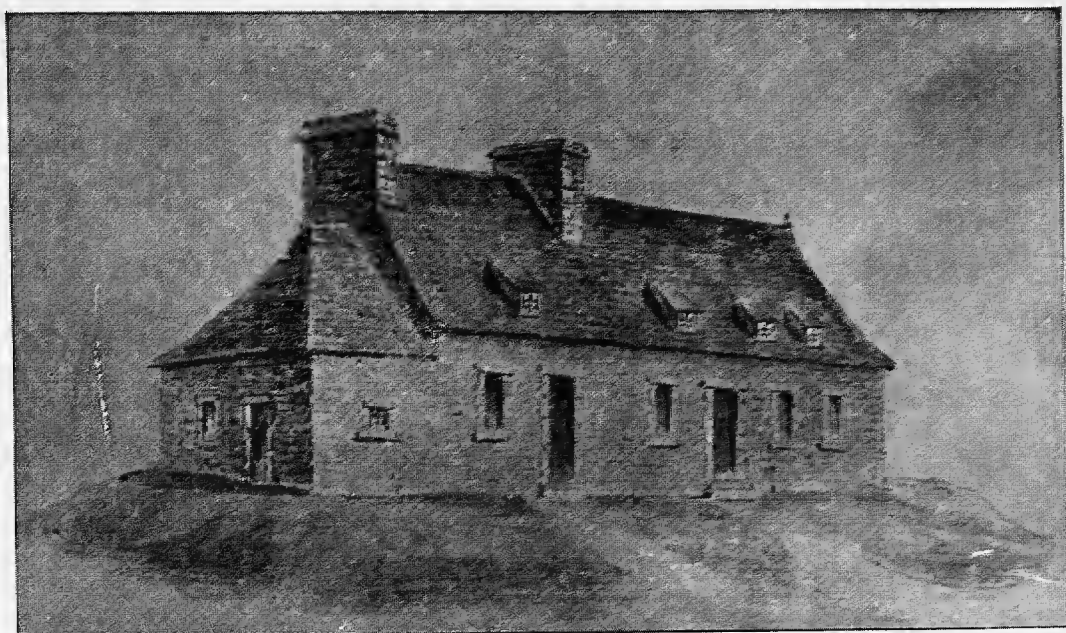
The walls are still about 12 feet in height, but were considerably higher, especially at the gables; but after a fire, which occurred there 25 or 30 years ago, they were reduced to their present condition.

The most noticeable features of this building are the heavy stone gateway buttresses, splayed outwards, projecting seven feet from the walls, which measure five feet at the thickest part and slope to the height of the gate. At one corner is what looks like a loophole, though of primitive construction, and there is a similar one a few feet from it and another one near the south gate, but filled in at the outer end. If there were more originally they have since been filled in.

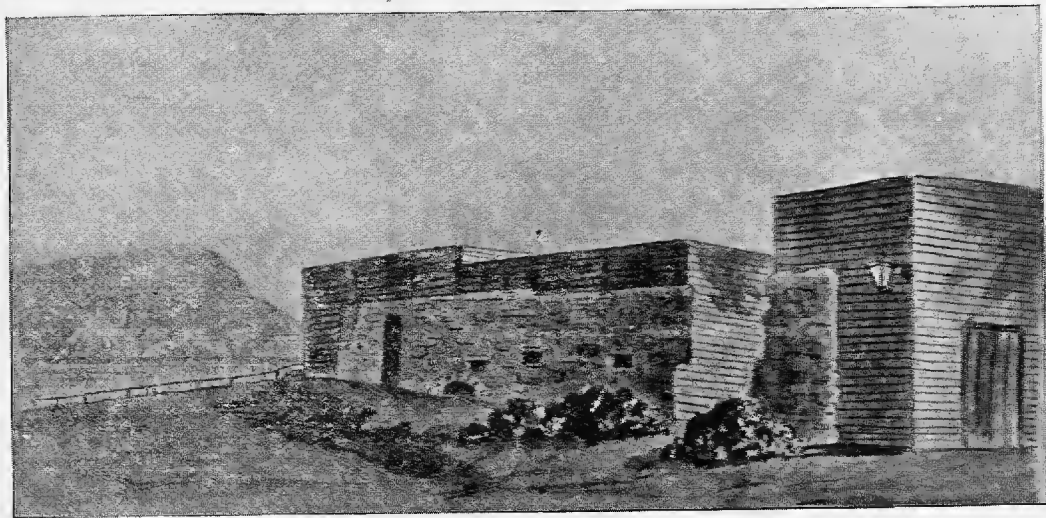
Besides the above is the long, low building, already referred to, the walls of which are not as thick as those already mentioned, measuring only 27 inches at the ground. The length is about 137 feet, the breadth 25 feet. Considerable parts of the north wall have been removed, but the other side is tolerably intact, showing a number of windows and doors, splayed inwards, with cut-stone jambs. (No. 6.)

There are certain resemblances between the remains of Fort St. Gabriel and some others of our well-known "antiques"; for instance, the north-west wall has the same rich reddish tinge so noticeable at Chateau Bigot, and on the old mills of Varennes and Boisbriant, and which is in such pleasing contrast to the cold grey of our ordinary lime-stone; then the mortar is of that hard flinty kind, dense as cement and slightly crystalline in appearance, which remains firm and hard even after the stones are picked out. But, after all, it may be asked *cui bono?* what's the use? What is the use of wasting time describing the battered remains of an insignificant outpost that was never the scene of any very exciting or heroic event?

Well, there are several answers which may be given. In the first place all things are comparative, and when the martial abbé founded Fort St. Gabriel, it was by no means insignificant to the infant city of Ville Marie, with its population of 472 souls all told. When we remember that it was not until 67 years later that the city walls were built, and remember the stormy times the colonists saw in that period, the idea is suggested that if it had not been for these outlying defences, the present "commercial metro-



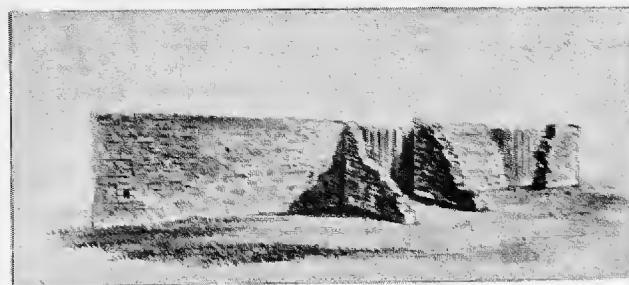
FORT ST. GABRIEL.—Building marked No. 1 on plan.



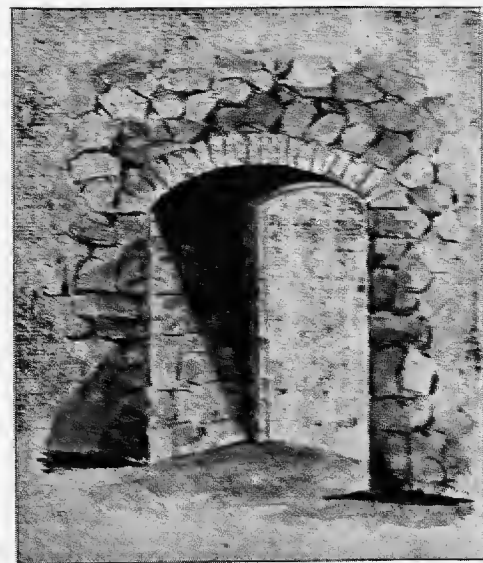
No. 5.—Bit of wall on Montmorency-street, looking towards canal and mountain.



No. 3.—Strong stone building used as a storehouse.—South-east side.



No. 3.—Strong stone building used as a storehouse.—Side facing canal.



No. 6.—Small doorway or sally-port.

polis" of Canada might have been "snuffed out" like a penny dip. Moreover, properly considered, all historical remains are souvenirs, not only of the people directly connected with them, and their times and conditions of life, but of all the succeeding events and changes of their environment.

It is a remarkable fact and one that will be very much regretted, especially by future generations, that so little has been done in the way of depicting by brush or pencil the events, the men and women and the buildings and natural scenery of the early days of our country, though volumes upon volumes have been written. There is one thing of

which we may be sure, and that is, that the fertile and blooming old Domaine, lying there between the little lake and the river—with its mills, with its fort on the banks of the little stream, with its arched and buttressed gateways, its houses and barns, with their high pitched roofs—was far more picturesque than any of its present dingy surroundings. But there were other buildings which were certainly not insignificant, either in their proportions or their history, and if this modest description and brief record should have the effect of stimulating abler pencils than mine to rescue them from oblivion, the "*cui bono?*" question will be most satisfactorily answered.

RUSWELL C. LYMAN.



AN IMPRESSIVE EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF A POET.—Mr. Alderton de Songue entrusts the MS. of his last volume of poems to a publisher. He visits that estimable gentleman some time afterwards, and learns that the verses have been sent in to the publishing committee of the firm to be read prior to publication, and at the time of his visit the committee were engaged in reading them over. The genial head of the firm suggests a visit to the committee room to ascertain their ecstasies at the charms of his lines.

On entering the effect is strikingly apparent.

Leaves from my Japanese Note Book.

By DOUGLAS SLADEN.

To the Editor of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED:

SIR.—As the pictures for the first of my articles on the Canadian route to the East have been unavoidably delayed I send you some leaves from my Japanese note book to take its place in this week's number.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD'S POEM.—Sir Edwin Arnold, with his usual generosity, came forward and offered to give a reading from his great unpublished poem, "The Light of the World," if people cared to hear it. If! When it was an event of first-class importance in the poetical world, to parallel which one has to go back to the days of bards and rhapsodists, before this utilitarian age of reporters and syndicates began.

The recitation was given in the fine hall of the Rokumeikan, the historical and handsome building, some of which is leased by the Government to the Tokio Club. This hall is rather an imposing chamber, with its three carved fireplaces and parquetry ceiling. There was an assemblage of some hundreds, embracing most of the representative people of Tokio and Yokohama, headed by the English Minister, Hugh Fraser, the American, John Swift, the Austrian, Baron von Biegeleben, the Bishop, the Right Rev. E. Bickersteth, Captain Brinkley, R.A., and General Palmer, R.E., whose names are beginning to be known to Englishmen as writers to whom everything Japanese is precious and beautiful, from their morality, commercial and otherwise, to the perfume of their fertilizing methods, a number of officers from the British fleet and a fair sprinkling of Japanese, who went there probably as they adopt Christianity or European boots—as an evidence of their equality with the Western nations.

Sir Edwin came forward—the orthodox afternoon reciter as unexceptionable as that lion among ladies, the composer, Isidor de Lard—in a faultless frock coat, white waistcoat, lavender tie in "sweet disorder, light gloves and carnationed buttonhole, with his strong face wearing its accustomed serenity of perfect physical health. He is a good reciter, because he is most earnest and impressive, without a tinsel of rant or posing. The name of his new poem, as probably all the world knows by this time, is "The Light of the World," a companion to his epochal poem "The Light of Asia." As "The Light of Asia" puts before Christian audiences Buddhism transmuted with alchemical art into a poem, harmonious, unified, exquisite, so "The Light of the World" puts Christianity before Christians in a new light—the light of the accumulated wisdom of the East. "The Light of the World" expresses the Buddhist's homage to Christianity, a task for which no man living is so competent as Sir Edwin, bred a Christian and saturated with Buddhist love and ideas.

Whether Sir Edwin is or is not a Buddhist need not be discussed here. That he has sucked the best out of Buddhism is undisputable. If "The Light of Asia" is Buddhism by the light of Christianity, "The Light of the World" is Christianity by the light of Buddhism.

Sir Edwin read with much feeling, and it is needless to say was received with the highest interest. To sketch the plot of the poem would not be fair to him, but one must pay homage to his characterization of Pontius Pilate, his rehabilitation of the stern Roman soldier and stoic who made the one "faux pas" of currying the favour of the unruly Jewish populace, who were Caesar's most unamenable subjects. As to the romance in which he has invested

Mary Magdalen I must be silent, and also as to the sublime figure he makes of Christ. Pilate's wife, Procula, who belonged to the great Claudian gens, was an ambitious subject to approach after the magnificent idealization of Dore with its haunting beauty and majestic presence. But Sir Edwin has added the breath of life to this exquisite idealization by the noble character he has created in his poem.

For twelve long years Sir Edwin carried the scheme of his poem in his mind, as Ulysses cherished the image of Penelope on his ten years' wanderings after Troy, and when at last he was able to lay down his editorial harness for a while, the seeds sprang, burgeoned and burst into blossom with extraordinary rapidity—until they stand before us the perfect whole of a great poem.

It is the outcome of his wanderings in Palestine many years ago as the pre-Raphaelite accuracy of the local colouring shows Sir Edwin, like the great poet that he is, loves to study the beast of the field, the bird of the air and the flowers of the earth. The Titan wall that no convulsion of nature or warfare could overthrow, the fallen acanthus frieze and masonry crumbling into picturesque decay, enthral his eye. The solemn Eastern night, purple and diamonded with stars, the fierce Eastern noon, the mellowness of the delicious sunsets are unconsciously reflected, and here and there hovers across the horizon the Bedouin of the desert with Arab steed and matchlock and fluttering burn-orse.

Sir Edwin has absorbed the whole atmosphere of Palestine, and his poem breathes it. To his aid comes a profound antiquarian knowledge and the familiarity that comes from long residence in the East. The poem is as much a piece of Palestine as Wallace's now classical "Ben Hur." As might have been expected in a poem born in Japan "Fujiyama" inspires one noble passage, in which the sacred mountain so gloriously beautiful with its perished or hidden fires and its spotless crown of snow shadows forth the life of Mary Magdalen. Another noble poem is inspired by one of the most famous incidents in Greek literature, Socrates condemning the Athenian Judges to live, and taking the hemlock as a gift, and a third, full of Sophoclean irony, pointing out that Christ's blessed feet overthrew Jerusalem more utterly than the armies of Titus, and a fourth with Pilate flying from the presence of Mary Magdalen at midnight on his swiftest horse, because "one other watch would make me Nazarene!"

The poem is full of these dramatic situations and interspersed with lyrics of the beauty of Swinburne's earlier method as he sang in "Songs Before Sunrise." The poem is also full of striking lines such as these:

Write me a song unstained by any tear.
In the mor'ning watch,
When dreams come truer through the fate of morn.
Deep hollows where the winter hides away
Snows through the summer.
He himself passed
Mild and majestic through death's black gate
If hades be a black tribunal.
Her that loved much and had her love with thee.
Jordan ere he hastens on to die,
As rivers die and men die, helplessly.
To rest as the wild waters rest.
Must I find at Rome
The face that fills my nightly dreams with fear
Watching with one great eyes.
It toucheth Athens and hath crept to Rome.
To this end was I born and became
King of all kings to witness to the truth.
Those old fires now under snow.

Here are some of the lines which delineate in masterly points Sir Edwin's conceptions of Christ and Pilate and Christ's view of Pilate:

With such a mien as one should have
Wearing the purple.
Her eyes
Burned themselves on my heart.
The fire of those mild eyes,
That had no fear or bitterness.
Claudia sighed,
There was no fault
Oh! the light
That beamed from those mild eyes.
The speech of him fair music and his feet
A benediction.
Authority yet sits upon my lip.
I played worse traitor to my stoic soul.
I might have saved. I would have saved.
That which is writ is writ.
I did not dare
And that which hindered was thy lust to win
Favour of men instead of praise from heaven.
The horde of circumcised
Baying about my palace.
That they might drink clean swill.
I took water and washed hands
Before the herd.

These lines caught by an accident of slower delivery in places, must serve as a sample. There were finer than any here quoted, but they were usually in passages poured forth with the rapidity of excitement.

No one who heard the poem had any doubt of its quality or its success. One of the audience, Harry Deakin, the famous curio dealer of Yokohama, was so enthusiastic that he bought the American rights of the poem, it is said, for the large sum of \$25,000.

One of the two greatest living American poets is going to write in lines here and there, so as to secure the copyright, which will appear in his name and Sir Edwin's conjointly. This will be the first instance of an English poet of the first rank publishing a magnum opus in America before England—a well-deserved homage to the wider diffusion of culture in America, as evidenced by the vastly larger body of readers.

The reading was one of the events of the season in Tokio and every one went to it dressed for a legation garden party.

Count Marshal Von Moltke.

Helmuth Carl Bernhard Von Moltke was born on the 26th of October, in the year 1800. His father was also an officer in the army. The family, originally of Mecklenburg, where it was held in esteem, moved to Holstein while the future general was still a child. At an early age he was sent to the military academy at Copenhagen. In 1822 he entered the Prussian service as lieutenant, and ten years later was admitted to the staff. In 1835 he made his debut as a writer on strategics, his essay being an account of the Russo-Turkish war of 1828. Soon after the Sultan Mahmoud sought his counsel for the reorganization of his army and the construction of frontier defences. Von Moltke took part in the campaigns against Mehemed Ali. On his return to Prussia he wrote his "Letters on Condition and History of Turkey in the years 1835-39," which appeared in 1841. In 1845 he was aide-de-camp to Prince Henry of Prussia, with whom he resided in Rome for some time. He wrote some letters on the States of the Church, which were subsequently published. In 1849 he was made Chief of Staff of the 4th Army Corps, and in 1858 became Chief of Staff to the entire army. Under his supervision the staff was rendered the most effective means of concentrating and directing the force of the army. In 1864 (being then a lieutenant-general) he drew up the plan of the campaign in Denmark for Prince Frederick Charles. In the Austrian war his services were still more brilliant, as it was mainly through him that the victory of Sadowa was won. On that occasion he led the main army and followed up the success by a bold advance on Olmutz and Vienna, thus bringing the seven week's war to an end. The Prussian Parliament voted him a grant of money and the King honoured him with the Order of the Black Eagle. It was he who prepared the plan of the Franco-German war, and the rapidity and accuracy with which the army was moved on the predetermined line of attack showed how thoroughly he had mastered the problem. In recognition of his services, which were the admiration of Europe, he was made a Count and Chief Marshal of the Empire. Count Marshal Von Moltke has published a number of technical historical works besides those already mentioned, including an account of the Italian campaign of 1859. In character he is a man of known integrity and honour, is simple in habits and unassuming in manner. The esteem in which he is held in the Empire which he has done so much to create was exemplified last week, when all classes of citizens united in doing him honour. Among the substantial tokens of respect of which he was the object was a gift of 50,000 marks, presented in his name by the Burgomaster of Berlin to the late Emperor William's almshouses. To a private soldier who wrote some verses for the occasion, the Count wrote a letter of thanks, in which he said that the army which produced poet soldiers must be above the average of armies. The great powers were represented at the anniversary celebration, and Queen Victoria, the Prince of Wales, the Czar, the Sultan, and other sovereigns, telegraphed their congratulations.

THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

TRADE MARK

ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF PARLIAMENT OF CANADA IN THE YEAR 1889, BY THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE

REGISTERED

Vol. V.—No. 125.

MONTREAL AND TORONTO, 22nd NOVEMBER, 1890.

\$4.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE
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The Gazette Building, Montreal.

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36 King Street East, Toronto.

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3 & 4 Boulevard Street, Fleet Street, E.C.

SOLE AGENTS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

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"THE EDITOR, DOMINION ILLUSTRATED."

22ND NOVEMBER, 1890.



The following resolution, passed at a meeting of the St. John Board of Trade, on the 5th inst., speaks for itself: Whereas, In a printed circular, entitled, "Terms and Conditions of Steamship Service between Canada and the United Kingdom and France," referred to in an advertisement signed by J. M. Courtenay, Deputy Minister of Finance, and dated Finance Department, Ottawa, 29th May, 1890, the following conditions appear: "The ports in Canada to be Quebec in summer and Halifax or Halifax and St. John in winter, the steamers calling to land and embark mails at Rimouski during the season of navigation, the contractor to have the right after landing the mails to send the steamers on from the terminal ports in England, France and Canada, but the steamers are in no case to call at any foreign port other than the above provided for. The steamers may, after landing at Halifax the passengers, mails and freight for that port proceed to St. John, provided Halifax be the last port of departure for Europe; and Whereas, such conditions, if agreed to, will prove a great injury, as well as a manifest injustice to the port of St. John; Therefore resolved, That the Board of Trade memorialize the Government of Canada, praying that in the aforesaid terms and conditions the words 'Halifax or Halifax and St. John' be changed to read 'Halifax and St. John,' and also that the word 'shall,' be substituted in such terms and conditions for the word 'may.'" In connection with this resolution, it may not be out of place to direct the attention of our readers to an article in the October number of the *Canada Educational Monthly* on "The Harbour of St. John, N.B." It was written at the request of the editor of that periodical by the Rev. George Bruce, and puts the position of St. John as an Atlantic seaport on a clear and intelligible basis. It is worthy of careful study by all who are interested in the steamship service between Canada and Europe.

In another part of the present issue our readers will find a letter from Mr. J. C. Sutherland, of Richmond, P.Q., in which that gentleman supports the proposal that Canada should have an Association for the Advancement of Science, similar in character and aim to the bodies so named in Great Britain and the United States. The suggestion is certainly worthy of consideration. But would it not be wiser to extend the usefulness of such organizations as already exist in the Dominion? A good many Canadians already belong to one or other of the associations just mentioned. Several of our leading men of science have borne office in both of them. Sir William Dawson has been successively president of the American and of the British Association. The latter has met once, the former more than once, in Canada, and there is no reason why Canadian cities should not be thus honoured in the future as in the past. A new association seems, under the circumstances, hardly called for. But why should not the Royal Society of Canada be made to serve the purpose

that Mr. Sutherland has in view? It is the only learned body in the Dominion that, by the terms of its charter, is bound to include both the great sections of our population. Its aims embrace both science and literature—French and English—as well as history and archaeology, which are common to both languages and occupy the borderland between literature and science. The next meeting of the society is to take place in this city, and preparations for the proceedings have already been initiated. In addressing the meeting called last week for the purpose of making arrangements for the reception and entertainment of the visitors, Sir William Dawson, after explaining the constitution of the society, said that, in addition to its four sections of twenty members each, its work was considerably extended by the affiliation of all the chief scientific and literary societies throughout Canada, so that it might be said to be a kind of representative body of the associations for scientific research or the study of literature all over the Dominion. This, said Sir William Dawson, gave it great importance in Canada. It is not impossible that opportunity may be taken of the Montreal meeting to improve the standing of the society and to make it more comprehensive. Its relations to like learned bodies throughout the Empire and in other countries give it facilities for serving as a centre of intellectual development, whether in the form of literary production or of scientific research, that no other society can claim, and it is to be hoped that the approaching meeting in Montreal will bear good fruit in quickening its life and enlarging its sphere of usefulness.

The information published in the last report of the Société d'Industrie Laitière, the Dairy-men's Association of this province, is opportune. The year that has just ended was altogether the most fruitful for this branch of agricultural production and manufacture that either the Dominion or this province has yet seen. The appointment of a commissioner for the whole of Canada was an event of exceptional interest, both as indicating the concern that the Government felt in the efforts that the various private societies had been making to improve the methods of making butter and cheese, and also as marking a stage of progress in the development of the industry. Its growth has been one-sided. When attention was first earnestly directed to the subject at the era when cheese factories began to supersede the old system, butter took the precedence all over the country. Year by year the balance leaned to the other side until the yield of cheese surpassed that of butter, and finally the latter was reduced to but a small fraction of the whole. During this last year an attempt has been made to give effect to the conviction that had been gaining ground among our leading dairymen, that in neglecting the butter side of the industry a great mistake had been made. Cheese monopolising the thoughts and cares of our farmers, butter not only sank in production but materially declined in quality. It is of essential importance just now that everything possible be done to raise the reputation of Canadian butter as high as that of Canadian cheese without, however, falling into the opposite mistake of neglecting the cheese in doing so. Both industries must advance *pari passu*.

An event of some consequence to naturalists and sportsmen is recorded in a paper contributed by Mr. Harry Piers to the Transactions of the Nova Scotia Institute of Natural Science (vol. VII., Part 44, 1889-90), entitled "Notes on Nova Scotia Zoology." This is the shooting of a Virginian deer in November, 1888, by Mr. Fitch, Shubenacadie. The animal, a fine buck, was discovered among the sheep on that gentleman's property. The head was sent to Mr. Andrew Downs, of Halifax, for preservation. "Although the deer," says Mr. Piers, "is met with in New Brunswick, there is no previous mention of it in Nova Scotia." Dr. J. Barnard Gilpin, in a paper on the mammalia of the latter province, also read before the Institute, mentions the Virginian deer as probably frequenting the Cobequid hills, and states that he had personal knowledge of its appearance and capture at Dor-

chester, N.B., near the boundary between the two provinces. The range given to it by Mr. Tyrrell in his Catalogue of the Mammalia of Canada, from which we have so often quoted, assigns as its range in the Dominion South-western New Brunswick, Central Quebec and Ontario. A still more remarkable capture mentioned by Mr. Piers is that of a leather turtle five feet long and weighing 250 pounds, which was found entangled in a mackerel net a few miles from Prospect Harbour, near Halifax, on the 30th of August last year. Mr. William Saul, who made the capture, brought the animal alive to Messrs. Boak & Bennett's wharf at Halifax, where it was placed in a tank and supplied with salt water. The leather turtle is a native of tropical seas and had never before, as far as Mr. Piers could learn, been seen farther north than Massachusetts. "Owing to its powerful fore-paddles," he adds, "this species is much given to wandering, and is sometimes driven by storms far from its native seas to strange and distant lands. In this way it has been found on the shores of England and France, and now on the coast of our own Province." The specimen in question differs in some particulars from that which is described by Mr. T. Bell in his "History of British Reptiles." It is much smaller (Mr. Bell's specimen being eight feet long), but proportionately much broader between the eyes and across the head, while the forepaddles are larger, the tail is longer, and there is a noteworthy distinction in the shape of the hinder paddles, on each of which in the Nova Scotia specimen there is a well defined notch two inches deep on the posterior margin.

The loss of Captain Lindall, late commander of the Vancouver, and commodore of the Dominion line of ocean steamships, to which that vessel belongs, and of his quartermaster, Mr. McLaughlin, has been generally and justly deplored wherever those gentlemen were known. Captain Lindall, who, though Norwegian by birth, was proud to be considered a British seaman, as he was in character and demeanour, was deservedly a favourite with all who knew him, as well in Canada as in his English home. It is a sore bereavement that his afflicted family is called upon to bear, but the universal sympathy which the lamentable disaster has elicited is at least some alleviation for a sorrow so grievous. The first officer, Mr. Walsh, and his assistants, Messrs. Patterson and Davies, conducted themselves with praiseworthy courage and self-confidence all through the trying ordeal in which the calamity left them. Mr. Davies, the third officer, had a narrow escape from death, the bridge on which he was standing when the sea which proved fatal to captain and quartermaster broke over the ship, having been swept away all but a small portion that gave him bare standing-room. The passengers behaved with remarkable patience and coolness under circumstances that tended to test the mental strength both of men and women. They were deeply thankful to Chief Officer Walsh for his kindness and consideration as well as for the efficiency which he displayed in navigating the vessel without the aid of the ordinary instruments. In discharging his duty with such credit and success Mr. Walsh was well supported by his brother officers and the entire ship's company. It is no small solace, under such distressing visitations, to know that our merchant fleets are in the hands of able and humane men. Captain H. C. Williams, of the Oregon, has succeeded Captain Lindall as Commodore.

The improved means of rapid communication between Canada and Australia is expected to have a marked effect on the British Columbia lumber trade. Hitherto it has been absolutely burdened by the slowness of transport between the two groups of colonies—as much as three months, according to the *Victoria Times*, having been no rare allowance of time for the lumber vessels to make the trip. Viewed in the light of modern notions and methods, these slow voyages are antiquated, and must soon be entirely obsolete. The enterprise that enters into manufacturing industries in our day cannot tolerate the snail's pace and uncertainty of those wooden walls that were once so prized both in commerce and war. Lumber, like

other merchandise, requires steamers, and with fast steamers it is believed a great future is in store for this branch of British Columbia's trade. Of course, the fastness need not be that of the ocean greyhounds, but it will be as that of a greyhound to a tortoise compared with the dilatory and unreliable movements of the sailing vessels.

The *North-Western Miller*, of Minneapolis is (not unnaturally) among the American journals that looks with uneasiness to the working of the McKinley tariff. There is not, we believe, much ground for its apprehensions of reprisal on the part of the British Government. Free Trade principles are held by the great majority of English public men, and, having stood out against all the tariffs of Europe, those who believe in those principles are not likely to swerve into inconsistency for fear of the major's Chinese wall. What the *Miller* has to expect, however, is that Great Britain will endeavour to exist with as little of the agricultural products of the United States as she can conveniently put up with. She will seek her supplies from other sources, at least to a large extent, and by so doing she can inflict a much greater injury on United States trade than the operation of the tariff can inflict on hers. That course has already, indeed, been advised in some of the English magazines, even by free traders; and the *Miller*, looking at the question from the standpoint of neither Republican nor Democrat, but purely in the capacity and as representing the interests indicated by its name, counsels the Washington authorities to be-think them of possible consequences and to allow England some of the benefits of Mr. Blaine's reciprocity. Mr. Blaine, as the *Commercial* points out, would balance trade by forcing other nations to buy from his own country in proportion to its purchases from other parts of the world. As Great Britain has been wont to bring from the United States a great deal more than the amount of her sales to that country, it would be only taking the secretary at his word to establish an equilibrium. The *Miller* would anticipate such a movement by showing some consideration to England in the tariff regulation. The suggestion is noteworthy as revealing the spirit in which a most important section of American exporters regard the McKinley ultimatum. And that spirit reflects the feeling of the country, as the elections have shown.

The last report of the Commission on the Herd Book for Canadian Cattle, signed by the secretary, Dr. J. A. Couture, V.S., and published in the report of the Commissioner of Agriculture and Colonization for this Province, shows that 266 animals had been registered, of which 152 are entered as Canadian (28 males and 124 females) and 114 Jersey-Canadian (24 males and 90 females). The report states that the movement inaugurated some six years ago for the regeneration of the small but valuable breed of native cattle is constantly assuming larger proportions; that applications for registration have been made from all parts of the Province, and that for purposes of inspection, thus necessitated, the secretary has visited a considerable portion of it, and that, owing to the labours of the commission, Canadian cattle are beginning to be appreciated as they deserve to be. Their milking qualities have been recognized, and herds of Canadian cattle are becoming more and more numerous. Even those, adds Dr. Couture, who were wont a few years ago to deny the existence of such a race, now admit its superiority as a milking breed, and the day is looked forward to when the cows belonging to it will be regarded as the milkers *par excellence* of North America.

THE SITUATION.

There seems to be a pervading desire all through the Dominion to make the present stage in our economic history a fresh starting-point in the development of our resources. During the last ten years Canada has made remarkable progress in many directions. The extension of our railway facilities has been extraordinary. It seems only the other day, to middle-aged men, when a great part of Ontario, all that is now known as the northern lake country, was entirely destitute of means of communication; when the great north, as it has

been called, of this province was isolated from all the world; when the Maritime Provinces were separated from what was then called Western Canada by an interval of virtual wilderness, and beyond Windsor, Ont., no rail had yet been laid. The contrast between that period and the present is so marked that the younger generation would find it difficult to imagine that the former could ever have been a reality. We may be disposed to repine at times that the settlement of our North-West (as we still name the vast areas of Western Canada) has not advanced more rapidly, and we would certainly like to see a vigorous and far-reaching impulse given to colonization there as elsewhere. But when we thus complain we forget that, until a few years ago, Canada was practically unknown as a destination for the great majority of emigrants who crossed the Atlantic. It is not more than twenty years since the subject was taken up in earnest, and it is only within about half that length of time that we could direct the new comers to our great prairie region. One of the chief advantages of Canada for emigrants of slender means is its nearness to Europe, and it must be considered that, until railway facilities were created, the Fertile Belt was practically as far away as South Africa. But the great drawback to the filling up of our vacant spaces lay in the successful rivalry of our pushing neighbours. Of Canada comparatively little was known. There is still, notwithstanding all that has been done by the Federal and Provincial Governments to draw attention to it, urgent need for sound information touching its advantages as a home for the surplus population of Europe—of the United Kingdom especially. It is not enough to distribute pamphlets at stated times, or to depend on the services of commissioners and emigration agents. To gain settlers of the right stamp, to place them where they are most wanted and are most likely to thrive and to make sure that every intelligent and industrious immigrant will be an evangelist to his kinsmen and fellow-countrymen at home, are tasks that call for constant thought and effort. A mere boom is useless. If we have faith in our resources and ourselves, we should set about this work with no half-hearted and in no niggardly spirit. Instead of vain repining over the larger market across the frontier (of which we shall always have a share) let us try to increase our own home market by peopling our still uninhabited solitudes. Then as to European, West Indian, Oriental and South Pacific markets, there are a few among us who have studied the question and know exactly what the demand is and what the requirements are in the case of each class of merchandise. But this knowledge is a sealed book to the bulk of our manufacturers and traders. How many in Canada, from the Pacific to the Atlantic, have studied, or had an opportunity of consulting the great report of the Ontario Agricultural Commission—one of the most instructive publications ever issued by a government? There is not a point, directly or indirectly, related to agriculture that is not dealt with there with a fulness and clearness most admirable, the witnesses in every instance being experts in the special industry treated of. Under the heading of general farming, every class of crop, every kind of live stock, from Durham bulls to bees and less known insects favourable to agriculture (as being the foes of its enemies) are enumerated, and their uses and qualities are described with reference to the farmer's interests. Durham, Hereford, Devon, Galloway, Polled Angus, Ayrshire, Jersey, Holstein and other breeds of cattle are weighed in the balance and their profitability or otherwise is pointed out. The folly of trying to save by persistently declining to make use of thoroughbred bulls, deterred by the expense, is insisted on and proved by abundant examples. The meat of different cattle is illustrated by different coloured plates and their respective capacity for taking on fat made evident at a glance. Then what a wealth of suggestion about pasture and byre fodder and general treatment of milch and meat cattle, calves, markets, modes of shipping and other matters, not one of which can be disregarded without peril of loss! The same plan is pursued with respect to horses, sheep (all the best kinds being specified,

and those most prized in the various markets indicated), hogs (to the raising of which, out of which as yet only a few Canadians have made money, reference was made in our last issue), poultry and eggs (about which there has been of late so much discussion), and the advantage to be derived from different crops (wheat, barley, oats, peas, maize, rye); the benefits of scientific (that is, rational) farming: the use of manure, under-draining, sub-soiling and other processes; the work of the dairy, bee-keeping, grape culture, apple-raising, the culture of small fruits and all the subdivisions in which these classes are arranged.

Still more comprehensive (as taking in not Ontario only, but the entire country, from ocean to ocean) was the inquiry conducted by the Select Committee appointed nearly seven years ago by the House of Commons regarding the agricultural interests of the Dominion. The information and suggestions placed at the Committee's disposal by the witnesses examined covered every point embraced under the term agriculture. Nor were the Committee's labours destined to be fruitless. The recommendations of Dr. Sterry Hunt, Mr. John Lowe, the late Charles Gibb, Mr. William Saunders, and Messrs. J. X. Perrault, Barnard and other gentlemen, summoned before the Committee, have been most advantageously carried out, as far as it lay in the Government's power to adopt and adapt them. The Central Farm, near Ottawa, and the branch institutions in Eastern and Western Canada, have done and are doing a very appreciable amount of good, and are destined, it is to be hoped, to gradually leaven the whole farming community with sound principles. If we ask what has been done in the other provinces, we find that, although no such work as the Report of the Ontario Commission has as yet made its appearance, there is not a single Provincial Government that has not done something to gather data and spread sound knowledge as to agricultural operations. Some of the blue-books published contain excellent treatises on general farming, and on every branch of it. There are, besides, the reports of societies, the handbooks for immigrants, the instructive testimony of experts like Profs. Tanner, Sheldon, etc., and the reports of the farmer delegates from Great Britain. If any of our people perish in the midst of plenty, or the means of producing it, it certainly is not for lack of knowledge, for the mass of information that lies ready to their hand, in both French and English, forms no contemptible library.

It is the same with our mineral resources, with our forests (largely covered in the reports on agriculture), our fisheries, our manufactures, our trade. If the farmer and his work have, for obvious reasons, attracted most attention, the other resources and industries of the Dominion have not been neglected. Yet, every now and then we are astonished at revelations of widespread ignorance of some precious natural product, the value of which has been urged upon our people again and again. There is really, however, no need for surprise. The history of development in Canada follows the lines of development in all countries. England's enormous supplies of coal lay idle until a couple of centuries ago, but in due time their worth was recognized. Our own petroleum was locally known generations before it was put on the market. As for the reservoir by the Caspian, it was known since the dawn of history, while the same substance, as we learn from ancient writers, was quite familiar in Sicily and the Isles of Greece. Even in this Canada of ours, its presence in our rocks had been revealed before Champlain's disappearance from the scene. It is as well, perhaps, that such features in the world's economic resources should be slowly disclosed to the mass of mankind; for, judging by the manner in which forests, game, large and small (where are our herds of Buffalo?), and even the countless denizens of the deep, thin and disappear before the ravages of improvidence and greed, even such a check as ignorance is not undesirable. But for us the time has come when the bounties which Nature lavishes on our land should be known and developed, and it is only by persistently keeping the subject before the public that the vast treasures still hardly touched can be even realized.



DRILL IN THE ROYAL NAVY.
H. M. S. "GARNET," PREPARING FOR ACTION. (Wm. Nötman & Son, photo.)

Our Toronto Letter.

[From our own correspondent.]

TORONTO, November, 1890.

The Army and Navy exhibition given by ladies at Ottawa on behalf of the hospital there, has excited comment not altogether of a favourable nature. It is possible, and more than probable, however, that the young ladies themselves, as well as their parents and friends, assured themselves that the exhibition was not derogatory to the dignity of the sex before engaging in it. Few things are, when judged from a purely philosophical standpoint. The idea of military drill for ladies was a favourite idea with a drill instructor in Toronto, who, if he had lived, would have offered his services to the young ladies of certain of our educational institutions. His idea was that, since the more athletic out-of-door sports that are of such immense benefit to the mental and physical natures of men-students have no equivalent for women, and since women need exercise of a regular sort in the open air, the military exercises met the want in a most perfect and elegant manner. Even the sword and rifle exercises he considered as very beneficial, since they strengthened muscles not otherwise called into play by student-life, or by that led by the young ladies of our wealthy classes, whose servants relieve them of everything in the nature of rough exercise. Moreover, military drill requires no such expensive outfit as do calisthenics, and are at the command of our village belles as readily as our town beauties.

People of taste and judgment are a good deal disgusted with the prominence given to the murderer Birchall. The vulgarity that makes profit of a criminal, as certain newspapers are doing, is repugnant to all good feeling. And the sentimental silliness of those of our prominent people who have signed his petitions for a reprieve just because he is a university man and of respectable family connections, is a theme of reprobation by such as know that if he had been a poor and ignorant man, who, like Editha's burglar, had "had no opportunities," his fate would have excited neither interest nor pity. Either let us make something short of death a capital punishment, or let us be fair and allow the law to take its course without respect of persons.

Toronto enjoyed a most delightful Thanksgiving Day. The ground was moist enough not to be dusty, and dry enough not to be muddy. The air was soft and fresh; the sun smiled pleasantly through fleecy clouds, and the trees, not being all stripped of their leaves, touched the others with many lovely tints. The half-hidden purpose of a military surprise and its evening fight drew the crowds, as usual, away from the city. Some adventurous folk went as far as Lambton, and others took train to Mimico, the ground between these two points being spoken of as the mock "Stony Creek," to be fought by daylight, however.

The "crowd" gathered at High Park, where the march past took place after lunch was over.

The fight took place a good deal nearer than Mimico, and stragglers caught up the fact in no time. It was a short and sharp affair. The Queen's Own on one side, the Royal Grenadiers, "C" Company (Royal School of Infantry) and the favourite 13th Battalion from Hamilton forming the attacking force. The *locale* of the fight was nearly where the Americans landed in 1812, when they descended on Little York and blew up the magazine to their own loss as well as that of the attacked, their General (Pike) being killed, together with some of his men.

No such fatality—no fatality at all, in fact—accompanied the friendly set-to on Thursday, and Lieut.-Col. Otter, R.I.S.; Lieut.-Colonel Gibson, 13th; Col. Gwyn, 77th; Col. Weyling, 12th, and the officers of the various staffs must have enjoyed the fun as much as the men did. When "smokeless powder" is *en règle* there will be no drawback at all to such a day.

We like sham fights, but many would like them better if some form that recognized the purpose of the day could be added. If we had military chaplains—as, indeed, some think we ought, either attached or unattached—it would not be difficult to precede the march-out of each battalion with thanksgiving prayers and a hymn. The men would work none the worse for it, and outsiders would not feel that our militia were entirely cut off from those pious remembrances and thoughts that are at once a duty and a privilege.

The churches were well filled by the more religious of our population, and several of them provided a largely musical service, selecting the numbers with reference to the occasion. In all the Anglican churches on Thanksgiving Day collections for diocesan missions are made, with good results.

The St. George's society of Toronto gave their usual concert in the evening, and it goes without saying that it was a success, since the management are always careful to provide a first-class entertainment, and the public know it. On this occasion Mrs. Caldwell, Mrs. Mackellar, of Hamilton, Mr. Jarvis and Mr. Schuch sang the National Anthem as a quartette. These artists, together with Mr. W. E. Ramsay (comic) formed the vocal strength of the concert, and Mrs. Annie Waldron as a pianist and violinist and Mr. J. E. Wallis, clarionettist, were the sole instrumentalists. Mr. Giuseppe Dinelli, organist of the Church of the Redeemer, where Mr. Schuch is choir-master, acted as accompanist, with Miss Fowler and Mrs. Boyd in certain numbers.

The theatres were well filled, all the actors in town being favourites.

By the way, Monday sees Gilmore with his opera company at the Academy of Music.

The extraordinary profits made by the Toronto Street Rail-

way Company, as brought out by the arbitration enquiry in the courts, have excited as much surprise as did the results of the multiplication of the nails in a horseshoe puzzle. That a horse, a car and a man, multiplied by, say, forty runs a day, multiplied by, say, a dozen lines of road, should give such returns after all expenses of road and maintenance are paid, seems incredible, yet the books leave nothing to the imagination, except, indeed, certain extras that have their own value, too, but are not counted in. Nor would any one have a word to say to the size of any fairly earned profits if the drivers and conductors had not been so ill-paid. But while it is shown that the company have earned millions of profit, it is known that these poor men, exposed as they are to all the inclemency of the seasons from six in the morning until twelve at night and on duty from twelve to fourteen hours a day have received but a pittance, some nine dollars a week being the average. Well may men ask for co-operation. Moreover, the citizens are naturally indignant that the values of the rolling-stock have been put at the highest possible figure; some of them, as the books show, actually above original cost. The city may be the purchaser, but the citizens have to pay the piper, and they are wise to remember it, and to see that they have the worth of their money. It is a pity a reputable corporation like the Street Railway Co. should descend to meanness, particularly when they have really organized and carried out a very extensive business for the convenience of the city. The "poor man's carriage" is a great comfort to thousands of men and women in all classes of life, and with very rare exceptions the employees have been faithful and civil throughout. The "lines" might often have been better and the accommodation more commensurate with the needs of the public, but as a whole there has been little to complain of during the thirty years the company has served the city, and it would be discreditable to all concerned if such service went wholly unrecognized.

The death of Rev. Father Vincent, Vicar-General, the oldest priest in Toronto, has given occasion for many deserved tributes of respect to this venerable Roman Catholic. Since the Rev. Father came to Toronto his Church has made great strides, not more in the matter of church-building than in that of education, and in no section of his duty did Father Vincent show a warmer interest than in the promotion of knowledge. St. Michael's College, in which institution he died at a by no means advanced age, was represented by Father Vincent on the Senate of the University of Toronto for some years, and in the organization of the separate schools, after such separation was secured, the deceased gentleman took an active part. The funeral was attended by a large number of prominent citizens, the interment being made at St. Michael's cemetery.



JUNIOR FOUR-OAR CREW OF THE ARGONAUT ROWING CLUB, TORONTO.

The last occasion of the distribution of prizes at Upper Canada College drew together a brilliant assemblage of ladies and gentlemen. Many of the old "boys" made it a point to be present, several coming from a considerable distance. Dr. Henry Scadding delivered the address, and it is needless to say that the interesting reminiscences that cling around a foundation such as Upper Canada College were treated with the sympathetic grace and wit for which the aged speaker is renowned. Hon. J. B. Robinson, Hon. G. W. Allan, Hon. S. C. Wood, Dr. Bergin, M.P.; all U.C.C. boys; Rev. D. J. Macdonell, Sir Daniel Wilson, Prof. Goldwin Smith, Col. G. T. Denison, Dr. Sweatman, Bishop of Toronto, Hon. G. W. Ross and other gentlemen occupied the platform. C. A. Moss took the Governor-General's prize, as well as several others, thus becoming the hero of the occasion. Next year the college will enter upon its new and handsome buildings at North Toronto, erected on the site of the W. R. Baldwin estate and homestead, Mashquatch, at the very head of Avenue road. It is said that the old college is to be turned into a public recreation ground and the buildings used as a museum.

Points.

By ACUS.

"To point a moral and adorn a tale."
Johnson: Vanity of Human Wishes.

To those who may, rightly or wrongly, have sympathised with the unfortunate man Birchall, it may be some comfort to hear once more reiterated the old truism that all the people are wiser than any one of the people, or than any few of the people. The verdict of the people, in addition to that of the jury, with the concurrence of the judge,—the verdict of the people, I say, was simply overwhelming. If the judge had not concurred with the jury, it would be different; if the people differed from both, it would be different. To a vast and overwhelming number of intelligent minds the evidence, though circumstantial, has seemed conclusive. The presumption of the truth of so unanimous a conclusion is very strong indeed.

Strange things, we know, are often done, if not in the name, at least under the guise of liberty. The "sweet land of liberty" has just returned a Democratic majority, only to remain manacled with an ironclad Republican administration, contrary to the voice of the people and which cannot be ousted. For the present the situation startles one with a resemblance, however slight, to despotic government; certainly it is not responsible government. To the victors, in this case, belong neither the spoils nor the power which is the fruit of victory. Such a turn of affairs in Canada would oust a government instantaneously. It is beginning to dawn upon us that, perhaps, after all, it is we and

not they who are the freest nation upon the face of the earth.

The harvest of Canadian subjects waiting to be garnered into literature is truly plenteous; but the labourers are few. Longfellow saw it and reaped "Evangeline." Parkman saw it and reaped "Montcalm and Wolfe." One or two novels have already made a modest appearance; but their bearing was rather social than popular. Essays to the point appear now and then in the current magazines; but it is questionable if there is anything very permanent in magazine literature. It was not until lately, however, that Canada made her *début* on the dramatic stage. Credit is due to Mr. McKee Rankin, first for being bold enough to introduce an entirely new character, and secondly for making that character a "Canack." Now what we want is a popular, good-natured novel, built on a similar plan. It is contended that the limitations of the Canadian literary market do not render it inviting to the author. A good work, however, will always have a large constituency; its market will be the world.

Since the completion of the C.P.R., this country has received many compliments upon the greatness of her railroading achievements. This great railway has simply drawn attention to such achievements, because prior to it obstacles very great indeed were overcome here by railroad men. With a thinly settled country, a small travelling public, little capital to be had, and with comparative inexperience in railroading, the achievements of the earlier railroads are proportionately greater. The later railroads have been able to profit by the mistakes of the earlier ones, and by the great advance which the world has made in railroading in the meantime. Let us be proud of our great modern achievements; but let us not forget the pioneers, the early heroes, of Canadian railroading. People are sometimes inclined to be amused when they remember the old-fashioned rolling-stock, and the occasional slowness of the early roads; but that same stock well served its day and generation, and, as to time and speed, our modern railroads have considerable improvement to make yet.

A Canadian Association for the Advancement of Science.

It has been suggested that Canada should have an association for the advancement of science similar in character and purpose, although necessarily not similar (at first) in dimension and weight, to those of Great Britain and the United States. The chief purpose of such associations is to bring the results of science into touch with the practical interests of everyday life and business. They are not merely—although they are to some extent—associations for

the purpose of affording opportunity for the exchange of knowledge between working scientists in the various highways and byways of science. They are also intended to bring so-called practical men into healthy contact with so-called theoretical men, for mutual benefit. As a great Canadian scientist (Sir William Logan) once tersely said, "Science leads to economics, and economics lead to science." On the membership roll of the American association there are two thousand persons; but, according to last year's president, Professor Mendenhall, not more than seven hundred are actively engaged in scientific pursuits. Both the British and the American associations are, in fact, great popular educators in the best and highest sense of the term; and in each, non-professional membership is fully encouraged. The active members include also the most prominent scientists of both countries.

In Canada we have now, surely, the material for a national science association. In our universities we have working scientists who are esteemed abroad, at any rate; and the development of our agricultural and mining industries is sufficient to justify a more general attention to the principles of science on the part of those who are not specialists in any line, but to whom a general knowledge of scientific progress would be of practical service.

Richmond, Que.

J. C. SUTHERLAND.

Enigma.

I am built of eight letters; the student who looks
From me to the sky, from the sky to his books,
Will find that four syllables fashion my name,
All in length and in number of letters the same.
In two equal parts, of two syllables each,
My nomen in full he will instantly reach.
Part first is the name of a woman renowned
In Biblical lore, and with reverence crowned;
A woman who added one miracle more
To the list that the mothers in Israel count o'er.
Part second is that which the boys of old Rome
All longed to possess, and, abroad or at home,
When they found it, would strut with an air of such pride.
The censors were moved their assurance to chide.
Complete, I am known as a beautiful town
In a land on which kings have some reason to frown.
When Sirius rages and dogs run about
With their tails at half mast and their tongues lolling out,
I sit with Hygieia inhaling the air
That invites to my fountains the proud millionaire,
And damsels of fashion, whose luminous eyes—
And diamonds—Lord Needy beholds, and he sighs!
Now solve me my riddle, ye virgins of wit;
For a task so momentous most men are unfit.

G. MARTIN.

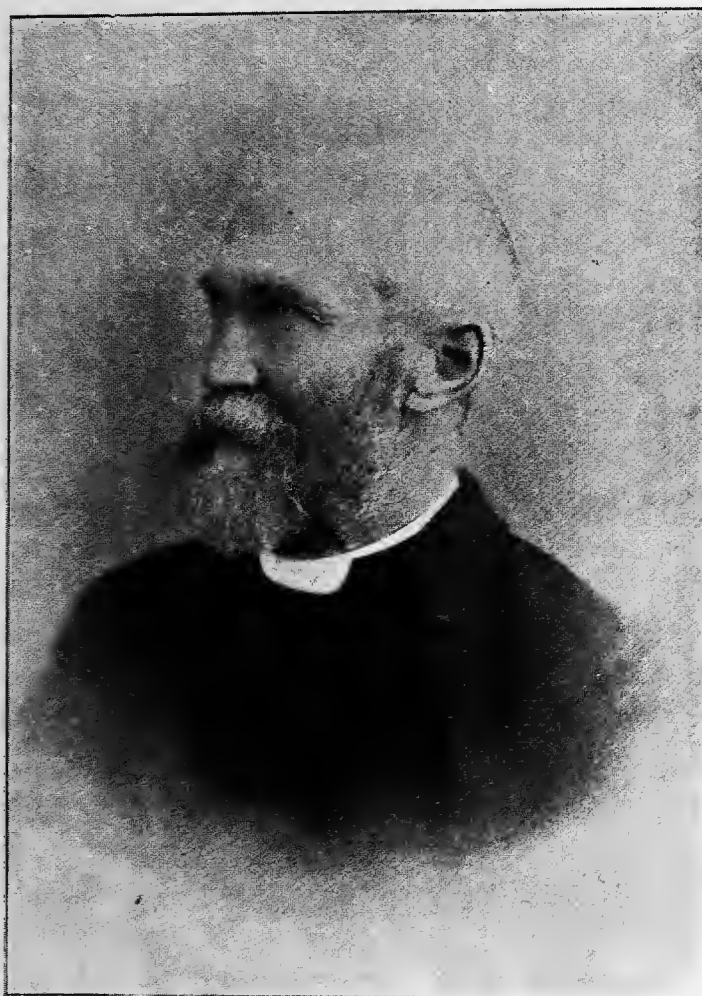


ARMY AND NAVY FAIR, OTTAWA—GROUP OF LADIES.—This engraving gives a glimpse of a spectacle such as is not often seen in any land. The fair amazons that revealed themselves to the delighted visitors at the Army and Navy Fair, which took place in the Ottawa Drill Hall on the 22nd ult., were not by any means of the type of *Penthesilea furens*. Only in the grandeur of their victories over the sterner sex did they at all resemble their sisters of the Ancient World. The whole scene was alive with the beauty of colour, of symmetry and graceful movement. Nothing was wanting to give an air of reality to the embattled ranks of the militant charmers, and the naval display was worthy of a Dominion that has a share of control over three oceans. The good ship Pictou was marvelously well rigged and manned and the midshipmisses were a joy forever in fact and memory. Lamps, shields, banners were all in unison with the *mise en scene*. The following is the list of ladies who appeared in uniform: Princess Louise Dragoon Guards—Mrs. Devlin and Mrs. Featherston, assisted by the Misses Acres, Arnoldi, Campbell, A. Clark, J. Clark, L. Gouin, N. Gibson, E. V. Gourdeau, M. Griffin, M. Mackintosh, C. Percial, L. Scott, M. Taylor, M. White and H. Wise. Canadian Artillery—Mrs. Burn and Mrs. Rowley, assisted by Miss Blackburn, Miss Ruby Blackburn, Miss Burn, Mrs. T. C. Bate, Miss Cambie, Miss Clayton, Miss Cox, Miss Gouin, Miss Richardson, Mrs. Simpson, Miss Stewart, Miss Watters and Miss Jennie White. Governor-General's Foot Guards—Mrs. W. A. Allan, assisted by Mrs. Fred. Carling, Miss Cole, Miss Emily Cox, Miss Gilmour, Mrs. Heron, Mrs. Hodgins, Miss Jarvis, Miss Macdonald, Mrs. McIntyre, Miss Orde, Miss Ridout, Miss Grace Ritchie, Miss Amy Ritchie, Miss Russell, Miss Schreiber, Miss H. Sherwood, Miss M. Scott and Miss Todd. Fifth Royal Scots of Montreal—Mrs. Edward Moore, assisted by Miss Bate, Miss Bright, Mrs. Currier, Miss Lay, Miss Lindsay, Mrs. Machray, Miss Mackintosh, Miss Sherwood, Mrs. E. Skead, Miss Wright and Miss E. Wright. Sixth Fusiliers of Montreal—Mrs. Walker Powell and Mrs. C. Berkley Powell, assisted by Miss Josie Mackay, Mrs. Geo. Perley, Miss Powell, Miss Laura Powell, Mrs. Wm. Scott, Miss A. Scott, Miss Thistle, Miss E. Thistle and Miss Ethel White. 43rd Rifles—Mrs. W. P. Anderson, Mrs. J. C. Anderson and Mrs. Maynard Rogers, the Misses Anderson, W. Bacon, Buell, Leucks, Small, Mabel Taylor, Wilson and Wright. Canadian Navy, H. M. S. Pictou—Mrs. C. H. Tupper and Miss Seymour, Mrs. F. Clemow, Miss Chesley, Miss Cross, Mrs. Chipman, Miss Gisborne, Mrs. Gormully, Miss Hunter, Miss Lewis, Miss M. Mackintosh, Miss May, Miss Percival, Miss Porter, Miss Selwyn, Mrs. Wallis and Mrs. White, besides twelve or more little midshipmen. The Army Hospital Corps—Mrs. Gwynne and Mrs. Macdougall, Miss Barrows, Mrs. Crombie, Miss Lillie Fleming, Mrs. J. Gilmour, Miss Gwynne, Mrs. L. K. Jones, Miss Kingsford, Mrs. Fred. Macdougall, Miss Annie Moylan, Mrs. Palmer, Miss Ritchie, Miss M. White, Mrs. Fred. White, Miss Sparks. Miss Moore, the youngest officer in the room, who was attired in the full uniform of the Guards, very gracefully presented Lady Macdonald with a magnificent bouquet. Sir James Grant, K.C.M.G., M.D., F.G.S., called upon Sir John Macdonald to open the fair, which the Premier did in his usual felicitous manner. The march past was a rare sight, all the corps showing off to advantage their shapely *personnel* and admirable training. On the other attractions of the occasion it is needless to dwell. Sir John was accompanied by Lady Macdonald, and Sir Adolphe Caron, Minister of Militia, the Hon. C. H. Tupper and Col. Walker Powell were also present. The committee of reception consisted of Sir James Grant, Hon. Mr. Justice Gwynne, Sheriff Sweetland, the Mayor, Lt.-Col. John Macpherson, Capt. Gourdeau, Mr. McLeod Stewart and Mr. J. Lloyd Pierce. The inspection was entirely satisfactory, and the evolutions were most gratifying to the twelve hundred spectators.

THE SS. VANCOUVER, OF THE DOMINION LINE, BEFORE AND AFTER THE ACCIDENT.—This fine vessel, which arrived in Montreal a few days ago after undergoing experiences such as happily seldom befall the vessels of our merchant fleet, was launched in 1884, and arrived in Montreal on her first trip, on May 19th of the same year, being then commanded by the late Captain Lindall. She draws about 22 feet of water forward and 23 aft. Her length between perpendiculars is 430 feet; breadth of beam, 45 feet; depth of hold, 33 feet 6 inches; tonnage, gross register, 5,800 tons. She was built of Consell iron, under a special survey for naval and transport services, and was strengthened in excess of Lloyd's heaviest specifications, and is considered strong. There are eight water-tight bulkheads, each carried up to the main deck. The Vancouver's accommodation is very large, and the steamer is luxuriously furnished

and in every way comfortable. The pictures we give to-day of the noble vessel show her under very different circumstances—one when all is "plain sailing," another in one of the most frightful gales ever encountered by these modern leviathans.

THE VERY REV. GEORGE MUNRO GRANT, D.D., PRINCIPAL OF QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY, KINGSTON, ONT.—We are happy to present our readers in this issue with a portrait of one of the ablest and most patriotic of our public men—the Very Rev. Dr. G. M. Grant, of Queen's College, Kingston. When, more than two years ago, we published the portrait of the distinguished Chancellor of the University, Sandford Fleming, C.M.G., LL.D., Dr. Grant was abroad and beyond the reach of prompt communication. Since his return from the Antipodes we have had frequent occasion to refer to his works and words; and, indeed, apart from anything that we might say concerning him, there is none of our writers and orators, in whatever tasks they may be engaged, who stands less in need of introduction to our readers. Dr. Grant's career is that of deserved success even beyond the measure of his aspiration. If, however, he has had greatness thrust on him, it was because there were duties and responsibilities which he was, by native gifts and acquired knowledge, exceptionally fitted



REV. PRINCIPAL GRANT.

to discharge and to assume. He is a son of the soil, having been born at Stellarton (Albion Mines), Pictou Co., N.S., on the 22nd of December, 1835. His father, who taught school there, was a man of superior character and attainments, and enjoyed the esteem of all who knew him. On the removal of the family to the town of Pictou, George attended the academy of that place. Like many men who have risen to eminence, he was anything but a book-worm in his boyhood, loving life in the open air, being fond of out-door sports and having no aversion, on occasion, to a bout at fisticuffs. A born leader, he was ever foremost in any enterprise that called for daring, and frequently found himself, through his own initiative, face to face with peril. It was through this disposition to tempt hazards from which warier boys would have kept clear that he met with the accident that may be said to have decided his course in life. With some playfellows he had undertaken, in the absence of the owner, to experiment with a hay-cutter, and not exercising sufficient precaution, he had his right hand caught in the cutting gear and severed from the body. Habit is surely second nature, for no one (without forewarning) would fancy from Dr. Grant's demeanour and action that he laboured under such a disability. Henceforth he gave more attention to his books, and proved as little a laggard in study as he had previously been in games and adventure. At the academy he won the Primrose medal, and, entering the West River Seminary (Church of Scotland), had the advantage of taking lessons in classics and philosophy from Prof. Ross, subsequently president of Dalhousie College. After two years' stay at the Seminary, he was chosen one of the four bursars to be sent to Glas-

gow to study for the ministry. His career there was a forecast of what it has been as a clergyman and educationist. He carried off some of the highest honours and prizes in natural and moral philosophy, classics, logic, chemistry and divinity. In this last subject he was awarded the Lord Rector's prize for an essay on Hindoo literature and philosophy. Having been ordained to the ministry of the Church of Scotland, he was appointed minister in Pictou, whence, after a time, he went to Prince Edward Island. In May, 1863, his reputation for zeal, energy and rare pulpit power having preceded him, he was invited to take charge of St. Matthew's church, Halifax, and in that pastorate he remained until his appointment to his present important position. He was no stranger when he moved into Ontario. The fourteen years of his stay at Halifax had tested his ability, earnestness and devotion, and had proved him, both as pastor and citizen, fully deserving of the public confidence. He had ever taken a warm interest in the development and progress of our great country, had heartily sympathized with all efforts to develop its resources and to extend its fame, and had been welcomed as an acoadjutor by those who took the lead in that patriotic work. He gladly accepted the position of chaplain and recording secretary to the expedition across the continent conducted by Mr.

Sandford Fleming C.M.G., and wrote its history in "Ocean to Ocean," long a standard work. In its pages Dr. Grant showed himself an observer as well as a thinker of no common grasp, and a graceful and vigorous writer. His other great work, "Picturesque Canada," of which he had the literary, while Mr. O'Brien, P.R.C.A., had the artistic, supervision, is a *ktema es aei*—a possession which all Canadians cherish and will continue to cherish as a worthy showing of what they and their heritage have been, are and are destined to become. For every picture, every page of letterpress in that work is a forecast, as well as a portrayal or a description. Dr. Grant is too busy a man to give much time to literature, but he has already written enough to assure thousands of readers of his rare merits of thought and style. There is one theme on which he is never tired dilating—his country and ours. On this theme he has written both in our own press and in the chief periodicals of Great Britain and the United States. To his articles in *Scribner's* and the *Century* we have often had occasion to refer. To *Good Words*, the *Contemporary* and other magazines he has been a prized contributor. As a speaker, Dr. Grant has no superior in Canada, few equals anywhere. Since his connection with Queen's University, his voice and pen have been largely at the service of higher education, and the institution over which he presides with such acceptance and advantage has materially gained thereby. He is loyal to the backbone, a Canadian and an Imperialist of the genuine type. But he is bound to the formula of no party dictator and does not shrink from denouncing sham or wrong or corruption wherever he finds the trail of the serpent. *Macte virtute, optime vir.*

PAUL PEEL, R.C.A.—This distinguished young Canadian artist, whose portrait we give in our present issue, was born at London, Ont., on the 7th of November, 1860, so that he has only just completed his thirtieth year. He at an early age disclosed a genius for art, and began to study in his native city when he was only twelve years old. In 1877 he went to Philadelphia, where he spent three years attending the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. In 1880 he crossed the Atlantic and spent some time at the Royal Academy, London. In the following year he took up his residence in the French capital, where he entered on a diligent course of study under Gérome, Lefevre, Boulanger and Benjamin Constant. Under this last great master of modern painting he remained in training for nearly five years. Among his patrons are H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, Lord Ronald Gower and other illustrious *connoisseurs*. Mr. Peel obtained "honorable mention" at the Paris Salon of 1889 for his picture, "Life is Bitter," and at the Salon of 1890 he was awarded a gold medal for his painting, "After the Bath." Several of Mr. Peel's pictures have been on view at Canadian exhibitions and have won deserved admiration. Of such sons Canada may well be proud.

THE SHAM FIGHT AT TORONTO ON 6TH NOVEMBER.—In this issue we give portraits of Lieut.-Col. Otter, D.A.G., who acted as chief umpire, and Lieut.-Col. Gibson, 13th Battalion, in command of the attacking force. Our special artist was in attendance during the day, and in our next issue we intend giving a number of sketches of incidents of the mimic struggle.

LIEUT.-COL. WILLIAM OTTER, D.A.G., TORONTO.—The gallant soldier, whose portrait will be found on another page of this issue, is a native of Ontario, having been born at Clinton, Huron County, on the 3rd of December, 1843. He received his education in part at the Grammar School, Goderich, and in part at Upper Canada College, Toronto. In October 1861, Mr. Otter joined the Victoria Rifles, Toronto (now "F" Company of the Queen's Own Rifles) and in December, 1864, was promoted to a lieutenancy in the latter corps. He served as an officer of that rank in the 2nd Administrative Battalion on the Niagara frontier in the winter of 1864-65. In the following August, Lieutenant

Otter was appointed adjutant, and in that capacity took part in the repulse of the Fenian raid of 1866, being present at the action of Limeridge. In June, 1869, he was advanced to the status of major, and went to England as second in command of the Wimbledon Team in June, 1875. A year later he was made lieutenant-colonel by brevet, and in the summer following obtained command of the corps. During the unhappy riots in Toronto, towards the close of 1875, and in the Belleville G. T. R. strike riots of 1877, he had command of the regiment. In 1883 he commanded the Wimbledon Team, and later in the year was sent to Aldershot to acquire information in connection with the proposed formation of military schools. It was during the North-West rebellion of 1885 that Col. Otter especially distinguished himself. He had command, during the campaign, of the Battleford, or centre column, and made a forced march from the Saskatchewan across the prairie to Battleford (a distance of 190 miles) in five days and a half. He commanded the reconnaissance after Poundmaker, the rebel Indian chief, whose junction with Big Bear he prevented by the engagement at Knife Hill. Had those two chiefs effected a combination and been enabled to reach Riel, the issue of the conflict would, at least for a time, have been different. Col. Otter also commanded the Turtle Lake column sent out in pursuit of Big Bear at the close of the rising. In July, 1886, he was appointed to the command of Military District No. 2, which he held along with the charge of the Toronto Infantry School Corps ("C" Company) which had been assigned him on his return from England in 1883. Col. Otter is the compiler of a useful manual of military interior economy called "The Guide," which has been accepted as a text book in all our schools of military training. The Colonel, who is now Deputy Adjutant-General, has been married since October, 1865, his wife being a daughter of the late Rev. James Porter, Inspector of Public Schools, Toronto, and formerly Superintendent of Education for New Brunswick. By religious profession Col. Otter is a zealous member of the Church of England.

THE ARGONAUT JUNIOR FOUR-OAR CREW, TORONTO.—There is no city in Canada, and but few in the United States where aquatic sport is so much appreciated or patronized with greater liberality, than in Toronto. The city by the lake has, of course, many natural advantages, which to the credit of the citizens be it said, are fully utilized and

LIEUT.-COL. GIBSON, COMMANDING 13TH BATT., HAMILTON.—This officer, so well known in military and rifle-shooting circles throughout the Dominion, was born in the county of Peel, Ontario, on New Year's Day, 1842, and is the son of the late William Gibson, who came to Canada from Glamis, Forfarshire, Scotland. During the Trent excitement in 1861 Mr. Gibson enlisted in the University Rifle Company, and after graduating, joined the 13th Battalion. Having attended a military school, he obtained a commission in the same corps, with which, as lieutenant,



THE DRUM-MAJOR.

Senate of Toronto University, and has been Examiner in the Law Faculty. In 1879 he was elected to the Ontario Assembly over Mr. Hugh Murray, the Conservative candidate, and again, in 1883, over Mr. R. Martin, Q.C. He is now Provincial Secretary of Ontario.

THE LATE CAPTAIN LINDALL, OF THE S.S. VANCOUVER.—The brave and skilful mariner, whose loss during the terrible hurricane that occurred during the last voyage of his vessel across the Atlantic has occasioned universal regret among those who knew him both in Canada and England, was by birth a Norwegian, and was about fifty years of age at the time of his death. He was an example of the best type of British seaman, genial and companionable in the "hours of ease," firm as a rock, with concentrated energy, in the hour of peril. His physique was thoroughly in keeping with his character. He was more than six feet high, broad-chested, with well-balanced head and sinewy frame, the impersonation of health and vigour. All through the fatal storm he devoted himself with unsparing vigilance and alertness to the care of his ship and the safety and comfort of his passengers. The manner of his death makes the casualty which has deprived the service of such a commander more distressing. He was swept away with the chart room, and there was not for a moment the slightest hope of saving either him or the quarter-master, Mr. McLaughlin, who shared his fate. Captain Lindall had commanded the Vancouver since 1884, when the vessel was launched. The terrible mishap by which he lost his life was the first to befall the vessel since he took charge of her. He leaves a wife and family in Liverpool, who are personally known to many Canadians, and have the sincere sympathy of all who know of what a devoted husband and father they have been bereaved. One of the first measures of the passengers on arriving in Montreal was to pass a resolution of condolence to the afflicted household. Captain Williams, of the Oregon, has succeeded Captain Lindall as Commodore of the Dominion Line.

BELCILL LAKE, P. Q.—This is the lovely sheet of water (is it not?) that our Laureate has described as "a jewel fallen from a casket of fairy land." But it was not fairies that presided at the birth of Belcill Lake. Rather it was Titans, the giants of the primeval world, who waged their wars long before man had cut a figure on the globe. For



THE ARMY AND NAVY FAIR, OTTAWA.—The Governor-General's Foot Guards.

in a way that has resulted in sending the representatives of the Queen City to the front in many a hard-rowed struggle. The champion scullers of the world have hailed from the capital of Ontario, and there are still some undeveloped champions, whom it is a pleasure to introduce under the well-known name of the Argonaut Rowing Club. There must be a beginning to everything, and every world beater was at one time a junior. It is with the hope that the Argonaut Juniors will continue to travel in the footsteps of their successful predecessors that the accompanying engraving is given to our readers.

he was present at Ridgeway in 1866. In October, 1876, he was gazetted as lieutenant-colonel. He accompanied the Wimbledon Team in 1874, 1875 and 1879, and won high distinction as a marksman, in this last year carrying off the Prince of Wales prize of £100 and a badge. In 1881 he commanded the team when it won the Kolapore Cup. He was at Creelmoor in 1876, and commanded the Canadian team which defeated the Americans at long range shooting in 1882. Col. Gibson is a member of the Council of the Dominion, and has been President of the Ontario Rifle Association. He was in 1873 elected a member of the

it was born amid convulsions and upheavals and disruptions, the violence of which we vainly try to imagine. Its parent mountain is one of a sisterhood—Yamaska, Rougemont, Mont Monnoir and our own royal height are members. However it came into being, it is a lovely scene and fully justifies the poet's raptures. After all those Titans were beneficent in their way, for the debris of their battle-grounds is the treasure-house of humanity. Artists, too, they were, with an instinctive sense of beauty and of the fitness of things. To them we owe much of what is most charming in landscape.



The Ottawa Field Battery.
The Royal Navy.



The Sixth Fusiliers.
The Princess Louise Dragoon Guards
The Forty-third Battalion.



The Royal Scots.
The Ambulance Corps.

OUR FAIR DEFENDERS.—GROUPS OF LADIES AT ARMY AND NAVY FAIR, OTTAWA.

FOR FAITH and KING

a Romance of Ville-Marie

By BLANCHÉ L. MACDONELL.

PREFACE.

In dealing with historical events and characters it seems only fair to the reader to avow what liberties have been taken with facts and exactly how much is founded on history.

Really to know these men and women who lived and loved, suffered and died, in these very scenes wherein we are now enacting our own life, dramas may be an impossibility, but it is well to remember that we have rich stores, not only of folk-lore and tradition, but of history as well, to help us in our task of reviving the past.

Jacques Le Ber, a native of Kistre, near Rouen, one of the Company of the Hundred Associates, formed to establish the new settlement of Ville Marie, was considered one of the richest traders in New France, being the owner of two Seigneuries, St. Paul and Senneville, a house in Quebec, one in St. Paul street, Montreal, and various other property. Le Ber was the brother-in-law of Charles Lemoyne, the first ancestor of the Barons of Longueuil. "M. Jacques Le Ber," says Dollier de Casson, "has rendered valuable service to the colony, exposing himself very often in canoe, on the ice, or in the wood, carrying despatches." On his seigneurie of Senneville, at the head of the Island of Montreal, Le Ber built a stone fort. This was burnt by the Iroquois in 1691, and when it was rebuilt in 1692 it was provided with small pieces of artillery. In 1791 we find a garrison established in this spot, commanded by the Sieur de Mondion, and a few years later M. de Vandreuil, Governor-General of Canada, writing to the Minister of the Marine, informs him that "the fort at Senneville entirely protects the colony on that side from the invasion of the Indians." Le Ber was ennobled by Louis XIV. in 1696.

The trader's only daughter, Jeanne, with a fortune of 30,000 crowns, was the wealthiest heiress in French Canada. At the age of seventeen she determined to devote herself as an expiatory offering for the sins of her country. During the fifteen years that she remained in seclusion in her father's house she was never seen but once. Her brother, Jean Le Ber du Chêne, a youth of twenty-three, had been dangerously wounded in a battle with the English and Indians, which took place between Laprairie and Chambly, in August, 1691, and was carried home to die. As the Sisters Bourgeoys and Berthier were rendering the best cares to the corpse they were startled by the appearance of Jeanne Le Ber. Later, this enthusiast agreed to give the Sisters of the Congregation the money to build a new church if they would provide her with a cell behind the altar in which she could seclude herself for the remainder of her days. This cell, extending the whole length of the building, was from ten to twelve feet deep and was divided into three stories. The ground floor was used as a sort of sacristy; in the upper story the recluse kept her working materials. A moveable grating was placed in a panel of the door, through which she could confess and receive the communion. The original deed, containing these conditions, drawn up by Bassett, a notary, and signed by several Sisters of the Congregation and by Dollier de Casson, Superior of the Seminary, may still be seen in the Registry office, Montreal.

The Le Ber family proved most substantial benefactors to the community of the Congregation.

Pierre Le Ber joined Charon de la Barre in founding l'Institut des Frères Hospitaliers of Ville Marie. He was the only one of Charon's associates who remained faithful till death. He appears to have been the first Canadian artist, having decorated different churches with portraits of Soeur Bourgeoys, Ste. Thérèse, St. Paul and the Virgin Mary. He died in 1707, and his heart was buried in the chapel of the congregation.

Lydia Longlois, a native of Grotton, two leagues from Boston, twenty-two years of age, was taken prisoner, in war by the Abenakis, in July, 1694. She was baptized April 14, 1696. Her godmother was Madame Lemoyne de Maricourt, and her godfather, Jacques Le Ber. The following words are found in the parish register: "It has been performed in the Chapel of the Sisters of the Congregation for certain reasons, and that by particular permission of M. François Dollier de Casson, Grand Vicar of the Diocese."

The Sieur d'Ardiens was an actual type of a young man of high rank. The Chevalier de Crisasse was a noteworthy personage. The historian Charlevoix says of this gentleman: "One does not know which to admire most,—his skill in war, his sagacity in council, his fertility of resource or his presence of mind in action." The Marquis de Crisasse was appointed Governor of Three Rivers; his brother, neglected and forgotten, died of a broken heart.

Madame de Monestrol, Diane and Nanon are imaginary characters, but drawn after an extensive study of the types portrayed in history, as well as the memoirs and romances of the period.

Most of the incidents in "For Faith and King" are

founded upon fact. It may be objected that the expedition of Diane and Lydia to Mount Royal is improbable. In reality, this was the fashionable pilgrimage of the day, and the dangers that beset the enterprise only increased its supposed merits. At a still earlier date, Madame d'Ailleboud and her sister climbed the mountain side nine days in succession, in order to complete a *neuvaine* before the cross erected by DeMaisonneuve. The council and war feast took place during Frontenac's administration, though not exactly at the date at which it has been placed in order to suit the exigencies of fiction. Four Iroquois were actually burnt at Montreal. The Abbé Tanguay vouches for the authenticity of an old letter dated 1701, describing the occurrence as it actually happened. Dubois' exploit is historically correct, but it occurred at a later date than that ascribed to it in the story.

CHAPTER I.

THE SEIGNEURY OF DE SENNEVILLE.

"A silver key is given to thy clasp,
And thou shalt stand uncarried day and night
And fix it in the hard, slow-turning wards."

—EMERSON.

A languid sultry day was the 30th of August, 1689, with full breathed summer in the soft air and a transparent haze, like a veil, lying over the St. Lawrence. Near the shore, delicate grasses leaned on the surface of the stream; the rushes, tall and straight, sprang up boldly, but from the tangled and interlacing fibres the water flowed clear. The river was gay with tinkling tremors of sound. A rich affluence of color, splendor and variety, all contributed to the charm of the landscape. The St. Lawrence, environed by pure air and splendid vision, spread out with a grand, generous swell. The Lake of Two Mountains gleamed like a silver shield; the hills in the distance were blue and vague, shimmering through a fluctuating mist. Amidst the sunny slopes and gradual rise of woodland there were noble heights, hidden, tender hollows and deep, grand forest glooms.

It was a busy time at the Seigneurie of Senneville; the master was not tolerant of indolence. Jacques Le Ber, the wealthiest trader in New France, had himself been superintending the gathering of the harvest. Le Ber was one of the few who, amidst the extreme penury which seemed to be the natural condition of the colony, had succeeded in rendering himself prosperous. The Western fur trade had brought him great wealth. His cool judgment and astute sagacity enabled him to impress his own encroaching personality upon all those with whom he came in contact. His dominant temperament had aided him to overcome the difficulties with which the new country abounded, while his practical ability had taught him to make the most of every opportunity. He had raised himself to be a power in the land, and supremacy was as the breath of life to this French burgher.

In order to protect De Senneville from the incursions of the Iroquois a rough stone fort had been erected at the very head of the Island of Montreal. On Isle St. Paul (Nun's Island) Le Ber had built large store houses, and on Isle Perrot, opposite Senneville, stood a cluster of buildings constructed by Perrot, Le Ber's rival and antagonist, the ex-Governor of Ville Marie, in order to intercept the tribes from the Upper Lakes on their way to the annual fair at Montreal. Isle Perrot was the chosen rendezvous of soldiers who had escaped to the woods and forest rovers outlawed by royal edict.

Broken, uneven fields, planted chiefly with maize, stretched to the border of the forest. The ravages of the caterpillars had left but little to gather, and had it not been for the marvellous incursion of squirrels that fairly swarmed over the land, many of the people must have starved. Amidst the stumps and prostrate trees of the unsightly clearing labored the colonists, with sentinels posted around them and guarded by a small squad of regulars, whom the merchants had brought from Montreal.

These were troublous times for the handful of French settlers scattered amidst savage hordes and half reclaimed forests. They strove with man and with nature—with foes in every bush and hollow. Behind woody islets, in tangled thickets and deep ravines, in the shade and stillness of columned woods, lurked everywhere a danger and a terror—enemies who owed their triumphs as much to their craft and sagacity as to their extraordinary boldness. The Iroquois rarely approached in winter, when trees and bushes had no leaves to hide them and their movements could be betrayed by the track of their snowshoes, but they were always to be expected at the time of sowing and harvest, when it was possible to do the most mischief. Every many scenes of nameless and indescribable horror. Each experiences, though they chattered over their work with true Gallic light-heartedness and vivacity. Louison

Guimond's young brother had two years before been cruelly butchered before her eyes, and with what she could gather of the charred and mutilated remains the miserable woman had travelled alone through the savage immensity of the wilderness to secure for the victim a Christian burial. The man known as "Sans Quartier," an old soldier, had returned from an expedition to find his home in ashes, his young wife carried away captive, while the brains of his helpless babe had been dashed out against the nearest tree. Another soldier, "Frappe d'Abord," held his musket awkwardly because his fingers had been burned in the bowl of an Indian pipe. Pierre, "Prêt à boire," a hardy voyageur, could tell true tales of peril and adventure in the pathless forest that chilled the blood in the listener's veins, stories of forced marches through sodden snow and matted thickets, over rocks and mountains, where men perishing from cold and famine, boiled mocassins for food and scraped away the snow to search for beach and hickory nuts. In repose, stern lines of pain deepened on Sans Quartier's face; there was always an hysterical quiver in Louison's shrill laughter. Still these people chattered on cheerily; there was much merriment and little complaint. The resignation of long usage; the sense that these evils were beyond remedy; that the only thing to be done was to endure, enabled them to assume the impervious panoply of patience.

As soon as the scanty harvest had been gathered, the whole party, with the exception of a few soldiers left to garrison the fort, prepared to return to Ville Marie. Though the distance was not great the journey was both perilous and toilsome. The birch canoes had to be shouldered through the forest to escape the rapids. The flat-bottomed boats could not be handled and were dragged or pushed in the shallow water, close to the bank, by gangs of men, toiling and struggling amidst the rocks and foam. Just now the danger and inconvenience were both increased by the presence of some of the ladies of the Le Ber family. Shrewd trader and fearless soldier as was this clear-headed burgher of Ville Marie, he possessed a knightly spirit, and never yet had he been able to refuse a request urged by his ward, Diane de Monestrol. Le Ber's nephew, Lemoyne de Sainte Hélène, on his way down from Cataract, had arranged to meet his uncle at Senneville, and when the capricious young damsel determined to accompany the harvesting party and coaxed Madame de Sainte Hélène (who before her marriage had also been the trader's ward) to join her in the expedition, it was plainly understood by all concerned that opposition was useless.

"Throw your tongue to the dogs, of what use to argue with Mademoiselle? One fine day will she furnish an excellent meal to those sorcerers of Iroquois, faith of Nanon Benoist," urged Madame de Monestrol's serving woman with the freedom of a faithful French domestic.

Le Ber stood close to the shore, where the men, shouting and laughing, were loading the boats. His was a round, bourgeois face, sunned and tanned by work and weather, somewhat heavy, decorated by a slight moustache and redeemed from plainness by deep, earnest eyes. He wore a three-cornered hat, and over his ample shoulders spread a stiff white collar of wide expanse. He looked, what he was, a grave burgher of good renown and sage deportment. As Diane approached his face brightened. A very true and earnest friendship existed between the trader and this young girl of noble birth. However wilful and capricious she might show herself to others, to him she was always gentle. No young cavalier (and Diane de Monestrol was said to be the fairest demoiselle in New France) appreciated the freshness of her gracious youth more thoroughly than this world-worn elderly man whose thoughts were constantly engrossed by many pressing material interests. In reality the man had two natures—the one practical, ambitious, mundane, by which he was known to all the world; the other ideal and passionate, apart from all the common requirements of life. With worldly prosperity the thriving merchant had endured domestic bereavement. He had lost his wife, the shrewd partner of all his interests, and his only daughter was as completely separated from him as though the tomb had already closed over her. When she determined to proffer herself as a public victim of penitence, an offering to God for the salvation of her country, he had been told that he and his wife were to serve as models to all the parents of the colony; they were to be revered, as was Abraham, for the sacrifice of his son Isaac. Spiritual pride had induced him to consent, yet the sundering of home ties lay heavy on his heart. His most soothing consolation had come from this eager-eyed girlish creature, who seemed intuitively to comprehend his feelings.

The primeval strength and freshness of a new country as yet uncontaminated by man, seemed to have breathed into this girl's veins an abounding energy and vivacity. The transplanted flower had lost no charm of native delicacy distinctive of her class, and had gained in spirit and character. The flush of youth and the fresh breeze of life, the glowing warmth of sunlight and the spring, seemed crystallized within her. Her complexion was purely pale. The features, delicate cut and peerlessly noble, animated by that spontaneous equanimity which is the inheritance of vigour of mind, were frequent rather than regular; the cheeks beautified by playful dimples, the short upper lip fresh as a rose, the softly rounded and mischievous chin, indicating reserve forces of strength, as yet scarcely suspected. Madame de Monestrol sometimes lamented that, according to all the correct canons of taste, her niece's eyes ought to have been brown; yet, in defiance of all rule, they were intensely blue, shaded by heavy, curling dark lashes.

(To be continued.)

A Soft-Hearted Hero.

A SKETCH IN WATER-COLOURS.

It was during the storm in the First Book of the *Aeneid* that the mournful *Aeneas* uttered his first recorded groan (verse 95) and, stretching his hands to the stars, lamented that he had not fallen like a soldier beneath the high walls of Troy. He uttered this sentiment with his voice, the poet states expressly, for fear we should conceive that the pious hero, with his hands outstretched, was talking on his fingers to the constellations in that supreme moment. After the shipwreck (verse 221) he more unselfishly bemoaned his comrade, then supposed to have perished. In verse 459, he wept when he beheld his countrymen's deeds depicted on the frieze of a Carthaginian temple. On this occasion his emotion was violent; "he groaned many times and dedewed his face with a copious flood" (v. 465). He burst out afresh when he saw a picture of some tents (470). At the representation of Hector dragged round the walls of Troy his groaning, we are told, was "immense." It is not hard to guess why we have no portraits of distinguished Trojans—the tears of two or three pious heroes of this kind would have mildewed a myriad albums.

In Book II, *Aeneas* recounts the stratagem of the wooden horse and the taking of Troy. At the start, he expresses his opinion that the cruellest of the conquerors could not refrain from tears at the recital; but possibly the tender demigod overrated his own eloquence or the sympathetic nature of the Myrmidons and Dolopians. The tale by which the artful Sinon lured the artless Trojans to harbour the fatal horse is irrigated with an average amount of tears and groans. But the traitor's tears attained their object and saved his life; while our hero's tears, if they did not actually cause his own death (*vide ad finem*), must surely have shortened the days of some condoling friends and companions.

Hector, who, in a dream, warned *Aeneas* not to resist, himself seemed to shed copious tears (271), and, a few lines further on, heaved deep sighs. Assuredly the fiery Hector of the glistening helm had grown less Homeric and more Virgilian since his decease. His apparition furnished a peculiarly good occasion for weeping, which, it is needless to observe, *Aeneas* promptly embraced, besides throwing in a dolorous exclamation every now and then.

Roused from his sleep, *Aeneas* was seized with a fine spasm of valor; he burned, as he informs us in verse 315, to get inside the citadel with his adherents. Frenzy made him rash, he tells us (316), and, in verse 337, he rushed into fire and arms. Soon afterwards he called upon his followers to make up their minds to die, because "the only chance of safety for the conquered is to hope for none." Still warned by the flame of valour, he and his partisans disguised themselves in the armour of some Greeks they had surprised. He got into the beleaguered palace and launched a tower upon the besiegers.

This seems to have ended his spurt. Frenzy ceased making him rash. He looked on very philosophically at the slaughter of the venerable Priam, and the danger and terror of the queen. "What's Hecuba to him or he to Hecuba!" he doubtless reflected. Dread horror bewildered the warrior now, he explains (559); he thought of his own old father and his wife, and—he longed to be with them.

His affectionate anxiety, however, did not prevent his stopping on the way and yielding to a fierce, but perfectly safe, impulse of patriotic indignation. He saw Helen hiding herself (567) and resolved to slay her. He viewed her as the common bane of Troy and Greece (573), equally hated by each; and he had reason to hope that her slaughter would make him popular on both sides. That she had taken refuge by the altars was a small thing to him in his present mood. "Fires flamed in my soul," he nobly says; "wrath prompts me to avenge my falling country and exact the penalty of sin. Shall she, unscathed, see Sparta and her native Mycenae, and walk a queen in the triumph she has won? Shall she see her husband and her home, her parents and her children, attended by a retinue of Trojan ladies and Phrygian slaves? Shall Priam have fallen by the sword, Troy have been consumed by fire, the Dardan shore have sweated so many times with blood—and unavenged? It shall not be."

Declaiming these and other noble words, our mail-clad warrior was rushing undauntedly at the faded belle, when his mother suddenly appeared and persuaded him to go home, by offering to escort him safely thither (620.)

Arrived there, he finds Father Anchises quite determined never to leave the old homestead. At this fatal resolution, *Aeneas*, refusing to escape without the old man, indulged in some generous declamation, and called for weapons and begged to be let loose at the Greeks again (669). But his fond spouse, Creusa, opportunely held his legs (673) and put the little Iulus into his arms, and filled the whole house with her screaming (690). The family entanglement was ended by a lucky omen, at which Father Anchises braced up and agreed to fly.

We are informed in a few dozen passages—sometimes by the modest hero himself—that *Aeneas* was *pious*, that is, noted for filial affection; and we now learn that he earned this epithet by carrying his father on his back out of the burning city. I am not of those who believe that he was actuated in this conduct by any ignoble consideration that his venerable sire might serve as a shield against the darts of the victorious Greeks; or that he instructed his wife to

"follow his footsteps in the distance" (711) in the hope that her capture might retard his pursuers and gain time for his escape. Appearances are not always to be trusted.

As a matter of fact, however, Creusa soon was lost—whether in consequence of her too strict obedience or of her lady-like and lingering glances at the stores in which she was to shop, alas, no more. Her husband went in search of her in an apparently homicidal and suicidal frame of mind, during which happily no Greek ventured to molest him and he molested no Greek, but vented his "noble longings for the strife" in hollowing for his wife. The sight of her ghost presently calmed him amazingly. By her advice he abandoned his rampage, went back to his father and gave the old man another hoist. Though his departed spouse had entreated him to dry his tears (784), she left him weeping still (790). Indeed he displayed more fondness for her on this occasion than he is ever recorded to have displayed when she was alive. He tried to put his arms around her neck, and, finding it quite impracticable to embrace a ghost, he made several vain but flattering attempts to perform that tender feat. In fact he gave her three parting hugs, for she parted every time he hugged (792-794). It must be granted that he rushed to arms extremely often, if we are to count these three conjugal efforts.

"Who could equal the trials of that night with his tears?" *Aeneas* asked, still thinking of his favourite subject, in line 362. It must have been modesty, it surely cannot have been ignorance, that prevented him from telling us the answer to this enigma.

"The Third Book completes *Aeneas*'s narrative; but it is, perhaps, prudent to stop here at present and not approach too closely to the Fourth Book, which recounts the love and suicide of the deceived Dido. Some young hearts are too tender to bathe, without melting, in the flood of tears with which the pious and magnanimous hero, we may fairly assume, mourned his own desertion of his benefactress.

This plaintive son of a goddess is prone to other emotions besides tearful sympathy, ineffectual rage, and love tempered by desertion. He often feels bewilderment and fear. While covered with the cloud, he and his trusty Achates experienced both sensations (B. I., vv. 513-514). He was one of those who "fled bloodless" from the serpents assailing Laocoon (B. II., v. 212). He was terrified again and passive at the death of Priam (559). He shivered at the silence when he was looking for Creusa (755). He was still more frightened, at first, at her apparition: "I was astounded," he says, "and my hair stood on end and my voice stuck in my throat." He afterwards uses the same words to describe the way he was startled by an enchanted tree (B. III. 48). A little earlier his terror at the same object was even more pitiable: "A cold shivering shakes my limbs and my chilled blood congeals with dread" (29-30).

The *Aeneid* closes consistently with a parting groan, and its abrupt ending has been ingeniously attributed to the probability that the gentle hero wept so much over his slain enemy, Turnus, that he was drowned in his own tears, and changed by Venus into a fountain of salt water—an improvement which may have suggested one of the lost *Metamorphoses* of Ovid.

Unlike the present Laureate, Virgil shows no tenderness for "idle tears"—his hero's tears are industrious and persistent. The tall figure of the demi-god towers over his followers, and his moral eminence is as great. Not a man of them, and no dozen men of these degenerate days, could match—his water-power.

F. BLAKE CROFTON.



THE HENRY IRVING SHAKESPEARE.

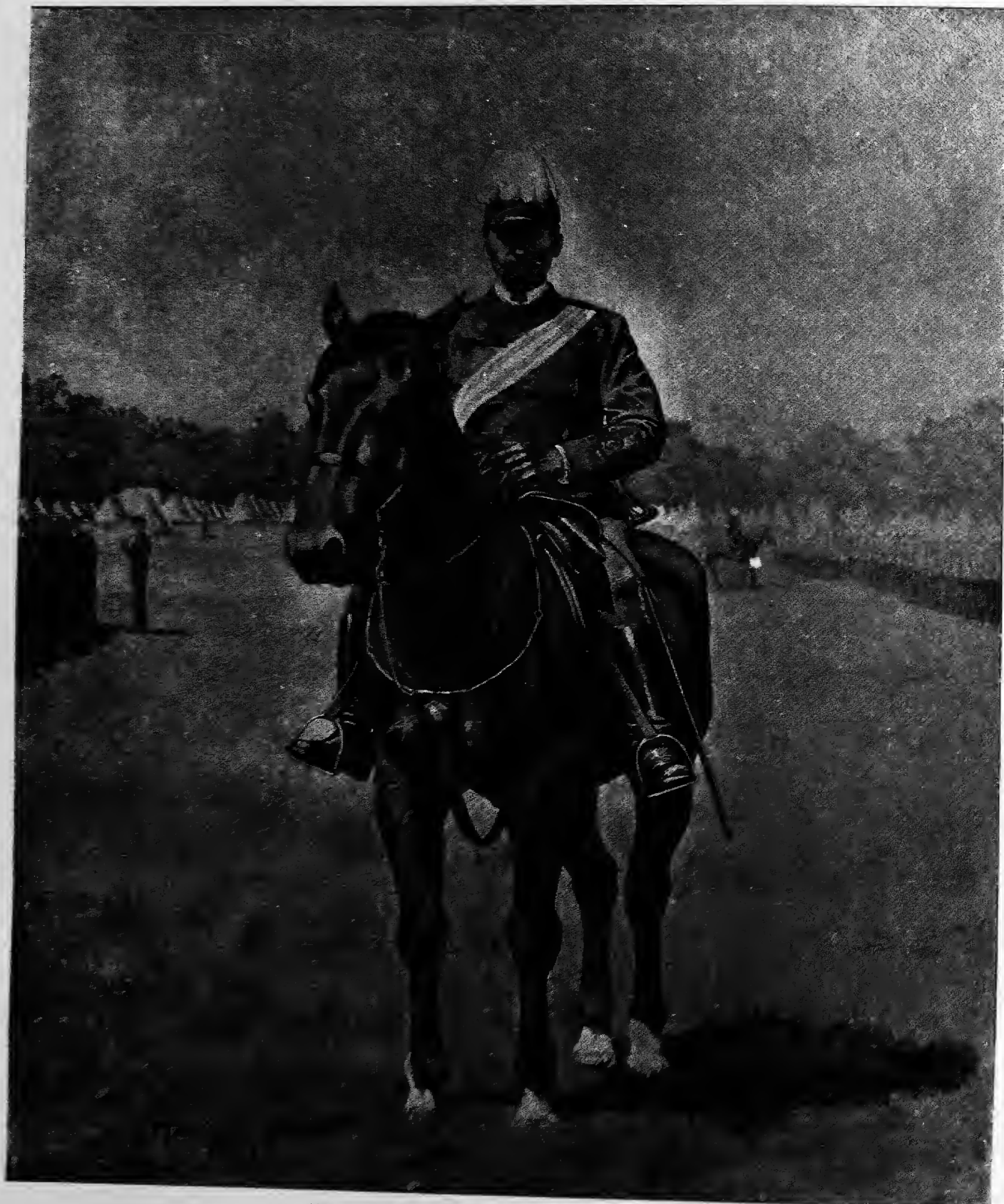
As announced in our last issue, the eighth and final volume of this important work made its appearance a few weeks ago. The full title is "The Works of William Shakespeare," edited by Henry Irving and Frank A. Marshall, with Notes and Introductions to each Play by F. A. Marshall and other Shakespearean scholars, and numerous Illustrations by Gordon Brown." The editorial arrangement here indicated was only partially carried out for a reason thus regretfully stated by Mr. Irving: "I am proud that my name should be associated with such a work and with so many names illustrious in the scholarship of my time. To those who remain of the staff who undertook and carried on the work there is one deep sad note in all their pleasure. The voice that cheered them on their way—the hand most resolute, most untiring in the task; the brain that sought out truth and mastered difficulties and comprehended all the vast ramifications of such a work, are now but memories; the eyes that scanned so lovingly and so jealously the growing work shall never look on its completion. From the first Frank Marshall set himself down to the editorship of this edition of Shakespeare as the *magnum opus* of his life. The amount of solid, hard work that he did was almost incredible, and could only have been accomplished by an unwavering sense of duty, and an iron resolution to keep abreast of his task. In the later days, when failing health made such stress of work impossible for him, he found loyal and loving helpers in those

other men whose names are given in connection with various portions of the work." It was Mr. Marshall who planned the edition of the great dramatist, and, as his friend and successor, Mr. Arthur Symonds, writes, it "remains his achievement—his in spirit, even when other hands have worked under the direction of the kindest and most considerate editors." Frank Marshall, writes Mr. Irving, "was a friend of my life. We were brought together and linked by the golden bond of a common love for the great Englishman whose work he endeavoured to worthily set forth, and from the hour we first met our friendship ripened till in all the world I had no warmer friend." It was considered meet that a playwright and an actor, both earnest and successful students of the great poet, who was both, should give their experience, thought and research to the elucidation of the Plays from the standpoint of the practical dramatist as well as of the man of letters and philosophic reader of men. Mr. Irving has never agreed with that school of criticism which holds that Shakespeare's writing is not adapted for the stage. He believes that he chose and adhered to the dramatic form because it was that to which his genius impelled him, that in which it was sure to have its highest manifestation. He deprecates any misunderstanding of the motives that suggested the marking off of lines which in acting or reading aloud may be omitted from the Plays as though he thereby presumed to amend Shakespeare's writings. Such was far from being his intention. He reminds the reader, however, that the conditions of English life in the days of Elizabeth and the First James were very different from what they are to-day, both as to the leisure of the theatre-going class and the code of conventional morals. The passages bracketed are, moreover, not such as would be left out in a Bowdlerized Shakespeare but such as may be passed over without injury to the action of the plot. They are, in fact, the passages generally dispensed with on the stage. Save in a few instances the First Folio has been followed. There is a limited number of foot-notes for the explanation of words not readily intelligible to the ordinary reader. The bulk of the notes the editors have placed at the end of each play. The introduction is in every case threefold, giving (1) the literary and (2) stage history of the play and (3) the critical remarks. Among entirely new features are a map illustrating the scene and a list of words occurring only in the play. In the case of the historical plays whatever information could be gathered concerning the *dramatis personae* is made introductory to the notes. Daniel's time analysis is reproduced by permission of that laborious author. The arrangement followed is that of the order in which the plays are believed to have been written. The illustrations by Mr. Gordon Browne are numerous and remarkably good. To Mr. Irving's opening essay on "Shakespeare as a Playwright" we have already referred, as well as to Mr. Marshall's preface, written just three years ago. While the sixth volume was in preparation his health broke down, and before the work was completed he had rested from his labours. The general Introduction (in Volume VIII.) is from the pen of Dr. Edward Dowden, the well known author of "Shakespeare: his mind and art." It covers nearly sixty pages and is worthy of that distinguished critic. The other writers who shared in the work are Messrs. Arthur Symonds, Joseph Knight, R. Garnett, Oscar F. Adams, A. Wilson Verity, R. A. Daniel, H. A. Evans, P. Z. Round and the Rev. H. C. Beeching. In the later volumes Mr. Gordon Browne was assisted in the illustration by Messrs. Maynard Brown, W. A. Margeson and Frank Dodd. Shakespeare's portrait from the Chandos picture in the National Portrait Gallery, the bust from the tomb at Stratford, the portrait from Droeshout's engraving, a sketch of the interior of the Swan Theatre, and examples of the poet's handwriting adorn the eighth volume, in addition to the usual tale of illustrations. It also contains the Venus and Adonis, the Rape of Lucrece, the Sonnets, the Passionate Pilgrims and the Phoenix and the Turtle. A full index to subjects treated in the Notes facilitates reference. Such is a simple statement of the plan and contents of the work. Every care has been expended on its preparation—text, history, criticism, illustration, and the publishers have been unsparing in their efforts to present the edition to the public in a worthy form. It is a fine example of the printer's and bookbinder's arts, and Canada may well be proud to have such a work issue from its press. The prices are \$40 and \$20 respectively for half morocco and cloth. Toronto: The J. E. Bryant Co.; London, Glasgow, Edinburgh and Dublin: Blackie & Sons.

A NEEDED WORK.

"Why," asks the *Canadian Journal of Fisheries* of October, 1890, "has no comprehensive work been written on the beaver? Lots of fragmentary sketches there are, but his full length portrait, taking in his history, his customs and his person has never been drawn. We are glad to learn that this work is now to be undertaken by Mr. Horace T. Martin, of Montreal, who unites to a graphic literary style a knowledge of the fur trade from childhood. In order to assist in making this work worthy of the subject, Mr. Martin would be glad of facts and hints from all interested." We feel sure that many of our readers will be glad to learn that the preparation of a work on a subject which has, from the very inception of colonization, been associated with the industrial and commercial development and indirectly with the social life, the romance, and, to a considerable extent, even with the wars of Canada, is in safe and worthy hands, and that those of them who have information to impart, whether personal or documentary, will hasten to place it at Mr. Martin's disposal.

* This article, which appeared before under a different title, has been revised and rewritten for THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED.



THE TORONTO SHAM FIGHT, 6th NOVEMBER.
LIEUT.-COL. OTTER, D. A. C., TORONTO. (By our special artist.)



THE TORONTO SHAM FIGHT, 6th NOVEMBER
LIEUT. COL. GIBSON, XIII BATTALION HAMILTON

SPORTS AND PASTIMES

The football season is about wound up, and, although it has been a short one, it has been a brilliant one. In the disputed match between Hamilton and Queens, although the decision of the committee may not have been just, it would perhaps have been to the best interests of the game if the Ambitious City's team had played the match over as ordered on Saturday last. The McGill men bravely kept up their march of victory, and the way in which the Cadets were treated to a beating just astonished the military men. There is no longer any doubt as to who are the champions and the season has closed, but still there are a great many who would have liked to see an exhibition between McGill and the Montreal or Britannia club, especially the latter, as the Brits and McGills have not met this year; and besides, I think the wearers of the blue would come nearer to defeating them than any other team. In Ottawa on Thanksgiving Day the College boys got a little bit of a surprise. In the football field they had an idea that they were invincible, and even in Montreal there were those who said that in their Thanksgiving Day match they would simply "walk through" their opponents. But this pedestrian feat did not come off to any great extent, and the Montrealers finished one point ahead, after having a little the best of it all the way through; but on account of a peculiarity in the Ontario Union's rules, the visitors were not awarded the match.

In Association football Toronto 'Varsity for the second year is the possessor of the Challenge Cup and the championship of the Western association, having won on Saturday week from the Berlin Rangers by a score of three goals to nil. The Grand Trunk team being the champions of the Eastern association, the match for the championship of Canada was played in Toronto between the two champions on Monday last. It was not football by any means, the match being played in a down-pour of rain. The Western men had what is vulgarly termed a "picnic" with the Trunks, who seemed to have lost their heads entirely, for of the six goals which were scored for 'Varsity two were kicked by Grand Trunk men. This leaves the College men champions of Canada for this year at Association football. The inter-provincial match—West vs. East—was of more interest and both teams were more representative, although at the last moment the Montreal contingent failed to come to time in the promised numbers, and Ottawa was forced to bear the brunt of the hard work. The match was played in Toronto and won by the Western men.

There will be only one toboggan slide this season and while that may seem a strange assertion to make in a city like Montreal, it is nevertheless true. Tobogganing has not been a paying investment for two years past, at least, and last year was the most disastrous on the records. Both the Park and Montreal slides lost heavily and one of them thought the wisest policy was to quit. But there are still a large number who want to slide and who will go a long way and go to some expense to have their favorite sport. The meeting which was called by the Park club was not necessarily a club affair, but simply represented the feelings of those who wanted to have some sliding anyhow, and everybody hopes that the scheme will be successful. There is one thing that the toboggan fellows do not seem to have taken into consideration to any great extent, and, shades of chivalry; that is the fair sex! They are the greatest enthusiasts when it comes to the long up-hill walk and the lightning flash downward to the foot, when breath is at a premium; but there is colour in the cheek and the blood tingles and the temperature is forgotten and the long walk is easy, and the world is good to all things and the appetite—well, let that go! Swinburne must have been thinking about something that had the closest resemblance to tobogganing when in his roccoco way he wrote:—

"The rose leaves of December
The frosts of June shall fret
The day that you remember
The day that I forget."

The antithesis is suitable to our grand exhilarating pastime and it is to those December roses that I am looking for a revival of the grand old sport, which the frosts of June make us forget all about.

There are quite a number of people who never could see anything in golf. They are the unregenerate, and they probably would not be able to see anything in any sport other than that in which they were immediately engaged. The loss is theirs, not the golfers'. True, it is not a game got up for spectators, for the looker-on will have to travel a mile or two if he wants to keep in touch with the game; but the man who is not interested is instantly stamped as a man who has never played golf. It is not a spectator's game and is not calculated to be such; the exercise is not particularly exciting, but it is markedly refreshing, and although the distance covered may not be greater than that accomplished when tramping round a billiard table of an evening, it is much more conducive to health and good spirits. This comparison may seem out of the way, but let any billiardist that plays for three or four hours carry a

pedometer and see how far I am out. It has been said that such pastimes as golf and curling and chess are games fit only for men who have passed their prime. That is bosh of the worst sort, and I know young men who can hold their own nicely in a hard fought Rugby match who are as great enthusiasts on the links and can put away a stone on the ice as cleverly as the veteran curler or golfer. To the uninitiated golf or curling appears comparatively tame; but to him who knows either game and has his hand in, to use a vulgarism, there are opportunities and moments of excitement which the lacrosse, football or cricket field cannot surpass. Golf looks easy; so does every game that the looker-on does not understand. The man who knows nothing of lacrosse simply sees twenty-four men chasing a ball over a ten-acre lot; in baseball the novice wonders why that sphere is not banged into eternal oblivion at the first attempt; in cricket it seems out of the possibilities that a man with a great wide bat should permit a stump to be bowled over; and in golf he wonders why that small boy should carry so many clubs. The reason is easily explained. It is simply ignorance of the game. It is a little early in the season to talk of curling, and, perhaps, I am a little late in my ideas of golf; but it is better late than never, and anybody who watched the progress of the match for the Stock Exchange trophy on Fletcher's field, would come to the conclusion that the season is not over yet by a large majority. The trophy is a remarkably handsome table clock with silver plate, on which is a miniature golf field. The match was a very close one, and the scores, too, were very good, considering the state of the ground. Rev. James Barclay, who had to allow 4 points, made the best actual score; but the handicapper barred him out. Mr. A. A. Wilson captured the trophy with the good score of 80.

Last week I had something to say about professional lacrosse, and this week I wish to follow it up by pointing out some of the advantages that would accrue to the game itself by the formation of professional clubs. In the first place, it would remove from the amateur ranks a class of players who at the present moment have no business to be there. We all know well enough that from twenty-five to forty per cent. of our present supposed amateur lacrosse players would never handle a stick unless they derived some tangible advantage from it. Were professional teams established, this class of player would at once apply for positions where a regular salary would be assured to them, and thus our amateur teams would be freed from their present taint of professionalism, and the pro-amateur would be eliminated from our national game. Another point is that it would much improve the character of the play. Not only would it be better when the player had to earn his salary, but it would be cleaner. Foul play would be too expensive, if the referee had the power to fine the erring player. At present he has little or no power beyond that of sending the offending player to the fence—a penalty which is evidently insufficient to deter a foul player from prosecuting his little game; or else we should not see so much of it. But if in addition he could fine the offender, or mulct the club he represents, he would hit him in the tenderest spot in the human frame—the pocket—and the offence would cease with a speed, compared to which the space of time occupied by the passage of a streak of greased lightning through a gooseberry bush would attain the proportions of that necessary to an oyster on his way to a funeral.

The snowshoers are all busy getting ready for the winter campaign, and before another week nearly all the annual meetings will be held and officers elected. It would not be a bad idea if some arrangement were made for a combined snowshoe meeting after the fashion of a couple of years ago. During recent years racing on the flat has been comparatively a dead letter, which excited no public interest, and, perhaps, as good a way as any to revive it is the one suggested.

Stansbury appears to have met another equal in the antipodes besides Peter Kemp, as a cable message says he has been defeated by McLean. This, however, will not interfere with the arrangements made for the American trip.

R. O. X.

"Who Carl Zerrahn Is."

The *Toronto Globe* of the 13th November says:—"Mr. Carl Zerrahn, the veteran conductor of Boston, has been for many years past one of the most prominent men in musical America. As he is to be in Toronto for the third time this month, a short sketch of him will be interesting. His first visit to Toronto was about 35 years ago, and his last in May, 1889, when he was tendered a great reception, the house being packed at his first concert. Mr. Zerrahn was born in Malchow, in the Grand Duchy of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, in July, 1826. He began the study of music in his twelfth year, and continued it in Hanover and Berlin. About the time of the revolution of 1848 Mr. Zerrahn and 25 others organized the Germania Musical Society and emigrated to this country, giving concerts in London with great success on their way. They reached New York in September, 1848, and gave a number of concerts in New York and Brooklyn, which were highly successful, and were followed by a series in Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, after which Boston was visited, where they gave 22 concerts and then continued the series through New England. They appeared for five or six years in company with Ole Bull, Sontag, and others, dis-

banding in 1854. Mr. Zerrahn then became the conductor of the Handel and Haydn Society of Boston. When the Harvard Symphony Orchestra was founded in 1866 Mr. Zerrahn was chosen conductor. He was connected prominently with the two peace jubilees of 1869 and 1872, and has had exclusive direction and control of the Handel and Haydn triennial festivals for the past twenty years. He also took an important part in the New York festivals of 1869 and 1873. He is now in the prime of life and in the midst of his greatest usefulness, doing an amount of work that would break down many a man of ordinary strength."

Historical Tablets of Montreal.

An enterprise is being carried out at present which is to provide Montreal with a set of visible reminders of her history and traditions. Mr. W. D. Lighthall, with the assistance of the Antiquarian Society, Roswell Lyman, J. A. U. Beaudry, Gerald Hart, and other well known friends of antiquarianism in the city, is arranging for the erection of twenty or thirty marble tablets on spots of traditional interest. The position of Montreal as one of the four or five most historic towns in America makes it somewhat a source of wonder that we possess so few monuments or inscriptions; and it is the hope of these gentlemen to demonstrate what might be done in that direction, and to make a beginning which will, they believe, lead to more expensive monuments being erected. The tablets, which are to be of white marble, are to be numbered, so as to be easily traced in their successive order, and the present intention is to attach "No. 1" to the Custom House, bearing a legend somewhat as follows:

"No. 1.
NEAR THIS SPOT
ON THE 18TH DAY OF MAY, 1642,
LANDED
THE FOUNDERS OF MONTREAL,
COMMANDED BY
PAUL CHOMEDY, SIEUR DE MAISONNEUVE.
THEIR FIRST PROCEEDING WAS A
RELIGIOUS SERVICE.
DEDIT X.M."

Each tablet is to be contributed by a different gentleman, as far as possible, and the donor's name to be placed upon it, as above. The material, white marble, has been chosen after study of materials used in Boston, New York, Albany, Hartford and other places, for similar purposes, and is not only slightly and distinct, but very cheap. The cost, as estimated by Robert Reid and Co., including putting up, is only about \$10 to \$12 per tablet, the latter being the outside figure. The ten tablets have been already subscribed for, and no difficulty is experienced in obtaining donors; but, in order to save delay, any one desiring to subscribe for one or more tablets should send in his name at once. The inscriptions are to be in English, unless specially otherwise asked for by any donor, and their tenor will be decided by a committee drawn liberally from among those best acquainted with such matters.

Tablet No. 2 will probably be placed in Custom House Square, the ancient Place d'Armes, and will refer to the well-known story of Maisonneuve's courage in repelling the Iroquois, and also to the burning of several Iroquois prisoners at the stake in the good old days.

No. 3 will probably be at Frothingham & Workman's lane, as their premises stand upon the site of Maisonneuve's house. This tablet will also state that St. Paul street is named after him.

No. 4 is intended for the site of the old Recollet Church on St. Helen street, and will relate, besides the dates, that the Protestant population worshipped there at one time by the courtesy of the Recollet Fathers.

No. 5 brings us to Dollard Lane, named after Dollard des Ormeaux, and will tell "How Canada was saved" by him in 1663.

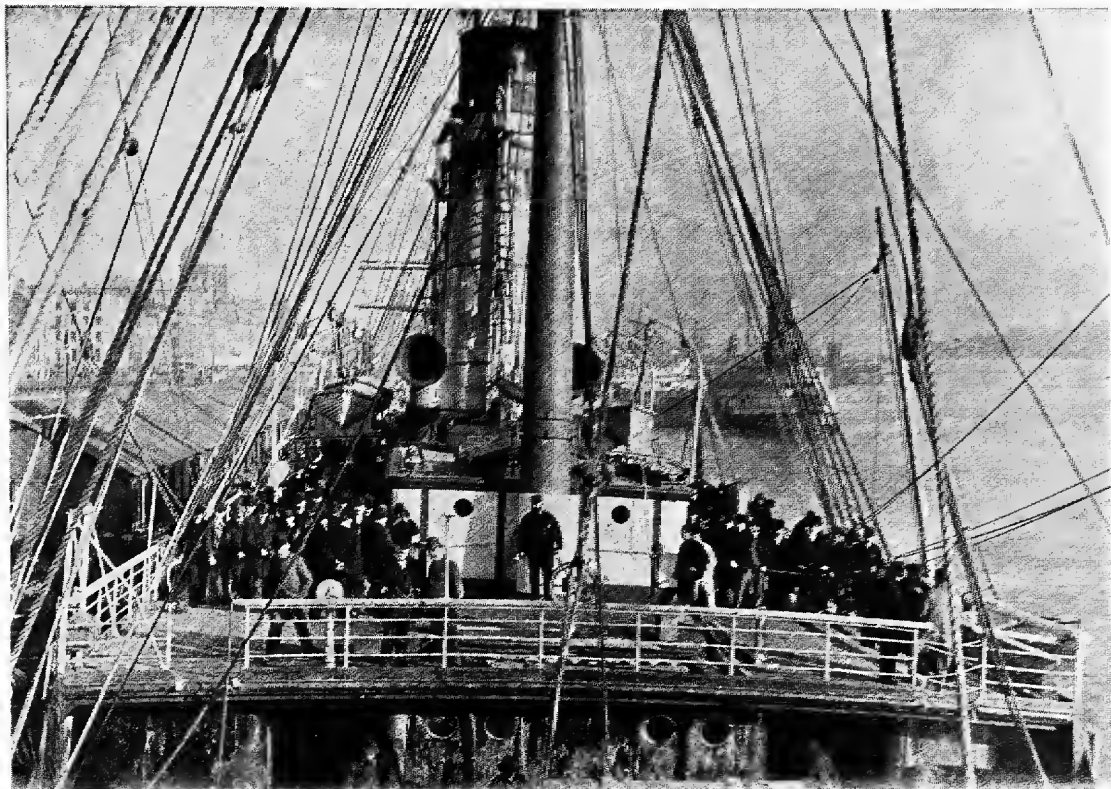
No. 6 is for the Seminary of St. Sulpice, whose foundations date from 1659, and whose Order were the original Seigneurs of the Island.

No. 7 will be the Church of Notre Dame.

No. 8, the present Place d'Armes, relating something of the historical events of which it has been the scene.

The fortifications and former gates of the city (Quebec and Recollet) will also come in for recollection. Also, the site of the old Christ Church Cathedral, on Notre Dame street; the Court House (Jesuit Barracks), near which stood the town pillory until within the memory of old men; the Château de Ramezay, residence of the early French Governors; Château de Vaudreuil (site on Jacques Cartier square; Dalhousie Square (Citadel Hill); the Champ de Mars, with memories of French, British and American armies; the house of Dr. Hingston, Sherbrooke street, being the probable site of the original Indian town (Hochelaga) found by Jacques Cartier in 1535; Dorchester street, corner of Beaver Hall Hill, as being named after Sir Guy Carleton, the great Lord Dorchester, who literally earned, by his energy in 1775 and his Quebec Act, his title of "Founder and Saviour of Canada."

Mr. Lighthall believes that these inscriptions will have an educative character of great value, and points to the success of similar series which have been erected lately in Boston, New York and Albany. If properly numbered and sufficiently conspicuous, as they will be by the use of white marble, they will have advantages over those of the cities named, where bronze is used, without numbering; and Montreal would thus be rendered of more intelligent interest than at present to the tourist. Indeed, in Mr. Lighthall's opinion, we have been neglecting a very considerable source of profit in not erecting a few worthy monuments and equipping a local museum similar to any of four or five in Boston.



SS. "VANCOUVER."
After loss of Bridge and
Chart House.

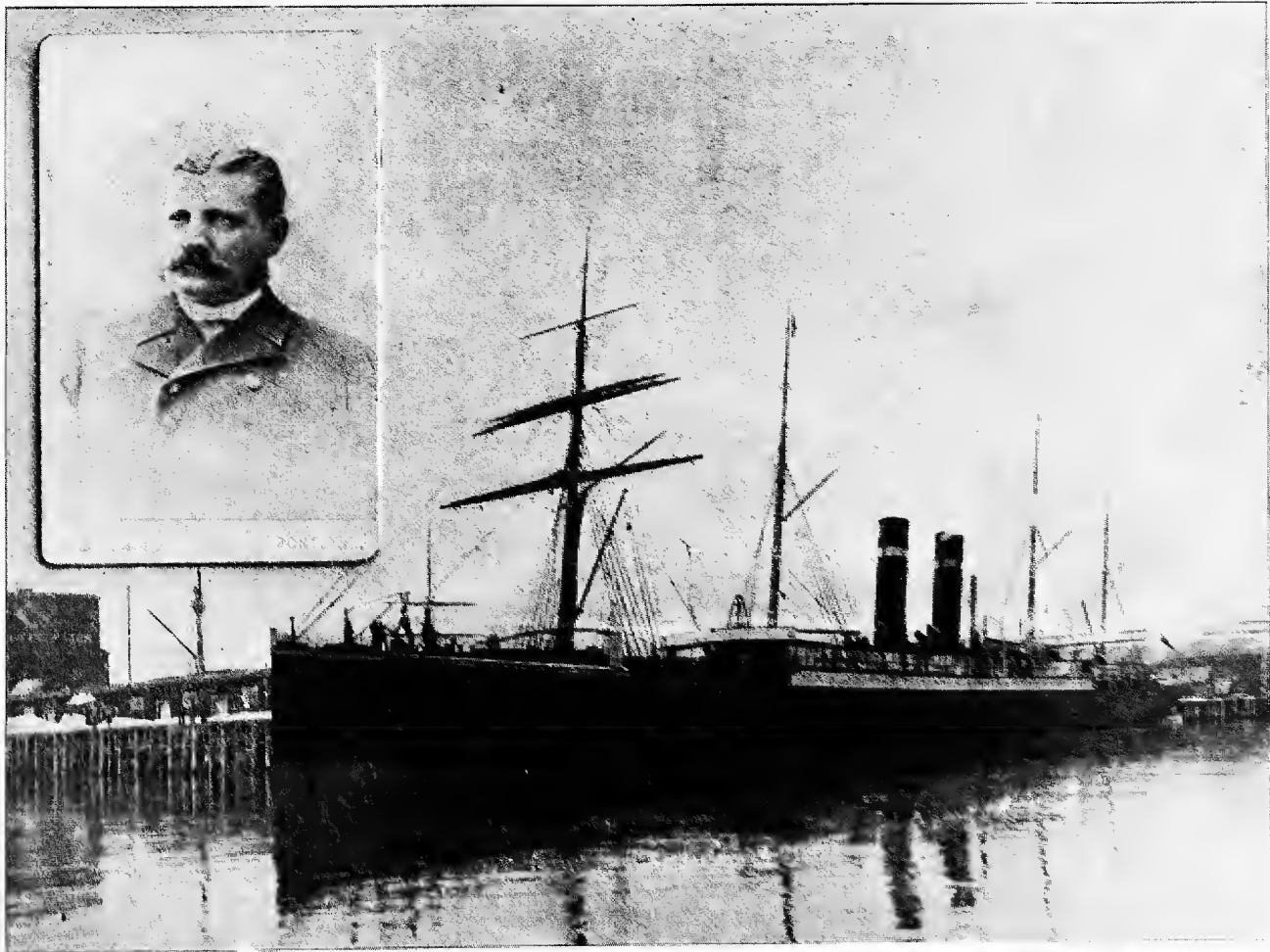


CHART HOUSE.

THE STEAMSHIP "VANCOUVER" AND HER LATE GALLANT COMMANDER.

BRIDGE AND CHART HOUSE.

Through the Magazines.

THE CENTURY.

With the November number the *Century* enters on its 41st volume and the programme for the coming year is brimful of new features—"things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme." This month's issue contains an instalment of one of the most interesting of these, General Bidwell's opening paper on "The Gold Hunters of California," where he was a pioneer half a century ago. It is full of surprises, revealing a state of things over two-thirds of the continent which it requires a vivid imagination to raise to life to-day. It is fitly illustrated by Harry Fenn and other artists. Mr. John Howard Shinn adds an appendix on "Grizzly-pioneer" stories, which is really a valuable contribution to the literature of folk-lore and its evolution. From California to Tibet, from '41 to '88, is a long sweep through time and space, but it is the charm of the *Century* that it produces these kaleidoscopic changes of scene. Mr. W. Woodville Rockhill is the Asiatic traveller through the (by Westerns) little known mountain land, which is yearly crowded by devout pilgrims from half the East. The illustrations by Messrs. Bacher and Major are picturesque and instructive. "Col. Carter of Carterville," is an animated sketch of southern character (the F. F. V. type), by F. Hopkinson Smith. Mrs. King's "Legend of Old New York" treats of the days of the patroons and is good reading. The "Italian Old Masters" series is continued by Mr. W. J. Stillman, whose theme is Luca Signorelli, Mr. T. Cole contributing an engraving of "The Angel Sounding the Trumpet," from the fresco of the Resurrection in the chapel of S. Brizio in the Duomo of Orvieto. The frontispiece is a fine engraving by G. Tietze of "Lincoln and his son 'Tad,'" from a photograph by Brady. It illustrates a paper by Col. Hay. The rest of the number is in keeping with the foregoing indications and with the *Century's* admirable record. Those who would learn something worth knowing of the enterprise and outlay that went to the making of that record should read Mr. Theodore L. De Vinne's article on "The Printing of the *Century*," with pictures by Fenn, Wiles, Hill, Range and Comings, and the "*Century's* Twentieth Anniversary" in the "Topics of the Time." (The Century Company, 33 East 17th Street, Union Square, New York.)

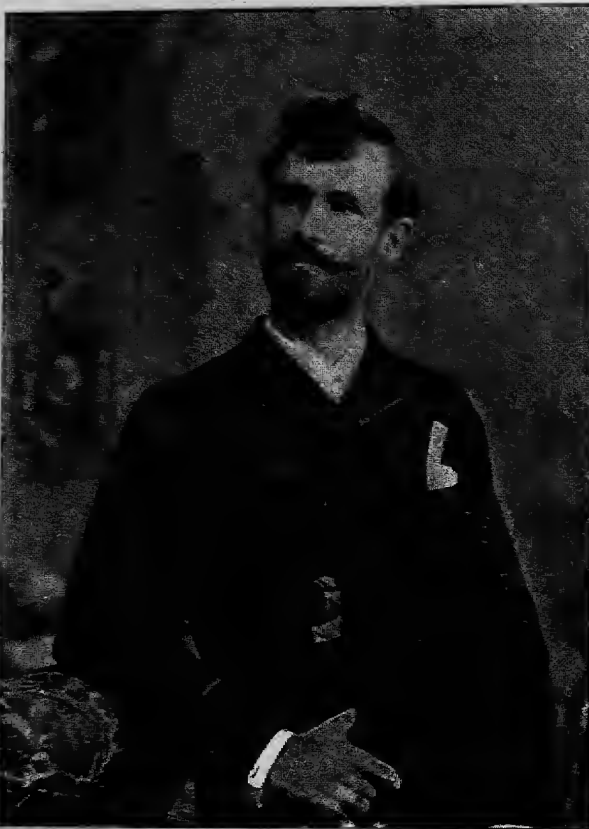
MAGAZINE OF POETRY.

The last quarterly number of this periodical, which completes its second year and volume, contains a portrait of Austin Dobson, from a pen-and-ink sketch by Bradley (frontispiece), a biography of the poet and characteristic examples of his style. Mr. John Underhill contributes the letter-press. Prof. Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen is the subject of a biographic sketch by Mr. Talcott Williams. Mr. G. Mercer Adams does the same service for Miss Agnes Ethelwyn Wetherald, whose portrait recently appeared in the *New England Magazine*. Mr. John Walker writes about Miss Christina G. Rossetti; Miss Catherine Tynan, whose portrait was published in an earlier number of the *Magazine*, gives a biographic and critical sketch of Mr. Alfred Percival Graves, son of the Bishop (not Archbishop) of Limerick. Mr. Graves is worth becoming acquainted with by those who have not yet had the pleasure of knowing him. He has the secret both of pathos and humour, and is a true son of the Emerald Isle. We are glad to see a portrait of Dr. J. G. Holland, who edited the *Century* (as *Scribner's*) during the first ten years of its life, and some samples of his muse. It is Miss Nettie Leila Michel who pays tribute to his memory. There are also portraits of Robert Burns Wilson, William Cartwright Newsam, William Canton, Ella A. Giles, Mrs. George Archibald (Annie Campbell) S. C. Coffinberry, and other poets, living and dead, of both the New World and the Old. The *Magazine of Poetry* does good service in making the devotees of the muses, separated by leagues of sea and land, acquainted with each other's careers, surroundings and aspirations. The two volumes now published comprise a portrait gallery and a treasury of biography, which may be consulted with pleasure and profit. Subscription, \$2 a year in advance. Charles Wells Moulton, of Buffalo, N.Y., is the publisher.

KING'S COLLEGE RECORD.

The last number of our always welcome contemporary, the *Record*, the organ of our oldest university, contains the address delivered by Dr. J. G. Bourinot at the King's College Centennial celebration, on the 26th of June last. Dr. Bourinot gives some reminiscences of a visit to Windsor twenty-five years ago and enumerates some of the striking figures that lent distinction to the occasion. Some of these, as the Hon. Joseph Howe, the Hon. Jonathan McCully, and the Hon. William Garvie, have passed away to the great unseen bourne. One remains, and is still serving his country and the Empire, as the Dominion High Commissioner in London. Dr. Bourinot also remembers "the genial old judge," whose works of humour—the most original that the continent has produced—we still read with pleasure and instruction. But among the faces that he missed most of all was that of the good bishop "who presided for very many years with untiring energy and conscientious zeal over the spiritual and temporal affairs of the first diocese of the Church of England on the continent of America." He recalled how shortly before Bishop Binney's death he had spent a long evening in conversation with him, listening to words that proved how his heart was devoted to the cause in which he had spent his life. Political,

statesman, poet, judge, bishop, all had gone, but their memories remained to inspire the new generation with courage and earnestness in the face of whatever trials fate might have in store. Dr. Bourinot also gave the impressions of a journey across the continent, from Cape Breton to Vancouver, commended the higher culture, even for those who engaged in professional, commercial or industrial life, and closed by a stirring appeal to the patriotic pride of his younger hearers. The rest of the *Record* is true to its name, being largely taken up with collegiate matters, though by no means disregarding the great movements of the world beyond. The *King's College Record* is published by the undergraduates of King's College, Windsor, N.S., and has no superior among periodicals of its class.



MR. PAUL PEEL, TORONTO.

LA REVUE FRANCAISE.

The last issue of this bright representative of France in the New World continues its "Portraits Littéraires Contemporains"—Alfred De Musset being the theme, Mr. C. A. Sainte-Beuve, the writer, of the latest instalment. De Musset, we are told, was essentially a poet. The motto of



MR. CARL ZERKAHN.

his generation was "Poetry for itself; poetry before everything." It was a passion with De Musset and his contemporaries, this worship of the muse. The poet was a type of many obscure individualities, whose soarings and sinkings, exaltations and despondencies, he faithfully portrayed. His was a life of splendour and eclipse, but the light was more than the darkness and his memory will not perish. Mr. Sainte-Beuve re-publishes the sonnet, beginning "J'ai perdu ma force et ma vie," found one morning by Alfred

Tattet on the poet's study table, as a revelation of the despair that sometimes overwhelmed De Musset in his later years. M. Virgile Rosset concludes his article on the literature of French Switzerland. He agrees in part with Amiel that it is a body in quest of a soul. It once lacked the broad horizons of French letters, but after the first quarter of the 18th century, Amiel's judgment is no longer just, and after the Revolution the literature of Switzerland becomes virtually embodied with that of France. The Comte Charles de Mouy's "Promenade dans les Cyclades" takes us through some of the most charming of those Isles of Greece, whose sun, at least, is not yet set. M. Henri de Parville surveys the latest scientific movements—a task for which he is eminently fitted. The literary chronicle, by the editor, gives a brief mention of the most important works recently issued from the press. *La Revue Française* is conducted by Mr. L. Boisse, and is published by the Revue Française Company, 3 East Fourteenth Street, New York. The price of subscription is \$4 a year.

EDUCATIONAL MONTHLY.

Sir Daniel Wilson's address at the Convocation of Toronto University, October 1, is published (in part) in the November number of the *Canada Educational Monthly*. Its spirit is denoted by those words: "Never was there a time when the responsibilities were greater or more urgent. Our young Dominion throbs with eager undefined longings and aspirations, yearning for the large excitement that the coming years will yield." It is of vital importance that such aspirations be wisely directed and the true goal be kept in view." Like all that Sir Daniel Wilson writes, this address abounds in wise counsel and timely suggestion. "Art in Literature," by Mr. A. H. Morrison, of Brantford, is well worth reading, especially by those who are engaged in educational work. "The Private School for Girls," by Mrs. Sylvanus Reed, treats of questions which that lady has carefully studied and on which her long and fruitful experience gives her a right to speak with authority. The rest of the number (including a letter from Mr. B. F. Bolton on "Separate Schools") is of interest to all who are concerned, directly or indirectly, in the progress of education in Canada. The *Educational Monthly*, which is drawing to the close of its twelfth volume, is edited by Mr. Archibald McMurchy, M.A., and is published by the Canada Educational Monthly Company, Toronto.

The Professor's Vacation.

My father's house was brown and old,
And stood beside the sea,
Whose throbbing ebbs in tide and flow
Brought all life's change to me.

I watched them when the morning sun
Shone on their sparkling breast,
Bear homeward ships to waiting hearts
With white sails furled for rest.

But not a ship that came or went
Held anything for me,
The lonely spaces of my heart
Answered the hungry sea.

I trained the vine around the door,
I made the hearthstone bright,
Content to see my father rest
Beside the fire at night.

There came a stranger to our door
Who wandered by the sea,
Who named the plants and read the stones
In language new to me.

I showed him many a hidden spot
In cave and mountain dell,
And through a tiny pocket-lens
He taught me how to spell

That wondrous lettering of God,
That tells the world its age
In perfect leaf or broken frond
Upon its stony page.

And when he placed beneath that lens
The simple wayside flower
I saw undreamed-of perfectness
Was Nature's lineal dower.

I bowed my heart in reverence,
Awe-stricken in surprise,
That I had dwelt among his works
With dim blindfolded eyes.

Ashamed that I so often longed
For art and harmony,
While all around my daily paths
Lay more than I could see.

The summer waned. He went his way,
The hand he touched was cold,
But how my brain burned when I saw
My father took his gold.

The spaces in the world grew wide
And lone as moreland fens.
I am glad he could not lay my heart
Beneath his pocket-lens.

The Châlet.

J. E. M.

THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

TRADE MARK

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

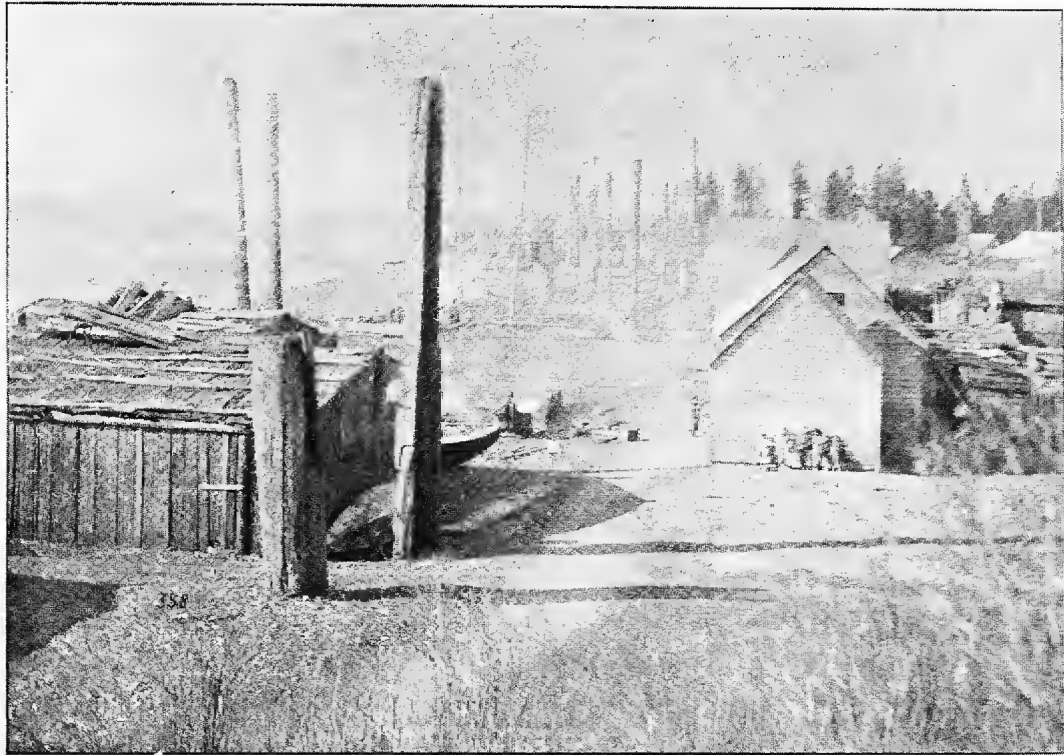
ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF PARLIAMENT OF CANADA, IN THE YEAR 1889 AT THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE

REGISTERED

Vol. V.—No. 126.

MONTREAL AND TORONTO, 29th NOVEMBER, 1890.

£4 70 PER ANNUM IN GREAT BRITAIN, 21s. 6d. IN CANADA PER COPY.



PART OF MASSETT.



THE WHEAT HOUSE, MASSETT.
VIEWS IN THE QUEEN CHARLOTTE ISLANDS, B.C.

The Dominion Illustrated.

\$4.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

THE SABISTON LITHOGRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING CO

RICHARD WHITE, PRESIDENT.

ALEX. SABISTON, MANAGING-DIRECTOR.

The Gazette Building, Montreal.

GEORGE E. MACRAE, WESTERN AGENT,

36 King Street East, Toronto.

London (England) Agency:

JOHN HADDON & CO.,

3 & 4 Boulevard Street, Fleet Street, E.C.

SOLE AGENTS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

All business communications, remittances, etc., to be addressed to "THE SABISTON LITHOGRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING CO., MONTREAL."

Literary communications to be addressed to
"THE EDITOR, DOMINION ILLUSTRATED."

29th NOVEMBER, 1890.



Punch has been having his joke at a Sydney (N.S.W.) firm which has completed arrangements for delivering frozen sheep and lambs at any address in the United Kingdom. For the amusing parody on the household ditty, "Mary had a Little Lamb," we must refer our readers to our witty London contemporary. What concerns us is that it is the Australians who are having their joke at Canada. There has been talk in the Dominion for a long time of starting this dead meat business on a large scale with a view to the English market. Not long since a revised edition of an instructive work on sheep-raising in this Province was issued at Quebec. The attention of our "Cercles Agricoles" has been frequently called to the subject. But as yet the question can hardly be said to have got far beyond the literary stage. In Ontario the subject has been dealt with very thoroughly by the Agricultural Commission and the provincial and county agricultural institutions. Canada, to the east and west of the two central provinces has, in like manner, had it under consideration, but the practical stage has not yet been reached. Yet here is Australia, a semi-tropical country, three times as far from England as Canada, entering courageously into this enterprise without any apparent fear of failure. It is true that sheep-raising has long been a staple industry at the antipodes. But in Canada we are not strangers to it, and both foreign and native writers have commended it again and again as a branch of stock-raising in which Canada might profitably engage. As for ice for freezing and packing, surely we have facilities for obtaining natural supplies of that preservative substance to which our fellow-colonists cannot lay claim and which they doubtless envy us. Is it not time to be up and doing?

Sir George Baden-Powell, M.P., was evidently most favourably impressed by the demeanour of Canadians under the infliction of the McKinley tariff. He happened to be here at the critical moment when the new law went into operation, so that he was able, on returning home, to inform his British compatriots of the immediate result. He witnessed no panic, no wild consternation, no wringing of helpless hands. On the contrary, as a declaration of war would call forth all the latent military ardour of our young men, so the economic challenge of Major McKinley put our agriculturists, manufacturers and merchants on their mettle, and, instead of bewailing the new tariff as a misfortune, they set about devising means to avert any evil consequences that might flow from its enforcement by seeking new channels for the trade that it affected. Like all Englishmen that visit the Dominion, Sir George Baden-Powell was surprised at the variety and extent of our resources, and he did not fail to recognize what great opportunities it offered for the investment of British capital. It can hardly be doubted that the fiscal policy of the Republicans will have the effect of diverting the attention of capitalists to Canada as a safer and more promising

field than the United States. The recent presence amongst us of the members of the Iron and Steel Institute is almost certain to be fruitful in many directions; and, altogether, the situation, in spite of recognized drawbacks, is more assuring than many persons ventured to hope that the passage of the McKinley bill would leave it. It has produced an awakening which, perhaps, a milder measure and more friendly treatment would have disastrously deferred.

The October statement of the import and export trade of the Dominion shows that of the produce of the mines exported the value was \$734,555; produce of the fisheries, \$986,678; produce of the forest, \$3,036,342; animals and their product, \$3,888,859; agricultural products, \$2,679,055; manufactures, \$6,888,640; miscellaneous articles, \$29,364; total, \$12,031,717; coin and bullion, \$6,704; total, \$12,038,421. The total for October, 1889, was \$14,034,274, showing a decrease this year of nearly two millions, due, of course, to the great rush of goods across the lines in the previous month. For the four months, however, there is an increase in our exports of nearly half a million, the figures being: 1890, \$47,238,949; 1889, \$46,816,464; increase, \$422,485. The imports for October were valued at \$10,118,955 and the duty collected was \$2,035,783, and for the past four months imports, \$41,155,950, and duty collected \$8,597,717, against \$41,643,174 and \$8,442,835 in 1889, a decrease of about half a million on the imports and an increase in the duty collected of \$155,882.

The Marquis of Lorne cannot be reproached with idleness. His pen is always busy, and the variety of subjects on which he writes shows how wide-awake he is to what goes on in the world around him. In an article in the *North American* on "Scottish Politics," he undertakes to show the needlessness of the agitation for a revived Scotch Parliament. He recalls the strong opposition of nearly two centuries ago to the union with England, instancing in evidence of the sentiment that prevailed among those who thought themselves patriots the Strathalan claymore bought by the late Duke of Buccleuch in a Paris shop, with the motto, "Scotland for ever. No union," engraved on the steel. A generation after the rising of 1745, in which the head of the Drummonds perished, members of the family, conducting one of the richest private banks in the English metropolis, had in their coffers more English gold than there were drops in the bodies of the Clan Drummond that bled at Cullodan. Drummond Bank, Charing Cross, is to-day, thinks Lord Lorne, a curious and instructive commentary on the anti-Union movement. There was, indeed, in the Northern insurrections, not merely fidelity to a fallen king and his royal house, but a passionate assertion of Scottish independence. We may condemn it all as a mistake; still it was a noble devotion. But was it necessary to maintain that border line? Is it necessary to renew the delimitation to-day? One who was a thorough Scot, intensely national, rejoiced when the sight and knowledge of South Britain broke down, in his mind, "the narrower and more illiberal partialities of country, leaving undisturbed, however, all that was worthy of being cherished" in his attachment to old Scotland. That is the true spirit. It is idle to deny that the union was a boon for Scotland, though we may admit that it was also good for England. Yet there are Scotchmen who would like to see Scotland talk of nothing but of her pedigrees and of her pipers, of her tartans, her feuds, of clans and churches. Lord Lorne thinks that if Scotchmen believe that they can gain more than they lose by a dislocation of the union they will let the breakage take place; but they are shrewd, and will go softly and cautiously, those Northerners who, for more than a century, have had their hand in John Bull's pockets. Nevertheless, home rule for Scotland is on Mr. Gladstone's programme.

Some weeks ago Cardinal Lavig rie, at the opening of an anti-slavery congress at Paris, repeated his humane and vigorous protest of two years ago against the bane of the Dark Continent. His Eminence rejoiced that he, the successor in author-

ity of the great Bishop of Hippo, had not raised his voice altogether in vain on behalf of that cause which St. Augustine had been the eloquent advocate, and that, even among the Protestant nations of Europe, England and Germany, his words had not fallen on stony ground. One of the most successful meetings in connection with his crusade had been held in London, and, although two cardinals were the principal speakers, had consisted nearly wholly of Protestants and the representatives of Protestant institutions. What he had said in the capitals of civilization when he began his evangel in the summer of 1888 had been a revelation to a great many. Until then they had but a dim and faint notion of the heinousness of the slave traffic. The words of St. Augustine fifteen hundred years ago were as true to-day as ever. "The name of a slave is," said the Bishop of Hippo, "a name of torture," and those who, like the Cardinal, know something of the devilish cruelty of the slave-raid can testify how significant, how full of meaning those words are. Still, considerable advance had been made—more than he had once dared to look upon as possible. The Brussels Congress, the nature and aims of which Cardinal Lavig rie fully explained, was full of encouragement. There not only Christians—Catholics and Protestants—had declared war against the slave trades, but even Mohammedan nations, like Turkey and Egypt, had sanctioned the proceedings. It was not child's play, the task on which they had entered, nor had they to deal with children. The slave dealer must be checked by force. It was a true crusade which he invoked, and he hoped there would be no half-heartedness in the glorious warfare till the infamous, brutal, degrading traffic and traders had been stopped and prevented from doing further mischief.

We are glad to learn that Mr. John Lovell has undertaken to prepare a census of the city of Montreal. From the prospectus of his *modus operandi* and the examples of street enumeration that accompany it, there is ground for believing that Mr. Lovell is justified in his assurance that he can take a thorough, accurate and altogether satisfactory census of Montreal. Few persons have had a longer or more varied experience in collecting statistics than Mr. Lovell, and the plan which he has drawn up commends itself as calculated to ensure correctness. The revision of every enumerator's work by a second person, who is obliged to go over the entire ground traversed by his predecessor, would leave little chance for error, while a further guarantee of accuracy is furnished by the sworn testimony of the enumerators that they have knowingly neither omitted or added any name to the list presented. Mr. Lovell's census will also give the distribution of the population as to religion and will supply a number of other useful data concerning the churches, schools, factories, banks, religious houses, charitable and benevolent institutions, etc., of the city. Statistics of this kind are really essential to professional and business men, and a knowledge of our city's population can no longer be dispensed with. Mr. Lovell deserves sympathy, co-operation and encouragement in carrying out his undertaking.

We trust our readers are bearing our Christmas Number in mind. It will mark the beginning of a new era in holiday publications in the Dominion, and it has the great merit of being thoroughly Canadian. Every feature in letter-press, art and mechanical work is of purely native production. This is a point which we deem worthy of special attention and which, along with its intrinsic merits, should recommend the Number to every patriotic citizen of the Dominion. In fiction, essays, poetry, it will show that Canada is behind neither the Mother country nor the United States. From an artistic standpoint it will fear comparison with no rival in the old world or the new. The coloured supplements have been pronounced by connoisseurs superior to anything of the kind that has yet been issued from a Canadian establishment. We feel convinced, in fact, that both in illustrations and reading matter it will be far in advance of any preceding holiday paper and will be on a par with the highest excellence attainable at the present time in either hemi-

sphere. We ask the aid of our readers in making known its merits and beauties.

N. B.—The edition is limited, and after it is exhausted there will be no possibility of securing a copy.

EGG AND POULTRY MARKETS.

The Finance Department at Ottawa has compiled and sent out a timely Bulletin on the egg and poultry trade, which is sure to be read with interest and profit. Since 1868, we learn from it, the export of eggs has undergone a marked and steady increase. In that year 1,893,872 dozen were exported, valued at \$205,971. In 1874 the export had grown to 4,407,534 dozens, valued at \$587,599. Four years later the figures were 5,262,920 dozens and \$646,574. In 1882 this export had more than doubled in number of eggs (10,499,082 dozens) and the value had increased to \$1,643,709. The largest export in eggs was in 1888 (14,170,859 dozens), while the highest value was reached in the following year (\$2,159,910). As the domestic supply of eggs is insufficient for home consumption, it is probable that, notwithstanding the new tariff, there will still be a considerable demand for Canadian eggs across the frontier. It must at the same time be taken into account that, during the last few years, the prices of eggs in the States have shown a considerable diminution, owing to the increased home supply, with a consequent reduction in the value of the market to Canadian exporters. In looking for other markets, Canada naturally turns to Great Britain, where the consumption of eggs is enormous and rapidly increasing. The imports rose from 6,228,430 great hundreds (120) in 1886 to 9,432,503 great hundreds in 1889. In 1889 the total imports of eggs into the United States amounted to 15,918,809 dozens, valued at \$2,418,976. Of this quantity the Maritime Provinces contributed 3,637,222 dozens, valued at \$481,609, Quebec, Ontario, Manitoba and the Northwest Territories 11,731,864 dozens, valued at \$1,864,020, and British Columbia, 975 dozens, valued at \$86. The British imports of eggs in the same year amounted (as already stated) to 9,432,503 great hundred or 94,325,630 dozens. It appears, therefore, the British market demands about six times as many eggs as that of the United States. The Customs valuation in England (16 cents on an average) is one cent more than that of the United States (15 cents). The American market, on the other hand, has the great convenience of nearness. But, urges the Bulletin, the distance of Canada from Great Britain is not a bar to successful competition, nor does a sea voyage in cool latitudes tend to impair the value of the eggs. Russian eggs are shipped to Britain from the Black Sea (6,230,360 dozen last year); Spanish and Portuguese eggs cross the Bay of Biscay and the Mediterranean; Germany gathers eggs from various parts of her empire and transmits them by land and sea to the central market. Quantities of eggs, moreover, reach the United States from Hong Kong and China, not to speak of various European countries. Besides official returns show that, since the adoption of the United States tariff, eggs have been shipped from Montreal and Halifax to England. The eggs reach their destination perfectly safe and sound, being stowed in the cool part of the vessels below water line or between decks, while some ships are provided with huge ventilators for supplying fresh cool air. The Bulletin then goes on to give technical instruction as to packing—for which competent boxes, or hulls, saw-dust or chopped straw are used. If carefully handled, the breakage is virtually nil. A firm in Ontario offers cases at 17 cents each. The freight, at present ruling, is less than a cent a dozen. Shipments already made netted a return as favourable as could have been obtained in the United States before the operation of the new tariff. Further information in the Bulletin touching prices in England will be found of timely service by intending exporters, and the statement concludes with an encouraging letter from Mr. Henry C. Hay, of London. The rest of the Bulletin, devoted to poultry, is almost equally opportune. It is shown that in England there is a market that Canadians may profitably court. The imports of poultry into Great Britain last year were valued at \$2,302,872.

Canadian exports of live poultry to the United States were valued in 1889 and 1890 at \$110,793 and \$105,612, and of dressed and undressed poultry at \$51,732 and \$49,233 respectively. Whether Canadian poultry can reach the English market in good condition is a question which will soon be solved decidedly, and, it is reasonably expected, favourably.

WHAT'S IN A NAME.

Mr. De Montigny, in his work on colonization in the north country, has a long digression on the alleged impropriety of permitting localities in this province to bear English names, such as "Kilkenny, Howard, Wexford, Wentworth and others still more barbarous." He is surprised and indignant that his compatriots should tolerate such an encroachment. "This complaisance will," he adds, "give succeeding generations the impression that the English had us under their heel," and he asks if "there are no men in the history of the country who have a just claim on the gratitude of French-Canadians. To give the names of those men to the divisions of the province would be, in a manner, erecting monuments to them. Why do we not do so? *Messieurs les Anglais* cannot surely object to it. We do not find them adorning the townships of Ontario or other provinces where they have a majority with French names. On the contrary, they do away with them. Let us be just, but we need not be so simple as to surrender our privileges, for this right of naming the places where we dwell is more important than some people imagine, the exercise of it showing that we are masters of the soil and at home on it. How is it that a handful of adventurers should have come here and imposed their will on us, if it be not that we never had any faith in our own influence and that audacity has supplanted us?" Whatever we may think of the tone of Mr. De Montigny's remarks, the subject to which he has called attention is not without importance. The fact is that far too little care has been taken in our topographical nomenclature. The business has been left to anybody and everybody, and the result is that many of our local names are either void of historical significance or commemorate events or persons that Canada has no special reason to bear in mind. The names that have most justification on the ground of history and, in the multitude of instances, euphony as well, are those Indian names which the early settlers, explorers or missionaries found already in use and deemed it well to adopt. Such names as Hochelaga, Ottawa, Toronto, Niagara, Temiscouata, Omemee, Menphremagog, Massawippi, Napanee, Metabetchouan and scores of others that are familiar to our ears and tongues, have established an indisputable claim to permanent possession. They are perpetual reminders of the tribes that once wandered and warred and hunted in the wilderness out of which our Canada has developed. "Canada" itself is evidence of the survival of the fittest. It was the name that Jacques Cartier found attached to a portion of it, and for which he saw no reason to substitute an alien designation. Some generations later, indeed, the notion took hold of some New Englanders that the brothers Du Caen had imposed upon the country a name derived from their own, and a school of investigators that is not without influence has adduced this absurd etymology in support of their contention that "Amerrique" was the name of a Central American mountain range, and from that word, and not from Amerigo Vespucci the accepted name of the new world was derived. But for the visit of Cartier and its authenticated record it is, they argue, not improbable that the New England fiction might have gained currency, the name "Cane" (as it was spelled by the Novanglian writers) yielding "Canada" as naturally as Vespucci's christen name (of which there are various versions) yielded "America." Canada was not employed in its present signification until 1867, and it is certainly a happy thought to apply a term of such unquestionably aboriginal origin—a name that has been in vogue through every régime to which the country has been subjected—to the North American Dominion.

Quebec and Ontario, Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Assiniboia, Athabasca and Keewatin—as the names of provinces and districts—are alike happy in their historical significance. The other provinces have names which can, at least, be accounted for; and, in a general way, the whole of Canada bears traces in its nomenclature of the three dispensations which have at successive periods prevailed within its boundaries. All the chief aboriginal nations are represented in its topography. Algonquin, the generic name of the Indian population that bore sway half way from Atlantic to Pacific, is, indeed, but meagrely recognized in the distribution of honours, but the tribal names of the great Algon family have not been allowed to pass into oblivion. The Nipissings, Mississinas, Eries, Mingans, Chippewas, Mississaugas and many others are daily brought to mind in our maps, gazetteers and railway guides. Nor has the Iroquois federation been forgotten—the Oneidas, Tuscaroras, Onondagas, Senecas, Cayugas and Mohawks are all more or less commemorated. Pontiac, Tecumseh, Tyendinaga, recall the careers of noted chiefs. The illustrious missionaries, rulers, explorers and soldiers of the French régime have left their names to counties, cities, towns, streets, lakes and rivers. Jacques Cartier, Champlain, Maisonneuve, Montmagny, Iberville, Boucherville, Vaudreuil, Richelieu, Chambly, Sorel, Contrecoeur, Joliette, Laval, Montmorency, Frontenac, Montcalm, Lewis and many another distinguished name borne by well known localities remind us of "the brave days of old." Coming down to the period of British rule, we have, in Dorchester, Carlton, Richmond, Haldimand, Drummond, Prescott, Aylmer, Gosford, Durham, Lambton, Sydenham, Sherbrooke, Dalhousie, Elgin, Bagot, Brockville, Bond Head, Georgian Bay, Cornwallis, Victoria and numerous other places or districts, preserved the memories of illustrious personages more or less intimately associated with the administration of the provinces. For names like these there is a certain *raison d'être*—they are landmarks in our constitutional development. The enumeration, indeed, of the three classes of names just exemplified is sufficient, even if all other sources of information were lost, to indicate, in general outline, the nationalities of the populations and authorities that have succeeded each other in the occupation and control of the country. We have also in a good many of our local names reminders of the pioneers whose enterprise helped most efficiently to promote the development of their neighbourhoods, or indications of their origin, political opinions or religious beliefs. No person could be in doubt as to the religious auspices under which this province was founded, and where we meet with such names as Luther, Melancthon, Wycliffe, Lutterworth, we have fairly trustworthy guidance as to the faith of the sponsors. Wollaston, Herschel, Faraday seem to reveal scientific leanings on the part of the name-givers. In other cases love of home seems to have actuated the imposition of the name, and so we find that not only the United Kingdom but a good deal of the rest of Europe is laid under requisition. But, while allowance may be made for some of these motives for naming a newly settled village, town, district, lake or river in Canada, our readers will agree with us that the repetition of old-world names is, as a rule, a mistake, and often leads to confusion. But that is not, after all, the worst inconvenience that is caused by injudicious nomenclature. Let any one consult a gazetteer and he will find how the same name occurs again and again. York, Queen's, King's, St. Anne's, Salmon, Trout, Salt Springs, Broad Cove—but the list is really too long to reproduce. There are some names repeated from four to a dozen times, and occasionally the same province has the same name for half a dozen different places. Since the opening up of the North-West the confusion caused by this multiplication of names has been considerably aggravated, and with every new report of the Postal Department we see fresh illustrations of this random method of nomenclature. A glance at any large map of the United States will show to what a jumble of vain repetitions we are tending if some check be not applied to the *modus operandi* complained of.



MCGILL UNIVERSITY TUG-OF-WAR TEAM.

Our Toronto Letter.

[From our own correspondent.]

TORONTO, November, 1890.

Birchall and the effects of the McKinley Bill, or what to some judgments passes as such, the agitation in the money market, have divided public attention this week, giving the preference to Birchall. That source of excitement is now over and we are looking for its successor. The developments in the Street Railway arbitration promises some tidbits, but our citizens have so much confidence in the legal gentlemen employed on both sides of the case that they are not over anxious lest they should be cheated.

The annual sop thrown to their constituents by certain of the aldermen, takes the flavour this year of retrenchment in the matter of civic salaries. Not being able to cut down taxes that they have by their own act fixed, they fall upon the men in whose hands lie the whole financial administration of this large and ever-increasing municipality and attempt to belittle their services in the eyes of the citizens, and on that ground cut down their, by no means, princely salaries, even if the City Treasurer's salary be adopted as an example. Moreover, as certain of the salaries paid have been fixed by the present year's aldermen it would be hard to expect them to eat their words, so the latest proposition is that the gentlemen in the various offices shall have their hours lengthened and be expected to work from eight a.m. until 6 p.m. This would be all very well if civic work were free from rush, and was of a mechanical nature requiring little exercise of the individual brain, but any person informed on the subject is well aware that civic work is full of the elements of strain, and therefore needs to stand upon the same basis in the matter of occupied hours as the legal or any other stringent profession. An informed person also knows that strain and rush break up the powers more rapidly than more ordered work; the question therefore arises: Are our aldermen informed persons in the matter of civic employment? and, if not, why not? For if they are, why do they not support the civic officials in the matter of adequate salary, and ask no more from them than a fair day's work for fair pay.

Dr. Bourinot's lectures on British Institutions in Canada have been well attended by the select hundred, but it is a pity that Trinity University does not engage a hall nearer the centre of the city than its own building. There is no subject at the present time of more importance to the Canadian than the subject of Canadian laws and institutions, and it is certain that if Dr. Bourinot's lectures were more accessible a larger audience would be glad to greet him, as also other of those excellent speakers that from time to time address Toronto at Trinity. The Canadian Institute also sins in this respect. Located in a dark corner of Richmond street and holding its meetings on a Saturday night, it is simply impossible for the ordinary and intellectual public to avail themselves of opportunities of hearing lectures, papers, &c., that they would be delighted to listen to if they were more accessible in the matter of time and place.

The Canadian Institute has put on its considering cap in this matter, it is said. We hope that Trinity will also move.

Old Shaftesbury Hall has become a new auditorium by means of much alteration and improvement of the building. This is a good idea, for the Hall has excellent acoustic properties and comfortable accommodation, but was spoiled by its bad entrance and certain annoyances that had crept in. Being close to Yonge street—on Queen street, it is very central, and with a new front and façade fulfils all requirements of public convenience.

The Chrysanthemum show was, as it deserved to be, a great success. The floor of the Pavilion of Horticultural Garden was filled with these showy and elegant flowers, so that there was but restricted space for moving about. Carrying their blooms at the top and being large plants, the ordinary shew-table cannot be used for their exhibition in pots and they have to stand on the floor. A large exhibit of cut blooms in hyacinth glasses were set out on tables along two sides of the hall, and sharing the same space were roses, orchids, carnations, double violets, and a few lilies to fill up spaces.

The Exhibition was organized by the Toronto Gardeners' and Florists' Club, partly for the encouragement of the cultivation of the Chrysanthemum and partly to raise funds for the meeting of the Society of American Florists, which will be held in Toronto in August next, and at which 600 or 700 delegates are to be present.

The Gardeners' and Florists' Club owes its inception to Mr. John Chambers, Park Commissioner for Toronto and Gardener-in-Chief of Exhibition Park.

The officers for the current year are:—President, John Chambers; 1st Vice-President, George Vair; 2nd Vice-President, C. J. Tidy; Treasurer, A. Gilchrist; Secretary, John H. Dunlop; Exhibition committee, William Houston, T. Manton, A. Macpherson, W. J. Lang.

These gentlemen must be more than satisfied with the result of their labours on behalf of the Chrysanthemum show, for a better, as to quality, it is hard to conceive. A larger may of course be organized in a larger population.

The varieties of the flowers were as remarkable as their characteristics. From the small close-petalled daisy-like bloom, with which we were familiar in our grandfathers' gardens in England, to the latest novelty, the ostrich-plume, is a long interval, and covers a wonderful variety of form. The ostrich plume is a white flower as large as the palm of one's hand, with incurved petals of almost translucent texture, covered with upright bracts (the correct botanical term is not known to your correspondent) which give it a most fairy-like appearance. Only two or three of our Toronto growers had it. Peter Henderson, New York, shewed it and a grower from Shorthills, N.J. An exhibitor from Adrian, Mich., also had it, and a pale pink one was also shown by Peter Henderson. In colours, yellow was most general, and ranged from a pale greenish tint to a deep orange; several bronzes were shewn and numerous examples of the old chrysanthemum-pink or peach blow, as it used to be called. There were also a few pure rosy-pink flowers, but perhaps the most remarkable of all tints was a flower that, from its plentifulness, would not seem to be

hard to grow, of reversible petals, showing a rich garnet within and old-gold without, as the petals were incurving the old-gold was the obvious colour, the garnet showing as a lining.

By far the larger share of the prize cut blooms consisted of white flowers, and they were certainly magnificent,—some of the pompon form, others as shaggy as a wet Newfoundland dog, others incurved, some neither one way nor another, but looking as if somebody had dropt a pinch of paper strips upon the card. The resemblance in the manner of development of form of these chrysanthemums to asters was very remarkable, quilled, half-quilled, daisy-faced, incurved, ragged, regular and neat, irregular and indescribable, it was impossible not to see the similarity; there were a few specimens, however, so recurved and so like in colour as to suggest a zinnia, had not stem and leaf been there to prove it a chrysanthemum.

What the future of this elegant and attractive flower will be who can say, when one firm, that from Adrian, shews fifty new varieties for one year.

The collection of roses was small, but perhaps the finest ever shown in Toronto; they were all cut blooms,—*Perle de jardin*, *Bride*, *Mermet*, *Souvenir de Wootton*, *Madame Hoste*, *Nephtos*, each as perfect in form and colour as could be imagined, and with a transparency of texture that seemed to forbid a long lease of life, yet these lovely creatures will flourish for more than a week in water if rightly managed. The Wanda, a new rose, and some hybrid perpetuals, looking like the handsome old English roses of our childhood, filled the air with perfume and made us glad that growers were resuming the cultivation of scented flowers as well as, if not in place of, the scentless ones of late years.

Manton Bros. shewed the orchids that took the prize and deserved it richly, for their flowers were as fine as curious, but Cotterell Bros. had two or three curious and beautiful specimens among the non-competing plants from their green-houses that filled an angle of the hall.

Mr. Chambers sent the splendid selection of plants that formed the centre-piece, with the exception of the fine palm around which they were grouped and which formed part of Mr. Watkin's treasures in the Pavilion Conservatory.

The high-handed action of the Wholesale Grocers' Guild, or more truly, combine, of this city, in trying to run the Retailers into a hole by shortening credit and lessening discounts, has developed a strong opposition on the part of the oppressed, who naturally objected to being coerced of their legal business liberty by any combine of richer men. The retailers have a hard pull very often to make ends meet, and it is not within their power to remove the pressure caused by long credits, which are often forced upon them by the action of other trader, in such cases as strikes for instance, when customers who continue to need their daily supplies of food and pay honestly as well as they can, are forced to ask long credit of the grocer, who necessarily is willing to oblige the persons on whose custom he depends for his ordinary business. To oppress the retailers then is a very illiberal measure on the part of wholesale men and very shortsighted also. Clarke Wallace's Anti-Combine Bill enables the law to step in at a certain stage, but under Mr.



"ELSINORE."
HAMILTON, ONT.

Wallace's advice the Retail Grocers' Association has been patient, and after a four hour's discussion of the subject with the Wholesale Grocers' Guild representative, a sort of *modus vivendi*, giving somewhat easier terms, has been arrived at. Since the 1st inst., the following label has been attached to all invoices sent out from guild houses:—

TRADE CREDITS AND DISCOUNTS.
General Groceries.—three month's time.
Sugars, Syrups, Molasses, Canned Goods,
Fish, Produce, &c.,—thirty days

Very short work for men who often have to give six months for all their goods, and in case of hard times, twelve.

The visit of Henry M. Stanley to this city is awakening much speculation as to who will hear him. The prices range high, but the crush will be tremendous nevertheless, for every one is anxious to see the man whose march across so large a section of unexplored Africa was of itself a miracle of courage, but when hampered by difficulties like those Stanley has surmounted, has made him and his band of faithful helpers a spectacle of heroism. It is too early to form a judgment upon those painful parts of the story that are in course of enquiry. Besides, they do not affect the valiant service of the front column.

St. Alban's Cathedral has reached such a stage of erection that the Bishop of Toronto has held receptions at the See House, which are to be continued for several weeks, so that the members of the English communion may have a fair chance of becoming acquainted with the head church of the Diocese, and, therefore, as its friends hope, interested in its prosperity. The majority of Canadians have yet to learn what a real cathedral foundation is and how far it is suitable to the needs of the country and the times, and it is satisfactory to know that Bishop Sweatman proposes nothing that is not really adapted to and needed by the Dominion, so that waste upon worn-out institutions will not evoke displeasure nor divert money needed for useful purposes.

Pierre Loti's New Book—Rarahu.

Like every one else who has been in Japan for the last year or two, I must plead guilty of having read and enjoyed Pierre Loti's "Mademoiselle Chrysanthème." I read it in Japan, and forgive me if I overlooked the astounding impropriety of the book in the keen delight I felt in reading such a wonderfully true description of a life so hard to describe (except on the ludicrous side) as the Japanese. Pierre Loti seems to be at his best when he is lingering over the artistic beauties which go so far towards making the life of the Japanese—happy people, who have, I believe, a truer love of beauty than any other country. Fancy, for instance, a working man living and being happy on a few cents a day, with a small slice of land entirely

devoted to cherry trees which bear no fruit but the most wonderful blossoms, and afford the simple owner a far keener pleasure than the best developed cabbages the said amount of land could produce at the highest possible cultivation. But Pierre Loti was not entirely in love with Japan. I think sometimes he was a little hard on his "Kika." The contrast between "Rarahu" and "M. Chrysanthème" is very marked. The description of his little Tahitian wife is altogether fascinating. In "Rarahu," his last book, he seems in love with his wife, in love with his surroundings and himself; altogether his description of life in the Polynesian Islands sound, indeed, altogether too good to be true; there is a touch of fairy land about it. His little butterfly wife, who was quite contented to spread her wings for the few short months as the white man's wife, expecting nothing better than to be remembered only as his favourite plaything. While reading "Rarahu" one is no longer in a hotel room surrounded by four walls and a "suite" of furniture differing only from your next door neighbour's in the one fact that your number on the door is 126 and the next 128, and from the flat above you that they pay one dollar and a half less a week and go without the sofa, one is wandering about shady palm and bamboo groves with Rarahu, who is beginning to have delightfully prim ideas of life, hanging on to her white man's arm, dressed in trailing white vapoury dresses which show the soft lines of her dusky form. Pierre Loti suggests so much and describes so little that one never tires of this loving child-wife.

I would have wished, indeed, that the last Pierre Loti saw of her was the last we hear of her. Rarahu's end is sadder than Mademoiselle Chrysanthème's. The last we see of the latter is ringing every coin paid her by her husband *pro tem*, with a small hammer, which sounds as though it were a business Mlle. Kika was not wholly unaccustomed to, and being surprised in the act by the said husband, who had returned to have a last look at his home in Dai Nippon and, I think, to see if Madame Chrysanthème had more feeling for him than he credited her. Rarahu, on the other hand, having a greater height to fall from, had fallen lower, but after closing the book we only think of her as the bright, passionate, impetuous, little savage between the conflicting feelings of the missionaries' teachings and her love of everything beautiful from the new and higher thoughts her white lord put into her bright little head, which she so loved to decorate with scarlet flowers, down to the bright silks and cheap jewelry she bought from John Chinaman with her smiles and favours. His description of Queen Pomare's Court supplies the book with delightful touches of humour. The fat and greasy Queen, who has a very tender corner in her heart for the gold-laced officers of Her Majesty's service, reminds one, indeed, of some of the characters in "Alice in Won-

derland"; in fact, she is just a queen on a chessboard, very wooden, very stolid. One can picture her being moved from her gaudy throne by the same means only as one moves a chess queen. The whole book is novel and delightful, one of the few one does not tire of before one has finished it, and would like to begin again.

NORMA DE LORIMER.

Life in a New Zealand Homestead.

It is not, then, wonderful that life remains pure and simple, and that one actually does escape from many of the worries of the outer world. To assert that the domestic life of a New Zealand sheep farmer and his household in the backwoods has in it little of hardship or discomfort will, perhaps, astonish the generality of people. But such is the fact. The rooms of the house are spacious and cheerful, with a wide verandah outside, covered with creepers, honeysuckle and roses. By the way, the rose trees in this part of the world grow so high that at Christmas, when the sitting-room is decorated with *Marchal Nicks*, they are inaccessible without a ladder's help. Though the life is principally an out-door one, even in winter, every comfort is found within—from Liberty cushions and a Broadwood to fine glass and damask. The mistress and her neighbours vie with each other in making their homes pretty and picturesque. Outside, the sheds and stables are rude and rough, but indoors comfort reigns supreme. Much thought is spent on the fare, and great efforts made to disguise the inevitable mutton, which is, of course, the *patre de famille*. The *meat* are, however, varied now and again by gifts from neighbours—so called, though the nearest is twenty miles away—and the sportsmen who bring in wild cattle, pigs, turkeys, hares, and all sorts of water fowl. Still, the housekeeper can place no dependence on these, and her brain is exercised in veiling the monotony of the fare; and very wonderfully successful, as a rule, are her efforts. Home cured hams, bacon, an overflowing dairy and kitchen garden, it is surprising how much can be done with simple materials. Bread is baked at home, of course, unless one wishes to send seventy miles for it. The hours are only comfortably early at the station, unless there is extra work to be done. Generally, however, one is up betimes; for early morning is glorious among the New Zealand mountains; clear and fresh, with an exhilarating atmosphere, and a crisp feeling even in midsummer. It is a pleasure, moreover, which will bear frequent repetition, to watch the sky slowly brightening far into the intense blue, until at last the grand old sun bursts forth in full power. The breakfast table is always laden with fruit, which has to be freshly gathered, the butter put into the snow stream to cool, and many other duties attended to.—*Cassell's Family Magazine for September.*



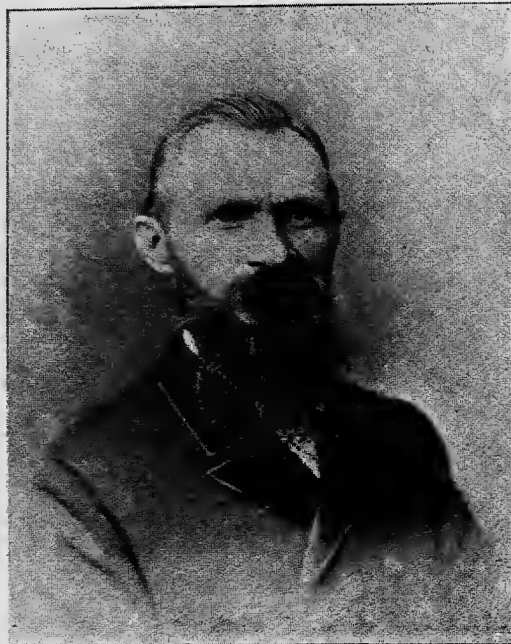
VIEWS OF BERLIN, ONT.—It is not the first time that we have presented our readers with some characteristic examples of the scenery in and around this thriving town, the Capital of Waterloo Co., Ontario. It is situated on the Grand River, about 65 miles from Toronto, and was, as its name implies, largely settled by energetic and enterprising Germans.

THE VISIT OF THE IRON AND STEEL INSTITUTE TO LACHINE.—In a previous issue (November 15) we gave a general account of the Institute during their sojourn in Canada. This engraving is a memorial of an interesting feature of the entertainment provided for them in Montreal. Lachine used to be the headquarters for the old Fur Kings; at a still earlier date it was the starting-point of western exploration, and its name is a record of hopes which, though disappointed in the letter, have been fulfilled in spirit and reality. The coming of the Iron Kings to Lachine marks the advent of a new era of industrial development and enterprise for Canada.

INDIANS OF THE QUEEN CHARLOTTE ISLANDS, BRITISH COLUMBIA.—Of the aboriginal tribes of these islands, their languages, customs and degree of advancement in the industries and habits of civilization, we have treated at considerable length in previous numbers. Our readers will find a great deal that is highly interesting and instructive regarding them in the reports of the Geological Survey from the pen of Dr. G. M. Dawson. The groups in our engravings give a good idea of their characteristic physique, dress and demeanour.

THE REV. GEORGE BRYCE, LL.D., PROFESSOR MANITOBA COLLEGE, WINNIPEG.—The Rev. Dr. Bryce, whose portrait appears in the present issue, is known to many of our readers as one of our most lucid and accurate historians. He is a native of Ontario, having been born at Mount Pleasant, in that Province, on the 22nd of April, 1844. His parents had come to Canada from Dunblane, in Perthshire, where his father's family had resided since the days of Charles the First. Having attended the schools in his native town, George Bryce was sent to the Brantford Collegiate Institute, and from there he went to Toronto University, matriculating in 1863. During his course he won many scholarships and prizes, and graduated with honours. He then entered Knox College, where he was equally successful in his studies, taking five out of the six scholarships open in his time. He was elected president of the Literary and Metaphysical Society of the same institution. At both University and Knox Colleges he had distinguished himself by essay-writing. During the Trent excitement he joined the volunteers and with a schoolmate organized the Mount Pleasant Infantry, subsequently a company in the Brant Battalion. On going to Toronto he became connected with the Queen's Own, and in 1863 entered the Military School, where he took a second class certificate. In 1865 he was at Laprairie camp under Colonel (now General Lord Viscount) Wolseley, and was with the University Company of the Queen's Own at Ridgeway as ensign, and to him it fell to make out the roll after the engagement, marking who were present, killed, wounded or missing. In 1871, after completing his theological course at Knox College, Mr. Bryce was appointed assistant pastor of Chalmers' Church, Quebec. In August of the same year the Home Mission of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church charged him with the task of founding a college among the Selkirk settlers on the Red River and of organizing a congregation in Winnipeg. Having been ordained in Toronto on the 19th of September, he proceeded to his destination, travelling the last three hundred miles by stage through Minnesota. He organized the college at Kildonan; but, subsequently, after being incorporated, the institution was removed to Winnipeg. Dr. Bryce was one of the founders of the University of Manitoba, which was formed by the affiliation of Manitoba College, the Seminary of St. Boniface and St. John's College, the Presbyterian, Roman Catholic and Anglican communions thus uniting in a common aim for the advancement of higher education. The first meeting of convocation took place in 1881. Dr. Bryce took a prominent part in the organization of the University and the framing of its statutes. In 1880 he began collecting subscriptions to build the new college, which was begun in 1881 and completed in 1882. It is a handsome structure, and with the ground, is valued at \$70,000. In 1877 Dr. Bryce had been elected a member of the Winnipeg School Board, and was the first Inspector of Schools in that city. He has acted as examiner in Toronto and Manitoba Universities, and has been chairman of the Board of Examiners, Winnipeg. He organized Knox and St. Andrew's churches, Winnipeg, and has opened, or re-opened some twenty new churches in the Province. He was appointed in 1884 Moderator of the First Presbyterian Synod in the North-West. He was one of the incorporators, and has been a director and secretary-treasurer, of the Winnipeg General Hospital. He was one of the founders of the Historical and Scientific Society, of which he has been president more than once. In 1882 his work, "Manitoba in its Infancy, Growth and Present Condition," was published by Sampson, Low & Co., London. In preparing

it, he had access to the family papers of the Earl of Selkirk, of whose character it is a vindication. It has long been accepted as a standard authority on the history of the Red River country. Dr. Bryce's "Short History of the Canadian People," also published in London, still further increases his reputation as a pains-taking, trustworthy and always interesting writer. He has contributed an important chapter to Justin Winsor's great "Narrative and Descriptive History of America"—that which treats of the progress of Canada since the conquest. He also wrote for the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. He has contributed to the "Transactions of the Royal Society" papers of value on North-Western exploration, and his series of essays read before the Historical and Scientific Society of Winnipeg is of recognized importance. Dr. Bryce has travelled extensively both in Europe and this continent. He was the first to explore and examine the mounds of the trans-Superior country, on which he has written as an expert. The Doctor has been married since 1872, his wife being a daughter of Mr. Samuel, of Kirkleston, Linlithgowshire.



MR. H. L. JANZEN.—Mayor of Berlin, Ont.

LIEUT.-COLONEL IVOR CARADOC HERBERT.—We have pleasure in presenting our readers with a portrait of this officer, so soon to become Major-General in command of the Canadian militia.

ELSINORE.—This building, the outcome of the generosity of one of Hamilton's most philanthropic citizens, is situated at Church Crossing, Hamilton beach; the front looks across the bay towards the city, while from the back a splendid view of Lake Ontario is obtained. The institution is a summer home for sick children—a charity of which there are far too few in the crowded cities of the Dominion. It was opened early last summer with appropriate ceremony, and the entire expense of its erection and furnishing was borne by Mrs. Sanford, wife of the Hon. W. E. Sanford, Senator, one of the most wealthy and liberal citizens, and to whose opportune aid many deserving charities are deeply indebted.

MCGILL COLLEGE CHAMPION TUG-OF-WAR TEAM.—The field day of the athletic association connected with a university is an exciting one to the students of the different faculties. In the programme of sports the grand event is the tug-of-war. Each faculty is desirous of possessing the winning team. The contest was this year won by the Faculty of Arts. A portrait of the winning team is given in this issue.

THE SHAM FIGHT AT TORONTO.—A singular feature of military matters in Canada is the almost total absence of encouragement and aid by the authorities to field operations on even a limited scale. While the volunteer forces of the Mother Country have constant opportunities of preparation for actual service by sham fights and field manoeuvres, and while the forces of the great European powers make the autumn manoeuvres the most prominent feature of their annual training, our small force here has, as a mass, practically no training of this sort, whereas such should be the prominent and central feature of each year's drill, even if the singularly useful march-past be omitted. It is with pleasure that we find Toronto and Hamilton regiments seeking to improve themselves in their work, and devoting the great autumn holiday (Thanksgiving Day) to an annual field-day of this description. Each year shows a steady gain over the preceding one, and that which took place at High Park, near Toronto, on the 6th November (as fully illustrated in our present number) was probably the most successful of any in the Province. Full details of the day have been given in the daily papers. Our artist has indicated one of each of the three battalions taking part; the Queen's Own Rifles, for the defence, being pitted against the 10th Royal Grenadiers, the 13th Battalion of Hamilton and "C" Company Royal School of Infantry. The whole affair was most successful, and must have resulted in great benefit to the officers and men engaged.

Through the Magazines.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL.

The name of this excellent periodical is its best recommendation. Founded in 1832, it has stood the test of all sorts of rivalries, continuing, as it began, to supply the reading public with fare at once savoury and nutritive. The association with it, in its earlier years, of Robert Chambers's strong individuality, helped to give it the prestige which it has never lost with the most fastidious of critics—the Scottish middle class. In two-thirds of a century its standard has not varied—striking evidence of the judgment, taste and insight of its founders. It hit the *juste milieu* that wins the favour at once of the scholarly and the simple, workaday seekers of knowledge. It did not wound the feelings of the latter by pretending to come down to their level, nor did it give the former occasion to complain of rudeness and inaptitude. The striver and the soarer alike found satisfaction in its pages. Therefore, it has survived the strain of a constantly intensifying competition, and to-day it addresses an enlightened constituency in all parts of the world in whose intellectual training it has had and still has a prominent share. The latest issue contains "A Yarn Spun in Manitoba," of which, amusing though it be, our patriotism does not quite approve. Scotland has its frosts and storms as well as Canada, and some pictures in Thomson's Seasons might be matched against any Tenderfoot's "Yarn." There is, indeed, an article on the Tenderfoot in this number. A contribution on the "Economic Aspects of Bacteriology" will surprise and instruct some puzzled manufacturers. The antiquary will enjoy a paper on "Phœnician Bowls," and lovers of Sir Walter will derive pleasure and profit from "Branksome Tower," "Jungle Notes in Sumatra," "The Island of Iviza," "Some Moorish Mendicants" and "A Chinese Alligator" will increase the knowledge of even the best informed, and Mrs. Lynn Lynton's sermon, "Possessing One's Soul," should be read by the impatient and thankless. In fiction the November number is rich—a sea romance by Clark Russell, a seven-chapter story by H. A. Bryden and a novelette of T. W. Speight being among the contents. Of poetry there is a fair quota, and altogether there is falling-off neither in variety nor quality. London and Edinburgh: W. & R. Chambers.

THE WEEK.

The last issue of *The Week* contains poems from Messrs. Arthur Weir, S. M. Baylis and "Sarepta"; "Walter Powell's" ever entertaining London Letter; some unusually interesting Paris gossip suggested by the observance of All Soul's Day; the conclusion of Mr. Sparrow's "Matawanda," and an article by Mr. A. F. Pirie on the Grand Jury question. The "Rambler" still brings back treasure trove from his wanderings. There is the full tale of literary, art and musical criticism, of literary and personal gossip and carefully made selections, and the editorial comment is independent and opportune. *The Week* continues to hold its well-won rank as a high class periodical and is worthy of the support of patriotic Canadians. Toronto: C. Blackett Robinson.

REVISTA CUBANA.

Like Canada, Cuba is American geographically, European by allegiance. For years she strove desperately to free herself from the yoke of a motherland that continued obstinately deaf to the voice of her aspirations. Since the restoration of peace the Moderate Liberals, recognizing the hopelessness of the struggle for independence, have adopted a programme which makes self-government, on the basis of the Canadian settlement, the goal to be held steadily in view. For some months past the *Revista Cubana* has devoted a considerable portion of its space to the statement and defence of the Liberal party's demands. Senor F. A. Conte, the spokesman of his compatriots, has shown an intimate acquaintance with the constitution of the Dominion, and has maintained in clear and forcible language that only under a like system of autonomy can Cuba be expected to be contented, loyal and progressive. In the last number Senor Conte justifies the demeanour of the Liberal party in asking for Home Rule, and deprecates the utterances and attempts of those extremists who, on the one hand, insist on a rigid application of the principles of old-fashioned monarchy, and, on the other hand, deny that the full enjoyment of popular rights is compatible with monarchical government. The mere mention of a régime is, he maintains of little consequence; it is the substantial freedom, with all that freedom implies, with which it is associated, that is the essential point, on the attainment of which the autonomists have fixed their desires. Senor Conte emphasizes the fact that by granting to Canada self-rule and responsible government in the fullest measure, England, so far from creating a danger of future estrangement, rendered the attachment of the colonists to the metropolis stronger than it had ever been before, and a like result, he feels assured, would follow a like policy in Cuba. Senor Sanguily continues his biography of José María Heredia, the Cuban poet. We refer elsewhere to the article entitled "New Inquiries Concerning the Origin of the Name of America" of Jules Marcou. It is translated from the Bulletin of the Geographical Society of Paris. Senor Varona (the editor) gives some personal recollections of Espadero, the Cuban composer, of whom he writes as the friend and rival of Gottschalk. It is a critical study of the artistic temperament. The rest of the number is made up of critiques, sketches and miscellaneous contributions from Senores Sancho, Pedrosa, Pineiro and others. The *Revista Cubana* is published monthly at 40 Ríela Street, Havana.



FOR FAITH and KING

a Romance of Ville-Marie

By BLANCHE L. MACDONELL.

CHAPTER I.—Continued.

Diane turned on the world the frank, friendly, confiding look of a child, mischievous often, haughtily scornful occasionally, but always the innocent regard of a soul as yet undisturbed by passion or distrust. Mademoiselle de Monestrol's hair, lightly powdered, was partly curled. Her gown of dark cloth, opened at the throat; the long waisted corsage fitted perfectly over the beautifully shaped bust; the sleeves terminated at the elbows in deep falls of lace; a flounce of lace finished the underskirt, which permitted a glimpse of daintily buckled shoes.

"And it has been pleasant to have me with you, is it not so, my uncle?" The girl clung to her guardian's arm, looking up into his face, her eyes shining, her lips parted, showing the glittering line of her teeth.

The wrinkles about Le Ber's deep set eyes, the tense lines about his mouth, relaxed in an indulgent smile.

"That goes without saying my *marmot*. We must remember, however, the nerves of Madame. If we would reach Ville Marie by daylight, it is time to start. Nanon has at last completed her preparations."

"I should like the Iroquois to comprehend that we understand the use of birch bark," a tall Canadian, whose skill with the paddle had gained him the name of *le Canotier*, was explaining to his companions. "I don't deny that these savages possess some skill in constructing a canoe, but have they, I ask you, the address to give their craft the slender shape that renders ours so coquettish as they dance upon the waves? Well may I call it no longer a canoe—it is a feather—a bird that skims the air—a cloud chased by the wind. Say then, is it not so, my comrades?"

Madame Sainte Hélène, an elegant and distinguished woman, whose figure savored too much of the refinements of capitals to be altogether in harmony with these sylvan solitudes, stood surrounded by her little children and attendants. As the soldiers and settlers gathered around the boats, a woman, scolding, laughing, gesticulating wildly, pushed her way among them. A comely woman of her class, with a face full of piquancy and variety, she was strong and thickset. Brown as a berry, with red cheeks and eyes as black as sloes. She wore a brown petticoat, a crimson apron with a bib, a lace cap with hanging lappets; at every quick movement her long gold earrings quivered.

"Behold, Madame and Mademoiselle and ces Messieurs, the whole party well accommodated, and I—I attend the good pleasure of the Sieur du Chêne."

"Eh, corbleu! but, no. This good Nanon attends no pleasure of mine," remonstrated a laughing, boyish voice. "There is place in the craft of Sans Quartier, my father, it is Diane who has consented to share my canoe, and I'll engage it is he who reaches Lachine first."

"Heine! no," protested Nanon, reducing her forehead to an inch of tight cords, "I have morals, me. Even in the wilderness it is necessary to remember *les convenances*. In our country the demoiselles are guarded close to their mothers, like chicks under the hen's wing. My demoiselle was confided to my care, not a step, not even the shadow of a step, goes my demoiselle without me." Nanon crossed her arms and shook herself from side to side in the most approved style of obstinacy.

"Jean and Nanon shall follow close in the second small canoe." Le Ber himself decisively settled the question. Then holding his hat under his arm, with a profound bow, the merchant offered his arm to conduct Madame de Sainte Hélène to the boat.

No one was ever able to resist Jean Le Ber Du Chêne's gay confidence. His face owed its attractiveness to its beaming play of expression; its generous, expansive enthusiasm; its tremulously, keen sensibilities; the sunny, olive skin, finely moulded chin, the curved lips parting from white teeth, sparkled with vivacity; his dark eyes were bright with laughter, he possessed a sort of joyous audacity which marked him as one of Fortune's favorites. Born and nurtured in the colony, versed in woodcraft, seasoned to the climate and trained amidst dangers and alarms, while yet in his teens, the youth had earned a reputation for dauntless courage, tact and experience. Le Ber Du Chêne might serve as the highest type of the Canadian youth of the period. As the sea is the sailor's native element, so the forest was his. In the elastic buoyancy of early manhood, perils and hardships had only served to develop his unconquerable vitality and afforded opportunity for the display of his fiery, impetuous valour. The austerity of the most sombre ascetic relaxed at the sight of his débonair countenance; wily Indians and lawless gangs of *coureurs de bois* were as wax to be moulded by the adroit cleverness of young Du Chêne.

"We shall keep Biblot with us, Diane has no desire to furnish *soupe à l'Iroquoise*. We should neither of us enjoy being put into the kettle," said he, and his gay, inadvertent

laugh rang out cheerily as he jested carelessly with one of the grimmest dangers of colonial life. "Hasten then, my son, follow us closely." Le Ber looked around anxiously.

Three soldiers rowed the large boat occupied by Le Ber, Le Moyne de Sainte Hélène, his wife and children. Three canoes followed, laden with soldiers, labourers, utensils and provisions. The oars were raised, a shower of quivering drops flashed in the sunshine, the voices of the boatmen broke out in a lusty chorus that rung cheerfully over the waters.

"Ya-t-il un étang,
Fringue, Fringue, sur l'aviron.
Trois beaux canards,
Y'en vont baignant
Fringue, Fringue, sur la rivière,
Fringue, Fringue, sur l'aviron."

"Monsieur! Where then is the Sieur Du Chêne?" Nanon in hot haste, her stout figure quivering with excitement, shrieked wildly, "It is that snake of a Michel who disputes with the soldiers. Come, then, Monsieur, ere there is murder done."

Diane remained on the shore, gaily waiving a bright hued silken scarf as she watched the rapidly disappearing boats. She looked out on a prospect of tranquil loveliness, quiet and peaceful as a dream. Shadowy gradations of light revealed ridges of hill and woodland, with a delicate, faint tracery of outline and a clear distinctness in the softly tinted air. The light lay tenderly upon the grass and on the stems of great trees, dappled with sunshine and with shade. What a pleasure the voyage down the river would be! The serenity of the blue sky, the tender greenness and stillness of the summer day, would all borrow a new charm from Du Chêne's presence. The young man and his father's ward had always been the closest friends and comrades.

Biblot was plainly dissatisfied with the existing condition of things. He was a direct descendant of Pilot, one of a number of dogs sent from France to Ville Marie, shortly after its foundation, in order to assist the brave colonists in their warfare against the savages. He and all his tribe detested the Indians by instinct and were invaluable in detecting ambushes. Biblot ran here and there, his bushy tail raised high as he sniffed among the branches, his slender, alert head and bright eyes looking as if solicitous of some trails of fox or rabbit. Game abounded in the woods. Far in the distance Diane could see a great herd of elk's defile between the water and the wood. It was the dog's uneasiness that first attracted her attention, then the long drawn melancholy cry of a water fowl, several times repeated, fell upon her ear. Was that a signal? The trunk of an enormous tree, lying on the ground, close at hand, certainly stirred with a tremulous, vibrant motion. One unaccustomed to the life of the woods would have paid no attention, but Diane had grown up amidst the difficulties and dangers of the adventurous colonial life. The Iroquois roamed the settlement or prowled like lynxes around the forts continually. No one could account for the mysterious movements of these agile warriors. It was an urgent moment of action and caution. She stood perfectly still as if she were merely a figure painted on the plain, green background. A gray squirrel with small, bright eyes, scudded through the grass. As Mademoiselle de Monestrol listened, with sharpened senses, an insidious icy chill crept along her nerves.

At that instant, almost imperceptibly, the log moved again. No doubt existed but that in the hollow trunk an Indian lay concealed. The loud clamour of Biblot's bark rang out clear and distinct. Soft gleams of light were piercing shyly through the branches. In a moment the forest was alive with the shadows of men stealing silently amidst the trees. In an instantaneous flash of realization, Diane comprehended that her one chance of escape lay in immediate action, that the lives of those in the fort might depend upon her own courage.

CHAPTER II.

"Arouse him then—this is thy part,
Show him the claim, point out the need,
And nerve his arm and cheer his heart,
Then stand aside and say 'God speed!'"

—A. A. PROCTOR.

"Aux armes! Aux armes!" the girlish voice rang out in a clear, startled cry. Biblot's resounding howls were lost in the din as the Indians screeched their war whoop and dashed out from their shelter with agile impetuosity. Like an arrow from a bow, fleet as a young fawn, Diane sprang forward, several of the dusky braves starting in swift pursuit. A false step a fall on the sunburnt grass would prove fatal. The French girl understood but too well the nameless horrors that captivity among the savages would mean. Death in comparison was nothing. Bullets whistled around her. She could hear the dog's panting breath as, with flaming eyes and lolling tongue, he rushed before her, as well as the flying noiseless footsteps of the foremost of her

pursuers. With every muscle strained to its utmost tension, she was perfectly conscious that her foe was steadily gaining upon her. She had almost reached the threshold of the fort when, shouting his own name in Indian fashion, the Iroquois stretched out his hand to grasp her shoulder, the next instant the report of a pistol rent the air with a sharp shudder and convulsion; without a sigh the savage fell prostrate and Diane, panting and trembling, was drawn into the fort by Du Chêne.

A prescient excitement kindled in the young man's eyes; his spirited face was full of resolution and confidence; his physical vigour imparted elasticity and buoyancy of temperament; his hope was strong, courage sound, and nerves well poised. The young commandant's easy composure and debonair grace; his supple agility, independent and imperious bearing were the pride of his followers.

"Fear not, Diane," he said, as he barricaded the door. "We are safe enough here. There are not a great number of Iroquois and they rarely attack a fort. The most serious danger is that the sound of the guns might induce my father to return, then they would fire upon the boats from the shore. I have already posted the men. We must not allow them to suspect that our party is so small. And Jean! Where is he? *Rassemblez!* that lazy valet has no heart for fighting, that I'll swear. Nanon, thou canst manage an arquebuse as well as a man, my brave girl."

Nanon's black eyes darted furious glances; she ground her strong white teeth in dire wrath.

"The brigands. Yes, even I am capable of that. My hairs are all rubbed the wrong way at the sight of these wolves. Chut, Mademoiselle, I think little of such affairs, me. There is no laughing under the nose when it relates to the Iroquois."

"Place yourself behind me, Diane. Load as I fire. We will stand on our defence. These savages will lurk about and try to climb into the fort under the cover of darkness. We must not permit them to approach too near lest they set us on fire."

The Iroquois showed no disposition to retire, but commenced industriously to erect barricades of stones and bushes, as though undismayed by the determined resistance they had encountered they had resolved to prolong the siege.

"Brrrrr. It appears we shall be inconvenienced. These pagans take us, then, for targets. The tongue of our good Nanon goes like the clapper of a mill. Sapristi! When the violins play, then is the time to dance."

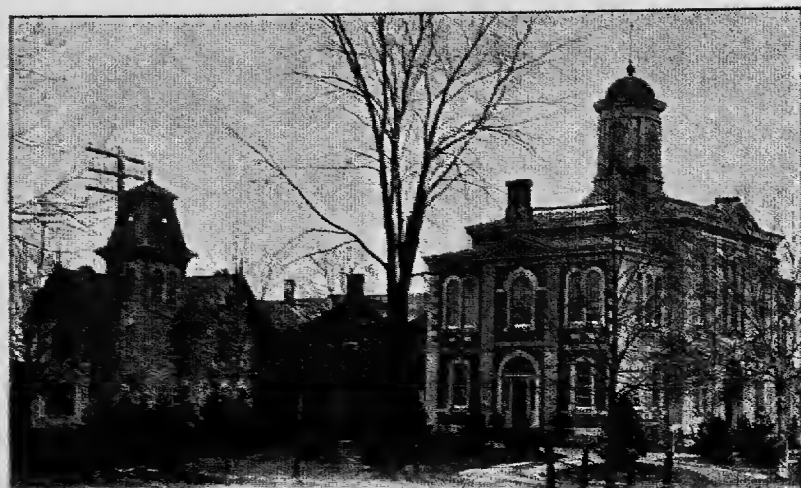
Biblot kept up a continuous fierce barking that added to the tumult. Nanon's fierce denunciations amused the soldiers and soothed her own nerves, even if they failed to annihilate the transgressors. Occupied in loading one gun while Du Chêne fired another, Diane thought of many things. She regarded the young man with a sort of amazement. It was an hour of revelation. All the careless boyishness of his face had been replaced by an expression, keen, stern, resolute; his eyes flamed with a light which was almost cruel in its unflinching intensity; there was something splendid and imposing in his stalwart pride of courage. Noting this novel moulding of the familiar features, the girl was beset by a strange sense of unreality. For the first time she appreciated the bold and salient individuality of her companion. This was no longer her boyish comrade whom she had teased and flattered and cajoled; this was a man strong to command, to defy Fate, who would grow with every emergency and rise equal to every crisis. Her heart swelled with a new spring of impassioned emotion; a subtle intoxication ran, like an electric spark, thrilling through her veins. Du Chêne was a hero and she had been counted worthy of aiding him in his extremity, nay, if it were necessary, even of laying down her life beside him. Once speaking rather breathlessly, she ventured: "Gentlemen are born to shed their blood for God and King." "That goes without saying," simply. Then his jovial, sunny temperament reasserted itself. "Bah! Diane! this is but comedy, our hour is not yet;" then his voice arose in a glad cry: "Aid is at hand. Saved, Diane, do you understand, saved." His eyes were young and very keen. He had discovered a swarm of canoes, thick as a flight of blackbirds in autumn, sailing down the river.

"The good God has saved us from the hands of our enemies;" with a strange look of exaltation in her eyes, Diane sank on her knees. "Our Lady of Bonsecours shall have two as fine wax tapers as money can buy." Nanon protested excitedly. "I make no clamour like that vulgar Mam'zelle Anne, but I make my religion. Never could I believe that the holy saints could show such inconsiderate ingratitude as to refuse to listen to a lady of quality like my demoiselle."

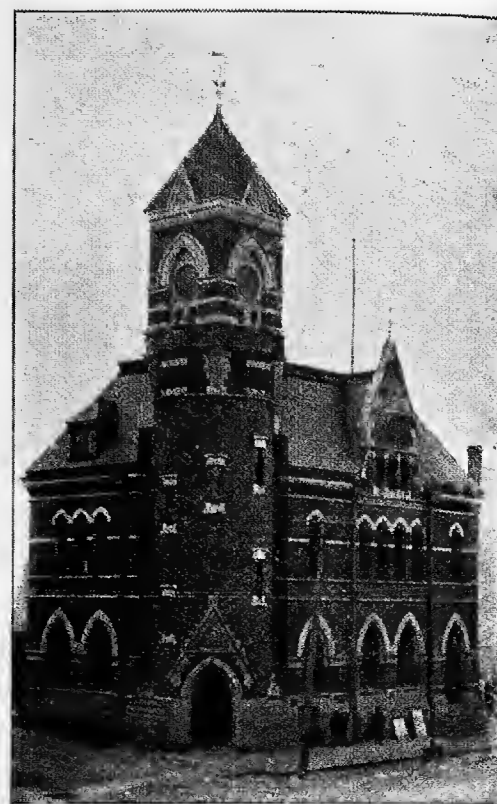
Suddenly the air resounded with yells and a rapid fire was opened upon the Iroquois. The woods were still dense on their left and rear. Advancing through a ridge of thick forest beyond the open fields, hurrying through a tangled growth of beech trees, swarmed scores of naked savages, some armed with swords and some with hatchets, as they leaped, screeching from their ambushes and hurled themselves upon their foes. The hostile band, ensconced behind their sylvan ramparts, watched in vigilant silence. The leafy arches of the woods, through hill and hollow, still swamp and gurgling brook, the forest rang with warwhoops of the new arrivals, who immediately threw themselves along the thickets in front of the Iroquois and opened a galling fire upon their foes.

"It is now the turn of the wolves to dance and we can assist at that game," Du Chêne proclaimed hilariously.

(To be continued.)



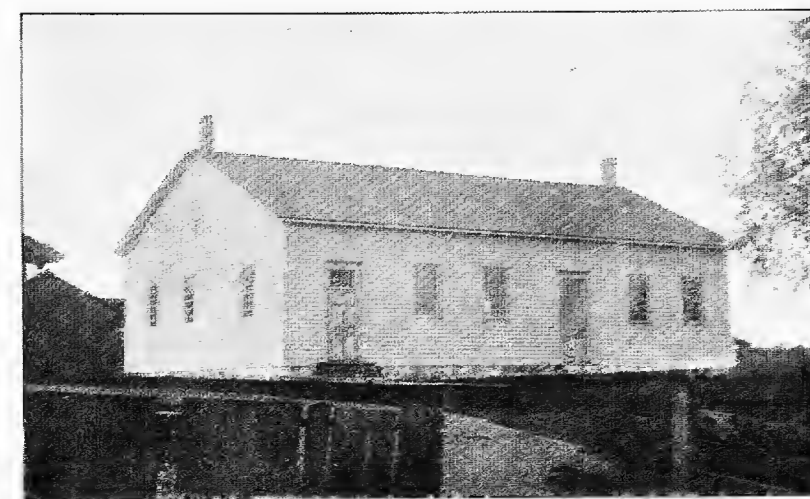
COURT HOUSE AND GAOL.



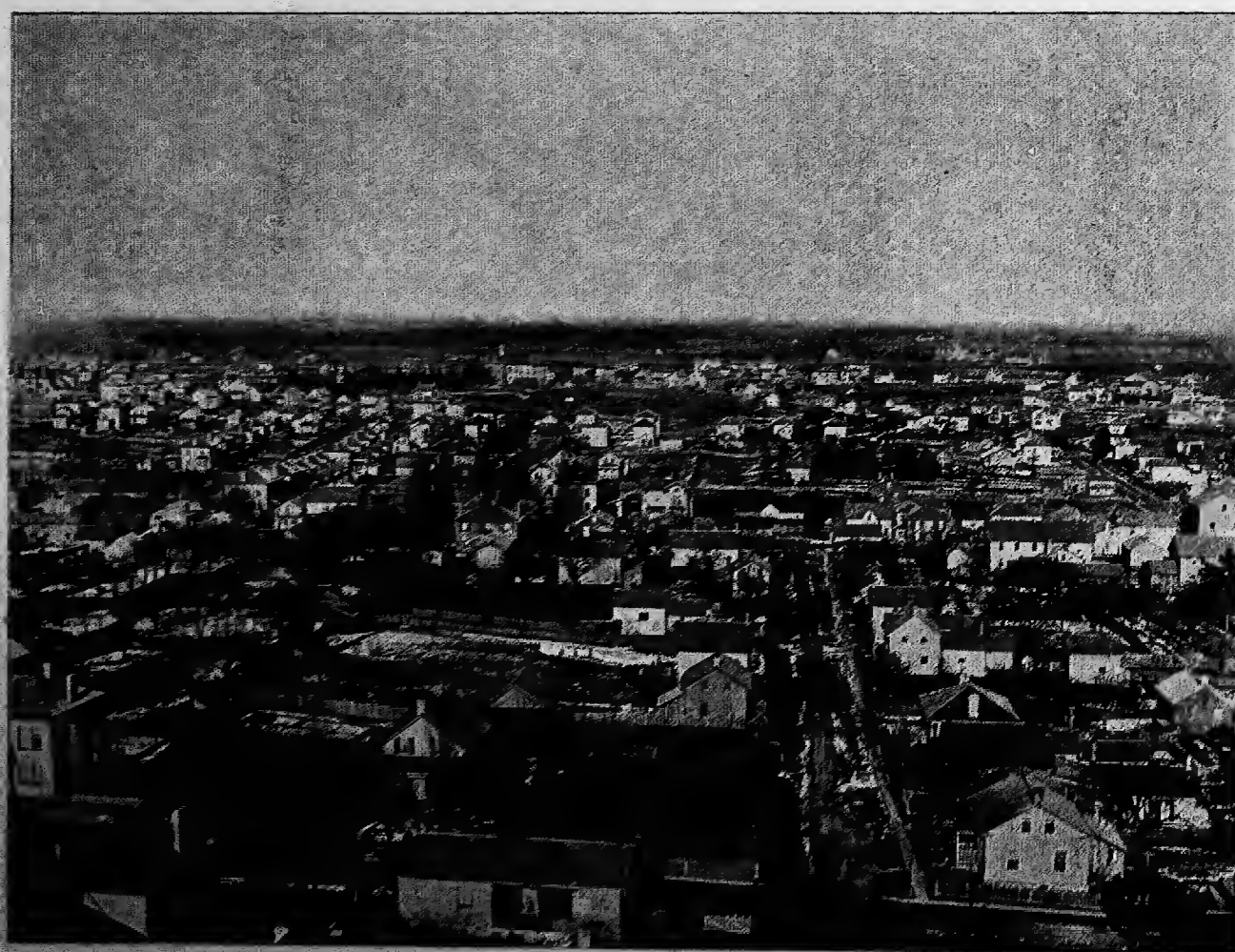
POST OFFICE AND CUSTOM HOUSE.



FIRE HALL.



OLD MENNONITE MEETING HOUSE. Erected 1750.



THE TOWN—Looking East.



Looking North.



Looking West.

VIEWS OF THE TOWN OF BERLIN, ONT.



THE RECENT VISIT TO MONTREAL OF IRON AND STEEL INSTITUTE OF GREAT BRITAIN.
THE TRIP TO LACHINE.—A GROUP ON THE STEAMBOAT.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES

A game preserve within easy reach of Montreal is one of the possibilities, and a large part of St. Hilaire Mountain will be fenced in and stocked with game. This ought to be good news to sportsmen who like to combine their sport with the convenience of an adjacent hotel. It is quite an inducement, too, to go out and have a good day's shooting and the knowledge that the discomforts of camping out are not to be dreaded.

* * *

It is surprising to take a glance at the American papers and read over the accounts of the runs of the different harrier clubs. Their name is legion and the work they do is simply marvellous. But the strange part of the thing is that in Canada we never hear of such a thing now-a-days. There was a time, and not many years ago either, when Canadians held their own in cross-country work, even when they had to go to New York to do it; but all that is changed now. In Montreal there used to be the picking of two or three really first-class teams, and they could get over ground in a wonderful way. I remember that cold drizzly, slippery day, when Fred Johnston broke the record to the Back River, and so did the man who finished second. Anybody who witnessed that run could not help being impressed with the idea that there was material enough right in Montreal to make the best of them hustle to win anything. Since then, however, no practical interest has been taken in the sport. The Toronto men used to give cross-country races, but dropped out some three years ago, and the Montreal people, feeling that a merely local race represented nothing, even if given under the auspices of the C.A.A.A., dropped out likewise. Is it not surprising that with the crowd of young men in Montreal, who do the hardest kind of cross-country work over the snow, there should not be distance runners for the Spring and Fall? There is no excuse for this state of things, except the one plain word—"laziness." No city on the continent has greater facilities for the making of first-class athletes than Montreal; nowhere is there a better equipped club house or finer grounds, and still the showing made is not what it should be. Why not form a harrier club in connection with the M.A.A.A. There is lots of room for it, and it is one of those institutions that would not entail any great expense. Why not give the thing a trial. Here were two Saturdays with splendid weather gone by with no

outdoor sport worth mentioning, and it would just have been the right sort of weather for a rattling cross-country run.

* * *

For a long time Lon Myers held the record for 220 yards at 20.1-8 seconds. But that great runner's time has gone the way of most things, and is now lost in oblivion. Wendell Baker now holds the mark at 20 seconds. This is the American record, which is half a second slower than the English one made by Seward away back in the forties, and a quarter second slower than Pelling's, but the latter runner had a strong wind at his back.

* * *

Cary's attempt to prove that he could do the hundred yards in 9½ seconds was a very marked failure, and there seems now no ground on which to base the title which the A.A.U. refused to recognize. All the conditions were favourable, he himself said he never felt better, and in the presence of half a dozen of the most expert timers in the country he did not come near it. It was considerable of a set-back for the M.A.C.

* * *

The horses, too, are going into the record-breaking business and topping the timbers by quarter inches at a time with a seven foot foundation to start on. When Ontario got over seven feet of obstacle early in the summer, the fact was thought impossible, and the record was not allowed owing to some technicality. Then Roseberry came to the front and put a record after his name of 7 ft. 1 in. This was smashed last week by Filemaker, who got over 7 ft. 1¼ in., but his glory only lasted for a day, for on Saturday week at Chicago Roseberry was still king, clearing 7 ft. 1¾ in. It may be interesting to a great many to know that for a long time Filemaker was owned by Mr. McGilbon, of Montreal, but he never came into prominence until his contest with Leo in Madison Square Garden. Then for a little while he dropped comparatively out of sight, and the *Spirit*, in its cheerful way, remarked that he had gone back to the shafts of a coal cart, from which he never should have been taken. This was one of the prophecies that did not come true. Madame Marantette, I believe, is his present owner, and he will travel with her in her equestrian show business.

* * *

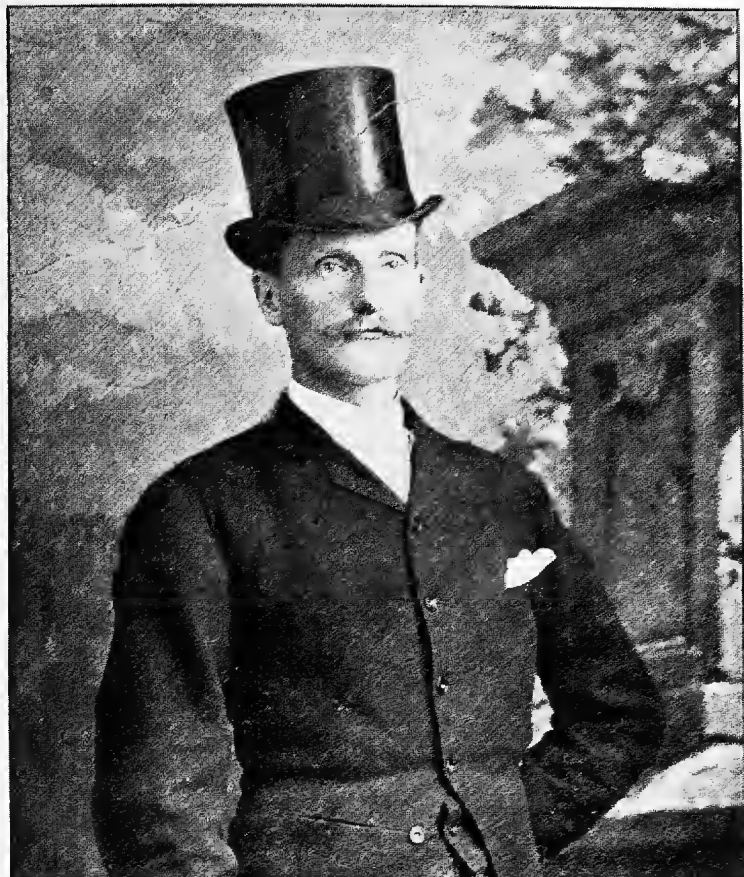
So Hamilton is champion, and deservedly so, of the Ontario Rugby Union, and it was a grand game that settled their claims beyond cavil. There have been many close contests for the honor and even ties played, but perhaps never was there a more exciting match than that played at Rosedale on Saturday. Hamilton has deserved well of the football world in the past and their victory is decidedly a popular one. It was a raw chilly day when the fifteens

faced each other, and Hamilton had the advantage of the prestige gained the last time that Queen's was faced. Hamilton outplayed the collegians but slightly if at all; and the greater share of the credit belongs to the Ambitious city's magnificent back division, while that of Queen's was clumsy, slow and almost totally without combination. Queen's was superior in the rush line and they had the weight; but their opponents were as game as pebbles, and when it came to a question of clean headwork Hamilton's hacks were too much for the other side, and while Queen's might gain a little ground in the scrimmage the advantage was soon lost whenever there was an opportunity for a pass, and then it was that Hamilton's rushers were quicker and surer at following up. There was a good deal of rough play and a few passes not allowed in Rugby rules, but nobody was seriously hurt. The teams were:—

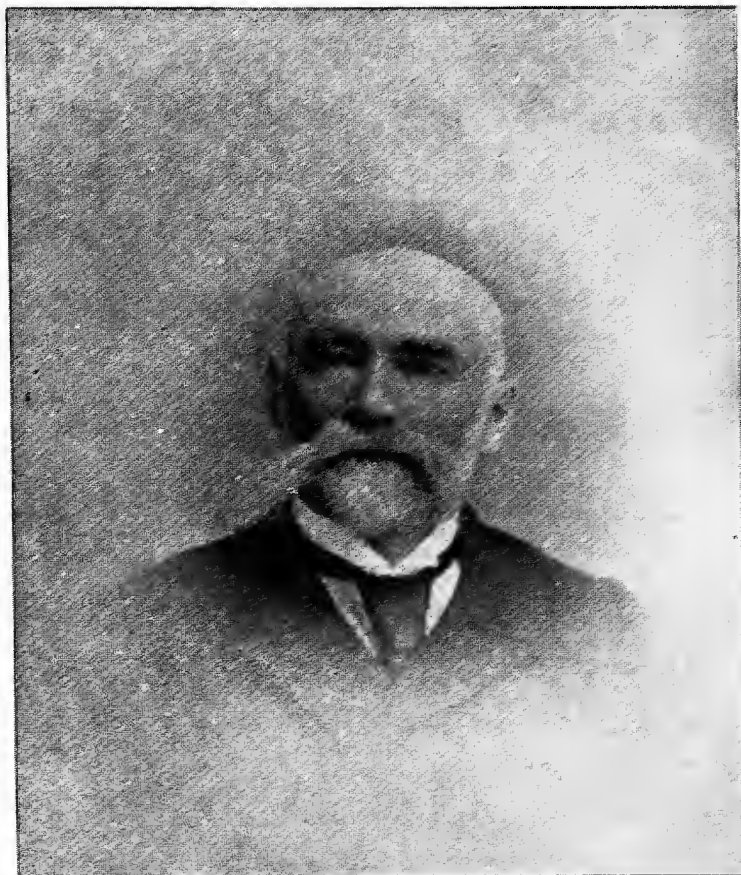
Hamilton.	Position.	Queens.
T. H. Farrell.....	Back.....	G. Curtis.
G. Watts,	Half backs.	E. B. Ochlin,
R. Watson,		H. Parkyn,
T. S. C. Saunders,	Quarter back.....	C. Webster,
W. Briggs.....		J. F. Smellie,
W. A. Logie,	Wings.	F. McCammon,
W. Simpson,		J. Farrell,
A. Smart,		H. Hunter,
J. Harvey,		A. E. Ross.
R. H. Labbatt,		W. J. Scott,
A. Mackay,	Forwards.	H. Horsey,
H. Leggat,		J. W. White,
R. P. Dewar,		D. Cameron,
G. Gillespie,		J. G. Marquis,
J. Harvey,		H. R. Grant,
Referee—E. A. Griffin.		

In the first half the strong wind was decidedly in favour of Queen's and prevented Hamilton's backs from making any of their beautiful kicks, the result being that the scrimmage held tightly to the ball, and here it was that the impetus of the university rush gave them the advantage. The play in the first half was exclusively rough, and when time was called Queen's had scored two rouges and Hamilton had drawn a blank. It was in the second half, however, that the latter began to play their real game, and in twenty minutes, notwithstanding the plucky defence work of Queens, Hamilton had scored two tries, which the wind prevented being converted into goals. Some more hard work and fierce scrimmaging near the Hamilton line and Queen's secures a try without the privilege of a kick, and time was up, leaving the score 8-6 in favour of Hamilton. There was some loud talk about the referee's decisions, but the kicking came from the defeated team.

R. O. X.



LIEUT.-COL. HERBERT.
The new Commander of the Canadian Militia.



GEORGE BRYCE, LL.D. WINNIPEG.



THE QUEEN'S OWN RIFLES
THE SHAM-FIGHT AT TORONTO, 8th NOVEMBER.—THE DEFENCE.
(By our special artist.)



THE ROYAL GRENADIERS.



THE XIII. BATTALION.

THE SHAM-FIGHT AT TORONTO, 6th NOVEMBER.—THE ATTACK.
(By our special artist.)



CHERRYFIELD, November, 1890.

DEAR EDITOR,—I here beg leave to celebrate a bewitching stream, by whose brink I lived out part of my romantic period; and, also, to commemorate an old friendship, which yet is not worn out. Did he speak wisely who told of a more exalted friendship,—of his

“Affection of the tomb,
And his prime passion for the grave?”

Then, neither may I err; for, though not a “prime passion,” one such grief may speak for many. It may seem—this poem of mine, if you can call it such—is better suited to the time it describes than to that in which the leaves are falling; and yet, when should we more incline to lively thoughts and images than when these fading emblems of ourselves are floating from us? And as to the sobering reflections contained, they have become universally appropriate to autumn. Therefore, in season or out of season, the insistent rhymers asks for a hearing—and, in this age, he often gets it, so long as he can make his terminals clink and chime respectably together.

Outside I hear the dripping rain and the sigh of the night wind. The glory is departing from our forests. But have they not been glorious,—these lingering greens, contrasted with the blaze of gold and crimson—this purple flush of October? Surely our autumn is not Quakerish in its garb!—or so it appears to—

PASTOR FELIX.

BY PENNAMAQUAN.*

A SUMMER MEMORY.

Come back, O day, whose rosy glow
Flush'd broad, and faded, long ago!—
In Mem'ry's shrine and Fancy's glass
Your shadows now transfigured pass;—
Come back, O day of song and dream,
Beside the softly murmuring stream!—
The glancing stream, that flows the same
As babbling of its Indian name.

Soft nursling of the bounteous sky,
Still mid thy green hills cradled lie!
Though much be lost and many gone,
Since I was thy companion,
No change, it seems, thy wave hath known;
Wayward as youth, yet calmly slow
As musing maid, I mark thy flow,
Scarce moving, in thy mild unrest,
The languid lilies on thy breast.
Oft have I longed, as once when free,
To launch my pigmy bark on thee,
And trace to realms of song and dream
The windings of thy silver stream!
Still let thy morning chorus break
From feathery flutes round thy clear lake;
Still let the thrush's evening bell
Rise, with love's star, in plaintive swell;
Still let the wild-fowl, as of yore,
Fearless frequent thy shadowy shore;
And still may Fancy's voyager lave
His paddle in thy glassy wave,
Where images of dark fir-spires
Contrast with tinted sunset fires.

Though soon thy poet-mood be gone,
When thou to labour loiterest on;
Though,—like a fair and frolic child,
Reluct from woodland sports beguiled,
Captive in Mammon's drear abode,
Harness'd to an untimely load,—
In yonder groaning, fiery mill
Thou drudgest at another's will;
Yet in the woody vale unshorn
Where bright thy infant wave is born,
Or in the wide world, far or near,
Wherever singing streams are clear,
There is no shape of purer glee,—
No wilder, lonelier thing can be!

After the years, I catch the strain,
And list thy ancient voice again;
Upon the bridge,—than thine less fleet,—
Linger my late returning feet;
I walk along the cindery street,†
Salute each well-known form I meet,—
Noting how Time doth subtly trace
His changing lines upon the face;
I mark each home,—and some are known
Open familiar, as my own;
I make my pause and take my stand,

To clasp full many a friendly hand;
I faintly hear thee flowing down,
Skirting the wild edge of the town,—
Catching beside thee, from the breeze,
The rustle of yon poplar trees;
I hear the mill-bell sound, where grim,
Toil-sweated forms, mid shadows dim
Lark, moving in each furnace glare,
Like Dante's children of Despair;
Where roll the wheels that never tire,
And each dark chimney belches fire.

One place, of well remembered name,
Again I see it—still the same!
I enter at the open door*
Through which I've often passed before;
Here, at the hospitable board,
How oft hath friendship's wine been pour'd!
Here have I joy'd in eve's delay,
Then slept the lingering night away;
Here in the garden's wealthy shade
My own with his own children played,—
Who once had quickly come to greet
The sound of my returning feet;
Who smoked his pipe, or did unwind
The fragrant pipkin's golden rind,
The while we sat and talked, till eve
Did round us its sweet shadows weave.
Ah! 'mid the ranks of breathing men,
Shall I ne'er see that form again?

Then, in that shop,* where, blithe of heart,
The brisk mechanic plies his art,
I think to clasp the outstretch'd hand,
And hear the cheery voice, and bland,
That never-failing welcome gave—
Blent with my river's joyous stave:
For can he fail me with his tone,
And leave thee singing on alone?—
O, surely, 'tis his hammer's sound
Thou answerest, in thy jocund round;
Running beneath us in thy track
Of limpid light, and answering back
Our merriest laugh:—Ah! here no more
Our voices mingle, as of yore;
And yet the laughing waves express
No minor of man's mournfulness;
Thou trippiest blithely on, as bent
To croon thy ballad of content.

Come back, thou summer afternoon!
Leave me still list'ning to the rune—
The legend of my poet-river,
That said: “Life, Friendship, are forever!”—
Still singing, singing, till my heart
In the wild music bore a part;
And let us sit—my friend and I—
Uncaring how the moments fly,
Still talking free, as friends will talk
At fireside ease, or woodland walk,
Of trifling things, the glad, the gay,
And then, again, in serious way,—
Of folks we knew, of books we read,
Of fairest scenes once visited,
Of hours of peace, and hours of pain,
Of friends we ne'er might see again.

Still shine, in fadeless memory clear,
The summer hours when he was here.
For once, talk-tired, I turned aside,
And dia...ond-script but still tried,
Scrawling my name on dingy glass,
Through which we saw the river pass;
Coupling it, for my comrade's mirth,
With England's bards of noblest worth,
“Ah, yes,” he laughing said, “I see!
The names of genius well agree;
But whose is his, with loftier claim,
The first upon your roll of fame!
Must Avon's bard, and Horton's too,
Their lofty laurels doff for you?
Then, with my banter, I rejoined:—
“How well you understand my mind!
For I am Avon's bard, forlorn,
Since by that river I was born;
And I am Horton's bard, I ween,
For Horton, too, my home has been.”
With that I wiped the dusty pane,
And all our chat renewed again.
Meanwhile the saw and plane he plied,
Or hammer'd briskly at my side,
And, like the river flowing near,
Maintained his strain of mirthful cheer;
For, though the shadow mortals dread
Had late been ling'ring near his bed,
And in his breast the seeds he bore
From which Death reaps a plenteous store,
No melancholy nien had he,
No unillumin'd gravity.
And oft I mark'd how still he kept
A gladsome heart, and lightly slept,
And talked of woodland walks alone,
Of streams where peaceful hours were known,
Of rod and rifle, sail and oar;
Tramps around Kineo's granite throne,
Or on Mount Desert's savage shore.

From care released, from labour free.
We planned for summer days to be,
When stream and lake our walks should bless,
Far in the sweet-breathed wilderness.
How many a forest-dell we sought,
How many a mountain top, and spot
Of sylvan beauty, in our thought?
How oft the lithe trout, in our dream,
Came painless from his native stream;
But, after we had mused our fill,
I came, and found him busy still,
He talked of social trips with me
Down to my native Acadie;
Where, many a tourist wins, I wis,
Thy ling'ring charm, Annapolis;
Where white the apple-orchards blow
By furtive, lurking Gasparean;
Where wide the teeming marshes spread,
Redeem'd from Ocean's oozy bed;
Where Fundy's tides rush up the shore,
And Blomidon stands shagg'd and hoar.

With lighted pipe, he paused awhile,
The hours of labour to beguile;
Then, seated close in our retreat,
Some poet's rhyme I would repeat:
Such strains my earliest boyhood knew—
Fond Hinda, dusky Roderick Otto,
Fair, hapless, Constance, Lady Clare,
O' Shanter, and his luckless mare.
And he, with many a kindling glance,
Would praise the masters of romance,
Naming each tome he loved the best;
Telling of Hester's letter'd breast,
Mortality's old mossy graves,
And stern Mohician withering braves.
Thought kindled thought, our words took wing,
Fancy uprose and touched her string,
And all about th' enamour'd air
The Muses hung their banners rare;
While down the litter'd floor did stream
The sinking sun's retiring beam,
And, underneath, the social river
Sent loving comment up forever.

O haunted river!—Pennamaquan!
I wander far,—the friend is gone!
From thy companionable stream
I distant roam, and, musing, deem
I hear a voice, gone silent now.
And see a slender form, a brow
Whose dark crisp locks are touch'd with gray.
O river! tranquil summer day!
O earth, so sad! O heaven, so sweet!
Where shall our kindred spirits meet?
Afar I rove, and dream my dream,
While days and years like moments seem:
He—sleeps beside thy murm'ring stream!

Peace! peace to thee, in that repose
Which comes to us when cares shall close:
No more, O friend, of long ago!
Thou askest of the earth to know,
Save that the one's who mourn thee here
May meet thee in yon blissful sphere.
Thou heeded not how fade and fall
The leaves round lonely hearth and hall,
Nor how the lonesome robins call;
Nor how the stream that glanced and gleamed
Below the spot where once we dreamed,
The same forever flows along,
And sings the old, eternal song.
Longing, through flowery vale and lea,
For the deep bosom of the sea.

ARTHUR JOHN LOCKHART.

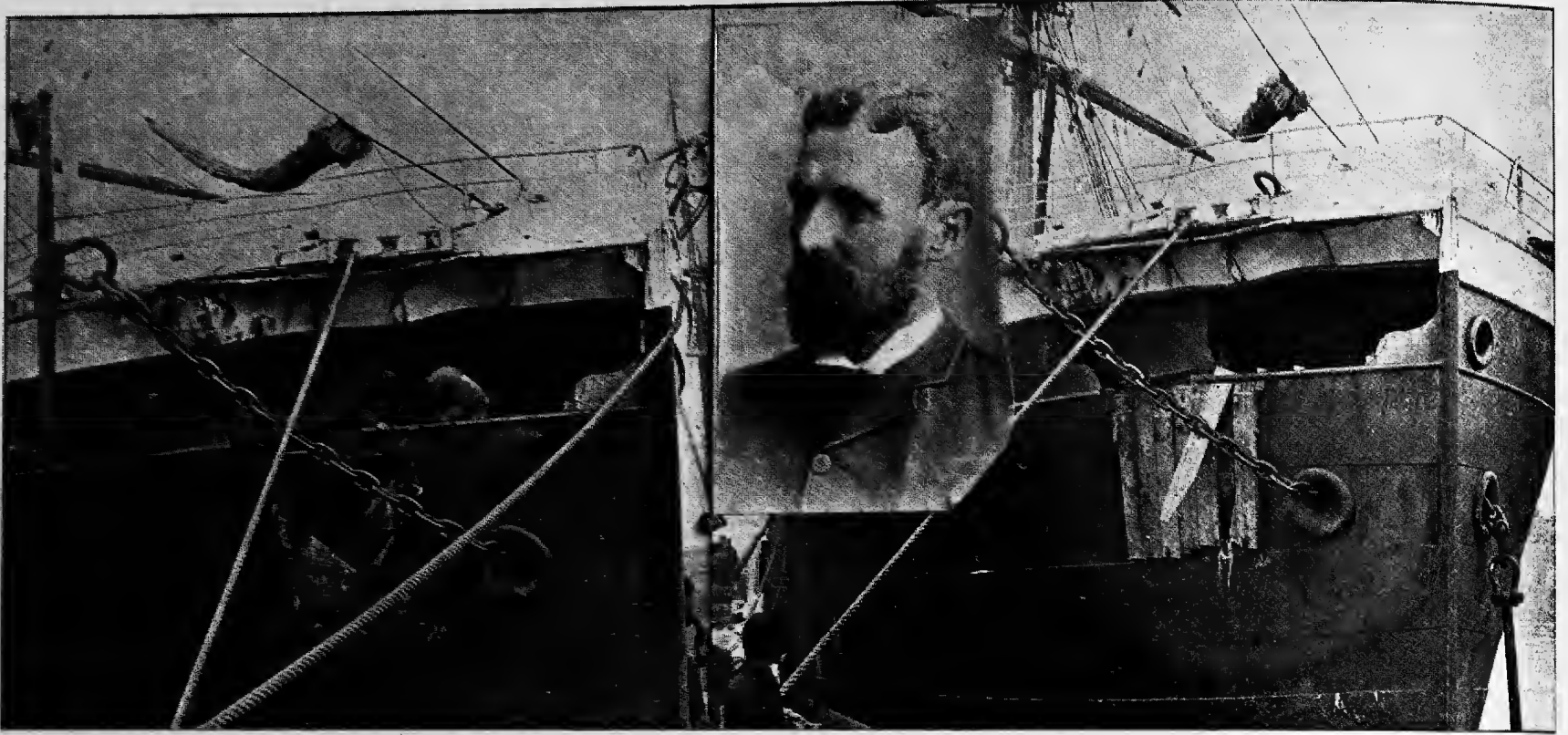
A Proposed Excursion to Isle-aux-Noix.

At the regular monthly meeting of the Numismatic and Antiquarian Society, held on the 17th inst. at the residence of the Hon. Edward Murphy, the notes on Isle-aux-Noix which appear in another column were read by Mr. Lyman, who, at the close of the paper, asked an expression of opinion from members present as to the desirability of having an excursion to this historic spot, somewhat after the manner of the excursions of the Archaeological Society of Great Britain. It was suggested that other historical and literary societies might be asked to co-operate, or perhaps better still, the Natural History Society, which is in the position of a sort of mother to these younger and smaller societies. The proposition met the approval of members present, and Mr. J. A. U. Beaudry, who is a member of the councils of both the societies, was deputed to lay the suggestion before his *compatriots* of the senior society. If the difficulties in regard to transportation can be overcome there is no doubt that it would be a very enjoyable spot to visit, taking for granted that great desideratum for all open air undertakings—favourable weather; though even should a shower or two intrude on the meeting uninvited, the picnickers would probably be less incommoded than anywhere else within reach of Mont-real, as they would have a range of fine substantial buildings at their disposal, extensive enough to accommodate several regiments.

*A small stream flowing through the town of Pembroke, Maine, near which the author once lived. Its upper waters were tided in by hills and woods, and well calculated by their sylvan quietude to please the boatman who paddled on their breast at evening. It takes its rise in a small lake a few miles only from the point at which it merges with the sea.

†The river street was dark with slag and cinder from the iron mill. The mill is gone, and the scene greatly changed.

*The residence and place of business of the late William P. Hunt.



CAPT. MURRAY, COMMANDER OF STEAMSHIP "LAKE HURON."
VIEWS OF THE VESSEL ON ARRIVAL IN MONTREAL, SHOWING EFFECTS OF RECENT GALE.

Our New York Letter.

The event of the week, of course, has been the Stanley reception. Regarded from the calibre of the people who went to it, or from the sum of money handed from its proceeds to the Summit, N.J., Convalescent Home—some \$10,000—it cannot be regarded as anything but a triumphant success. Chauncey Depew introduced him with one of his admirable encomiums, more remarkable for eloquence than accuracy—which is handy in encomiums. Stanley was well received with a prolonged simmer of clapping which never quite got to the boil—certainly with nothing like the wild applause which greeted him in England, before he so far forgot the principles of *esprit de corps* as to blacken the memories of two of his dead comrades. People here rather share the feeling of Englishmen that, even supposing his aspersions on the dead to have been true, *esprit de corps* should have prevented his uttering them. But, of course, nothing could prevent Americans giving an enthusiastic welcome to the American by adoption who had COLUMBUS-ed Central Africa, and he richly deserves any welcome that could be accorded him.

Theodore Thomas is going to Chicago, having been promised \$50,000 for assuming a three years musical dictatorship in that city. He has been supplying New York with a very enjoyable Sunday evening series of Franco-German concerts in the beautiful hall of the Lenox Lyceum, at which Miss Clementina de Vere and Herr Reichman especially have been the stars.

The new Plaza Hotel at the corner of 59th street and Fifth avenue is almost finished. It has several novelties—noticeably two delightful little parlours fit for Marie Antoinette in her heyday, the most fabulously luxurious little boudoirs yet attempted by an hotel—and the pictures scattered about the house, with the electric light thrown upon them—one of a lion with real iron bars in front of it most realistic.

Here is the latest bit of Arnoldiana. Harry Deakin, the curio king of Yokohama, bought the American rights of the "Light of the World," it is alleged, for the enormous sum of £25,000. He sold them to Funk and Wagnalls, who were to have brought the book out a month ago had it not been for unexpected delays. Perhaps Sir Edwin will echo the time-honoured wail, "Save me from my friends!"

A new book by Tolstoi always creates an expectation of interest and does not always fulfil it. "The Romance of Marriage," published by Laird & Lee, of Chicago, will disappoint those who expect a sensational novel, but will charm those who can delight in clever character-drawing and an idyll. It is an idyll most artistically treated; there are no descriptions of scenery, and yet the whole background rises distinctly before one, constructed by hints from what the people were doing. The girl, Marie Alexandrovna, or Madia, as she is "pet named," gives one the same idea as Maud Miller in the "Two Roses," and the way she battles to save the life of the romance in her marriage is well done. The book is nicely got up, with a capital engraving of Millais' "Yes" on the outside. "Miss Nobody of Nowhere" is a very different book. It is published by the Home Publishing Company, of New York, and is,

we think, better than "That Frenchman," or "Mr. Barnes of New York."

Mr. Gunter knows more about Englishmen than sixty-two millions of his fellow-countrymen. He never makes baronets members of the House of Lords. His description of the English store is worthy of an anatomist. As in all Mr. Gunter's books, the people are human-hearted, for good or ill. They are men or women, not eikons. The first book of the story is very exciting, with its admirably old description of the Harvard vs. Yale football match and a fight between the Apaches and some lonely cattle ranchers, and the rest of the book is very, very funny. The chapters in which Tillie Follis, daughter of old Abe Follis, of Colorado, half owner of the baby mine, makes her debut in New York are delicious. She is so naive about herself and her expectations. She has just seen her engagement to one of the "four hundred" announced in a venomous society article.

"But as I gaze at the *Town Tattler* I give a shudder. What will dad—I mean my father—say? For Little Gussie is the most dudish dude in New York, and, though a washed-out descendant of the old Dutch stock, a maniac of the most ultra Anglo tendencies."

Just then her mother—popularly known as "Rach"—an out-and-out specimen of a frontiersman's wife, comes in from a fashionable dry goods store, remembering "that Chit's ag'in in the parlour!" meaning Augustus de Punsler van Beekman.

"I wish ma would say drawing-room—it's much better form!"

The whole family are being run by Mrs. Aurora Dabney Marvin, a society marriage broker, who takes 10 per cent. of the dower and provides the heiress with the noble man and the noble man with the heiress, and has such a genius for detecting the genuine article that she is a success. Tilly, i.e., Miss Matilde Tomkins Follis, is a western girl, "and fresh as the breezes of her own prairies," and to true health and beauty of person adds a very piquant, bright, feminine American face, and eyes filled with the fresh colour of the wood violets, that become almost purple when lighted by the fire of passion; a little mouth that can grow very firm, an inheritance from her mother, a frontierswoman who had fought the Indians with her own hands in the Sioux outbreak in Minnesota, but she is quite eclipsed by Flossie, the adopted daughter who had grown up from a little abandoned baby, whose cries had shown Abe Follis the outcrop of silver of the great baby mine. Two years younger than Tilly, the unmistakable high breeding of the child had made her the model, and her courage and waywardness make her the readers' heroine all the book through. His New York mansion fits Abraham Alcibiades Follis about as comfortably as his patent leather boots, and the reader will not be surprised to find him returning at an unseasonable hour from the Hoffman House, to be confronted by Rach. A moment after the culprits gave a wild scream, there being a sound of wild commotion down stairs; but Rach puts her head into the room and says: "You stay quiet here, pets—I think its burglars; I'm going down to settle 'em."

"Ma, don't go!" cry both ladies in a tremor, another

crash and sound of breakage coming from below.

"Hush! obey me," says Rach. Don't be skeared, no harm shall come to my precious ones!"

And peeping out of their room, the two trembling civilized creatures see the gaunt representative of the Far West stride down stairs with a murderous six-shooter in her hand as quietly as if she were going to her breakfast. A moment later they hear her cry: "Why, Abe, if that ain't you!"

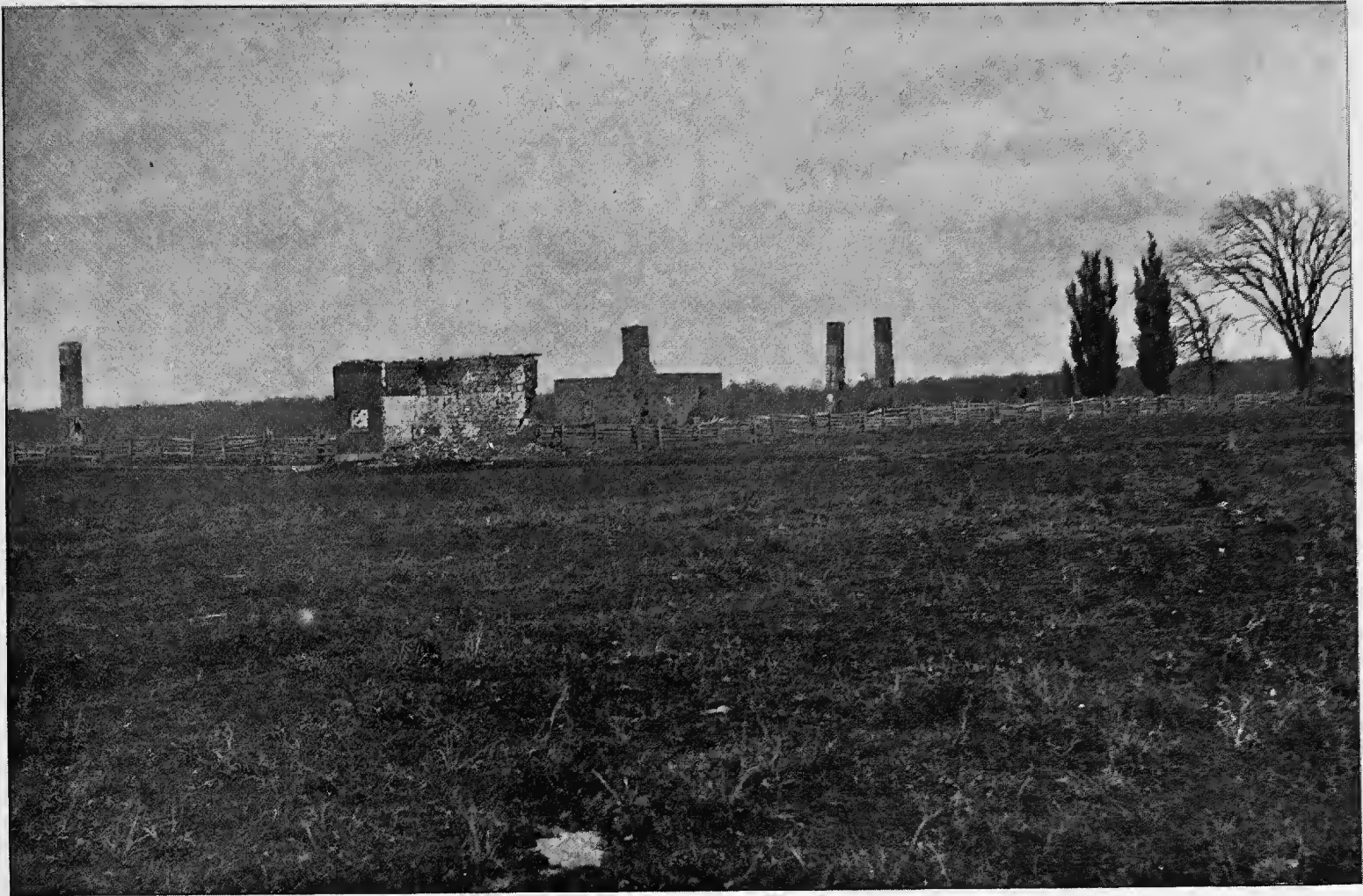
"Yes," answers the head of the house. "I stumbled over some of your brick-bracks. The servants shift 'em about like Missouri River sand-bars. You never know when you run ag'in them."

And then to the listening girls comes Rachel's voice, saying, "Thank God, you're home safe. Abe, I was afeared you'd be captured by bunco men!" followed by a shower of tender backwood kisses upon the returned one. "Til, go to your room! Floss, to bed at once! And if I hear another word out of either of your lips to-night I'll settle you like I did when ye tied fire-crackers to our Chinese cook's tail in Aspen!"

Some of the best fun of the book is made out of the little New York dude, Gussie Van Beekman, who has managed to secure Tillie's hand (Flossie's not being out yet) before Lord Avonmore, specially imported for the purpose by Mrs. Marvin, has time to propose. The English Lord, with the aid of a couple of actors, manages to persuade Gussie that he is Lord Bassington in order to make him jilt Tillie, which the new-fledged peer promptly does, not to mention evicting all his tenants through the actors who are acting as his lawyers. The money needful for carrying out the joke (\$5,000) being supplied by Miss Flossie, who, as the virtual discoverer of the mine in characteristic Western style, has been assigned a fourth share in it, which now amounted to millions. The hoax is, of course, discovered as soon as an answer can come from England from the suppositious peer's lawyers, but in the meantime Lord Avonmore has become engaged to Tillie. It would not be fair to Mr. Gunter to describe in detail how, just in time to prevent the marriage, it is discovered that Lord Avonmore is not Lord Avonmore, but only heir presumptive, the real incumbent of that ancient peerage being Flossie, whom he thought he had got rid of by abandoning his baby in the Canyon of Colorado, where the baby mine was afterwards discovered. We will say no more, but advise readers who care for racy Western humour and subtle character-drawing to make the personal acquaintance of Sheriff Brickgarvey, Cow-boy Pete, Abraham Alcibiades Follis and Gussie. The book is a scathing satire on American Anglomaniacs while perfectly fair to the English. If it be too hard on the "four hundred," Americans must judge. One cannot give a novel better credentials than to say it really is funny and it really is exciting.

DOUGLAS SLADEN.

The Count of Paris has sent a present of 60,000 francs to the Pope by his daughter the Princess Helen, who is on a visit to Rome for the purpose of rendering her devours to His Holiness.



HISTORIC CANADA, V.—ILE-AUX-NOIX.
OLD RUINS ON THE ISLAND.

HISTORIC CANADA, V.

Ile-aux-Noix.*

PART I.—UNDER THE FRENCH.

This island, situated, as most of the Quebec readers of THE ILLUSTRATED are aware, in the Richelieu, ten or twelve miles north of the outlet of Lake Champlain, has figured frequently and prominently in the history of our country.

That it owes its importance to its position requires but a moment's reflection. Looking back to the good old days when our only (real) roads were our lakes and rivers, and when almost any spring-time might be expected to bring an incursion of invaders or witness an attempt to return the compliment, one sees that such a spot, defending the whole course of the Richelieu below and commanding the outlet of 125 miles of lake navigation southward, could not fail to be of great importance to the combatants on both sides.

So long, indeed, as the only invasions to be apprehended were by the uncivilized Indians, the island was not regarded as of great importance, because the great highway of the Richelieu was well guarded by the forts further north, erected by the officers of the Carrignan-Salieres regiment, Ste. Therese, three miles from St. Johns and Chambly in 1665.

Then as French explorers and adventurers extended French influence south and west they quickly grasped the whole country draining into Lake Champlain and Lake George (St. Sacrement), pushing forward with eager strides to meet and check the advance of British influence and British troops from the Hudson.

Hence we find that as late as 1757, when the last great struggle between England and France for the possession of America had been in progress for at least two years, there were no defensive works between Fort St. John and Fort Saint Frederic (Crown Point). This appears from the journal of de Levis, as well as that of Desandrouins.† In April, 1759, the latter officer was again dispatched to Fort Carillon (Ticonderoga) with instructions to examine the defences (actual and possible) of the route.

He describes Ile-au-Noix as a fine island, well wooded, 1,700 yards long, and 386 wide, with a large part of its shores under water, owing to the spring floods; but it is quite evident from his report that it was still undefended.

De Levis mentions (May, 1759) the arrival of news from France of the great preparations which were being made by the British for the conquest of Canada, while France seemed to promise her sons but small assistance and cold comfort in the impending struggle; but, like a true soldier, he turns to his duties only the more energetically, and urges the immediate fortification of Ile-aux-Noix, the importance of which in the defence of Montreal he points out more

than once.

It is impossible to follow the course of events of this year and the next, which brought Ile-aux-Noix into prominence. The fortunes of war inclined now to one side and now to the other, but at length the French commander at Carillon, Gen. Bourlamaque, came to the conclusion that that post could no longer be held against the British army under Amherst, who was said to have 15,000 men, though de Levis' estimate is 10,000, while Bourlamaque had 2,500 regulars and probably 1,000 more, very irregulars—Indians, militia and workmen. It is interesting to note *en passant* that Parkman gives credit to a Canadian (M. de Lotbiniere) for the construction of Fort Carillon, while the French authorities, Montcalm, Dessandrouins and others, seem rather inclined to ignore habitually the services of the colonists.

Carillon, which had cost immense sums and years of labour, was blown up June 27th, 1759, just about the time the British fleet and army arrive before Quebec.

Fort Frederic (Crown Point) was then occupied for a short time, evacuated and blown up, and the French army "arrives on the second of August in sight of Ile-aux-Noix" which Desandrouins had examined four months before. "He was immediately set on shore with the workmen and while the army remained on board ship he went to prepare a camp on the island, the upper end of which he found already well fortified. The army landed next day "in a pelling rain. There it must halt and face the enemy "and die, if need be." The day after the disembarkation "the whole force was set to work on the entrenchments."

"During this time the English, who had followed us "by step, had occupied St. Frederic after Carillon. Masters of Lake Champlain, they covered it with their "vessels."

"Nevertheless, they did not dare this year to attack "Bourlamaque, at bay like a wild boar on his island. "Resistance might be long; hardly two months intervened "between them and winter, and soon the ice would render "the lake impracticable. For these reasons General Amherst (sic), with 15,000 men under his orders, abandoned "the pursuit of 2,500 French‡ commanded by the intrepid "Bourlamaque. However, we had lost Lake Champlain, "and Ile-aux-Noix remained the only barrier on that side "to hinder the English from marching on Montreal."

About a month after the landing of Bourlamaque's force de Levis visited the island and inspected the works, which he found had been well advanced "through the diligence of M. Bourlamaque." Meanwhile, though Quebec and, with her, Montcalm had fallen, the French troops still held out, and de Levis set to work to retrieve, if possible, his countrymen's disasters. Bourlamaque was called with a large part of his force to headquarters to undertake more important work, being succeeded in the command of Ile-

aux-Noix by de Bougainville in the following spring, being accompanied by M. de Lotbiniere, the Canadian engineer. The garrison by this time had been very much reduced, numbering only 450 men.

"Towards the end of June, Sieur de Bougainville having "knowledge that the English vessels had appeared on Lake "Champlain, thought it necessary to reinforce this post, "where he had only 450 men."—(Journal of de Levis.)

They sent him the 2nd Battalion of the Berry regiment and 250 militia; de Levis also went out to visit and inspect. A few weeks later another battalion, that of Guyenne, was also sent to the island fortress. But the end of the struggle was now nigh at hand. De Levis and Bourlamaque had all they could do to follow Murray and the fleet, skirmishing on his flanks "like wasps about the quarters of a bull," as the Abbé Gabriel put it. Amherst was threatening Fort Levis at the rapids, and on the 14th of August the British troops under Haviland, numbering 3,400 men all told, "made a descent to the south of the "river, half a league above Ile-aux-Noix, and tried to "open a road to communicate with the Riviere du Sud, "and by this portage to get above (below?) the island. "They (the French) anchored vessels to defend the mouth "of this river; they reinforced the corps which were to "defend the island, which had been placed in the best possible defence."

On August the 23rd the British opened fire on the entrenchments.

Under date of August 25th, de Levis writes: "This "morning the English, having in the night brought up some "guns opposite the French vessels, which were anchored "too near the shore at the mouth of the Riviere du Sud, "opened fire on them with such effect that, the captain of "one being killed and part of the crew killed or wounded, the rest threw themselves into the water to escape. "The cable of one was cut and it was driven on shore. "The English seized it and, putting out, attacked and captured the other vessels." The little fleet being thus lost, de Bougainville, who had been ordered to hold out as long as possible without being cut off, concluded that his flank was about to be turned, and evacuated the island during the night of the 27th, leaving behind him only the disabled and fifty able-bodied men, who were ordered to surrender on the morrow.

So fell Ile-aux-Noix, and shortly afterwards Montreal and New France.

In these notes I have followed de Levis principally as being likely to have been the most accurate, for all the accounts do not agree as to the details.

After the treaty of Paris, 1763, there seemed to be no further need of fortifications; all America was under the Union Jack, and the works at Ile-aux-Noix dropped speedily into ruins. Peace, at length, settled down on all the land. But for how long?

*So named from the walnut and hazel, with which the island formerly abounded.

†Captain of Engineers attached to Montcalm's staff, afterwards Marechal du Camp and Chevalier of St. Louis.

‡As already noted these figures were not altogether correct.



ALONE IN THE DESERT.

HAGAR AND ISHMAEL.—From a painting by Liska.

(Photo. supplied by G. E. Macrae, Toronto, Director for Canada of the Soule Photograph Company.)

WOMAN'S DOMAIN.

Our Governor-General and suite have been travelling from ocean to ocean, visiting the different provinces. Everywhere they have been received with the greatest enthusiasm. The addresses have been most loyal, breathing naught but what was patriotic and dear to every true Canadian. Receptions, balls and dinners have been given in their honour. At Halifax the Governor-General and party witnessed a polo match. Halifax is the only city in Canada where this fascinating and scientific game can be seen. The match was even, each side winning four goals. The sides were H.R.H. Prince George of Wales, R.N.; Capt. Bruce, 76th Regiment; Capt. Jenkins, A.D.C.; and Col. Clerk, private secretary, vs. Major Mansel, A.M.S.; Major McDonnell, R.A.; Mr. MacGowan, R.A.; and Mr. Stuart, R.A.

While Their Excellencies were away Rideau Hall was thoroughly gone over, and the main hall leading to the conservatory beautifully decorated.

The young ladies' water-colour class under the tuition of Mr. Barnsley held their annual exhibition last week at the Art Gallery. On the whole, the pictures were very creditable; among the best were those of Miss Angus, Miss Johnston and Miss Macdonald.

Anton Seidl and his Metropolitan Orchestra from New York, gave a grand concert on Friday evening in the Queen's Hall. The hall was filled by a large, fashionable and appreciative audience. The music was from six composers—a polonaise from Liszt, four numbers from Beethoven's "Symphonia Eroica," an air from Haendel's "Nerxes," "In the Mills and Near the Ball," by Gillet, "Prelude and Isolde's Death," by Wagner, and four dances from the best French composers of ballet music. One of the best pieces of the evening was that of the parts from Wagner's "Tristan and Isolde." The solo playing by Mr. Clifford Schmidt, with orchestral accompaniment, of the harp was also highly appreciated. Mrs. Page-Thorner, to whom the Montreal musical world is indebted for this treat, must have felt repaid for her trouble as she looked on the crowded house and the rapt attention of the audience.

The sources from which some of our fashions have sprung are rather strange. For instance, it was when Marie Antoinette lost her hair that large bonnets and caps were introduced, taking the place of the head-dress. The French revolution brought absurdities into vogue. The poke bonnet, the scanty dress and the puffed sleeves are only revived models.

One of the fashions that has gone out with the advent of the cold, is the low-cut neck for street gowns, which let us hope will not be revived again. Few could wear it to advantage, to the average woman it was decidedly unbecoming, besides it savoured too much of evening dress to be within the bounds of good taste and decorum, to say nothing of spoiling the beauty of the fairest throat with dust and unburnt. The low-cut neck is an evening dress strictly, and it is very low, indeed, despite the would-be reformers. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps has written very strongly upon the subject and has been answered just as strongly by other lady writers.

Plaids occupy a conspicuous place in this season's patterns. Many of them come in quiet colours and in dark clan tartans. They are made up in a simple way without trimmings, though they can be combined with advantage with plain cloth; for instance, a pretty plaid cloth, such as the El Dorado, would be used in conjunction with the Rosslyn plaid. Velvet is also used for trimming, as it seems to combine particularly well with such goods. The skirts are generally cut on the bias and the basque made of plain material in the prevailing tint of the plaid, with plaid sleeves. If the basque is of plaid, be sure to have as few seams in it as possible, a stretched bodice is the correct thing if you are sure of a fit and can depend on your dress-maker. Such a bodice is fastened under the arms and on the left shoulder with invisible hooks and eyes.

Corduroy and cloth combined make a very charming costume. The former has been greatly improved of late years, and now is beautifully finished off and of a soft velvet-like texture. A gown of this material is of unripe blackberry colour and deep purple black velvet—the shade the fruit is when fit to pick. The bodice is in corselet form, having the appearance of being cut in one with the gored skirt. It opens in front, showing an under bodice of velvet; the skirt gores are corded thickly with velvet, a revival of a bygone style, and the sleeves (also of velvet) are full at the shoulder, but very slightly raised, tapering down to the wrist.

Drapery is as yet but little seen on either evening or day dresses, but there are very decided indications that skirts will shortly be not only much fuller, and draped both at sides and back, but be flounced also, the graceful lines of plain skirts, which are so artistic when carefully cut and well-hung, giving place to distended, puffed-out garments, hiding the beauties of the figure, if not absolutely distorting it.

If you have any treasured short lengths of old brocade, you can produce them now and make the fronts of one of the long Louis Seize waistcoats of them. And if you are happy enough to possess old laces you can make them up *en jabot* to wear with the same. It is easy to mount the lace on bands of muslin, keeping the folds quite soft and using as few stitches as possible. In this way the tender susceptibilities of the fabric are spared, and when the *jabot* fashion is over and done with the lace remains to be used in some other way.

One of the leading dry goods merchants of Montreal has on exhibition in a West End store some of the latest novelties in ball dresses. Some of the fabrics might have been woven by fairy hands for fairy forms, so light and gossamer-like are they, while others of heavy brocaded silk suggest a stately dame in a minuet. Among the most striking was a black gauze material with a deep border of acacia flowers in appliqué; another was of blue gauze, dotted with large blue chenille tufts. The brocades were in light shades of pink and blue. Long silk gloves and ruffles for the neck went with each costume.

The fashion is at present altogether for round breastpins, the knife edge setting, which was so long prominent, having gone out of style. The heart-shaped breast-pin is very fashionable. Those in double hearts are also worn and are

very beautiful. Almost every breast-pin has a pendant, so that it can be used as an ornament on the neck. And where the breastpin is round, as it is at present, this is very convenient. Where velvets are worn around the neck, as is now fashionable, it is considered good style to slip the breastpin on this and fasten the dress band with a small pin of gold.

Moonstones from Ceylon and this country are now at the height of fashion. These are set with turquoise, diamonds, sapphires, rubies and pearls. Semi-precious stones of this character are very much worn at present, and are set in breastpins with fine diamonds, sapphires, rubies and pearls. An exceedingly pretty breastpin is that of a moonstone heart, set about with diamonds, and then a row of pearls, and then turquoises. A crescent of conk pearls, which are of a pinkish cast, finished with an outside row of pearls, is an exceedingly pretty pin.

A New England Drive.

By mountain road and lonely mere,
With gleam of sandy edges,
Where white-starred water-lilies rear
Their heads among the sedges.

The golden-rod swayed to and fro;
The plaining August grasses
To whisper to the ferns stooped low,
That grew in mazy masses.

The oaks stood firm on breezy hills
In long unbroken reaches;
The maples rustled o'er the rills
Beside the spreading beaches.

The brown bees filled the elder bush
With smell of wax and murmur.
The berried sumach wore a blush,
The first good-bye to summer.

The balmy sunshine led us on,
By hill and sleepy hollow,
Through emeralds set in cleaves of wan
Grey reeds and bright marsh wallow.

And so we drove until the sun
Dropt down the mountain's shoulder,
And this short life of ours was one
Day shorter, one day older.

One brief span nearer setting night
That scarfs the eye of sorrow,
A step more up the dizzy height,
Where breaks the endless morrow.

K. L. JONES.

Poland Springs.

An empty pocketbook is a man's most constant friend. Others may grow cold, but he will find no change in the purse. — *Great Barrington News*.

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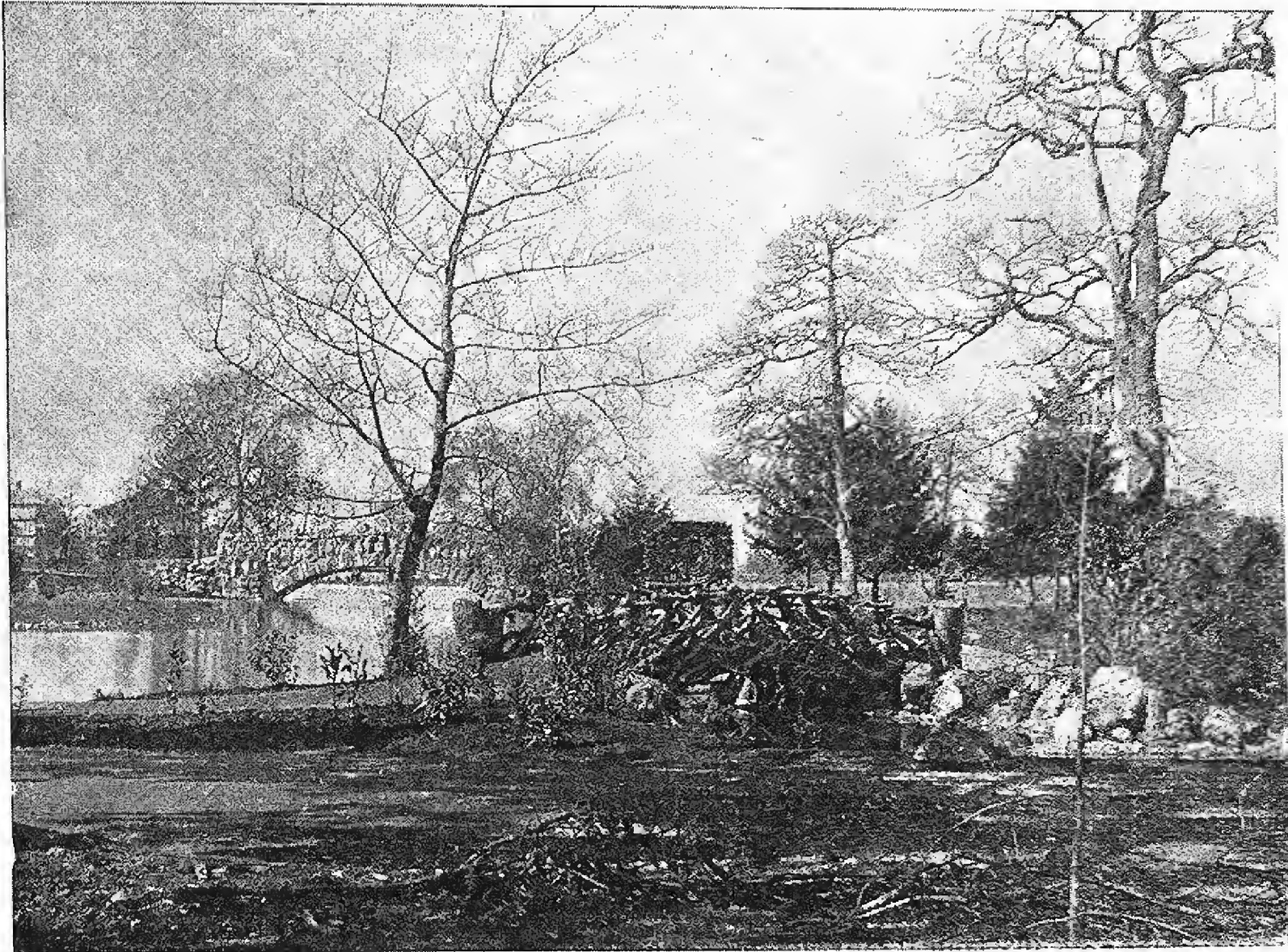
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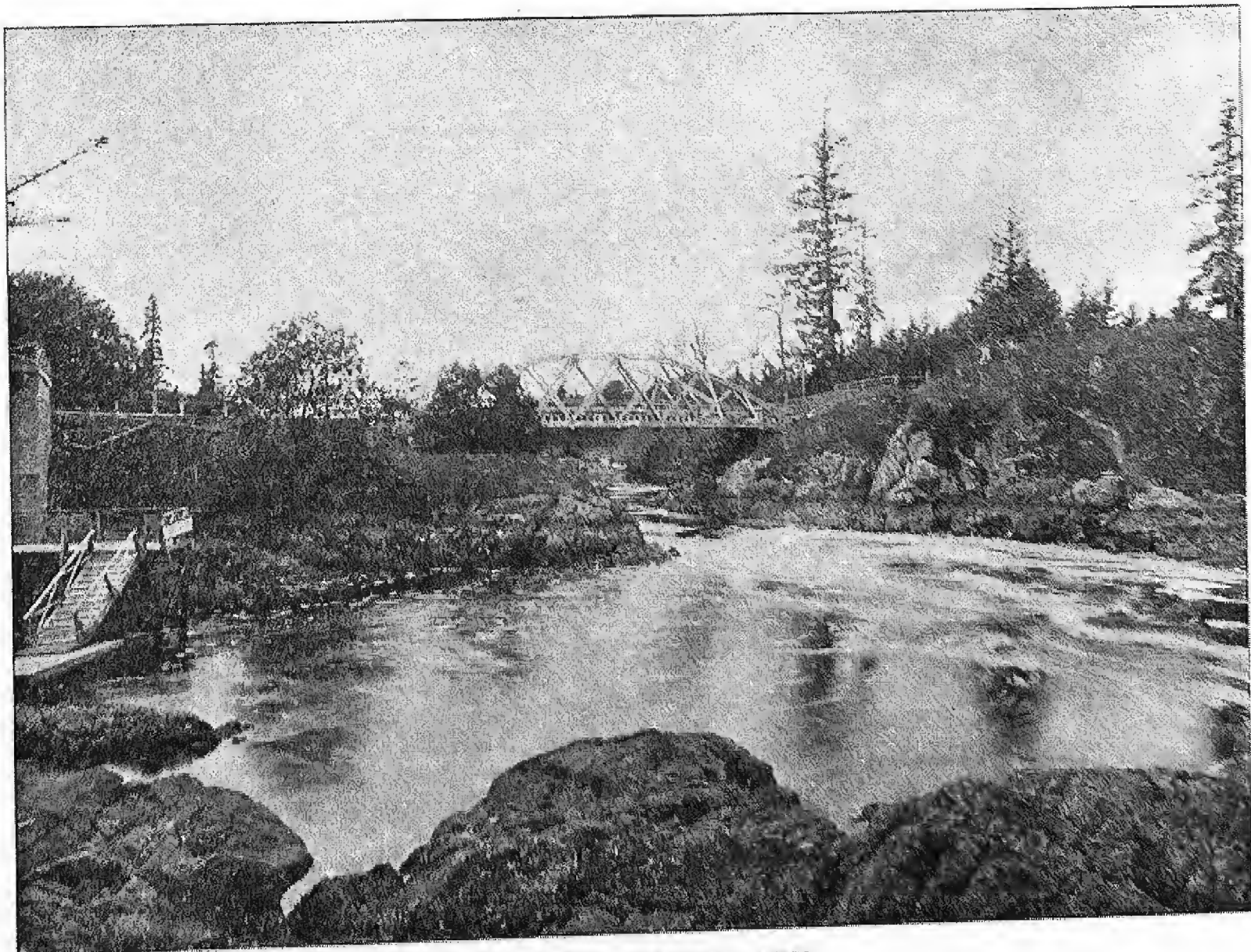
Vol. V.—No. 127.

MONTREAL AND TORONTO, 6th DECEMBER, 1890.

\$4.00 PER ANNUM. IN GREAT BRITAIN, 21s. 6d.
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RICHARD WHITE, PRESIDENT.ALEX. SABISTON, MANAGING-DIRECTOR.
The Gazette Building, Montreal.GEORGE E. MACRAE, WESTERN AGENT,
35 King Street East, Toronto.

London (England) Agency:

JOHN HADDON & CO.,

3 & 4 Boulevard Street, Fleet Street, E.C.

SOLE AGENTS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

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"THE EDITOR, DOMINION ILLUSTRATED."

6th DECEMBER, 1890.



Some time ago we had occasion to refer to the growing interest of English manufacturers of fertilizers in Canada's phosphate deposits, due to the gradual exhaustion of the great stores of guano in certain islands of the Pacific coast of South America. It is not generally known that Canada has also its guano fields, though they have never been developed to any appreciable extent. Indeed, their existence is not dreamed of by the great mass of our population, though the fishermen of the Labrador coast have long been aware of the occurrence of such deposits on the north shore of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The fact was first formally revealed to the scientific world by Mr. Saint-Cyr in a report which contains the results of a voyage of exploration undertaken in 1885 to that portion of the Labrador coast which is comprised in the Province of Quebec. Though Mr. Saint-Cyr's researches were avowedly of a scientific character, and were made in connection with the Department of Public Instruction, of whose museum he was then curator, his treasure-trove is by no means destitute of economic value. This is evident from the list of subjects covered by his report, which comprises guano, eider-down, porpoises, seals and other cetacea and various kinds of sea-birds. Mr. Saint-Cyr applies the term guano to the rich deposit of *humus* or soil found on some of the islands on the north shore, which he considers by no means worthless, though its fertilizing qualities have been impaired by frequent rains and frost. His stay was not long enough to permit of a minute examination of the soil in question. He visited the islands of the Mingan, Archipelago and Grand Meccatina. These islands contain large quantities of a black earth, rich and light, in which certain sea-birds make their nests, and to which they resort in such numbers that sometimes the whole surface is almost covered with them. He feels certain that, but for the frequent rains and the melting of the accumulated snows, these guano deposits would ere this have acquired considerable value. Whether the fertilizing substance can be found in sufficient quantity and of a quality excellent enough to give promise of remuneration from the working of the deposits can, he concludes, be ascertained only after a thorough exploration of the ground. The deposits of which he heard during his voyage greatly exceeded in extent those which came under his actual observation. Since Mr. Saint-Cyr wrote his report Labrador has been attracting a good deal of attention in both England and Canada, and it remains to be seen whether those who are interested in that long disregarded region will think it worth while to develop this feature of its resources. Besides bird guano, there is a fertilizer, rich in nitrogen and phosphate, made from the refuse of the cod and seal fisheries, but its oiliness makes its action comparatively slow.

A question of no slight importance to those who are concerned in professional education in this province has of late been the theme of much dis-

cussion among our French contemporaries. We refer to the proposed fusion of the medical faculties of Victoria and Laval Universities. Especial interest has been added to the subject by a message from the Vatican requesting the Premier to take charge of the bill framed for the purpose, entitled "An Act to amend the Act constituting as a corporation the School of Medicine and Surgery of Montreal." Monseigneur Paquet and Abbé Proulx pleaded the cause of union on behalf of the University of Laval and its Montreal branch, respectively, as rector and vice-rector of that institution. It was urged that the fusion would be beneficial to professional training; that it would satisfy the Catholic community in both sections of the province; that it would work to the prejudice of no class or individual, every right being respected and due regard being had for the sentiments of all concerned. Of course, to attain any great end of common interest there must be concession on both sides; but the advantages that would be secured equalled, if they did not exceed, any sacrifice that might be necessary. Each of the amalgamating corporations would gain by the Act, while no essential privilege would be surrendered by them. Drs. Lanctot and Brunelle dissented from the principle of the Bill and defended the right of the Victoria School of Medicine to continued and separate existence. It was not fair that those who had laboured for more than thirty years to build up that institution should be deprived of the fruits of their efforts. By the fusion Montreal, the metropolis of the Dominion, would be doomed to content itself with a branch of a university which had its centre of operations at Quebec. The Protestants of the province had two distinct institutions with university powers—McGill and Bishop's College, Lennoxville—each of which had its medical faculty. It was not in consonance with equity that the professors of a faith whose adherents were so much in the majority should be deprived of equal educational advantages. Drs. Lanctot and Brunelle advocated affiliation rather than fusion—a plan which, they maintained, would leave the vitality and independence of the School of Medicine virtually unimpaired. Mgr. Paquet and Abbé Proulx disclaimed any intention of interfering with the rights and privileges of the school of medicine—the aim and affect of the Bill being, on the contrary, to enhance its prestige and authority by giving it full and recognized university rank. The preamble of the Bill was then taken into consideration by the committee, and, after some debate, was adopted. This question of university amalgamation, which has already (though from a different standpoint) been discussed with such fervour in Ontario and the Maritime Provinces, has for some years been a source of unrest among our French-speaking compatriots in this province, the introduction of the present Bill being the climacteric of a long continued agitation.

The editor of the *Educational Record* of the Province of Quebec makes an earnest appeal to the press and the public men of the country on behalf of the elementary teachers. The late convention held in this city gave, it is urged, various welcome evidences of educational advancement. It has been usual for the other provinces to take it for granted that Quebec lags behind in the general eager forward movement of our time. But Quebec has been by no means standing still. In some respects, indeed, Quebec can claim precedence over communities that would be startled at the suggestion that she was even their rival. In what points she had got the better of her neighbours the *Record* had not hesitated to indicate more than once. But, while deeming it only fair to repel disparaging reflections on the vitality, progressive spirit and attained triumphs of this province, the *Record* shrinks from the avowal that the time for self-congratulation has arrived. There have been very real gains, it is true, but they are mostly in the direction of higher education. The elementary school, which lies at the basis of the whole system, has been too much lost sight of, and it is to the improvement of its status that the most strenuous efforts at the present moment should be directed. Stagnation, where stagnation exists, is due to one

obvious cause—the lack of means. The teachers are wretchedly paid. Let those who question the statement read the reports of the Superintendent, and especially the included reports of the inspectors for years back. Their pitiable plight is or ought to be no news to any one who is directly or indirectly concerned in education. The fact is beyond dispute. What is needed is prompt redress. The Department, it seems, does all that lies in its power to make the position of the elementary teachers more tolerable. The Commissioners complain that their treasury, too, can yield no more. To whom, then, are the teachers to apply for help? What hope is there of just remuneration ever being their portion? Surely there is public spirit enough in the province to do something for their relief. If scores and hundreds of thousands of dollars can be obtained with comparatively little solicitation for our higher seats of learning (and most noble have been the benefactions of some of our men of means to those institutions), what is there to prevent the exercise of generosity towards our common schools—generosity which shall yield returns by which the entire community must profit? The Government has promised to enlarge the subsidy, but we may be sure that, whatever the increment, there will be ample scope for private munificence.

Extraordinary architectural remains of the style known to antiquarians as Cyclopean, discovered in some of the most isolated of the Pacific islands, as well as in several of the more important groups, have long been a puzzle to ethnologists. On Easter island, for instance, which is some 2,500 miles from South America, and forms the south-eastern limit of Polynesia proper, there are great platforms, built of large cut stones, fitted together without cement, the walls of which towards the sea are nearly 30 feet high, and from 200 to 300 feet long by about thirty wide. Some of the squared stones are six feet long. Colossal images are found lying where they have been thrown from their pedestals. One statue, eight feet in height and weighing four tons, was brought to England and is now in the British Museum. Wooden tablets, bearing signs and figures, have also been found on Easter Island. On Tongatabu of the Tonga group there is a curious monument formed of two rectangular blocks forty feet high, surmounting which is a slab bearing a large stone bowl. In Ponape, one of the Carolines, there are extensive ruins, the principal being a court 300 feet long, the walls of which are formed of basaltic prisms. There are other ruins of smaller extent both on Ponape and on Kusaie in the same group. In the Ladrões, or Robber Islands, there are stone columns fourteen feet high, with a semi-globular stone, six feet in diameter, on the top of each. The late Mr. H. B. Sterndale, who discovered gigantic defensive works in the Seniavine islands, states that these pre-historic remains are more abundant than many had previously imagined. He held that the parent stock from the Indian Archipelago reached not only Polynesia but Central America. This theory is not altogether new. Years ago Sir Daniel Wilson indicated the possibility of such migrations in his "Pre Historic Man." Quoting the statement of his namesake, Prof. H. H. Wilson, that at the date of the earliest Vedas the Asiatic Aryans were already a maritime and mercantile people, he points out how easy it was to pass from the continent to the nearest island groups, and from them to the remoter islands; and he refers the reader to the map of the Pacific for evidence that a boat driven a few degrees south of Pitcairn, Easter or the Austral Islands would come within the range of the antarctic current, which sets directly towards the Chilean and Peruvian coasts. He also points to those "objects of vague wonder," about which Mr. Sterndale had been writing, as traces of an ancient history altogether distinct from that of the later insular races. And he thus concludes: "Wanderers by the oceanic route to the New World may therefore have begun the peopling of South America long before the north-eastern latitudes of Asia received the first nomads into their inhospitable steppes, and opened up a way to the narrow passages of the North Pacific."

The Queen's speech at the opening of the Imperial Parliament was not without a certain degree of assurance as to one of the questions in which the Dominion is naturally interested. The Houses were informed that negotiations had been commenced in respect of the Newfoundland fisheries question, and it was hoped that a settlement would be arrived at which would prove satisfactory to all parties. We have a tolerably accurate notion of the settlement that would satisfy the people of Newfoundland, and the British Government is not in the dark on the subject. Never before did our island neighbours take so much pains or use so much freedom of speech in making known their wishes on the French shore question as during the controversy that arose early in the present year. Our readers had an opportunity of learning the views of Newfoundland from one of the delegates sent to this country to obtain the sympathy and co-operation of the Government and people of the Dominion in urging their plea for a revision of the ill-advised treaties which have caused so much embarrassment. The views declared to our Governments, the Boards of Trade and the public of Canada were the same views that the delegates to Great Britain urged upon the authorities there. If, therefore, Lord Salisbury has any hope of bringing the negotiations to such a conclusion as will be acceptable to the people of Newfoundland, he will have accomplished no slight triumph—a triumph on which both our island neighbours and ourselves can cordially felicitate him. No mention was made in the Queen's speech of a question that concerns us still more closely—that of the Behring Sea seal fisheries. On that point, however, the leader of the Government in the Commons assured Mr. Gladstone that he had no reason to apprehend a failure of the negotiations now in process. It has been suggested by experts to the Washington Government that the chase of the fur seal should be discontinued for seven years, that policy being, it is alleged, absolutely necessary to prevent the extermination of the seal. The state of things which such a recommendation on such grounds implies is mainly due to the obstinacy of the United States authorities in refusing to come to an arrangement with Great Britain for the protection of the seals. If the plea for the proposed policy be well founded the action taken should be international, and not based on the one-sided *ipse dixit* of the United States Government.

Some months ago *Garden and Forest* contained an article in which New Englanders were urged to undertake the cultivation of huckleberries for the home and foreign market. We are not aware whether as yet any of our neighbours have profited by the suggestion. There is a kindred branch of fruit-growing, however, to the advantages of which attention was called a few years ago by Mr. A. McD. Allan at the annual meeting of the Ontario Fruit Growers' Association. According to Mr. Allan, there are hundreds of acres of swampy land in Canada that could be remuneratively turned to account by cranberry culture, yet is practically useless for other purposes. Hitherto consumers have obtained their supplies either from wild growths far to the northward or by importation from the United States. The cranberry of this continent is larger and of finer flavour than the European variety, and, therefore, finds a ready market in European centres of population. Mr. Allan says that the demand for American cranberries has greatly increased across the Atlantic in recent years, and, the fruit being so easily kept, the business would be sure to be profitable. He also gives full instructions as to the way to proceed in order to raise a good crop of this delicious and most wholesome article of diet. The suggestion may be worth heeding now that Canadians are on the *qui vive* for new markets for whatever they have to sell or may have by a little exertion.

A movement is on foot in connection with Australia's mineral resources which is, incidentally, at least, of some interest to Canadians. The project in view is the establishment of a smelting, alkaline and chemical works company, with a capital of

about a million and a quarter dollars. The scheme includes the smelting of copper by a new process, which will utilize about 3 per cent. of the ore; the smelting and refining of silver ore, and the extraction of gold from pyrites by Pollock's process, which is said to extract from 90 to 95 per cent. of gold. The pyrites would be concentrated at the mines by the dry air concentrator of Clarkson and then sent to the works for treatment. An alternative to this latter plan, where the output of ore is of sufficient importance to justify its adoption, is to erect a gold-extracting plant and treat the ore at the mine, at a royalty. It is proposed, in addition to smelting, to use the surplus sulphur in the copper and pyrites ores for the manufacture of sulphuric acid, which would be utilized with bones from the meat-preserving factories in making superphosphate manure. For this latter substance it is expected that there would be a great demand in the vineyards. Do the vine-growers know of our wealth in phosphates?

FACTORY INSPECTION.

In connection with the debate in the Legislature on factory inspection, it may be of interest to direct public attention to certain features of the Inspector's report in the last Report of the Commissioner of Agriculture. The Chief Inspector complains of the difficulty in obtaining the addresses of all the factories that should be visited, and suggests that proprietors should be compelled by law to make themselves and the situation of their factories known. This is a serious drawback to efficient inspection and, even by Mr. Côté's admission, a number of establishments were, through ignorance of their existence or whereabouts left unvisited. Then as to the character and efficiency of the inspection, Mr. Guyon says that the Inspector is frequently embarrassed between the demands of manufacturers on the one hand and the claims of the employees on the other, and he finds himself at fault either through omissions or vagueness in the law. The same gentleman, discussing the suspiciously small number of accidents reported during the year in the Montreal district, expresses the opinion that a fully efficient inspection service would greatly increase the total. He points out that in Germany, out of 1,958,000 workmen, no less than 29,574 were injured (1,252 fatally or so as to cause permanent disability) in four months (August to November) of 1881. The system of inspection in Germany is very complete, so that no accident escapes the notice of the proper authorities. In France this subject of labour accidents has excited great interest, and no less than 790 delegates attended the International Congress on Accidents last year. Inspection has revealed the fact that the most serious mishaps to which workmen are exposed arise from the shafting and belting—death or loss of limb being very frequently the result. Most factories are now furnished with automatic lubricators, and attention to the precautions formulated in the law, both as to the oiling of shafting and the handling of belting, had diminished the number of casualties. As to the inspection of steam boilers in the country, Mr. Guyon says that it is practically *nil*. More than a third of the boilers used there are cast-off affairs that have been condemned by the city inspector, which have been fixed up and sold to inexperienced men. He had during his tours met with boilers destitute of test-cocks, and has frequently had to order a manufacturer to remove the iron weights which, in case of danger, would prevent the working of the safety valve. The low-water alarms tend to give greater security; but, in Mr. Guyon's opinion, a thorough system of official inspection, with some recognized standard of qualification for stokers and engineers, will alone effect a satisfactory solution of the question. Defective elevators have repeatedly come under the inspector's notice, and he has taken measures to see the necessary improvements carried out. The amendment providing for the supply of fire escapes by proprietors has produced excellent results. In one case persistent refusal to comply with the law had necessi-

tated an appeal to the courts. As doubts exist as to the meaning of the term "proprietor of the establishment," it should be modified or explained so as to leave no room for ambiguity.

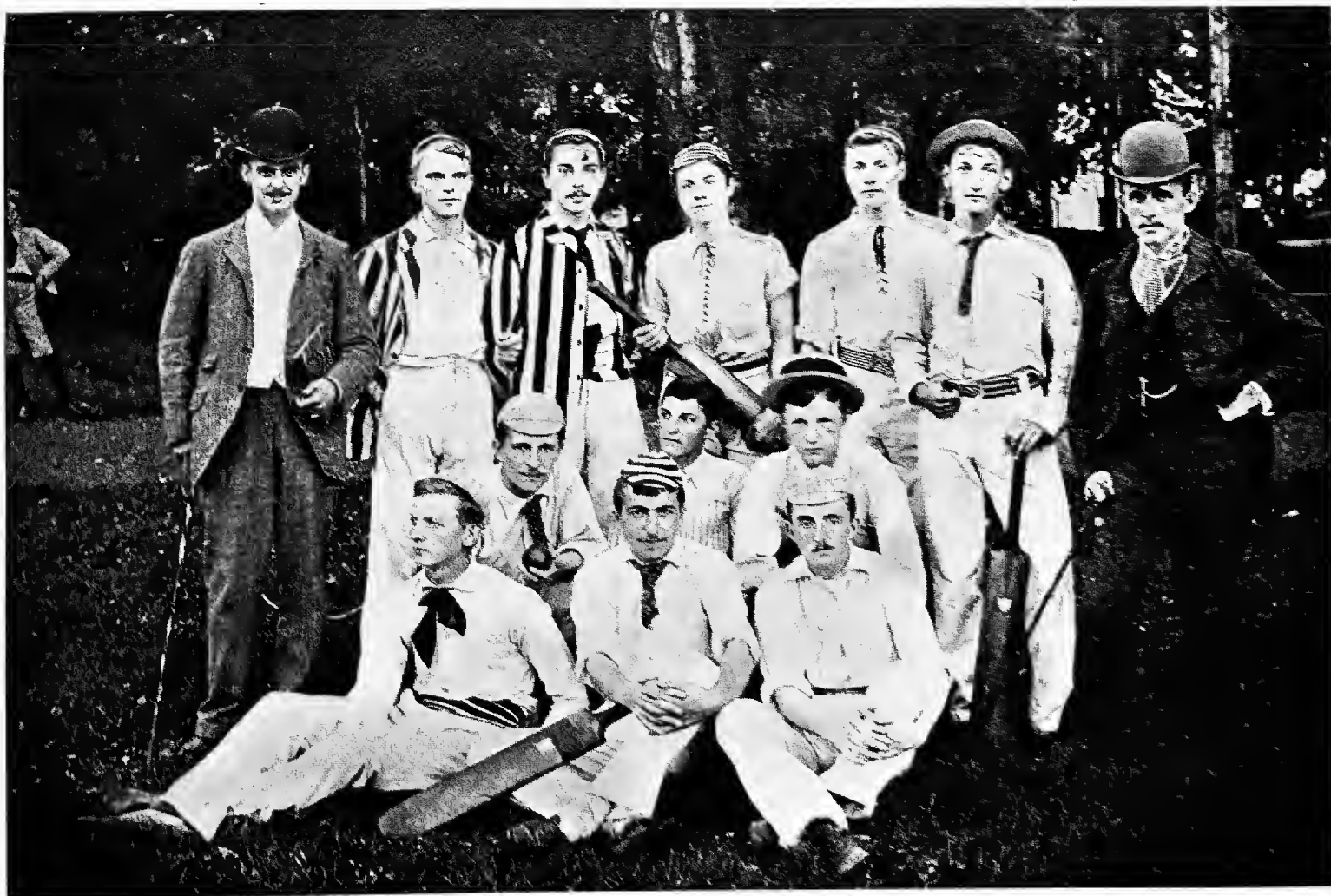
In the matter of sanitation there has, during the past year, been considerable improvement—the wood-working and shoe-manufacturing industries showing most care in this respect. There is still, however, difficulty in inducing compliance with the law by the adoption of centrifugal ventilation, only threats of prosecution being effectual in some cases. On the presence of children and young girls in factories where dangerous and unhealthy industries are pursued, Mr. Guyon regrets that the limit of age was not made 16 years for boys and 18 for girls, instead of 14 and 15. Carelessness on the part of children is a frequent cause of casualties, and it is well known that growing children suffer severely in health when they are placed at unhealthy occupations. Mr. Côté recommends the adoption of several regulations touching boiler inspection, means for extinguishing fires, the hanging of doors so as to permit of prompt egress, and a full supply of conveniences in factories. He also confirms what Mr. Guyon says in relation to the regular inspection of steam-boilers and the employment of certificated engineers. Mr. James Mitchell, in calling attention to the fact that boys acquire the privileges of working as men at 14, whereas in England the age of maturity is 18, in some of the States 18, and in none of them under 16 years, regrets the "frightful ignorance" of both the boys and the girls. In most cases neither they nor their parents could sign their names. These instances of extreme ignorance are, for the most part, found in the cigar and tobacco factories, and consist of young people either of foreign extraction or from the rural districts. Mr. Mitchell acknowledges that the night schools started a couple of winters ago have done much good, but he fears that they can hardly be expected to reach these boys and girls who are too much exhausted with their day's work in the cotton, woollen or cigar factory to be capable of, or have any relish for, any mental strain after working hours. Another point to which Mr. Mitchell directs attention is the injurious effect of dust, steam and gases. He has succeeded, after much thought, in devising appliances for ejecting them, but the chief difficulty is to persuade some manufacturers of their existence and deleterious character. Mr. Mitchell notes an improvement in the condition of the buildings used for factories and workshops. Several of the old dilapidated houses have been vacated and new structures, with modern conveniences, erected in their stead. Mr. Côté says that in all the new buildings the architects had made a point of attending to the ventilation. The number of factories placed under Mr. Guyon's superintendence up to the 30th of June last was 325. The total number of his visits was 400. The number of people employed in the establishments visited was 19,482. Of these 345 were children from 12 to 14; 1,213 girls from 14 to 18; 1,408 women over 18, and 16,516 men. He had made 23 visits in answer to the complaints of workpeople. The number of factories added to the total in his last report was 70. The number of accidents reported to him was 19, of which four were fatal. Of these two were attributed to imprudence, one to disobedience of rules, and one was a simple casualty. Seven occurred in tin-stamping shops, a fact which has suggested that these establishments be classed as dangerous; four in nail factories, two in rolling mills, and one each in a paper mill, stove foundry, door and sash factory, biscuit factory and pipe foundry. Of the fatal cases two were in nail factories, one in a stove foundry and one in a tin-stamping shop. Mr. Mitchell reports fifteen accidents, of which one proved fatal—at the Dominion Bridge Works, Lachine. He says that a considerable number of the large establishments insure their hands in the Accident and Liability companies—a usage which makes them take greater precautions, as the policy is cancelled unless due care be exercised. The three reports, of which we have given the substance, indicate the directions in which reforms of practice and modifications of the factory laws are most called for.



FIRE AT HIGH SCHOOL, MONTREAL, 28th NOVEMBER. (By our special artist.)



QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY, KINGSTON.



ST. JAMES CRICKET CLUB ELEVEN MONTREAL.



A GOOD PAGAN.*

Those of our readers who are familiar with Archdeacon Farrar's instructive and delightful work: "Seekers after God," may recall that, in his chapters on the Emperor Marcus Aurelius, he pays a deserved tribute to Mr. George Long's translation of the imperial philosopher's writings. "My quotations," he says (in a note on page 268 of Messrs. Macmillan & Co.'s fine edition of his book), "from Marcus Aurelius will be made (by permission) from the forcible and admirably accurate translation of Mr. Long", and he continues: "In thanking Mr. Long, I may be allowed to add that the English reader will find in his version the best means of becoming acquainted with the purest and noblest book of antiquity." These few words of acknowledgment should be sufficient commendation—if commendation were needed—for the tasteful little volume just issued by Messrs. Bell & Co. George Long, one of the most remarkable of modern scholars, left to the world no legacy more prized than "The Thoughts of Marcus Aurelius Antoninus." His version first appeared in 1862, and eleven years later, six years before his death, he brought out a carefully revised edition of the Life and Philosophy. The task was one of admitted difficulty owing to the chaotic condition of much of the text and, notwithstanding the enthusiastic reception of his performance by critics of approved learning and taste, he confessed his failure to remove some of the perplexities of the sadly corrupt original. What he succeeded in doing was, nevertheless, a rare triumph of erudition and industry, and what he could not do it is safe to conclude that no other scholar could accomplish. His reputation, said Matthew Arnold, is a guarantee of fidelity and accuracy. The reviews and magazines were equally fervent in their eulogies. But it is not merely as a translation that the book is of rare value. The portrait that Mr. Long has drawn of the great and good man, whose "Meditations" are among our richest heirlooms from antiquity is wonderfully life-like. We seem to be conversing with a contemporary rather than reading about one who ceased to live nearly two millenniums since. The book is not to be read to satisfy curiosity, but for instruction and edification. No one can read the Life, the Philosophy and the Thoughts without being a gainer by the task. It is a privilege to pass some hours in converse with such a mind. "The two best expounders of the later Stoical Philosophy were," says Mr. Long, "a Greek slave and a Roman emperor"—Epictetus and Marcus Aurelius. Both by precept and example these worthies laboured to improve themselves and others. This service they still discharge by their writings that have come down to us, and by the record of their lives. With Seneca, they form the theme of Dr. Farrar's treatise, already mentioned. Mr. Long, while conceding that Seneca "has said many good things in a very fine way," hesitates to place him on the same plane with Marcus and Epictetus, though Jerome has given him honourable mention in his calendar of illustrious Christians, and it was once believed that he had corresponded with St. Paul. The letters on which this belief was based are now pronounced a forgery, and, as Mr. Long says, Seneca's life and writings must be taken together. The most serious charge against Antoninus is that he allowed the Christians to be persecuted. Mr. Long cannot admit that such a man was an active persecutor, but he does not deny (as his own words testify to the fact) that he had a poor opinion of the Christians, whom he knew mainly as disturbers and dangerous to the State. We must, however, refer our readers to the volume itself for fuller information on this and other points. Those who have not yet studied "The Thoughts" cannot err by possessing themselves of a copy of this dainty edition, reprinted from Mr. Long's latest revision.

HANDBOOK OF FOLK-LORE.†

We have already given an outline of the work of the British Folk-Lore Society, of which Mr. Andrew Lang is actually president. It was established in 1878 for the purpose of collecting and preserving the fast perishing relics of popular tradition. As there was some uncertainty as to what was properly included under the name, it was deemed well that a manual setting forth the aims, comprehensiveness and limitations of folk-lore should be prepared and printed for the use of enquirers and collectors. Mr. G. L. Gomme, formerly honorary secretary, now director of the Society, was already engaged on an introduction to the science, when in 1888 a discussion arose on the question, and the Council, on learning the fact, resolved to avail itself of his assistance. Mr. Gomme soon found that his manuscripts would require considerable modification and so he began the work afresh. The undertaking was attended with a good deal of difficulty and some unavoidable delay

occurred, but it has at last been brought to a successful conclusion, and "The Handbook of Folk-Lore" has just been published by Mr. David Nutt, 270 Strand, London. It bears evidence of thorough (we might almost say of exhaustive) research on the part of Mr. Gomme and his co-workers. The arrangement of the subject is in accordance with the classification in Mr. Gomme's original scheme and comprises twenty-three headings. In the first place we are told what Folk-Lore is in an instructive chapter, which deserves careful study. In all stages of his career man has attempted to explain the natural phenomena surrounding and affecting him. Hence arose the mythology of tribes and nations, and within the circle of almost all human society, savage or civilized, exist old beliefs, old customs, old memories which are relics of an unrecorded past. It is the study of these relics that is indicated when we speak of folk-lore—the stored-up knowledge of the people. The subjects that make up the body of such survivals of the habits of thought and social or ceremonial usages of remote ages, are divided into four main groups—superstitious belief and practice; traditional customs; traditional narratives and folk (or popular) sayings. These again are subdivided according to the peculiar characters of the superstitions, customs, narratives or sayings. Superstitions, for instance, may be associated with trees or plants, with animals, with leechcraft, with magic or divination, or with beliefs relating to a future life. Customs may be connected with festivals, with games, with ceremonies; folk narratives, with the nursery or child life, with heroic exploits or with drollery of some kind; with the Creation, with the Flood, or with localities, or may be the themes of old ballads; folk-sayings may take the form of nursery rhymes, of proverbs, or may be extant in nicknames or rhymes pertaining to localities. A most important class of superstitions is associated with great natural objects, such as mountains (as M. Reclus has pointed out in his monograph "La Montagne"), islands, lakes, rivers, wells, caves, and even the sea, the "great globe itself" and the heavenly bodies. Of these, as of the other classes of superstitions, customs, tales and sayings, the Handbook gives ample illustration. Each class is dealt with separately, and in every case a list of questions, to which it is essential for the folk-lore enquirer to find answers if possible, is appended. Under the head of "Goblinism" (that class of spirits which "assume a form and possess characteristics more or less like mankind") a long enumeration is given of the names that still prevail in various localities, such as "brownie," "fliberty gillbet," "cloutie," "gudeman," "hop o' my thumb," "nickle ben," "puck," "old nick," etc., and the goblins or demons indicated by these or other names are classified according to the characters attributed or the offices assigned to them. In the same way witchcraft, leechcraft, magic, are dealt with, and then the various popular customs, games and ceremonies, the several kinds of folk-tales, ballads, songs, nursery rhymes, proverbs and other divisions of the subject are fully and carefully treated. The chapter on ballads and songs has a literary as well as scientific interest. In his work on "Comparative Literature"—one of the volumes of the International Scientific Series—Prof. Posnett, of University College, Auckland, New Zealand, looks upon some form of choral song as the primary source from which all literature has developed. Mr. Gomme assigns the folk song precedence over the folk tale in point of antiquity. What are known now as nonsense rhymes are, he thinks, in many cases, relics of a lost language, the words having been handed down from so remote a date that the meaning has long been forgotten. Nursery rhymes and other jingles are among "the waifs and strays of folk-lore." Bargain-making formulae were superstitious guarantees against treachery in times when the laws of contract were little known. Here is an example:

As sure's death
Cut me breath
Ten mile aneath the earth,
Fite man, black man,
Burn me t' death.

If the bargain was broken, the breaker knew what doom to expect. The 22nd chapter gives general instructions as to the collection of folk-lore, and the following and final chapter gives some useful hints for the prosecution of folk-lore research in the library. Lord Rayleigh, in addressing the British Association, drew attention to the accepted fiction that what has been once published is known. Yet often, he added, the rediscovery in the library may be a more difficult and uncertain process than the first discovery in the laboratory. Exemplifications of this truth are not wanting, and they are the clever ones who delve among the forgotten treasures of ancient literary and scientific workers and bring up therefrom things old as new. In the case of folk-lore, this industry is as necessary as it is honourable. "In every case the extract should be written out in the exact words of the original and precise reference (edition, volume, page and date) should be given to the work from which the extract is taken." The sources recommended for consultation are early and mediæval chronicles; reports of legal proceedings and law treatises; lives of the Saints; old homilies and Latin sermons; early Christian Fathers; classical writers; early topographical works; local histories; books of travel; old newspapers; chap books; tracts of various kinds and manuscripts in the British Museum and the other great storehouses of world-learning. The "Handbook of Folk-Lore" is thus, it may be seen, entirely worthy of its name and does credit to Mr. Gomme and his coadjutors. These are chiefly the Hon. J. Abercrombie, Mr. Edward Clod, Mr. E. W. Brabrook, Mr. E. Sidney Hartland and Mr. Joseph Jacobs.

JACQUES DE VITRY.*

A name which closely resembles that of the famous mediæval preacher was borne by a man who played a rôle in Canadian history which the members of his race would gladly forget. Denis de Vitry is separated from Jacques de Vitry by nearly six centuries, and in character and career the gulf between them is no less marked. The name of the ecclesiastic seems to indicate that he was born at Vitry-le-François, in the Department of Marne, nineteen miles from Châlons. The ground for preferring this locality to Vitry-le-Brulé, in the Département of Seine, five miles from Paris, is the former existence there of a monastery of St. James (Sancti Jacobi de Vitriaco), after whom the future churchman may have been named. The date of his birth is uncertain; but as he was ordained in the year 1210, he was probably born early in the ninth decade of the twelfth century. Little is known of his family; but as he was a regular Canon, it is conjectured that he was of gentle, if not noble, stock, though his virtue and learning may have won him the distinction. He is known to have pursued his theological studies (*quibus ferrebat immo*) at the University of Paris. He celebrated his first Mass in the Convent of Oignies, whither he was drawn by his friendship for the saintly Mary of that house, whose life afterwards wrote. It was by her advice that he resolved to devote himself to preaching, in which he was destined to attain such eminence. Foulques, Bishop of Toulon, whom Count Raymond the Sixth had driven from his See, induced him (it is said) to preach the crusade against the Albigenses. But he soon abandoned that task to pre-empt the worthier crusade against the Saracens. In this he was so successful that the Canons of the city of Acre elected him Bishop of that See, and he was consecrated by Pope Honorius the Third. He thence proceeded to Genoa, whence he sailed for his distant diocese, which he reached after being twice nearly wrecked. The relation of his voyage and subsequent experience in the Levant about in striking illustrations of the time. In the movement the crusaders Jacques de Vitry had a prominent share. After the lamentable result of the Egyptian expedition, he tried to obtain release from the burden of his bishopric, but, though summoned by the Pope to the Council of Verona, he had to return to Acre, and it was not until Gregory the Ninth had replaced Honorius that he was permitted to resign. After his return he continued to preach the crusade against the Moslem, and in 1228 was created Cardinal and Archbishop of Tusculum. The remainder of his life is involved in obscurity. He is known to have acted the part of mediator in the quarrels between Pope and the Emperor, and in 1239 he was elected Patriarch of Jerusalem by the clergy of Palestine. His death is believed, on the evidence of a letter of Pope Gregory, to have taken place soon after. His works are historical, biographical, homiletic and epistolary. Of these of these classes are his "History of the East" and "History of the West." His "Life of Mary of Oignies" is the only extant example of the second class. "Letters" belong to the third. Of the fourth, with which the work before us is concerned, are his "Sunday and Saints' Day Sermons" and his "Popular Sermons" (*Sermones Vulgares*). It is from these that the "Exempla" just published by the Folk-Lore Society, have been culled. There are seventy-four sermons in the collection, addressed to prelate and priests, to canons and secular clergy, to scholars, judges and lawyers, to hermits and recluses, to hospitalers and nurses, to pilgrims and crusaders, to husbandmen and artificers, to sailors and soldiers, to young men and maidens, to man-servants and maid-servants, to married, unmarried and widowers—in fact, to "all states and conditions of men." Prof. Crane's "Introduction" from which we have already quoted, is rich in various and recondite information. He shows (so far as scanty extant data on the subject permit) to what extent the use of *exempla* in sermons had prevailed before Jacques de Vitry's time and how copiously his illustrations were employed by the preachers of succeeding ages. He also informs us that until recently it was practically unknown that so bountiful a supply of popular tales, valuable for the light they shed on the habits of thought of by-gone ages, was contained in early homiletic literature. In fact, no attempt had been made to give a general view of the subject until his own paper on "Mediæval Sermon-Books and Stories" was published in 1881 by the American Philosophical Society. When he undertook the work, however, he was not aware that Mr. T. Wright's selection of Latin stories edited by the Percy Society (Vol. VIII, 1842) contained a number of Jacques de Vitry's *exempla*, though without mentioning the source of them. When his work (save the introduction) was in the printer's hands, he received a copy of Cardinal Pitra's *Analekta Novissima Spicilegii Solesmensis*, containing selections from the *Sermones Vulgares*. But his own *exempla* will not be deemed superfluous, especially as the Cardinal's book is destitute of comparative notes, and besides, by the editor's confession, it teems with faults. His humility is an ecclesiastical virtue, we must not take it as Eminence's self-reproaches too seriously. But, even if they were entirely groundless, no one can examine Prof. Crane's work and pronounce it *de trop*. The Latin text of the *Exempla* constitutes less than a third of the volume. The rest is the precious fruit of earnest research in every direction that promised to elucidate the theme as an illustration.

*The Thoughts of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius Antoninus. Reprinted from the Revised Translation of George Long. London: George Bell & Sons, York Street, Covent Garden.

†The Handbook of Folk-Lore. Edited by George Laurence Gomme, Director of the Folk-Lore Society. London: Published for the Folk-Lore Society by David Nutt, 270 Strand.

*The *Exempla*, or Illustrative Stories, from the "Sermones Vulgares" of Jacques de Vitry. Edited, with introduction, analysis and notes, by Thomas Frederick Crane, M.A., Professor of the Romance Languages in Cornell University. London: Published for the Folk-Lore Society by David Nutt, 270 Strand, W.C.

tration of mediæval folk-lore. The introduction is a monograph on the literature of *Exempla*, brimful of information and suggestion. In the "Analysis and Notes" every *exemplum* is traced (where possible) to its origin and followed through all the stages of its history down to the present. Carefully compiled indexes to the *Exempla* and Notes complete a work which does honour both to Prof. Crane and to the Society.

Through the Magazines.

THE 'VARSITY,

the organ of the students of the University of Toronto, now in its tenth volume, is by no means the least praiseworthy of college journals. It is edited with judgment, and its comments on current events, its essays, poetry, criticism and budget of news are pointed, forcible and readable. In a paper on "The Decay of Fiction," in the last number, Mr. S. B. Leacock, one of the associate editors, makes the following remarks: "Only in two or three points has a decided advance been made in fiction. The author's *répertoire* of characters has been overhauled, and several personages formerly great favourites and considered as the first essential of a novel have been discarded. The hero and the heavy villain have been the most important victims; we have grown to recognize the fact that no man is utterly bad or utterly good, that there are infinite shades of complexity in our nature which forbid such a rough classification. The fiendishness of a Bill Sykes is as unnatural as the sickly sinlessness of a Nicholas Nickleby. Strangely enough, though, the heroine keeps her place still. Though the author must feel that her universal excellence is totally impossible, he abates no jot or tittle of her virtues, except perchance to say as a sacrifice to the consciousness of her impossibility, that her mouth was a trifle too large. Until the heroine is dethroned and the depiction of character restored to its proper place, modern fiction can never attain to its past brilliancy." The office of the *'Varsity* is in Rooms 3 and 5, Bank of Commerce building, corner of Spadina Avenue and College Street.

TRAVEL.

The periodical that bears this title is published by Mr. W. M. Griswold, of Bangor, Maine, at \$2 a volume of twenty-four numbers. As the name implies, it is devoted to the record of recent travel in parts of the world as yet little known, having regard, however, to the style of the narrator as well as to the interest of his experiences. Mr. Griswold gathers his material from various sources and he invites co-operation from all who are interested in his enterprise. He concerns himself exclusively with the reprinting of what he deems of permanent value in the contributions to magazines and newspapers, and will be grateful for any information as to articles worthy of republication. Among the contents of late numbers of *Travel* is an account of a visit to the Pyrenees by Dr. J. Burney Yeo, reproduced in an abridged form, from the *Fortnightly Review* of August, 1880. "On the Mosel," is the title of an article by C. W. R., taken from *Fraser's Magazine*, of October, 1863. This is also abridged. "To and from Zermatt," by the Rev. G. Carless Swayne, is from the same periodical (August, 1870). "In the Eastern Pyrenees" (*Good Words*, April, 1880); "In the Sabine Mountains;" "Sicilian Days," by A. J. Cuthbert Hare (*Good Words*, March and April, 1882); "Wiesen" (*Gentleman's Magazine*, March, 1886), by G. Burnaby; "In the Eifel" (*Fraser's Magazine*, January, 1885); "The Bohemian Forest" (*Cornhill Magazine*, September, 1884), are others of Mr. Griswold's selections, and an index to numbers 1-60, which accompanies the specimen sent us, gives the titles of a considerable number of other records of travel in Spain, France, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, Scotland, Ireland, Austria, Belgium, Holland, England and the United States. The articles that we have had an opportunity of reading are all bright, entertaining and instructive, and would certainly be serviceable to persons intending to visit the localities described. Mr. Griswold appends notes to each article, indicating changes that call for a modification of the writers' statements or referring the reader to other authorities on the topic treated. He has also adopted certain alterations in spelling, as "throu," "ruf," "tollo," instead of "through," "rough," "follow," etc. The reader who is desirous of learning more about this undertaking may obtain full particulars by writing to him. (Bangor, Maine; W. M. Griswold.)

THE DIPLOMATIC FLY-SHEET.

This publication is issued from the office of the *Diplomatic Review*, with which some of our readers are, doubtless, familiar. It deals, as its name indicates, with great international questions from a thoroughly independent point of view—the editor and his colleagues holding very strong convictions on certain subjects. It depends for support entirely on the sympathy and generosity of students of international law, and such questions as come under the head of diplomacy. Important documents and comments on public matters have appeared in both the *Review* and the *Notes*. The number of the latter for October has a long article on "The Future of China," the continuation of an article on the Newfoundland French Shore question, and a paper on the Prerogative of the Crown and Mr. Gladstone's misrepresentations. The first of these is by Demetrios C. Boulger; the second and third by Mr. C. D. Collet (the editor). They are all worthy of careful study. The *Diplomatic News* and the *Diplomatic Review* are printed at the Bedford Press, 26 and 27 Bedfordbury, London, W. C., and published by C. D. Collet at 7 Coleridge Road, Finsbury Park, London, N.

THE CANADIAN MANUFACTURER.

The *Canadian Manufacturer*, Toronto, announces that its subscription price will hereafter be one dollar per year instead of two dollars as heretofore. The size of the pages and the number of them will remain unchanged, and it will be issued twice a month as it has been ever since its establishment in 1882. It is devoted to the manufacturing interests of Canada, and is a staunch supporter of the National Policy.

POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY.

A timely article, in view of the recent visit to this continent of the Iron and Steel Institute, appears in the December number of the *Popular Science Monthly*. It is from the pen of Mr. W. F. Durfee, and is entitled "First Steps in Iron-Making." It is the opening paper in a series of illustrated articles dealing with "The Development of American Industries Since Columbus," which is sure to be of exceptional importance. The problem presented by some features of Italian immigration is treated wittily by Mr. Appleton Morgan. Students of natural history will enjoy Dr. Henry McCook's illustrated paper on the "Defences of Burrowing Spiders." Some of the "Experiences of a Diver" are disclosed by Prof. Herman Fol. A timely and readable contribution on "Prairie Flowers of Late Autumn" is from the pen of Prof. Byron Halstead. Some of our readers may have heard some interesting things about the "Point Barrow Eskimos" during the visit to this city of the British Association. Fresh light is shed on the subject by Mr. John Murdoch. Other important articles are Mr. G. C. Branner's account of "The Pororoca; or, Bore of the Amazon," Dr. Henri Hertz's popular presentation of his recent discoveries in an article entitled "The Identity of Light and Electricity," Dr. Handfield Jones's answer to the question "What is Individualism?" and Prof. E. du Bois-Reymond's biographical sketch of Adelbert von Chamisso, to whom is assigned the place of honour in the frontispiece. The *Popular Science Monthly* was established by the late Prof. E. L. Youmans, and is edited by Dr. W. J. Youmans. The price of subscription is \$5 per year. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

After nearly fifty years of useful life, the *Living Age* is as worthy as ever of its suggestive name. It represents the best literary outcome of the time to-day as ably and fully as it did when the great Victorian era was in its infancy. A weekly magazine, it gives over three and a quarter thousand large and well-filled pages of reading matter—forming four large volumes—every year. Its frequent issue and ample space enable it to present with freshness and completeness the ablest essays, reviews and criticisms, the choicest serial and short stories, the most interesting sketches of travel and discovery, the best poetry and the most valuable biographical, historical, scientific and political information from the entire body of foreign periodical literature, and from the pens of the most eminent writers of the time. It is, in short, the only satisfactorily complete compilation of current literature; and with the constant growth of this literature in extent and importance, the value of the *Living Age* has steadily increased. It is an indispensable magazine in these busy times, as it easily enables one to keep abreast with the intellectual progress of the age. The subscription price (\$8 a year) is low for the amount of reading furnished, while the publishers make a still cheaper offer, viz.: to send the *Living Age* and any one of the America four-dollar monthlies or weeklies, a year, both postpaid, for \$10.56; thus furnishing to the subscriber at small cost the cream of both home and foreign literature. To any subscriber desiring to take more than one other periodical in connection with the *Living Age*, the publishers will forward clubbing rates on application. They also offer to send to all new subscribers for the year 1891, remitting before Jan. 1st, the weekly numbers of 1890 issued after the receipt of their subscriptions, *gratis*. Messrs. Littell & Co., Boston, are the publishers.

NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE.

There is a sufficiently diversified feast of good things in the last issue of the *New England Magazine*. The reading matter takes in many interests. There is abundant food for reflection in the Rev. A. D. Mayo's estimate of "The Third Estate in the South" and its potency for good and evil—the former, especially. The author corrects some traditional misconceptions in a kindly spirit, and what he says of the duty of Southern freemen towards themselves and towards Southern freedmen is fair and timely. The article may be studied along with Dr. Charles Levermore's "Impressions" and some telling comments on the situation in the Editor's Table. The Rev. E. E. Hale treats, with his accustomed clearness and insight, of a subject—"The Professor in America"—which he has mastered and which gives him occasion for some striking and very suggestive comparisons. An interesting chapter in new-world biography is offered by Mr. Ashton K. Willard in his illustrated sketch of the life and work of Charles Bulfinch, the architect. Mr. W. Henry Winslow has something worth heeding to say about "Japanese Popular Art," of which some curious examples are given. "The New England Newgate," by Mr. Edwin A. Start, is an account of a spot that is haunted by the memories of nearly two centuries—the old Newgate prison of Connecticut—"a unique place," as the author justly describes it, "among the antiquities of New England." Its story introduces us to many changing scenes, and constitutes a really remarkable by-path in the industrial, penal and military development of New England. The illustrations are extremely effective. Mr. W. Blackburn Harte takes us by stage coach into the Adirondacks, whither no one will regret accompanying him.

"Fifty years in a Canadian University, by Mr. J. J. Bell, M.A., is a concise historical sketch of Queen's College and University, Kingston, fully illustrated. Portraits of the Chancellor, Sandford Fleming, Esq., C.M.G., LL.D., the Principal, Dr. Grant, Prof. Watson and Williamson, and the registrar, the Rev. George Bell, LL.D., with views of Kingston, Queen's, as it is now, and its first home, adorn the article. The rest of the number, including poems by Laura E. Richards ("General Kukusha"), Sarah K. Bolton, C. G. Rogers, Jefferson Fletcher, etc., and a story by Dorothy Prescott, "Poor Mr. Ponsonby," is up to the usual high standard. The frontispiece is a beautiful view of the central building of the McLean Asylum, in illustration of Bulfinch's style. The magazine is published by the New England Magazine Corporation, 86 Federal street, Boston.

ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

We have been favoured with copies of the Christmas Number of the *Illustrated London News* and "Father Christmas," the children's issue of that admirable paper. Of them both we need hardly say that they are very handsome and worthy of the high literary and pictorial reputation of that leader in illustrated journalism. "Idle Moments," by Madrazo; "The Swing," "Little Jack Horner" (from J. Van Beer's picture, in possession of the Comte de Flandre), and "Happy Times," a reproduction of the painting of Fred. Morgan, R.A., make up the tale of the supplements, and no one will regret investing in them. Messrs. Ingram Brothers (London and New York) are the publishers.

We have received, as we go to press, the last number of the *Canadian Indian*, the *Magazine of American History* (which has an article on the La Salle Homestead by Mr. John Fraser), of the *Kindergarten* and of that always welcome organ of the Canadian book trade, *Books and Notions*.

The Sun's Return.

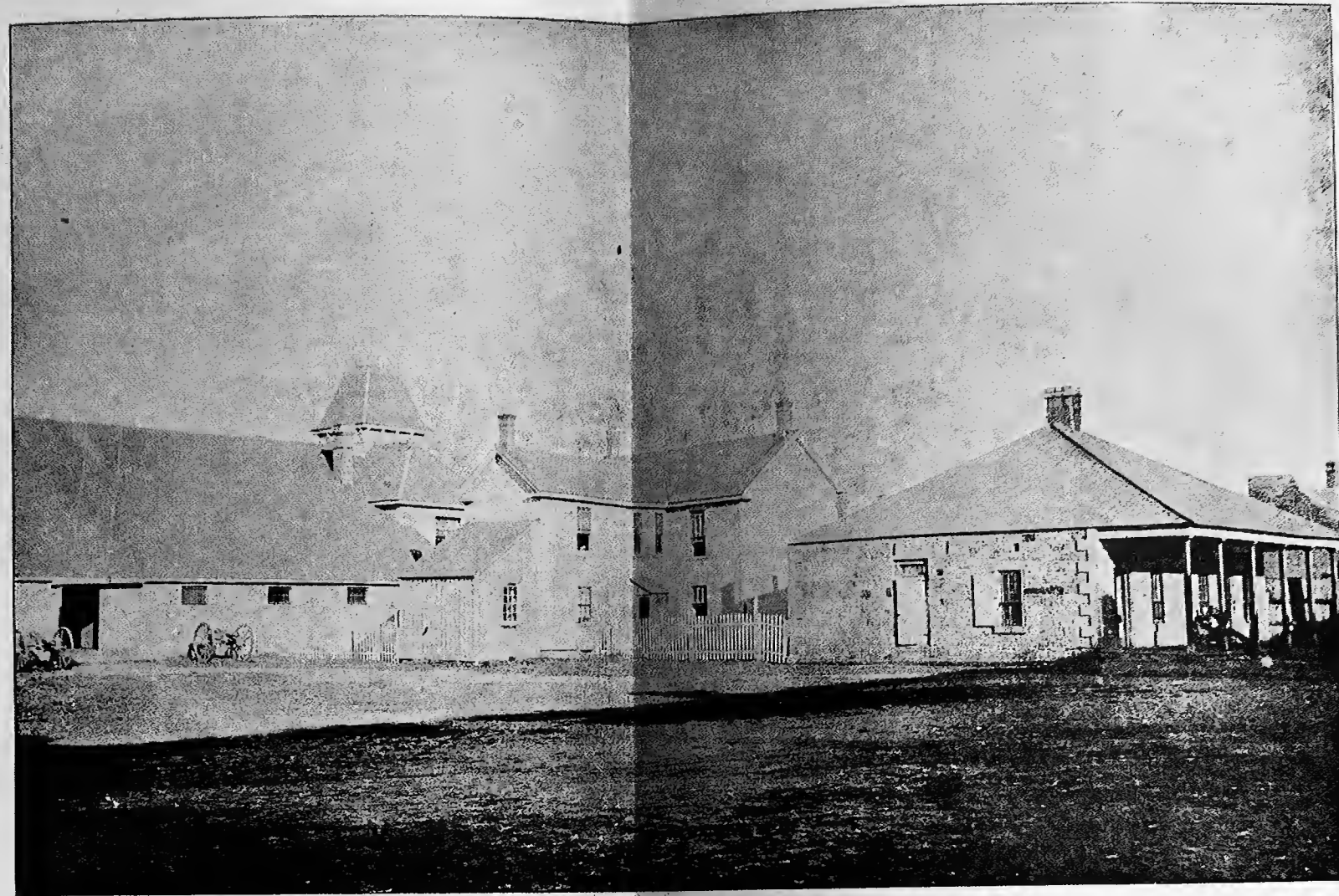
Yesterday the rain was falling,
(Half alive all things were crawling),
Falling without stop and steady
On the roads, a muck already.
Four long days the rain had lasted;
Grain and fruit so long had fasted
From the sun, they lacked their ruddy
Colour and looked dull and muddy;
Could the flowers and trees have uttered
All they felt, they would have muttered
Something like this: "Quantum sufficit!
Dear me, dear me, pretty rough isn't it!"
The cut grain lay all soaked and sodden
In the fields, fit to be trodden
Under foot, and the poor farmer,
Who, some say, seldom waxes warmer
In praise of things than facts will warrant,
Eyed gloomily the endless torrent.
Horses, poultry, sheep and cattle
Watched the elemental battle
From the fold, or helter skelter
Scoured the fields in quest of shelter.

Within doors it was not much better,
To follow truth's self to the letter;
If naught was said, the very silence
Oppressed, and banished every smile hence;
Or old men grunted, children fretted;
It seemed as though each soul were wetted,
As though the rain, like rum and toddy,
Had soaked us all, both soul and body.
If in the roof was chink or cranny
Or nail-hole, fell the drops uncanny;
Not only on the floor they fell,
Into the heart and soul as well.

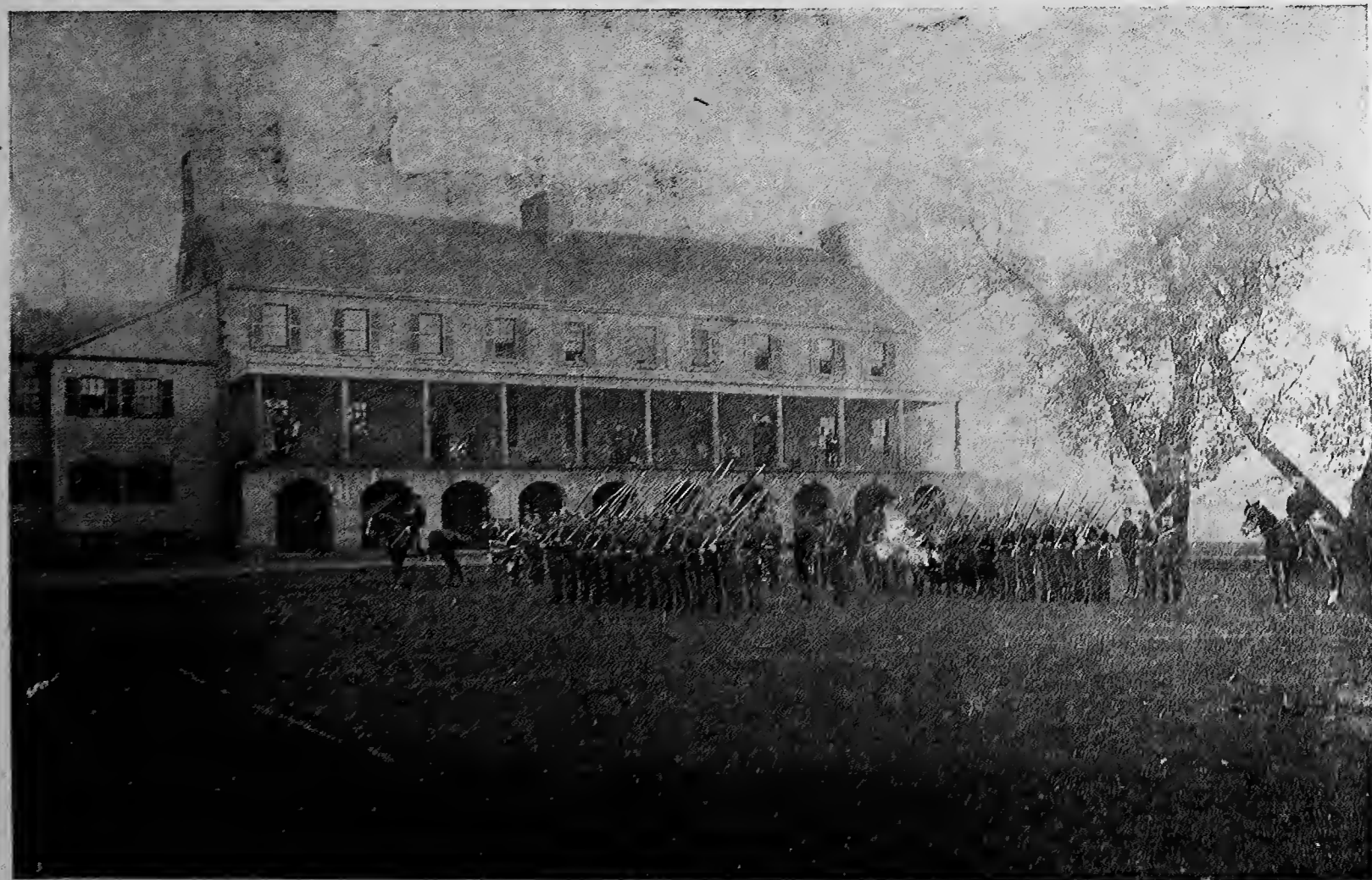
I looked abroad: the sky was black,
Covered with clouds the Sun-god's track;
The Storm had piled his cloud defences,
As if to hide all evidences
Of possible sunshine, giant barrier
O'er which in truth could pass no carrier
Of message to or from the Sun-god,
Ruled were not all gods by the One God.
No Grecian, Roman, Gothic structure;
No theatre or aqueduct, sure;
No pyramid on plain Egyptian,
Could so outdistance all description
As those cloud battlements and towers
Reared by the elemental powers
To guard their conquest from their foemen.
With golden shafts, the Sun's brave bowmen.

This morning told another story;
I woke in a warm bath of glory;
Around me and upon my pillow
Was poured a flood of red and yellow;
I heard, or thought I heard, one say:

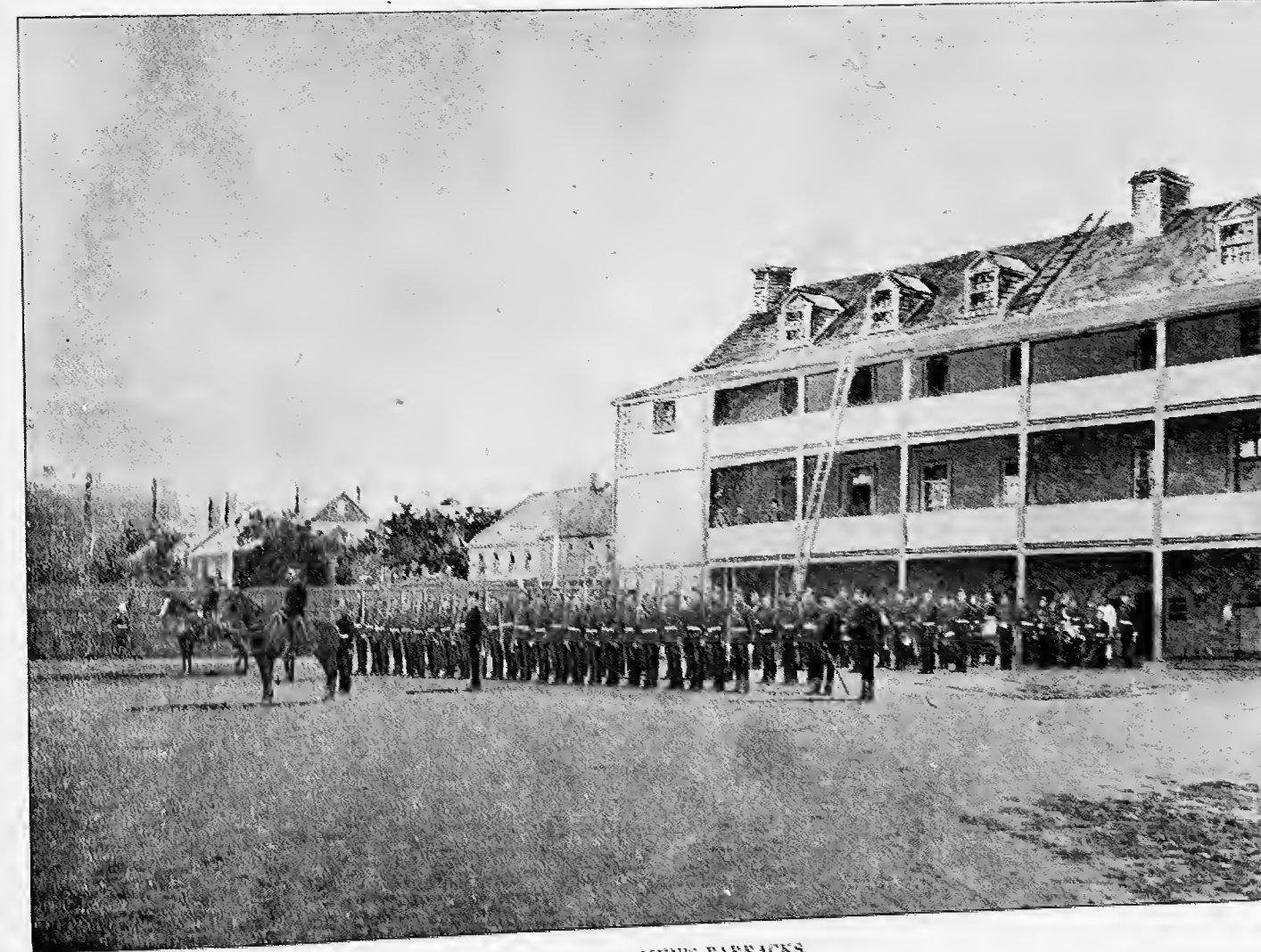
"No cloud walls can keep me away
From those I love, and I love all;
No wind or rain-god can enthrall
The world for long; my gold I scatter
And soon must cease the long rain's patter.
Who know me knew that not deserted
Were men when I my face averted;
For the world's sake alone I leave it,
And to enrich it, not bereave it!
When rain and storm their work have done,
The earth is ready for the Sun;
Then cloud and wind before me fall,
And I return, the lord of all."



DRILL HALL, HOSPITAL AND GUARD ROOM.



OFFICER'S QUARTERS



MEN'S BARRACKS.

"A" COMPANY, ROYAL SCHOOL OF INFANTRY, FREDERICTON, N. B.



FOR FAITH and KING

a Romance of Ville-Marie

By BLANCHE L. MACDONELL.

CHAPTER II.—Continued.

The Iroquois turned and fought desperately with courage and address, leaping and dodging among trees, rocks and bushes, then seeing themselves confronted by numbers that seemed endless, retreated, bearing their wounded and most of their dead with them.

As the thick, white cloud of smoke rolled away, allowing surrounding objects to be seen, the young Canadian exclaimed exultantly: "It is a war party of Hurons and Algonquins returning from an expedition. Have no apprehension, Diane, our adversaries have fled."

"Is it then quite certain, M'sieur—but beyond doubt," pleaded a timorous voice from some remote depth of obscurity.

"Wretched coward! where hast thou hidden thy miserable carcass?" With a look of smirking bewilderment on his fat face, the valet crept from his place of concealment.

"Scaramouch! screech owl! that I had the wringing of thine unworthy neck," panted Nanon.

"Ouf! that such should exist! Art thou not ashamed to show thy face?"

"But no, M'sieur. It is quite simple," with an affectation of innocent frankness. "Figure to yourself, it is the nature of M'sieur to have courage—it is well. It is the delight of Nanon to chatter and the instinct of Biblot to detest the pagans—it is still well, and for me I have an invincible repugnance for the scalping knives of the Iroquois. Had I permitted myself to be killed, M'sieur would have been deprived of a faithful servant, and these savages would have added a fresh crime to their list of enormities. May I ask M'sieur is it the duty of good Christians to tempt the heathen?"

The new arrivals were sun-gilt warriors; tall, stalwart figures, limbed like Grecian statues. Success had crowned their arms, and they gloried in an imposing array of scalps. Most of them wore nothing but horns on their heads and the tails of beasts tied behind their backs. Their faces were painted red or green with black or white spots, their ears and noses were hung with ornaments of iron, and their naked bodies daubed with figures of various animals. They looked like painted spectres, grotesquely horrible in horns and tails. The fierce and capricious warriors smiled upon the prompt and fiery young soldier whose dauntless courage had won their approbation, and whose sympathetic vivacity rendered him gracious and winning.

"Ho! my brother," exclaimed the principal war-chief. "The face of our white brother is welcome as the flowers of spring. And has the Snow Flower left the wigwams of her people?"

The last time Du Chêne had met Howaka his head had been plumed, his face painted, his tall form draped in a heavy blanket and his feet decked in embroidered moccasins. He was much less imposing now, as he squatted on the grass, resting after his triumphs, with a piece of board laid across his lap, chopping rank tobacco with a scalping knife, with a face of leathery solidity, while he entertained the grinning circle that surrounded him with grotesque jokes. An astute old savage, well-trained in the arts of policy, showed every disposition to render himself agreeable to the son of the great French trader.

"But look, Du Chêne, it is a white prisoner."

"A young New England girl whom one of the chiefs, Nitschona, claims to replace a wife he lost during the last winter."

"An English heretic—take care, then, Mademoiselle," urged Nanon. "She may have the power of the evil eye. True sorcerers, these English; it is said they devour little children even to the bones. They are, indeed, wicked, but of a wickedness truly terrific. Yet this one has not the appearance of a veritable monster."

In the lethargy of utter exhaustion, her limbs relaxed, and nerveless the girl lay on the grass as though she were utterly unconscious of the clamour of voices or curious regards which were directed towards her. So wild and wandering was her look that it seemed as though excessive terror had deprived her of her senses. She appeared very young and frail and helpless, like some fragile flower bleached by rough wind and rain. Her features were so delicately perfect, her complexion of an exquisite purity so utterly devoid of colour that she resembled some beautiful statue of Despair. Diane looked at her with that inexplicable attraction which so often exists between persons of singularly opposite nature and opinions. The new desires and aspirations recently awakened in her own breast endowed all existence with a novel pathos as well as a fresh delight. She knelt down, clasping the cold, passive hand in hers, whispering soft words of comfort and encouragement.

"There has been a violent dispute concerning the prisoner," explained Du Chêne, who understood the Indian

dialects perfectly. "Nitschona claims her as his own, but there is another party who desires to torture her, and Howaka has threatened to settle the quarrel by a blow of the tomahawk, which will end at once the discussion and the captive's existence."

"How beautiful she is, and already half dead with misery, fatigue and terror. This might have been our case had the Holy Virgin not sent us succour. Du Chêne, we must ransom her," a compassion, passionate in its tender intensity, pleaded in Diane's faltering accents.

"I don't know. It must be admitted there is but a pinch of hope."

The same thought had already crossed the young man's mind. The chief impression made upon him by the English girl was one of forlorn beauty and innocence. He was chivalrous and tender hearted, yet he comprehended that the ransoming of the prisoner was secondary in paramount importance to the necessity of propitiating the savage allies. Du Chêne thoroughly understood the art of dealing with these children of the forest. He could conform to their customs and flatter them with great address. He understood the uncertain, vacillating temper common to all savages. Unsteady as aspens, fierce as wild-cats, rent by mutual jealousies, a perilous crew who changed their intentions as the wind blew, whose dancing, singing, yelling might at any moment turn into warwhoops against each other or against the French. The youth stood, his full, deep eyes fixed upon the motley tribe with the cool, vigilant, masterful scrutiny with which the wild beast tamer might regard the ferocious animals committed to his charge. His nerves were tense with a sense of resistance against the cruelty of circumstances, the protest of humanity. His dark eyes were aflame; there was so much agile strength in his bearing, so much fire and force in his handsome, young face, that, as she listened to his glowing words, Diane's heart beat high with pride. With bold adroitness he assured Howaka that if the white prisoner were a subject of dispute to his red brothers, he was willing to relieve them of the burden. He imitated the prolonged accents of the savages and addressed them in turn by their respective tribes, bands and families, calling their men of note by name, as if he had been born among them. The naked crew, with wild eyes and long, lank hair, gathered around their chiefs, silent and attentive, with eyes fixed on the bowls of their pipes, listening with strict, impartial interest. Plainly, the impression he had made was favourable. Their exclamations of approval came thick and fast at every pause of his harangue. At one time Nitschona started forward, brandishing his hatchet, declaring that, as the prisoner belonged to him by right of war, he would kill her rather than waive his claim.

"Have I killed foes on the war path? Yes, my arm is weary of slaying, my eye of counting. The enemies' scalps ornament the wigwam of the chief in so great a number that they shelter it from rain on stormy nights."

The English maiden was far too spent by fear and exhaustion to be greatly moved by this menace. Occurrences had been struck off by time in such quick repetition that they seemed like a nightmare, an awful void in which every wretchedness was conceivable and in which there was no comfort or solace to be found. Within the last few days she had become familiar with massacre and pillage, she had seen the home that sheltered her burnt to the ground, relatives butchered before her eyes, had witnessed the torture of friends and neighbours, had endured incredible fatigue and uncertainty concerning her own fate, now the overstrained brain refused to receive fresh impressions, a merciful lethargy deadened all sensation. With an intuition inspired by instinct rather than by reason, she turned to Diane with a mute, agonized, but half-unconscious, appeal. The French girl returned the glance with a sob of excitement and agitation swelling in her slender throat. Finally, on the promise of a rich ransom being given, Nitschona began to dance, holding his hands upraised, as though apostrophizing the sky. Suddenly he seized his tomahawk, brandished it wildly, and then flung it from him.

"Thus I throw away my anger," he shouted. "Thus I cast off my weapons of blood. Let the Wounded Fawn be led away to the wigwams of the French. Now, are we brothers forever?"

A swift expression, like a flash of light, crossed Du Chêne's face. Howaka rose and spoke with an air of dignity.

"Farewell, war! Farewell, tomahawk! We have been often fools, henceforth the French are our brothers; Ononthis is our father. Brother, our covenant with you is a silver chain which can neither break nor rust. We are of the race of the bear, and the bear never yields to force so long as there is a drop of blood in his body; but

the ear of the bear is ever open to the voice of a friend. The Snow-Drop will adopt the Wounded Fawn as a sister. Shall the bird in its nest fear the wind or tempest, so shall the captive rest with the pale faces. Canawish, the prisoner is yours."

Knowing that the savages might change like a drift of dried leaves, Du Chêne had no idea of resting in a false and fatal security.

"We will go down the river with Howaka," he decided promptly.

As they floated down with the current, the Indians sang their songs of victory, striking the edge of their paddles against the sides of their bark vessels, in cadence with their voices; first one wild voice raised itself in strange discordant sounds, dropped low and then abruptly rose again, swelling into shrill yelps, in which the whole party joined in chorus. Among them two Iroquois prisoners stood upright, shouting loudly and defiantly, as men not fearing torture or death, while from seven poles raised aloft seven fresh scalps fluttered in the breeze.

The red sunset was flaring on the river, and though the vermilion disk still lingered over purple Mount Royal, the moon a luminous sphere, pearly and splendid, swung high in the east, accompanied by the vaguely scintillating star at the zenith. So it came to pass that the Puritan damsel, Lydia Longloy, entered upon a new existence, protected by Diane de Moncthal's tender care, succoured by the charity of French Catholics, the sound of whose name had all her life long been a haunting terror.

CHAPTER III.

"Thou who didst make and knowest whereof we are made,
Oh! bear in mind our dust and nothingness;
Our wordless, tearless, dumbness of distress;
Bear thou in mind the burden thou hast laid
Upon us and our feebleness unstayed,
Except thou stay us."

The house occupied by Jacques Le Ber stood at the corner of St. Paul and St. Joseph streets, the front windows commanding a fine view of the river, while the back ones overlooked undulating meadows and woodland. Away in the distance appeared Mount Royal, on whose summit, amidst thick foliage, gleamed the cross which, in fulfilment of his vow, Maisonneuve had himself borne up the steep mountain track. Le Ber's house was a substantial stone building, long and low, with high peaked roof and overhanging eaves. The rooms were large, having low ceilings and immense chimneys which occupied half of one side of the wall. On either side of the street door were placed wooden benches where the family and visitors collected for recreation on the summer evenings. In an addition adjoining the house was the shop, the foundation of the successful traders' wealth, in which were stored quantities of golden beaver skins waiting shipment to France, as well as the various commodities required by the colonists and such provisions as were considered necessary in fitting out the canoes of voyageurs for long expeditions. At the back the garden bloomed with fragrant, old-fashioned flowers, while taste'ully cultivated pear and plum trees revived a memory of Old France. The establishment bore evidence of wealth and comfort in a plain, solid bourgeois style.

Though Le Ber's own family consisted only of a daughter and three sons, one of whom was at this time in France, yet the household was a large one. The great merchant extended a broad and kindly hospitality to all who might seek the shelter of his home. Friends, relatives, guests, servants and retainers, the house was always full to overflowing, and, like the settlement, its occupants were divided into two clearly defined parties—the worldly and the devout. In her early days, Ville Marie had been regulated like a religious community. The mental atmosphere was saturated with harebrained enthusiasm. It was an age of miracles, the very existence of the colony was a marvel. But already the trail of the serpent had entered this priestly Paradise. The severity of the ecclesiastical rule and the unrelenting vigilance of the Jesuits was resented by many. In the midst of pressing dangers and heroic struggles there was a natural reaction in favour of the frivolous gaiety so eminently characteristic of the volatile French temperament. The presence of a number of officers from France whose piety was less conspicuous than their love of enjoyment, served to keep alive this sentiment.

The home of the wealthy burgher had acquired, in public opinion, a peculiar sanctity from the presence of his only daughter, the richest heiress of New France, who, in the bloom of her youth, had separated herself from all earthly pleasures and interests in order to devote herself to a life of contemplation. The halo of saintship glittered before this girl's eyes like a diamond crown, and she had firmly resolved to emulate the virtues of St. Paul the Hermit, St. Anthony and St. Mary of Egypt. Lost in the vagaries of an absorbing mysticism, Jeanne Le Ber was unrelenting in every practice of humiliation. Looking down with lofty spiritual pride upon the common herd of Christians who busied themselves with the ordinary duties of life, she eschewed the visible and present, aspiring to live only for God. Wonderful tales of her superior sanctity were whispered abroad. Though her face was never seen nor her voice heard by those most nearly connected with her, yet from the secluded chamber, which for several years she had never quitted, that voiceless presence exercised a most potent ascendancy. This influence had operated most powerfully upon her eldest brother, Pierre, an enthusiastic devotee of mystical tendencies, who was quick and impulsive as a thoroughbred; sensitive, full of refinement and tender delicacy.

(To be continued.)

Our Toronto Letter.

[From our own correspondent.]

TORONTO, November, 1890.

The sale of tickets for the Stanley lecture has been enormous; everybody that is anybody—and we are all somebody, surely?—is anxious to see the great explorer. It is hardly likely that he will have anything to say additional to what has already appeared in the press, but the occasion will be availed of to do honour not only to Stanley himself but to Mrs. Stanley, who has a history of her own not less interesting to the student of humanity than that of her illustrious husband. As Miss Dorothy Tennant, Mrs. Stanley painted a picture of a street Arab, which, after an interval of slights and sneers, suddenly made itself felt as a type, and has led to that charitable and useful class of enterprise inelegantly termed "slumming." A very representative collection of Toronto's philanthropy and intellect will occupy the Stanley platform, and an address is to be presented to Mrs. Stanley at the close of the entertainment.

The Toronto Street Railway arbitration case drags a slow length along. The 'secret' committee, as it is called, because it closes its sittings to the reporters, has, through its chairman, Mr. Ald. Vokes, offered the plant of the railway for sale by tender, while, as the city's counsel angrily advises them, it is not theirs to sell. Moreover, outsiders regard it as a strange sample of their business 'gumption' that they should offer to sell the lines of rail without which, of course, the rolling stock can have no value beyond that of old iron should the purchaser of the rails ever turn ugly and refuse the use of them. Terms of contract might cover this difficulty to a certain degree, but never wholly.

It is satisfactory to learn that the new conduit from the main pumping station of our waterworks, connecting the service with the intake pipe at the south side of the island, is almost finished. A large supply of purer water to the city will be the desirable result, but nothing that can be done in this direction will prove as gratifying to our citizens as a proper disposal of our sewage, thereby removing a prolific source of fever and malarial troubles. It is worthy of particular attention on the part of all civic committees having such matters before them, that it is said on high scientific authority that cattle grazed on sewage-fed grass are subject to typhoid conditions, and this affects and infects their milk.

It is a sign of her people's faith in the future of the city, when districts that had not even the dignity of suburbs a decade ago, are developing their own resources, and apply for admission into the limits of the city. Of course such admission means higher rates, but it also means water, light, police and fire protection, beside a much higher standing in the matter of public influence than they could ever hope to enjoy as small corporations. Both Chester (at the north-east of Toronto) and Swansea (at the west) are anxious to be adopted.

The troubles in the English money market have not touched Toronto, nor has the failure of the Central Bank, disastrous and disgraceful as it was, seemed to shake public confidence in good men. G. W. Yarker, almost as well known to Montreal as to Toronto, is to take the management of a new bank, the York County Bank, the shares of which are being taken up rapidly.

The success of the Boys' Industrial Home at Mimico, the result of Mr. W. H. Howland's large-hearted sympathy for the neglected waifs of the city, has led to the inception of a similar school for girls. Special power having been requested of the Public School Board by the Industrial Schools Association, it was granted on condition that, for sanitary reasons, the proposed school site should be at least a mile beyond the city limits. Ten acres is the size of the site required, and it is to be advertised for, in the hope that some one will make the Board a free gift of it.

A similar institution, arising out of a little mission begun by some ladies of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church and called the Dorset Street Mission, having for its centre of work one of the oldest residences in Toronto, called the London House, has just been built and opened. It is to be called St. Andrew's Church Institute, and its work is well indicated by its arrangements. These embrace kitchen, gymnasium, bath-rooms, savings bank, offices and class rooms. And yet the Marquis of Queensberry, in forwarding to General Booth his donation towards the General's new scheme, says he does not believe in Christianity because it has done nothing for the masses.

It is interesting to note that the students at the Women's Medical College have formed themselves into a Students' Association, holding meetings, not for amusement, but for improvement and research. At the last of these meetings Dr. Susanna Boyle, the latest graduate of the College, and a daughter of Mr. Boyle, the well known antiquarian and late curator of the Canadian Institute, occupied the chair. Miss Patterson read a paper on "Internal Antiseptics" and Miss McDonald on "The History of the Blood Corpuscle," each paper being fully discussed by members present, with the assistance of Dr. Sweetman and Dr. Nevitt, of the Faculty, two members of which are invited at each meeting, all or any being, of course, welcome.

Crematories for the city garbage being decided upon by the Board of Works, tenders are called for. Owing to some irregularity other tenders are now asked, but it is said in certain quarters that the Council have decided the city cannot afford these most necessary erections, and the question is indefinitely postponed, that is, until after the municipal elections.

The Trade and Labour Council at its last meeting dealt

with several questions of importance, one being the need of a handsome city grant for the Central Art School, which has superseded the Ontario School of Art, after a prolonged effort for existence on the part of the latter. The matter was referred to the Education Committee of the T. & L. Council. Another was the report of the Municipal Committee on the ward system, deciding against it and in favour of condensation, either by reducing the number of wards or by electing the Aldermen by general voice as the Mayor is elected.

The reclamation of Ashbridge's Bay, which is in fact an extensive marsh, breeding ague and maldria to the detriment of the health of the eastern portion of the city, the making of high schools free, like the public schools, and the formation of a new paper, the *Labour Advocate*, under the editorship of Mr. Phillip Thompson, were among other important matters reported on by the committees. The Trades and Labour Council is becoming a more and more important body, and its *dictum* is looked to with increasing respect.

The appointment of Captain D. M. Howard, Royal Grenadiers, to the position of Inspector of the North-West Mounted Police, has given general satisfaction. Capt. Howard, who is a son of Mr. Allan McLean Howard, has many warm friends in the city who will miss him, but who are glad to see an efficient soldier and gallant officer honoured by the Government.

It is said that the Degrees in Music, granted by Trinity University, are held in no greater respect in England than are "Philadelphia" degrees in Arts or Medicine. This report has put Toronto University on its mettle, and at the meeting of the University Senate, held on the 21st inst., a committee, consisting of Dr. O'Sullivan, Dr. Ellis, Professor Ramsay Wright, Professor Loudon, Mr. Aylesworth and Mr. Torrington, was appointed to "prepare a scheme for examination and degrees in music and a curriculum of studies for the same." Examiners for next year were appointed in all the faculties. These now embrace Law, Medicine, Dentistry, Arts, Civil Engineering and Agriculture.

Our New York Letter.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have brought out charming volumes of poetry by (Miss) Edna Dean Proctor and (Mrs.) Mary Elizabeth Blake, both poets whose writings have been especial favourites of mine ever since I came to America. The bindings are as diverse and as charming as the contents, Miss Proctor's being in the plain dark green buckram dear to scholarly Englishmen from Swinburne and William Morris downwards, and Mrs. Blake's in one of those delightful bindings due to Mr. Mifflin's exquisite taste, with a white back lettered in gold, and terra-cotta sides arabesqued in gold. Nothing could be imagined daintier than these part-coloured bindings of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. They are especially happy in their use of white and gold. Miss Proctor's poems are especial favourites of the venerable Whittier's, and rightly, for she is intensely patriotic both to the history and the scenery of her native country and her native State of New Hampshire, and her patriotism extends to the Old Land, whose blood flows so purely in the veins of old New England families. Here is a sonnet to

ENGLAND:

O, Mother Country! Of a continent
The fairest lands and climes we proudly hold,
And flocks and herds and corn and wine and gold,
And stately cities of earth's rarest blent,
Are richly ours; and we are well content
With our bright world, our banner's starry fold,
And would not be by other name enrolled—
Yet how we love thee, through our long descent,
Our common tongue, our old, immortal story,
Imperial England, throned amid the seas!
Under all suns thy daring bugles blow,
The east wind and the west waft thy decrees;—
Forever light, law, liberty bestow,
And farthest ages celebrate thy glory!

"El Mahdi to the Tribes of the Soudan" is sublime; "Brooklyn Bridge" is a noble treatment of a difficult theme well worthy. "Frederick III., of Germany," deserves quoting, as summing up so much of the political creed of a woman with masculine intelligence and courage and feminine tenderness of heart.

FREDERICK III., OF GERMANY.

Not the bold Brandenburg, at Prussia's birth,
Nor yet Great Frederick when his fields were won
And her domain stretched wide beneath the sun;
Nor William, whose Sedan aroused the earth,
Was hero, conqueror, like the king whose worth
And woe subdued the world beside his bier.
Serene he walked with death through year and year,
Slow measured; bearing tortures deep in death
Of hope. The faithful, steadfast, lofty soul!
Ah! chant no dirge for him, but joyful psalm
While Baltic waves its borders Rhine doth roll,
No truer life will seek the empyrean
Than his whose fame, nor realm, nor age can span—
The manliest Emperor, the imperial man.

Kearsarge, the great mountain which was godfather to the historical ship, looms through her poetry. "Holy Russia" is not only godfather to one beautiful poem, but gives a note of inspiration through much of the book. Nor is Greece, the mother of poetry, forgotten. Cleobis and Biton, the very first poem in the volume, is a lovely tale

told with great beauty in stately verse, and from heroes beginning with the demigods passes to Miss Proctor's noble Christian philosophy.

Mrs. Blake's poetry is very different from Miss Proctor's. Those who have read her former volume and remember her touching poems over lost children, and her brave pathetic war poems breathing the soldier's life more felicitously, perhaps, than any other poems on the subject, will know what they have to look forward to.

Mrs. Blake writes like a healthy woman with the tenderest heart, a wife who has been parted by war from a husband worthy of her, a mother who has borne and lost, and a patriot.

More than one lovely poem attest her devotion to Ireland, and she writes thus without calling England a harlot, or a beast with ten horns, though she, perhaps, does not see that there would be no Irish (Question were all the so-called Irish patriots as single-hearted and generous as herself, instead of, as one might judge from recent utterances, thinking it a crime for one so wicked as Mr. Balfour (one of the most respected men in England to-day) even to go and see what he could do to relieve the distress of the Connaught peasants. When the majority of the Irish who desire Home Rule meet the equally large majority of the English who distrust it half way and in a generous spirit, their aspirations will appeal to me as does Mrs. Blake's "Greeting" to Ireland; but Irishmen must learn to be generous if they wish Englishmen to learn to trust them:

A GREETING.

Ireland! mother unknown, sitting alone by the water,
Lift up your eyes to your own, stretch out your arms to
your daughter!
Many and many a day have I longed for your green robe's
splendour.
Your eyes of the deep sea gray, your strong love patient
and tender.
For the croon of the welcoming voice and the smile half
joy and half sadness,
Soul of my soul rejoice, for this is the hour of my gladness!
Sure, if I never had heard what land had given me birth,
And cradled the spirit's bird on its first weak flight to
earth;
If I never had heard the name, of thy sorrow and strength
divine,
Or felt in my pulses the flame of the fire they had caught
from thine,
I would know by this rapture alone, that sweeps through me
now like a flood,
That the Irish skies were my own, and my blood was the
Irish blood.

Proud did I hold my race, yet knew not what pride might
dare,
Fair did I deem thy face, but never one half so fair.
Like a dream with happiness fraught, that some happier
dawn makes true,
Nothing was glad in my thought, but gladdens still more in
you—
From ivied tower and wall, and primrose pale on the lea,
To vales where the bright streams call to the larking bird
in the tree.

How can I frame the thought that sets all my soul aglow,
How can I speak as I ought the longing that moves me so!
My comrades laugh like a boy whose heart to pleasure is
stirred,
But my heart is weeping with joy, while my lips never
speak a word;
Here, where the green hills start from the breast of the
deep blue water,
Ireland! land of my heart, stretch out your arms to your
daughter.

And such poems as "June":

March is a trumpet flower,
And May a crocus wild;
May is a harebell slender,
With the clear blue eyes of a child.

and "An Oriole,"

Only an instant and then away
Like the flight of a thought through the summer weather,
But still and forever the song shall stay
To wake in my soul through the winter's night
The rapturous thrill of that swift delight
When it and the Oriole sang together,

have the charm of the poetical flowers in Margaret
Deland's Old Garden.

Mrs. Blake seems to me at her very happiest when she is writing about Ireland. It fills her with a glowing inspiration, as is evidenced by such lines as "Till ye look upon old Ireland in the dawning of the year," and "All the world rejoices in the wearing of the green."

DOUGLAS SLADEN.

To Charles G. D. Roberts.

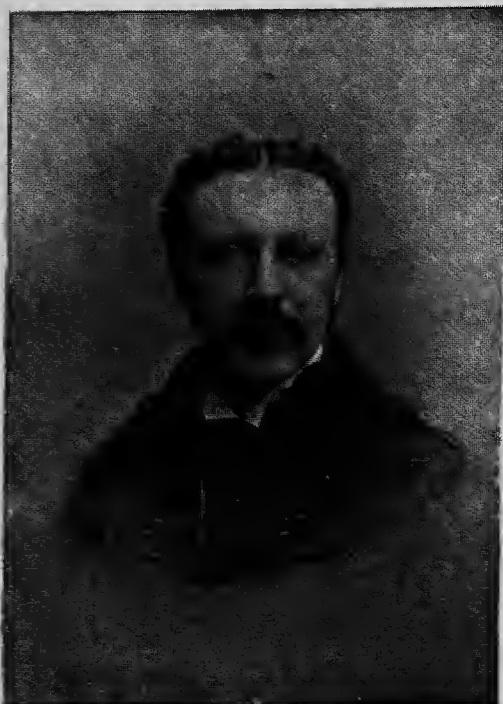
[On reading "In Divers Tones."]

As feels the organ's soul, at master's will,
The full-toned diapason strain,
And passionate grows; or, with equal skill
Is soothed to tenderness again.

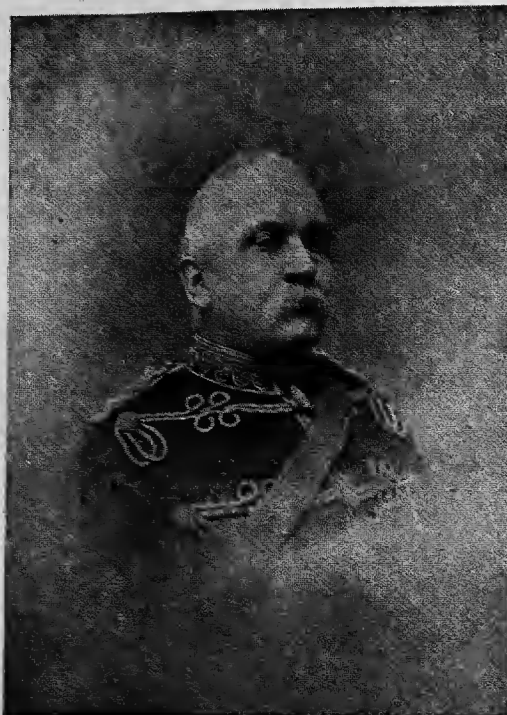
So, Master of the classics oaten-reed!
Thy skilful strains me deeply move—
Now, to some ardent, high-born, patriot deed
And now, to gentle thoughts of love!

Amherst, N.S.

H. H. PITTMAN.



LIEUT.-COL. IRWIN.



COLONEL WALKER POWELL.

THE MILITIA HEAD-QUARTER STAFF, OTTAWA.



LIEUT.-COL. MACPHERSON.

Militia Head-quarter Staff, Ottawa.

COL. WALKER POWELL, ADJUTANT-GENERAL OF MILITIA.—Col. W. Powell was born in Norfolk County, Ont., on the 10th of May, 1828. His paternal grandfather was a United Empire Loyalist, born in the old Province of New York in 1763. In 1783 he landed in New Brunswick, where he married Miss Ruth Wood, and after thirteen years' residence in that province he moved to Upper Canada, where he died in 1849. Col. Powell's father was Israel Wood Powell, who had married Miss Melinda Boss. He was the seventh son of Abraham Powell, born in Norfolk County in 1801. He was a man of fine character, public-spirited and generous, devoted to Canada and the Empire. He served as Justice of the Peace, County Warden and Lieut.-Col. of Militia. Col. W. Powell was educated at Victoria College, Cobourg. He was for a time engaged in commercial pursuits, and took a leading part in the conception and development of many industrial projects. He served on the Board of School trustees, of which he was chairman for a time, was a Justice of the Peace and a member of Norfolk County Council. In 1856 he was chosen Warden, and from 1857 to 1861 represented the County in the Legislative Assembly. In 1847 began his connection with the Canadian militia. In that year he obtained a commission in the First Norfolk Battalion. Until the 19th of August, 1862, he served in it as lieutenant and adjutant. He was then solicited to become Deputy Adjutant-General for Upper Canada, and discharged the duties of that responsible position in a time of disquietude so as to win the confidence of the public and the Government. On the 1st of October, 1868, he was promoted to be Deputy Adjutant-General for the Dominion; in 1873 Acting Adjutant-General, and on the 21st of April, 1875, Adjutant-General. All through his long connection with the militia, Col. Powell has shown ability and zeal, and his services have undoubtedly tended to promote the efficiency of the force. He was largely instrumental in organizing the Royal Military College, Kingston, and in the formation of military schools. Nor has his pen been idle, some of his writings on military subjects having attracted much attention in high quarters and had a most beneficial effect. In 1853 Col. Powell married Miss Catherine Emma Culver, daughter of Col. Joseph Culver, who died in 1855, leaving one child, now the wife of ex-Mayor McLeod Stewart, of Ottawa. He married again in 1857 Mary Ursula, daughter of Adam Bowlby, Esq., of Norfolk, by whom he has had five children, of whom four survive.

LIEUT. COL. JOHN MACPHERSON, DIRECTOR OF MILITIA STORES, OTTAWA.—This gentleman, whose portrait we present in our present issue, was born in Lancaster, Glengarry, Ont., on the 8th of January, 1830, and was for a time engaged in mercantile life in Montreal. He entered the militia service, however, at an early age, and, finding the duty congenial and more in keeping with his natural gifts, he devoted much of his time to the efficient discharge of it. His zeal was recognized in 1849, when he received a commission in the 3rd Battalion of Montreal Militia. In 1856 he carried out the scheme, which he had long cherished, of organizing a Highland company, of which he was appointed captain. Soon after he was appointed to a majority, and in 1861 was made Brigade Major to the Montreal active force. In 1862 his sphere of duty was en-

larged so as to embrace the whole of Military District No. 11. In 1865 he became Lieutenant-Col. of Militia, and during the Fenian troubles of 1866 he served on the staff of Major-General the Hon. (afterwards Sir) James Lindsay. He was also appointed Deputy Assistant Adjutant-General of Militia and given command of a military district in this province. In 1869 he commanded Military District No. 3, in Ontario, and in the following year was appointed Acting Superintendent of Military Schools—a position which he retained until the new threat of Fenian raids, when he resumed his place on the staff of General Lindsay as Assistant Adjutant-General. He, in 1870, accompanied the staff of His Royal Highness Prince Arthur to the scenes of action on the Missisquoi and Huntingdon frontier. After the excitement had subsided, he returned to headquarters, and for a time acted as Deputy of the Minister of Militia and as accountant to the Department. In 1880 he was appointed to his present position of Director of Military Stores and Keeper of Militia Properties. It will be seen that Col. Macpherson's career has for more than forty years been one of uninterrupted activity in the service of his country.

LIEUT.-COL. DE LA CHEROIS T. IRWIN.—This distinguished officer, whose portrait we present to our readers in this issue, served for a number of years in the Royal Artillery. On the 14th of May, 1875, he was gazetted Lieutenant-Colonel, and after filling various subordinate positions with acceptability to the authorities, was on the 1st of August, 1882, appointed to the important position of Inspector of Artillery and warlike stores for the Dominion of Canada. Lieut.-Col. Irwin has since the 10th of August, 1883, been in command of the Canadian Regiment of Artillery.

Literary Notes.

All the literary and professional celebrities in Russia, headed by Count Tolstoi, have signed a protest against the persecution of the Jews.

The Toronto Canadian Institute, a purely literary organization, have asked the Attorney-General to publish all the documentary evidence collected in the contest for the settlement of the boundaries of Ontario. The Institute want these documents preserved as valuable historical records.

L'Alliance Scientifique.

It is not with Great Britain and the United States alone that Canada maintains relations in connection with the scientific and literary movement of our time. France has for some years past shown a desire to give Canada due representation on the rolls of her *savants* and *littérateurs*. The winning of one of the Academy's chief prizes by Dr. Frechette and the sanction given by the same learned body to several meritorious Canadian works are among the evidences of this intercourse. The *Congrès des Américanistes*, an important society devoted to the study of the races and languages of this continent, which had its inauguration at Nancy in 1875, numbers several Canadians in its membership. The Hon. F. G. Marchand, the Rev. Abbé Casgrain, M. Le May and several other of our best

writers have been honoured by admission to other French societies devoted to special branches of research. Mr. J. M. LeMoine, F.R.S.C., who is a worthy bond between both sections of our population, is delegate in Canada of many most important French institutions, besides being connected with a large number of British and American societies. The Alliance Scientifique Universelle, which is just entering upon a new quinquennial period, has appointed Mr. LeMoine its delegate in the Dominion, and has asked him to form a committee of five members, of which he is to be president, to promote the objects of the Alliance in this country. This learned body comprises not only science, but literature and the fine arts in the scope of its operations, and is one of the most widely extended and influential organizations in the world. It has not less than 400 distinct delegations in Europe, America and the East. The proceedings, papers and other documents published annually by the Alliance are of great value and interest, as may be inferred from its far-reaching aims, which take in the entire range of intellectual progress. M. Leon de Rosny, one of the most distinguished ethnologists of Europe, is the actual president. M. Carnot, Senator, now president of the Republic, was his predecessor, who in turn followed M. de Sartiges, an illustrious diplomatist. M. le Chevalier de St. Georges d'Armstrong, well known for his writings on international law, M. le Baron Kraus and Senator Lagache are also members. It is probable that M. de Rosny will be re-elected and that M. le Chevalier St. Georges d'Armstrong will be vice-president for the coming year. Those wishing for further particulars can obtain them by addressing M. LeMoine, Délégué de l'Alliance Scientifique, Spencer Grange, Quebec.

Trinity Church, Montreal.

Amongst the noteworthy events of next week will be the Jubilee celebration of Trinity Church in this city. It is fifty years since the foundation of the congregation, and, by a singular coincidence, twenty-five years have elapsed since the opening of the present church on St. Denis street. The celebration will be commenced on Sunday next with special sermons by His Lordship Bishop Bond and the Bishop of Huron, and during the week it is proposed to hold a concert, conversazione and a service of song in the church, and on one evening a children's festival. The celebration will be fittingly closed on the following Sunday, December 14th, with services, at which the Ven. Archdeacon Evans and Very Rev. Dean Carmichael will be the preachers.

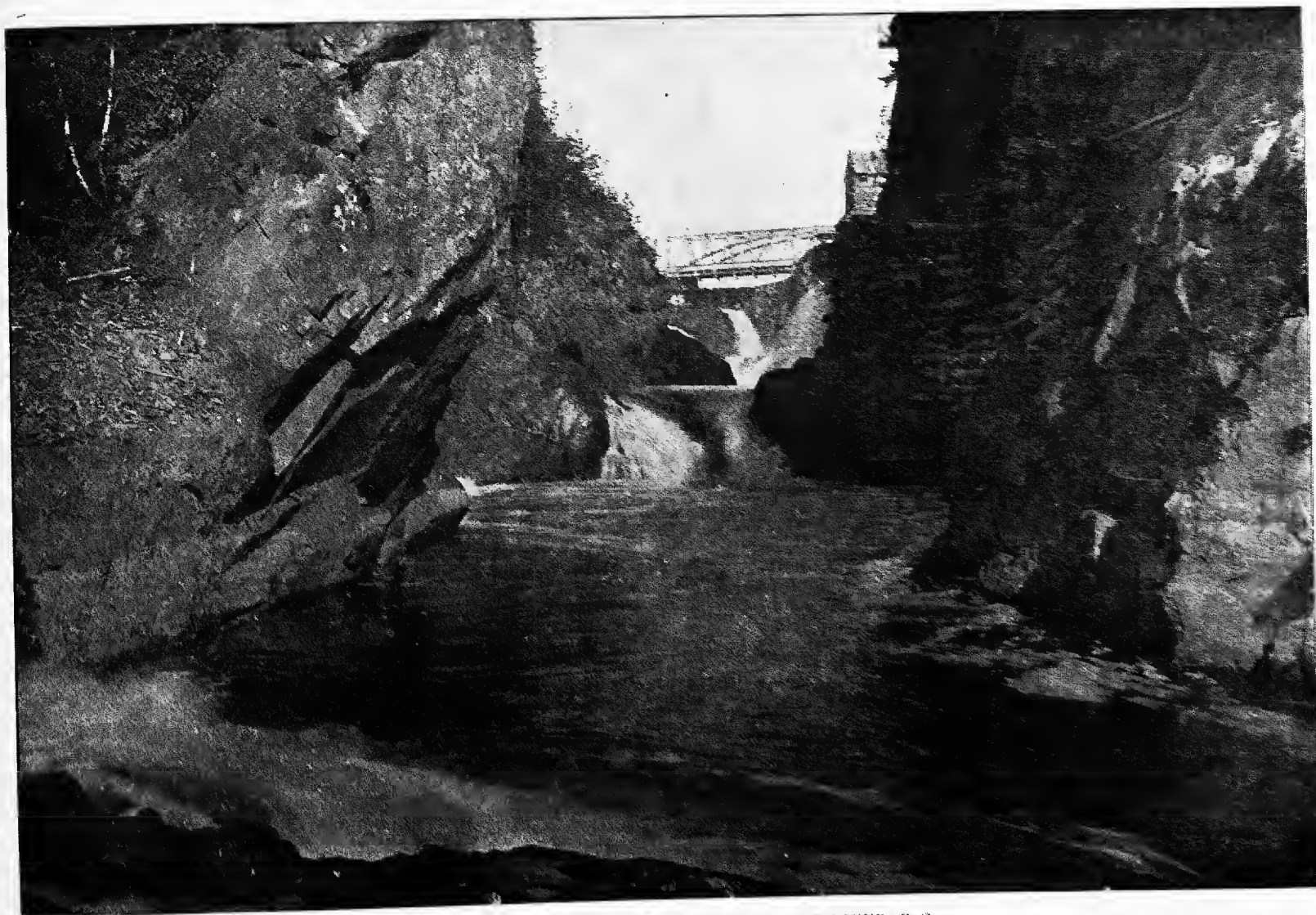
A brief history of the church has been prepared, neatly illustrated with views of the churches and portraits, which will be ready for the evening of the conversazione.

It is to be remarked that the first warden of the church in 1840 was Coroner Jones, who is still surviving at a hearty old age, and also Mr. John Lovell, who was warden at the time of the death of the first rector, Rev. Mark Willoughby, from ship fever in 1847.

The ladies of the congregation are busy decorating the church and lecture hall, and it is hoped that the event will be in every way successful.



A DOG TRAIN IN THE NORTH-WEST TERRITORIES.



FALLS OF ST. GEORGE, MAGAQUADABIC RIVER, B. C.

OUR PERMANENT TROOPS

II

"A" Company Royal School of Infantry.

The Royal School of Infantry for the Maritime Provinces is, like that for the Province of Quebec, already described in THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED, based upon the Infantry School Corps—"A" Company and staff being stationed at Fredericton, N.B. In this issue we reproduce photographs of the staff, the corps on parade, and the principal barracks. The corps was organized on the 25th December, 1883, the then three commandants, Lieut.-Colonels Maunsell, D'Orsonnens and Otter, having previously been attached to the force at Aldershot, England, and the Company officers, including Major Gordon and Captain Hemming, of "A" Company, to Her Majesty's troops, at Halifax, N.S., with the view to picking up modern ideas in "soldiering." Since that time the wisdom of basing this branch of Canada's permanent force upon British infantry regulations and traditions has been proved—the regimental system of the corps has been, step by step, developed and improved, and the practical utility of the school has been amply tested. On the 10th July, 1887, another, Company "D," that at London, Ont., has been added to the corps, and Lieut.-Colonel Smith, after much experience, appointed to command.

At the time of the North-West rebellion, May, 1885, "A" Company, with staff I. S. C., was used as the basis of a battalion to represent New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island on active service. With marvellous rapidity a most efficient battalion (569 strong) was formed, the call to arms having been promptly responded to, alike from town and country, from village and hamlet. Representatives of every industry, every profession, every class and creed were found in this battalion. The following composed the staff:—

COMMANDANT—Lieut.-Col. Maunsell, D.A.G.
MAJORS—Lieut.-Colonel Beer, 74th Battalion; Lieut.-Colonel Blaine, 62nd Fusiliers.
CAPTAINS—"A" Company—Major Gordon, I.S.C.
"B" " "—Lieut. Young, I.S.C.
"C" " "—Capt. Sturdee, 62nd Batt.
"D" " "—Lieut. Gosard, 62nd Batt.
"E" " "—Lieut. Hegan, 62nd Batt.
"F" " "—Lieut. Edwards, 62nd Batt.
"G" " "—Lieut. Baker, 67th Batt.
"H" " "—Lieut. Howe, 71st Batt.
"I" " "—Lieut. Harper, 74th Batt.
"J" " "—Lt. McNaughton, 73rd Batt.
"K" " "—Lieut. Stewart, 82nd P.E.I.
"L" " "—Lieut. MacLeod, 82nd P.E.I.

Adjutant—Capt. McLean, 62nd.

Paymaster—Lieut.-Col. McCulley, 73rd.

Quartermaster—Major Brown, 62nd.

Surgeon—Surgeon Brown, I. S. C.

Assistant Surgeon—Assistant Surgeon McFarland, 62nd.

The Battalion having proceeded *en route* to the front, encamped at Sussex, and their services being no longer required, having received the thanks of the authorities, returned to their homes on the 26th May.

It may be interesting to note that the School of Infantry, at Fredericton, serves as a means of military education for the following battalions of infantry in the Maritime Provinces:—

NOVA SCOTIA—63rd Battalion, Halifax Rifles; 66th Battalion, Princess Louise Fusiliers; 68th, King's County Battalion of Infantry; 69th, 1st Annapolis Battalion of Infantry; 72nd, 2nd Annapolis Battalion of Infantry; 75th, Lunenburg Battalion of Infantry; 78th, Colchester, Hants and Pictou Battalion of Infantry, "Highlanders;" 93rd, Cumberland Battalion of Infantry; 94th, "Victoria" Battalion of Infantry, "Argyle" Highlanders.

NEW BRUNSWICK—62nd Battalion, St. John Fusiliers; 67th Battalion, Carleton Light Infantry; 71st, York Battalion of Infantry; 73rd, Northumberland Battalion of Infantry; 74th Battalion of Infantry; St. John Rifle Company.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND—82nd, Queen's County Battalion of Infantry.

During the seven years the school has been in operation 167 officers and 342 non-commissioned officers have been instructed and received certificates of qualification. This speaks volumes for the practical utility of the school, the commandant receiving abundant support in the bringing forward of officers and non-commissioned officers for instruction from staff officers—Lieut.-Colonel Worsley, D.A.G., Nova Scotia, and Lieut.-Colonel Irving, Brigade Major, Prince Edward Island, who are well aware that without an efficient means of instruction for officers and non-commissioned officers battalions of the active militia must deteriorate, and in proportion to the numbers and competence of officers and non-commissioned officers so is the degree of efficiency attainable and attained.

On the Queen's Birthday, 1886, Lady Tilley, who, as well as H. H. the Lieut. Governor, is ever ready to foster and encourage that which has for its object the good of the service, or the good of the community, with the sanction of the Lieut. Governor in command, presented a regimental colour to this detachment of the I. S. C., regarding its importance not as a mere Company of Infantry, but as the nucleus of a battalion, with a regimental staff and efficient band, and knowing that everything calculated to create *esprit de corps* tends to increase efficiency.

So much, in brief, regarding the corps, its organization, its steps of progress and its usefulness.

A word, in conclusion, as to the barracks at Fredericton, of which we give two sketches, may not be without interest. There are three (3) barracks, viz.:—1. Officers' quarters (stone and wood); 2. Mens' barracks (stone); 3. Married non-commissioned officers and mens' quarters—Park barracks—(wood.) These barracks were originally built for a half battalion of Imperial Infantry, with a Battery of Garrison Artillery, but, by using temporary quarters in town for officers and men, a whole battalion of infantry has, at times, been stationed at Fredericton. With modern requirements, however, these barracks are now adapted for 6 permanent officers, 10 attached officers, 100 permanent non-commissioned officers and men, 30 attached non-commissioned officers and men; total, 146 of all ranks.

On the formation of the Infantry School Corps—January, 1884—these barracks were found to be much in need of repairs and remodeling.

When the improvement in class and education of the modern recruits is considered, as compared with the status of the so-called *common soldier* of the past, improvement in quarters and surroundings becomes a necessity. Not only is this improvement now to be found in the barracks rooms—the "home" of the soldier at this station—but also in the providing suitable recreation rooms and library in the Drill Hall, as well as in the providing comfortable quarters, with gardens, for the non-commissioned officers and men on the married strength. All this is in addition to improved conditions of service, as to pay, clothing, rations, &c., referred to in previous issue. It may be added that increased attention is now paid to the care of grounds, the officers' barrack grounds being laid out in gardens, lawn tennis courts, gravel walks, &c. The dates of erection of these barracks are as follows:—Officers' barracks, 1841; mens' barracks, 1827; married non-commissioned officers' and mens' quarters (Park barracks), 1838; isolated quarters therein, 1789.

The following troops have occupied the barracks from time to time since 1846, within the memory of the "oldest inhabitant":—H. M.'s 33rd Regiment, Duke of Wellington's; H. M.'s 97th Regiment, West Kent; H. M.'s 72nd Seaforth Highlanders; H. M.'s 76th Regiment; H. M.'s 62nd Regiment; H. M.'s 63rd Regiment; H. M.'s 15th Regiment, East Yorkshire; H. M.'s 22nd Regiment, Cheshire. This last named regiment left Fredericton May, 1869, from which time until January, 1884, no troops have been stationed at Fredericton.

SERVICES OF LIEUT.-COL. MAUNSELL, MAJOR GORDON AND DR. BROWN.

LIEUT.-COLONEL MAUNSELL, D.A.G.

May, 1855—Final examination, Sandhurst Royal Military College. May 15th, 1855—Ensign H. M.'s 15th Regiment. 1855-56—Mediterranean stations, reinforcing troops, Crimean war. 1857—Course of instruction in military engineering (branch of senior department of the Royal Military College), Aldershot. 1857-58—Employed, temporarily, on the staff at Aldershot in connection with above course of instruction. November 27th, 1857—Lieutenant H. M.'s 15th Regiment. 1858-59—Course of instruction School of Musketry, Hythe. 1st class certificate January 26th, 1859. February 10th, 1859—Instructor of musketry, 15th Regiment. March 12th, 1861—Captain H. M.'s 15th Regiment. 1861-62—Acting Adjutant and Instructor of Musketry, 8th department Battalion, Pembroke Dock, South Wales. 1862-63—Commanded departments of 15th and 84th regiments, respectively, Pembroke Dock. January, 1864—Sailed for Halifax, N.S., en route to New Brunswick, to rejoin headquarters 15th Regiment. 1865—Attached to General Grant's staff—Army of Potomac—during whole of spring campaign 1865, ending with taking of Richmond. November 22nd, 1865—Gazetted Lieut.-Colonel and Adjutant-General of Militia, New Brunswick. 1866—Defence of frontier of New Brunswick against Fenian invasion. January 1st, 1869—After confederation of Provinces, gazetted Deputy Adjutant-General M. D. No. 8, Province of New Brunswick. 1871 to 1880—Commanded several tactical brigade camps in New Brunswick, also infantry schools of instruction at St. John and Fredericton. 1880—Attended course of studies at the Royal Arsenal, Woolwich, certificate granted. April 1st, 1881—Transferred from military district No. 8 to No. 4, with headquarters at Ottawa; commanded brigade camps at Ottawa and Brockville and School of Instruction (Infantry) at Ottawa. July 21st, 1883—Sailed for England; attached to H. M.'s forces at Aldershot. November, 1883—Returned to Canada. December 31st, 1883—Gazetted Commandant of School of Infantry—Infantry School Corps—Fredericton. May 16th, 1884—Re-appointed Deputy Adjutant-General Military District No. 8, holding at same time command Royal School of Infantry. May, 1885—Formed temporary battalion (10 companies) for immediate active service in North-West Territory.

MAJOR GORDON.

Major W. D. Gordon joined 14th P. W. O. Rifles, Kingston, Ont., in 1867; promoted Ensign 1869, Lieutenant '71, Captain '73, Bvt. Major '78, Major 1883, Adjutant '76 to '83, appointed to Infantry School Corps 1883; A.D.C. to Lieut. Governor of New Brunswick, November, 1885. 1st class certificates from Military School and School of Artillery. 1st class certificate for course of instruction with Imperial forces at Halifax, 1883.

DR. BROWN.

T. Clowes Brown, M.D., Surgeon Royal School Infantry, Fredericton, N.B., was born at Mangerville, Sunbury County. His father held a commission as Captain in

the Sunbury Militia. After graduating as an M.D. at the Pennsylvania Medical College, Philadelphia, he commenced the practice of his profession in York County, and was gazetted surgeon at that time of the 2nd Battalion York County Militia, under the late Col. John Allen. Upon the formation of the 71st York Volunteers Battalion in A.D. 1869, he was appointed assistant surgeon thereto, and became surgeon of said battalion upon the death of Surgeon Gregory in 1881, which position he resigned upon being gazetted Surgeon of the Infantry School Corps at Fredericton in December, 1882.

Two Chiefs of Adventure—Hearne and Mackenzie.

To give "two elks and two black beavers," as often as the King should enter the country, was all the Hudson's Bay Company agreed to pay good-natured Charles the Second of England, as in 1670 he bestowed upon them the northern half of North America. And while the Englishmen built great stone fortresses along the Hudson Bay the Indians, in their birch-bark canoes, came down the rivers to trade their furs and get knives and guns and tomahawks for themselves, and cloth and beads and trinkets for their women. For a hundred years the British traders were quite content to hold the coast and never penetrate the country, and while they did this there was no danger of the king making his entrance to claim his elks and beavers. But the Canadians from Montreal were ascending the rivers and cutting off the trade in the far northern Lake Athabasca and on the Saskatchewan; and so to meet them orders came from England that the Bay traders should go far inland from Hudson Bay and hold their own at any cost. In the splendid Prince of Wales Fort, at the mouth of Churchill river, in Hudson Bay, was a daring trader named Samuel Hearne, and he was ready to obey the orders sent, and so thoroughly did he succeed that he has been called the "Canadian Mungo Park."

HEARNE TO THE INTERIOR.

It was in 1769 that Hearne gathered together his odd company for the journey. There were a Scotch sailor and another white man, two trained Indians, and a pompous Indian chief from the north, decked in his feathers and called Captain Chawchinahaw, six or eight of his Indians and some of their wives to haul the luggage, dress the skins pitch the tents, get the firing and do the cooking. So when the snow came in November, and the dogs, called "huskies," were harnessed to the sleds, seven cannon of the fort boomed out a grand salute, the party started to find new rivers and hunt for copper mines, and get more trade. It was weary work for the Englishman, for in a few days one Indian deserted, then others, and even the cunning Captain began to advise a return. Soon the provisions taken from the fort were gone, then three deer were killed, and pretty soon, but for a few partridges got by them, all would have perished. By and by Chawchinahaw and his wife deserted, and as they did so made the woods ring with their laughter at the foolish Englishman. There was no other course but to turn back, and so, after an absence of thirty or forty days and great suffering, Hearne returned, ashamed of his failure and to the great surprise of the Governor of the fort.

NOT TO BE BEATEN.

But the trader was of sterner stuff than to thus give up the task. Near the end of February Hearne, with five Indians, started on his second journey. The depth of the snow at the fort was so great that it covered the guns, and there could be no salute, and the explorer was well pleased at this lest he should fail again. It was not many days till hardships overtook the party. The fish failed from the streams, and as the party turned to the Barren Grounds there was again no food. Two swans and three geese, killed by the Indians, saved them from starvation, and when the woods ceased, and the barren grounds were reached, the traders gave up sledges and snowshoes, and each trudged on with a load on his back. For three days, in which they walked sixty miles, they had no food. At last the Indians killed three musk oxen. This was in the month of June, and as the rain fell heavily they could get no fire, and so had to use the flesh raw, and it smelt so strongly of musk as to be hardly eatable. At this stage, in their miserable plight, Hearne's quadrant broke. It had been left standing after taking an observation while the party took their meal, and was blown over and became quite useless. Now again there was only one thing to be done, and by the end of November the explorer was making the five hundred miles on his way back to the fort, and on this journey his favourite dog was frozen in a storm, and the worn-out traveller, dragging the sled himself, barely reached Prince of Wales fort with his life.

NOW SUCCESS!

But Hearne was still not the man to yield. In December, with a few Indians, he again entered the wilderness, and again no cannon were fired at his departure. The same struggle once more took him to the Barren Grounds, but now several hundreds of Indians joined him, and with the hope of fighting against the Eskimo gave him a full escort. After many adventures, in July, the Coppermine river, for which the explorer sought, was reached, and the river was descended to the Arctic Sea. Hearne was overjoyed and erected a monument on the coast, and took possession of it for the Hudson's Bay Company. It was a pity that Hearne did not understand his instruments, for from this he made the mistake of putting the mouth of the Coppermine river two or three degrees too far north.

HEARNE SATISFIED.

Full of happiness the explorer now returned. Game was killed along the way and the hardships seemed light. One day, as winter came on, the party saw marks of a strange snowshoe, which led to a little hut. Here hundreds of miles away from any dwelling was discovered a young Indian woman, who belonged to the Dog-rib tribe of the west. She had two years before been taken prisoner by Athabasca Indians, and had at length escaped from them. But she could not find the way to her home. She told Hearne she had thus lived alone for seven moons. Five or six inches of an iron hoop for a knife, and an iron arrow head were her only weapons. She had snared rabbits and used the sinews of their legs and feet for thread. From their skins a neat and comfortable fur suit had been made by her, and the willow bark had been plaited into fibre for a fishing net to be used in spring. The lonely refugee had managed to get a fire by striking two stones together, and lest she should not succeed again had kept it constantly burning. Such a treasure as this woman was earnestly sought by a dozen of the young Indians of the party for a wife, and the choice was only made by a wrestling contest, when the winner claimed the prize. Hearne pushed on to receive the plaudits of the Governor of the fort, and in June arrived, having been absent on his last journey nearly nineteen months, and won the honour of the discovery of the Great Coppermine river and the Arctic Sea into which it flows.

A CANADIAN TRADER.

But traders from Montreal were not to be outdone by those from across the sea. With canoe over lakes, and through dangerous streams and crossing rocky portages, the Canadians had gone as far north as Lake Athabasca, and built their forts and traded with the Indians. A daring trader, Alexander Mackenzie, was at Fort Chippewyan then, and when the news reached him that the Coppermine river and the Arctic Sea had been discovered he was on fire to excel Hearne. In June, 1789, Mackenzie, with a mixed company, in four canoes, left the lake to go north. Four Frenchmen, the wives of two of them, and a German manned his birch-bark canoe, and another trader had charge of a second; but as in Hearne's case an Indian chief bore him company. This was a man of mark, and was called the English chief. The chief was so named because he had been a great leader of his countrymen in going down to Hudson Bay and trading with the English there. Now he had attached himself to the Canadians. He with two wives and two Indians occupied one small canoe, and his followers another. Quietly the four canoes slipped off to the north, and were soon descending Slave River, which empties into Slave Lake, where the traders had been before and had trading posts. But from the west of this lake, following the current, a great river was entered, and this was the Mackenzie, which took its name from its discoverer, as he descended it to the North Sea. Some of the Indians met told the explorer that it would require several winters to get to the sea, and that old age would come upon them before they could return. They said great monsters would destroy the travelers, and that there were two impassable falls on the river. These Indians who told such doleful tales were very odd. Each had his hair in a long tress, and the rest cut so short as to show his ears. Some of the old men grew their beards long, an uncommon thing among Indians, while their faces were tattooed and their noses pierced. After many adventures Mackenzie reached the mouth of the river on the Arctic Ocean in July, and without any great mishap came back to Fort Chippewyan again, after an absence of one hundred and two days.

A GREATER JOURNEY.

Mackenzie found himself at a loss in using the quadrant and other instruments for finding his localities, just as Hearne had done; but the plucky trader left the western wilds, went to England, and got instruction in such matters. Then he came back and laid out his great work. This was nothing less than crossing the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific Ocean, which had not been done by any explorer north of Mexico. Happily for his purpose the Rockies are not so high in New Caledonia as they are further south, and a great stream, the Peace river, runs through the mountains from the west and flows into Lake Athabasca. Mackenzie chose his crew with care, but there was one boy taken along who was so idle and slow, that they nicknamed him "Canere," or the Crab, and this name clung to him till his dying day. In the spring of 1793 the party, which had wintered up the Peace River, was ready for the journey, and started up the mountain stream. Mackenzie met many strange things among the Indians. One young Indian had been badly shot in the hand, and was in danger of losing it. The explorer poulticed the hand, burnt away the proud flesh with blue vitriol, then put on a soothing plaster, and healed his patient, so that the young hunter was well enough to follow the hunt, and to bring, in his gratitude to Mackenzie, the tongue of an elk, a great delicacy. Another old Indian came to the traveller suffering greatly from rheumatism in his joints. This he said he had felt for five winters, and it was a judgment on him because he had found a wolf and her two whelps in an old beaver lodge and had burnt them. At times Mackenzie had to interfere between tribes and hostile Indians, and he was always the peacemaker, and held their respect. The scenery was very beautiful as the party went up Peace River, and animals of every northern species abounded.

THE WESTERN SLOPE.

At length the head waters of Peace river were reached, and after passing the Carrying place the brave explorer

began to descend a river to the Pacific Ocean. But the stream was very rapid, and on the advice of the Indians Mackenzie left the river and crossed, after many mishaps, by a rugged path to the sea, stopping at one place where the natives were so kind that he called it "Friendly Village." Soon the Pacific Ocean was reached, but the Indians were very hostile, for they said Capt. Vancouver, who had visited the Pacific coast by sea only two months before, had threatened them and shot at them. Surrounded by these angry savages Mackenzie and his party encamped on a high rock, and next day, mixing some vermilion and grease, marked in large letters on the steep rock: "Alexander Mackenzie, from Canada by land, the twenty-second day of July, one thousand seven hundred and ninety-three." It was a red letter day in the life of Mackenzie—not even equalled when a few years later the King bestowed the accolade, and bade him arise "Sir Alexander." Soon the explorer started home, and nearly lost his life in passing the hostile Indians in "Kascale Village." He had gone ahead of his men and entered the village alone. Seeing the natives hostile he had raised his gun, when an Indian behind him seized him about the middle. He, however, kept his temper and did not shoot, but shook off the embracing savage. The traveler's hat and cloak had been carried away in the scuffle. This so stirred Mackenzie's Scottish blood that when his men came up, with guns primed, they demanded the lost articles, and their strong threats secured the missing garments. Mackenzie and his crew, after many adventures, reached the fort on Peace river, which they had left seventy-six days before. As they came in view of the fort they threw out a flag and made a loud discharge of their guns. A short time after Alexander Mackenzie dropped down the river to Fort Chippewyan, and in later years returned to his native land, to be known for all time as the greatest discoverer in the northern wilds of America.

GEORGE BRYCE.



There is trouble among the cyclists, and the legislation which is promised in the near future is not calculated to make them feel any more comfortable. There is one particular rule which is bothering a good many and it is this: "Any cycle or athletic club will be allowed, under special sanction of the Racing Board, to pay the entrance fees and actual necessary travelling expenses of a member or members whom they may desire to represent them at a race meeting, but without this special sanction no competitor in amateur events shall accept from his own club, or from a club promoting sports at which he competes, any payment for his expenses, under penalty of suspension from the track for a time, at the discretion of the Board. Athletic clubs (members of the A. A. U.) are not required to apply for this special sanction, and racing men riding for A. A. U. clubs are not liable under this rule." A thunderbolt fell in the camp, however, when the Racing Board of the L. A. W. went in for wholesale suspensions, sixteen of the best known riders falling under the scythe, viz.: W. West, of Philadelphia; F. F. Ives, of Meriden; P. J. Berle, of Boston; F. Howard Little, of Chicago; H. Lloyd Smith, of New Bedford, Mass.; William Van Wagoner, of Newport, R.I.; Charley Kluge, of Jersey City; Louis L. Clarke, of Englewood; A. B. Rich and W. S. Campbell, of New York; W. D. Banker, of Pittsburgh; W. S. Gessler, of Niagara Falls; W. F. Murphy and C. M. Murphy, of Brooklyn; E. C. Anthony, of Tannaton, Mass., and W. F. Class, of Brooklyn. With the exception of West, who belongs to the Century club of Philadelphia, Berle and Anthony, who belong to the Manhattan A.C., all are New York Athletic club men.

The formation of the Ontario Hockey Association is good news for all lovers of the dashing winter sport. For years past Montreal was practically the only place where really good hockey could be seen, and the efforts made to introduce it to popular favour could certainly not be called successful. But the Western men have gone about it this time in the proper way, and there is no reason why they should not be successful. The names of gentlemen present at the initial meeting ought to be sufficient guarantee of the fact, as will be seen from the list: Vice-regals, Hon. Arthur Stanley; Royal Military College, W. Kerr; Queen's University, J. F. Smellie; Port Hope, H. A. Ward, M.P.; Bowmanville, D. B. Simpson; Ottawa club, John Barron, M.P.; Lindsay, P. Knowlton; St. George's (Toronto), W. Jackson; Athletic Lacrosse Club (Toronto), W. Robinson; New Fort club, Capt. Evans; Victoria club, C. R. Hamilton; Granite club, H. Green; Osgoode Hall, J. T. Thompson. I have no idea that if any matches are played with the Montreal clubs that the new organization will score a victory, but they can make an effort anyhow; and maybe next season they will be able to hold their own with the Eastern men. An interprovincial rivalry always does a great deal of good to any sport, and I look forward to see in the near future as hard battles fought out on the ice as on the lacrosse field.

There has been considerable good work done in association football during last week. The Toronto eleven went to Detroit and treated the latter to a whipping with a score of three to one. But the match was by no means one-sided, and the honours were very evenly divided. The Detroit team has some excellent material that will improve. The Canadian International Football team has not been having everything its own way on the other side of the line. In Fall River they were defeated by three goals to one. It is true they were tired after their long trip, and that accounts in some measure for their defeat. Still at times they made some splendid play. In Pawtucket the despatches say that the Canadians had to play against thirteen men, including the referee and the umpire. The decisions certainly seem to have been most unfair, as the audience roundly hissed the referee. The score was: Pawtucket Wanderers, 2; Canadians, 0.

In November, 1877, four gentlemen, Messrs. G. W. Thomas, W. S. Kidabock, R. H. Culbert and Geo. W. Carr, met in the Knickerbocker Cottage, New York, and organized the Manhattan Athletic Club, and from this small beginning has grown that magnificent organization that has made the cherry diamond a household word in the athletic world. In 1886 there were only thirty-eight active members, while at the present time there are over two thousand members on the rolls. On Saturday last the magnificent new club house was opened, and the property now owned by the M. A. C., including Berrian's island, is valued at over \$1,000,000.

That was a tremendous set-back for the orange and black of Princeton, when the rushers from Yale did what they pleased with them. This practically makes Harvard the champions of the year, and Princeton will not have so much to say about "baby talk," as it did last year, when Harvard decided to leave the Presbyterians in the cold. And such a whitewashing, too! No wonder that Captain Poe felt like shedding bitter tears. One man has made a name, however, that will last a long time in football annals, and that is McClung, Yale's half back.

The curlers are not quite in their glory yet, but they are very near it, and are rubbing their hands in prospective delight. The Toronto men got to work last week and had good ice into the bargain, the Granite, Prospect Park, Victoria and Caledonia rinks all having some play as early as the 26th. In Montreal the brithers have not got down to work yet, but the probabilities are that next week will see the stones flying over the glistening ice. On Monday the Montreal club elected their twelve skips.

The cricketing element in Toronto has reason to be proud of the young blood, which, in the near future, will uphold the fame of the grand old game in the West. And this was demonstrated at the first annual meeting of the Toronto Colt League, when the work of the season was reviewed. There are four clubs in the league, the Toronto Colts, the St. James, the East Torontos and the Wanderers. The averages of the Colts show some work done that their elders might envy without any loss to their dignity.

The Montreal Gun Club has made another effort to revive interest in trap shooting, and the competition on Saturday last was a very good beginning, a large number of clubs being represented and the contest being of the closest kind. It took three ties to decide first place between Messrs. Cowley and Smith.

Jake Gaudaur has settled down in his native town of Orillia, where he was not given a very cordial welcome by the *flack* of that place, which thinks that Orillia can do very well without the influx of Toronto sporting men which the residence of the eminent oarsman would be supposed to attract to the place.

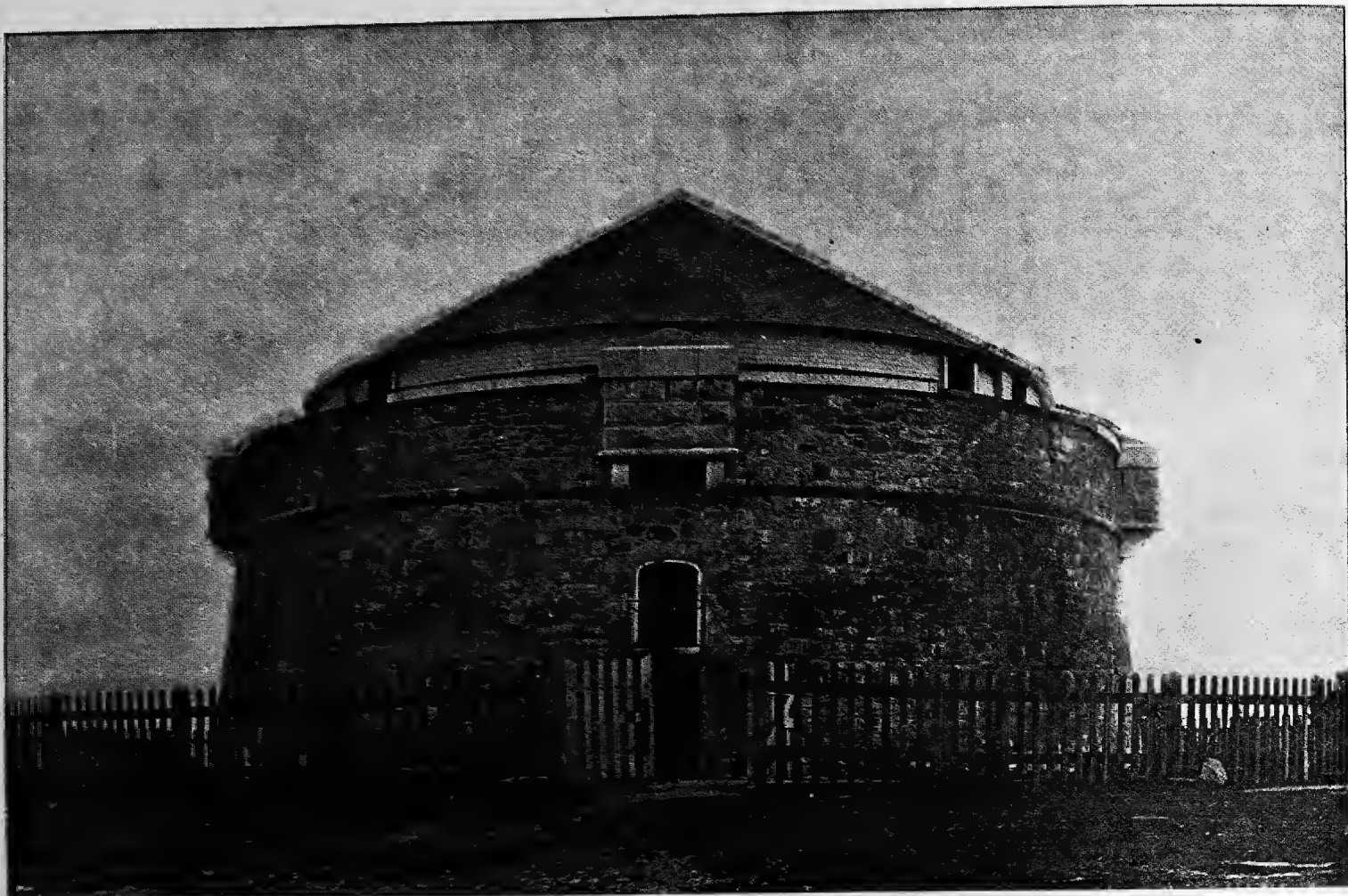
It is stated that D. F. Lonergan, of Roxbury, Mass., ran 100 yards in 9.25 seconds at Narragansett Park. This looks fishy on the face of it and, like Carey's alleged performance, wants a good deal of looking into before being accepted as a record. It is also claimed that he got over 5 ft. 2½ inches in the standing high jump without weights.

The gun men of Toronto are recognizing the fact that in union there is strength, and last Monday evening a meeting, looking towards the amalgamation of the Toronto, Owl and Stanley Gun clubs, was held. With three strong clubs like these rolled into one they ought to make a very formidable combination.

There is a scheme on foot to organize a lacrosse club in connection with the Toronto University, and it is the intention also to send a team to try conclusions with the collegian players of the Old Country. This latter proviso will no doubt put a lot of life into the new idea.

The annual ball of the London Hunt was held on Friday last, and was a fitting and brilliant wind-up to a successful season.

The snowshoers have already begun to make themselves known at the Athletic Club House, and that comfortable building seems to be in the height of prosperity these pleasant clear nights.



MARTELLO TOWER, HALIFAX, N. S.

OUR ENGRAVINGS

THE FIRE AT THE HIGH SCHOOL, MONTREAL.—Elsewhere in this issue our readers will find a view of the scene presented by the fire by which the High School, corner of Metcalfe street and Burnside Place, was destroyed on Friday, the 28th ult. The origin of the fire was at first shrouded in mystery. About four o'clock smoke was seen issuing from the back windows of the upper storeys, and a little later the roof was in a blaze. The fire brigade was promptly on the spot; but, though they worked most assiduously, they could not save the buildings. It was not till after seven o'clock that the fire was got under control. The school, which was of peculiar structure, was erected in 1876 at a cost of \$40,000. The damage done will, it is thought, reach half that amount. The building was insured for \$22,300. The masters and boys lost books and other property. The greatest sufferer is Prof. Donald, whose laboratory, with valuable apparatus and chemicals, was totally destroyed. Some 500 books of the library were saved. The School Commissioners and Fire Commissioners, after investigating the matter, could reach no other conclusion than that the fire was the work of incendiaries. This fact makes the disaster all the more deplorable.

FALLS OF ST. GEORGE, MACAQUADABIC RIVER.—In this engraving our readers have a scene, familiar to some of those of the Maritime Provinces, of rare picturesque charm. The river which bears this name falls into Passamaquaddy Bay, about four miles below the town of St. George. The natural beauty of this sheet of water has reminded travelled visitors of the Bay of Naples. The banks of the river are heavily timbered, and in several places it is diversified by rapids and falls—those represented in our illustration being of exceptional interest.

DOG TRAIN, N.W.T.—Those who have read the late Mr. Ballantyne's book, the works of Major (now General) Butler, or any other of the records of travel in our great North-West during the old régime of the fur-kings, will have no difficulty in recognizing a familiar scene in this characteristic view.

QUEEN'S COLLEGE AND UNIVERSITY, KINGSTON, ONT. The record of the institution illustrated in this engraving is not unknown to many of our readers. In a recent number we gave the portrait of the Rev. Dr. Grant, the present able and esteemed head of the University. The movement out of which Queen's College grew began in 1831, when the Synod of the Presbyterian Church (old Kirk) in Canada

deemed it advisable to have a theological training school for the preparation of its own pastors. The first public meeting to promote that object was held in December, 1839—so that last year was the semi-centennial anniversary of the institution. The first students were not, however, admitted until June, 1843, and for years Queen's had no little difficulty in maintaining its classes. Its visible centre of operations was a comparatively humble building (formerly a private residence) and a small grant of \$5,000 a year was all the regular income on which it had to depend. In 1869 this sum was withdrawn, and other means of support had to be looked for in the generosity of the adherents and friends of the church, and of education. In 1878 the Rev. G. M. Grant, D.D., was appointed Principal, and from that date the progress of Queen's College was assured. The citizens of Kingston subscribed \$60,000 for new college buildings, and, through Dr. Grant's exertions mainly, the endowment fund was increased by \$100,000. The authorities of Queen's found reason to oppose the plan and basis of federation advocated by Toronto University. The Presbyterian and other friends of Queen's set to work, however, to raise a quarter million dollars more for the endowment fund, and on the last day of 1887 every cent of that large sum had been subscribed. The present handsome building was founded in 1879 and opened in 1880. It is commandingly situated and imposing in style.

MARTELLO TOWERS, HALIFAX, N.S.—As a military and naval station, Halifax has for more than a century been a place of exceptional interest. The Citadel, a star fort, is one of the finest on the continent, and was begun by the Duke of Kent, father of our gracious Queen; the Wellington Barracks, the Military Prison on Melville Island, Her Majesty's Dockyard, the new dry dock, one of the finest structures of the kind in North America; Fort Charlotte, on St. George's Island; Fort Clarence, just opposite to it; the batteries on MacNab's Island, Fort Massey, near the south end of Queen street, and the Martello Towers on Meagher's Beach and Sambro Island, which are illustrated in our present issue, are all well worthy of examination and are constantly visited by tourists seeing the sights of Halifax. The feature of the fortifications exemplified in our engraving constitutes a fine specimen of this class of defensive works. Martello Towers were first erected by Charles the Fifth to defend the coast of Italy against pirates, and is said to have received their name from the fact that warning of the appearance of a pirate ship was given by striking a bell with a hammer (*martello* in Italian). Others, however, account for the name differently, saying that it was derived from Martella, in Sicily. A number of such towers were built on the British coasts (the southern counties especially) during the time of the Napoleonic wars. The basement storey contains store-room and magazine, the upper storey serves as a casemate for the defenders—the roof being bomb-proof.

THE ST. JAMES CRICKET CLUB.—Cricket has few more enthusiastic supporters than are to be found in the ranks of the St. James Cricket Club, whose portraits are presented in this number. It is distinctively a junior club, and the only one in the city, so that to get on a match they are obliged to face their seniors; but the record made by them is a decidedly creditable one, they having won six matches, lost five and drawn two in their favour. The club is only in its third year, and the above will be acknowledged to be better than the average. The past season's work is as follows: One match lost to Bonaventure; one lost to Montreal and one drawn in St. James' favour; one loss and one win to McGill; one loss and one win to West End; one won from Hochelaga and one drawn in St. James' favour; two won from Longueuil; one loss to Lennoxville and one tied, and one win from Point St. Charles. The photograph from which our engraving was taken is of the eleven that played against McGill, and the names are as follow: C. Hill, F. C. King, A. H. Grace, E. W. Archibald, C. J. Harrod, P. D. Lyman, B. Sutherland, C. J. Saxe, G. C. Smith, W. A. Sutherland, N. Grace (captain). Mr. R. Fromings and Mr. O. Sutherland on that day acted as scorer and umpire respectively.

BEACON HILL PARK, VICTORIA.—This is a scene of beauty to which our readers, even of Eastern Canada, are not altogether strangers, as mention was made of its natural charms in our Victoria Number. The view in our engraving shows some features of it which were not illustrated in the issue referred to. They are of exceptional interest.

THE GORGE, VICTORIA ARM.—This is one of the most charming spots in the vicinity of British Columbia's capital, and even in a picture such as we present to our readers its rare beauties must meet with appreciation. It is one of the most popular resorts of the citizens of Victoria.

NOTE.—Owing to an accident we regret that we have been obliged to defer, until next issue, two of the views in the series illustrating "A" Company R. S. I., as well as those of three of our leading Rugby foot-ball teams, viz., the McGill University, Montreal and Britannia clubs.

The Paper on which "The Dominion Illustrated" is printed is manufactured by the Canada Paper Company.

THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

TRADE MARK

ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF PARLIAMENT OF CANADA, IN THE YEAR 1888, AT THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.

REGISTERED

Vol. V.—No. 128.

MONTREAL AND TORONTO, 13th DECEMBER, 1890.

\$4.00 PER ANNUM IN GREAT BRITAIN, 27s. 6d. PER ANNUM
10 CENTS PER COPY



ENTRANCE TO FORT LENNOX, ILE-AUX-NOIX, P.Q.
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The Dominion Illustrated.

\$4.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

THE SABISTON LITHOGRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING CO
RICHARD WHITE, President.

ALEX. SABISTON, MANAGING-DIRECTOR.
The Gazette Building, Montreal.

GEORGE E. MACRAE, WESTERN AGENT,
36 King Street East, Toronto.

London (England) Agency:

JOHN HADDON & CO.,
3 & 4 Boulevard Street, Fleet Street, E.C.
SOLE AGENTS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

All business communications, remittances, etc., to be addressed to "THE SABISTON LITHOGRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING CO., MONTREAL."

Literary communications to be addressed to
"THE EDITOR, DOMINION ILLUSTRATED."

13th DECEMBER, 1890.



Now that so much attention is devoted to the policy of securing the largest possible share of the British market for the surplus products of Canada, it is not surprising that the question of fast ocean steamship service should also be the theme of discussion. In England the desires of many Canadians on this head have been almost anticipated by an enterprising and wealthy company, of which Lord Hartington is president, and under the direction of which some extremely fast ocean liners are now in the course of construction at Barrow-in-Furness. The manager of the Naval Construction and Armaments Company, Mr. Bryce Douglas, was on this continent some time ago as one of the delegates of the Iron and Steel Institute. He is a gentleman of known energy and resource, and is said to enjoy the confidence of shipping circles. Something like a revolution in oceanic transit is looked for from the operation of the new line which is to run between Liverpool and Halifax. It is expected that twenty knots an hour will be the average rate of speed and that fully twenty-four hours will be saved in the passage. The main question to be settled, as far as Canada is concerned, is that of cost. The subsidy asked for is \$750,000—an outlay which only assured advantages of the highest order would justify. It is admitted by all that any movement that tends to lessen the distance between Canada and the Mother Country is, at the present juncture, worthy of encouragement. But there are other points also that merit consideration, such as the cheapening of the rates for freight not only for the ocean passage but in the interior of the Dominion. On the reduction of the cost of transportation from our centres of production to the English market the prosecution of this trade with the metropolis on a profitable basis very largely depends. The abolition of canal tolls, port charges and dues upon vessels hitherto exacted, has been recommended as essential to the making of the St. Lawrence route equal to its rivals. This is a point to which the Government will doubtless give the practical consideration which the actual circumstances demand, and, that reform secured, fast ocean steamships, with freight rates correspondingly moderate, will be a real boon to Canadian exporters.

We had occasion lately to mention cranberries as among the small fruits that Canadians could profitably grow on land that would be of little use for the raising of ordinary crops. We see that cranberries are among the exhibits to be sent from Canada to the Jamaica exhibition. Evidence, moreover, of the extent to which this toothsome and wholesome berry may be profitably cultivated in swampy tracts that would otherwise, perhaps, be unreclaimed and useless, is afforded by an account recently published in *Garden and Forest* of a "cranberry bog" of a hundred acres in superficies. It is but one of a number of like tracts that have been turned to account in the same advantageous manner. "These bogs," says the narrator, "are all as clean as the tidiest garden. The long and level stretches, like a carpet strewn with

white and crimson beads, are a most pleasing and novel sight. Here in early September a thousand pickers camp about the swamps, some in temporary board cabins, but most of them in tents. The manager furnishes the provisions, which the campers cook for themselves, and he rents them the tents. A hundred and twenty pickers constitute a company, which is placed in charge of an overseer, and each company has a book-keeper." From ten to fifty measures (six-quart pails) are gathered by the individual pickers every day. But experts have gathered as high as seventy-five measures, which, at the rate paid (10 cents a measure), yield \$7.50 for the day's earnings. A special contrivance, known as the Humbert picker, which is a box like a mouse trap, with the front lid rising by a spiral spring, is the favourite with Massachusetts growers. Picking time is an industrial picnic, and one that pays all concerned. Sorting, screening and barrelling follow. Sometimes it is sufficient, if the berries are fairly sound, to run them through a fanning mill, but generally screening by hand is also necessary—the screen being a slotted tray about six feet long and three and a half wide at one end, tapering to about ten inches at the other, with a side or border five or six inches high. The places in the bottom between the slots are about a quarter of an inch wide. The screen is set upon saw-horses, and three women stand upon one side, removing the poor berries, leaves and sticks and working the good ones towards the small end, where they fall into the receptacle. The berries must be thoroughly dry before they are barrelled. As already stated, this fruit is in much demand in the English market, and as Canada abounds in tracts suitable for its cultivation, there is no reason why the industry should not be engaged in on a large scale.

There are few, if any, parts of the world, so far as it has as yet been examined by geologists, which produce such a variety of coal as British Columbia. The supply ranges, according to Dr. G. M. Dawson, from anthracites, which compare favourably with those of Pennsylvania and Wales, to lignites, in which the original woody structure is still clearly perceptible. And that these varieties are all embraced within the upper part of the Mesozoic and Tertiary formations is sufficient to disprove the theory once maintained that the Carboniferous series alone was capable of yielding true coals. The coal-fields of insular British Columbia alone are of an extent and richness which give them an important place in the enumeration of our economic resources. Though but little worked as yet, the coal-fields of the Queen Charlotte Islands are pronounced by Dr. Dawson to be of undoubted value as to both extent and quality—one seam having a maximum thickness of over six feet, while in composition the anthracite of the Islands is as good as that of Pennsylvania. The most important coal areas on Vancouver Island are those of Comox and Nanaimo. The late Mr. Richardson, who was on the ground as early as 1871, estimated the coal underlying the surface of the Comox coal-field (about 300 square miles, not counting its north-western extension) at 16,000,000 tons a square mile. The Nanaimo field is estimated at about 200 square miles. Though not quite equal, perhaps, to the Comox coal, the yield of the Nanaimo collieries (of which three, Nanaimo, Wellington and East Wellington, have been for some years in operation) is of a superiority that has been practically illustrated by the demand for it in California and by the higher price which buyers there are glad to pay for it. The first person to open a coal mine in Vancouver Island was Mr. John Muir, M.P.P., who died some seven years ago at the age of 84. He had been engaged in coal-mining in his native Scotland before he entered the service of the Hudson's Bay Company in 1848 for the purpose of developing its coal wealth in British Columbia. In 1849 he opened a mine at Nanaimo, the first worked in the Province, and thus gave the impulse to a productive industry which is destined to be one of the most fruitful in Western Canada.

Mr. J. C. Sutherland seems to resent the manner

in which we endeavoured to give greater publicity to his proposal to establish a Canadian Association for the Advancement of Science. In a letter to the *Gazette* of this city, based on comments in that journal on our remarks relative to his letter, he evidently misinterprets the spirit of those remarks and also under-rates or misunderstands our alternative suggestion. The principle of the Royal Society is, he says, the development of Canadian literature, English and French. That is certainly one of the objects which the society was founded to promote. The first section is devoted, by its constitution, to the study and encouragement of French literature, history and archaeology; the second section is supposed to pursue like aims, only that English literature is substituted for French. But the third and fourth sections are purely scientific—the scope of the former being investigation in mathematics, physics and chemistry, while the fourth concerns itself with research in the group of sciences that come under the heads of geology and biology. A glance at the membership of these two sections shows that it comprises some of our most distinguished scientific thinkers and workers—the heads and professors of several of our universities, members of the Geological Survey, of the Meteorological Service, of the Bureau of Analysts, of the Surveyor-General's office and other scientific departments of the administration. Every one of these gentlemen has contributed more or less to the sum of the world's knowledge. They represent every branch of pure and applied science—mathematics, astronomy, meteorology, physics, mechanics, engineering, electricity, chemistry, microscopy, geology, mineralogy, botany, entomology, zoology, medicine, and their sub-divisions. Some of them are known all over the civilized world, and, as we mentioned before, one of them has been successively president of both the American and the British Association for the Advancement of Science. In a few months the Royal Society will meet in this city, and, as every scientific organization in the Dominion will probably be represented on that occasion by its delegates, there will be an excellent opportunity for taking up such a suggestion as that of Mr. Sutherland by those very "working scientists" in whom that gentleman reposes confidence. No person is debarred from sending papers to be read at the meetings of the sections, and if Mr. Sutherland were to prepare an outline of his proposed organization, setting forth its need and advantages, and entrust it to some of the members, it would be sure to receive due attention.

In making up the Canadian exhibits to be sent to Kingston, Jamaica, the fine arts should not be forgotten. At the Colonial and Indian Exhibition of 1886 Canadian paintings attracted much attention and won their due meed of praise. An English critic, writing in the *Magazine of Art*, said that, while walking among the Canadian pictures, one might imagine himself in a good European gallery much more easily than would be possible while examining any other Colonial collection. And another writer had words of eulogy for Canada's "school of clever landscape painters, inspired by the grand mountain and river scenery." Among those who had shed lustre on that school he mentioned the names of Messrs. Forbes, Fraser and L. R. O'Brien. Of the art of this last gentleman, two views of Quebec, lent by the Queen, were considered as specially good examples. Some of his water-colours were also commended. The "Meeting of School Trustees" of Mr. R. Harris was pronounced one of the best works in the gallery. "Regarded as a whole," concluded this critic, "the contributions from Canada are full of promise." Now, since these critiques were written, art in Canada has made very appreciable progress. Several new names have been added to the list of our meritorious artists, and those who were already known for good work have gained additional prestige. The Jamaica Exhibition will bring together visitors from all parts of the world, and England is sure to be largely represented. It would surely be a mistake to allow such an opportunity to pass by unheeded and unused. There will be an ample supply of photographs illustrating what is grand

aud beautiful in our scenery, but that is not enough. Such scenery implies artists, and it is something to know that already the existence of a distinctively Canadian school has been recognized by those authorized to speak on the subject. There is another point worthy of mention. One of the charms of the Colonial and Indian Exhibition was the beautiful display of paintings of Canadian wild flowers by Mrs. C. P. Traill, sister, and Mrs. Colonel Chamberlin, daughter, of Mrs. Moodie. It covered four large screens, and comprised 250 plates of wild flowers. In Western Canada there is a flora of peculiar beauty, and the roses of British Columbia, some exuberant types of which have been shown in our engravings, would be well worthy of the higher class of illustration. Our fauna has never yet, we believe, been worthily dealt with in art, nor has Mr. Montague Chamberlain's book of birds found its Canadian Bewick. In sculpture, decorative and industrial art, architectural design and engraving Canada should also give our West Indian fellow-colonists some examples of her originality and skill.

Every now and then the desirability of appointing a permanent Railway Commission for dealing with questions arising between companies and for inquiring into grievances suffered by the public at the hands of the railway authorities is urged by some portion of the press. The accident at Lachine has once more suggested to some of our contemporaries the need of such a commission. In August, 1886, a commission consisting of Sir A. T. Galt (chairman) and Messrs. Collingwood Schreiber, George Moberly and E. R. Burpee, was appointed to consider the "advisability of creating a commission with power to determine matters in dispute between railway corporations, and generally to regulate the system of railway management in its relations to the commerce of the country." The commission was also to inquire into the expediency of having a general railway law for the construction of railways instead of special charters. After making inquiries as to the systems in vogue in Great Britain, the United States and other countries, and collecting data as to the course of railway legislation at home and abroad, the commissioners recommended a number of amendments to the existing railway laws, desiring it, however, to be understood that they in no respect proposed to alter or diminish the actual statutory obligations for prevention of accident and general oversight. They suggested that special provision should be made for the investigation of serious accidents, as provided under the English law—the task being entrusted to the proposed railway tribunal. As to the formation of such tribunal, one of two courses ought to be selected—the creation of a commission, independent of Government control, with practically irresponsible authority, or the maintenance of the Railway Committee of the Privy Council, with such extension of its powers and Departmental machinery as would secure the proper execution of the law. The Commissioners indicated certain objections to either of these courses—the main drawback, in the public mind, to the efficiency of the Privy Council Committee being its necessarily limited time for such duties and their consequent devolution on subordinates, and its liability to change of *personnel*, with the implied loss of valuable experience. These objections are, however, outweighed by the manifest advantages of having the changes and application of the law identified with the Government, which would deal with the questions submitted to it as affecting the entire progress and commerce of the country. The Commissioners, therefore, recommended that the powers of the Railway Committee of the Privy Council should be so enlarged as to enable its members themselves to administer the law and decide such questions as might arise, and that it should have power to appoint officers in every Province to take evidence and to hear and determine all complaints against railway companies.

CANADA AND THE WEST INDIES.

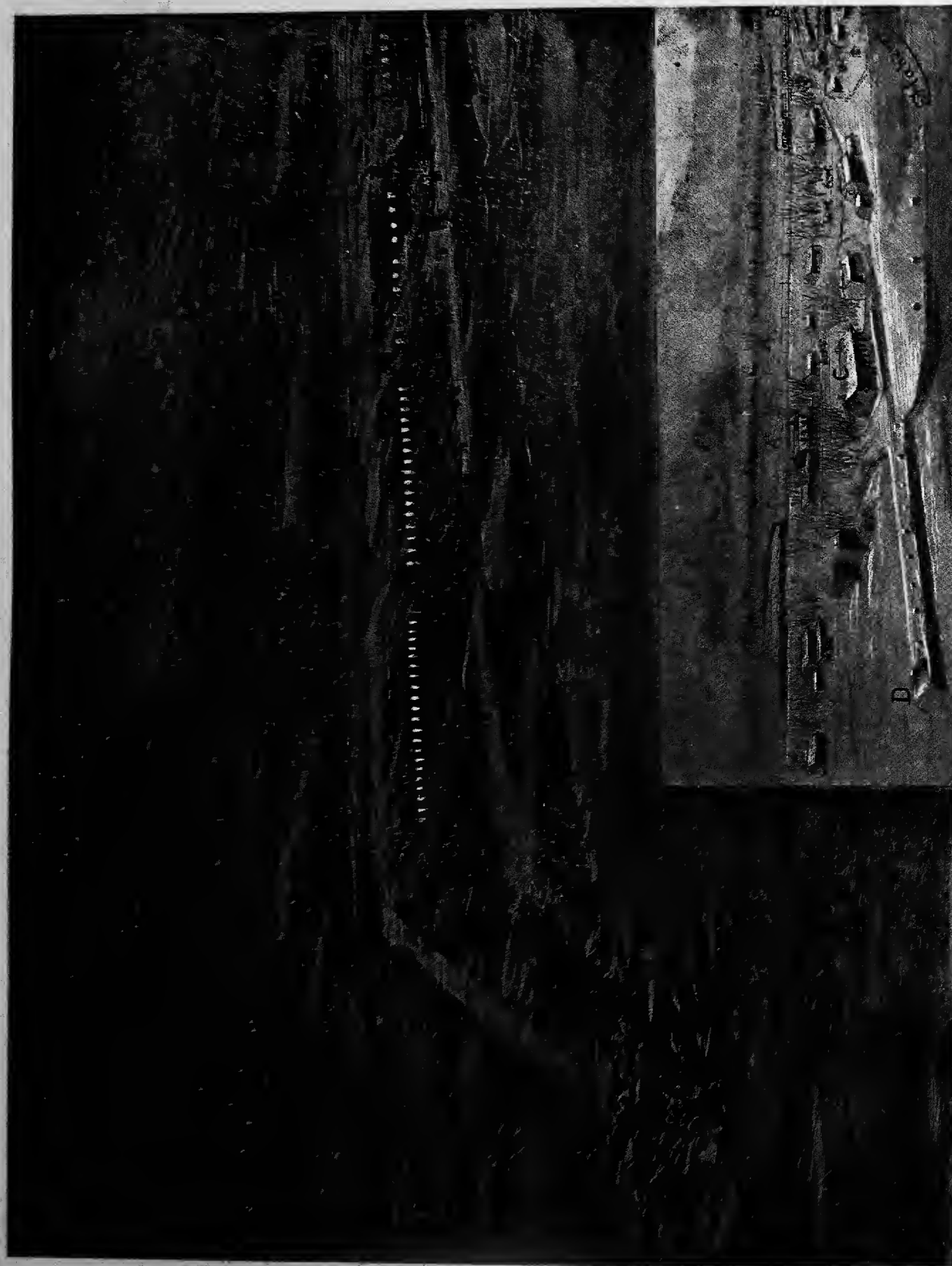
There seems to be a fair likelihood that the representation of Canada at the Jamaica Exhibition of next year will not be altogether unworthy of

our resources and manufactures. The occasion certainly offers facilities for the interchange of information regarding the productions of Canada and the West Indies which, in view of the widely avowed desire of enlarging the trade between the two countries, it would be folly to disregard. It is now some six years since negotiations to this end were first opened. The subject was at first complicated by a proposal for a political union between the Dominion and our fellow-colonists. The disastrous competition of the bounty-supported beet-root sugar of the continent of Europe had caused in the Islands a depression which naturally created discontent, and a deputation from Jamaica consulted the Colonial Secretary as to the advisability of a reciprocity treaty with the United States. The Government of the day declined to assent to the arrangement, but suggested to the delegation that it would be well to enter into relations with Canada. In the discussion that ensued in the English press, the question was mooted that the West Indies might advantageously seek admission into the Dominion. An agitation arose in the Islands, in which the advocates and opponents of the scheme freely expressed their opinions, and the Canadian press dealt with the subject in a tentative manner. While it was generally felt that commercial intercourse between Canada and the inter-tropical colonies might, with benefit to both communities, be greatly extended, it was, in the judgment of most Canadians, a most hazardous experiment to assume the responsibility of administering colonies so far away. In Jamaica the plan of political annexation to the Dominion found one determined champion—Mr. Michael Solomon, a member of the Legislative Council of the Island—who was not satisfied till he laid his views before Sir John Macdonald. The Premier and his colleagues were reasonably reluctant to pronounce decisively on such a question without having at their disposal more convincing data than Mr. Solomon had brought with him. They were, however, perfectly willing to consider any proposal for closer commercial relations between the two countries. On his return home Mr. Solomon, nevertheless, moved in the Legislative Council of Jamaica that it would be for the interests of the Island that steps should be taken for entering our Confederation. At the request of the Lieutenant-Governor, the Crown-appointed Councillors did not vote, and of the elected members all but Mr. Solomon opposed the motion. In the Leewards Islands also the preponderance of opinion was opposed to political union, though strongly in favour of commercial reciprocity. St. John, N.B., which took a lively interest in the movement for improved trade relations with the West Indies, sought, through its Board of Trade, the co-operation of other commercial centres in attaining the end in view. The Government was also stimulated to greater exertions by the proceedings of the United States in connection with Cuba and Porto Rico, and Sir Charles Tupper secured favourable terms from Spain.

In 1885 the negotiations were renewed by a deputation from Jamaica, consisting of the Hon. Messrs. Hocking, Gillard and Farquharson, and Mr. Charles Levy was sent to Ottawa to treat with the Government regarding commerce with that colony. The Boards of Trade of Montreal and Toronto and the Chamber of Commerce of Halifax passed resolutions in favour of increased intercourse between the two countries. The first decisive action on the part of Canada was taken in 1886, when Mr. John T. Wyld of Halifax, was appointed by the Dominion Government its commercial agent to visit Jamaica and the Spanish West Indies and to ascertain the feasibility of establishing a line of steamers between those Islands and Canadian seaports. The mission bore fruit in time, and regular communication between the Maritime Provinces and the West Indies is now an accomplished fact. The Hon. Senator Drummond urged at a meeting of the Board of Trade, called to hear Mr. Adam Brown, M.P., the Honorary Commissioner representing Canada at the Jamaica Exhibition, that this was not enough; that, in order that the interior of Canada may derive the fullest benefit from this line, the vessels must come to Montreal, and to Montreal they will,

doubtless, ultimately come. Meanwhile, a great deal depends on the showing that Canada makes at the approaching exhibition. It is acknowledged on all sides that, although during the past summer there was a considerable improvement in the volume of trade between the West Indies and Canada, the movement is as yet only (so to speak) in its infancy. In January, 1889, the late Hon. Senator Macdonald complained, at a meeting of the Toronto Board of Trade, that the producers, merchants and manufacturers of Canada had not yet begun to secure their full share of the trade with the West Indies, and he insisted that from proximity and affinity Canada and the British West Indies should be, commercially, much more closely and fruitfully related to each other than they had yet been. The progress made in the two years that have passed away since then is full of promise and the list of firms that have signified their purpose of sending exhibits to Kingston, W.I., shows that our people have at last awakened to the importance of the policy which Mr. Brown has been urging on them. There is, indeed, no branch of business, no product of soil or mine, fisheries or forests, no class of our manifold manufacturing industry, unrepresented in the published enumeration. The Governments, Federal and Provincial, we are glad to see, resolved to send choice illustrative assortments of our cereals, our minerals, our woods, and of the harvest of our waters. In manufactures, all sorts of woodwork, ironware, tinware, copper and bronze goods, agricultural implements, woollen and cotton goods, tweeds and other cloths, doors, sashes, window-blinds, furniture of all kinds for houses, offices and schools, mattresses and hammocks, boats and canoes, flour, canned eatables (flesh, fish, fowl, vegetables and fruits), engines of all kinds, awnings and tents, harness, carriages, works of art, mechanical appliances, starch, drugs, liquors—in fact, the entire range of commodities used for food, clothing, construction, the household, the workshop, the factory, and every walk of industrial and social life, is comprised in the catalogue of Canadian exhibits. Such a display will surely not return to us void.

We owe to Mr. George Johnson, Dominion Statistician, some timely data touching the resources of the West Indies and the requirements of the people, which should be carefully studied by all who are interested in a trade which is now more significant than ever before. Of Jamaica itself—the largest of the British Islands—about half the trade goes to Great Britain, about 30 per cent. to the United States; Canada has a share in the remainder. In 1873 the imports of the Dominion from the British West Indies amounted to \$964,005; to the entire archipelago (including the possessions of Spain, France, etc., as well as of England), \$2,591,131. The exports in the same year from Canada to the West Indies amounted to \$5,273,131, of which the British Islands received \$1,969,543. In 1879 these figures had not increased. The total trade for the seven years was valued at \$45,414,785, of which the trade with the British West Indies claimed \$20,144,584. In the seven years, from 1883 to 1889, the total trade amounted to \$59,086,830; but that the increase cannot be assigned to our intercourse with the British Islands is proved by the fact that the trade stood in 1889 at \$20,354,586—only a very slight advance. During the years 1883-89, as compared with the years 1873-79, the trade with South America had increased from \$7,500,726 to \$17,065,076; with the Spanish West Indies, from \$14,466,875 to \$19,043,126; with the French Islands it had decreased from \$2,205,341 to \$1,118,021, and with other islands from \$1,090,656 to \$404,221. From this statement our readers will see what scope there is for enterprise. What Canada produces they know; what the West Indies produce they also know. And they must be aware that what the one community has to dispose of answers very largely to what the other needs. If a very much larger trade is not developed, it will be to a very appreciable extent owing to the lethargy and lack of initiative of the people of Canada. The visit to the Islands of the Hon. Mr. Foster is likely, after certain difficulties have been overcome, to result in arrangements that will be mutually advantageous.



GENERAL VIEW.

PLAN, SHOWING MAIN LINE, WITH SWITCH TO LACHINE WHARF.
 A.—Main line. B.—Switching point; where the error was made. C.—Lachine wharf station.
 D.—Spot where the accident happened.

THE FATAL ACCIDENT AT LACHINE, 4th DECEMBER.

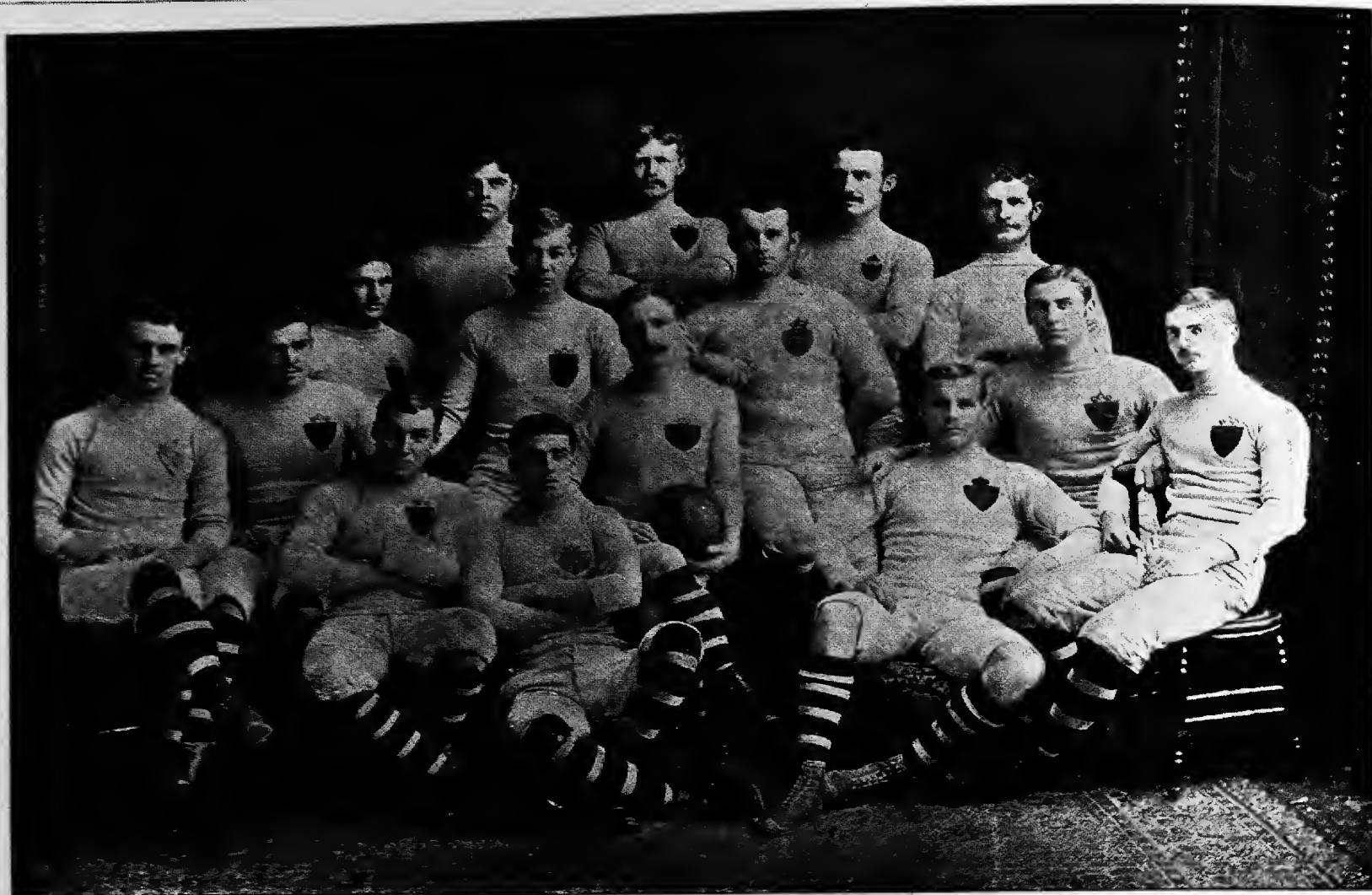
(By our special artist.)



MRS. STANLEY



HENRY M. STANLEY, The African Explorer.



A. W. Walsh. W. D. Macfarlane. H. B. Yates. V. Halliday. J. T. Whyte. D. Hamilton. G. W. MacDougall. H. Y. Russell. R. E. Webster. R. A. Bowie. W. G. Smart.
A. J. Goulet. W. Donahue. E. H. Hamilton, *Capt.* J. L. Walker.

FIRST FIFTEEN OF MCGILL UNIVERSITY FOOTBALL CLUB, CHAMPIONS OF QUEBEC



J. Dunlop. A. D. McTier. A. Reford. J. B. Bell. A. Drummond. V. Buchanan. W. Higginson.
A. E. Leatham. W. Jamieson. E. Wand. A. G. Fry. R. Black, *Capt.* J. D. Campbell. A. D. Fry.

FIRST FIFTEEN OF MONTREAL FOOTBALL CLUB.
CANADIAN RUGBY FOOTBALL TEAMS.

FOR FAITH and KING

a Romance of Ville-Marie

By BLANCHE L. MACDONELL.

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

He had been one of Charon's early associates, the only one who had remained faithful until the end. He possessed artistic perceptions, but lacked power of execution. At that time few in the colony had either leisure or inclination for the cultivation of the fine arts, and Pierre Le Ber's paintings were regarded by his contemporaries with an admiration untinged by criticism. His early training had predisposed him to asceticism, but his natural temperament, against which he battled with ceaseless resistance, inclined him to a sensuous delight in beauty, harmony and brightness. His religion was that of his affections and sentiments, and his imagination, warmed by the ardour of his faith, shaped the ideal forms of his worship into visible realities. He displayed a curious ingenuity in inventing torments for himself—wearing a belt covered with sharp points and whipping himself with a scourge of small cords until his shoulders were one wound, playing at beggar, sleeping in beds full of fleas, eating mouldy food and performing prodigies of gratuitous dirtiness in hospitals. More than once the rich merchant's eldest son had been seen staggering through St. Paul street with a beggar, whom he was bearing through the mud, seated on his back. As Jacques Le Ber de Senneville was a man of the world, Jean Le Ber Du Chêne a man of action, so Pierre was a dreamer of dreams, a visionary zealot.

The connection between Le Ber and the Marquise de Monestrol had at one time furnished gossip to the small community. Ville Marie, during the long winter months, cut off from all the world and hemmed in by frozen solitudes, had little else but scandal to serve as a diversion. Once, on his return from a voyage to France, the merchant was accompanied by Madame la Marquise, a perfect type of the *grande dame* of the period, a child of two years and a young attendant. Le Ber was not of a confiding disposition. Even to his closest friends he never offered further explanation than that, having been under many obligations to the De Monestrol family in his youth, and finding Madame la Marquise widowed and in trouble on his return to the Mother Country, he had been proud to offer a refuge in the New World for herself and her orphan niece. The lady always warmly acknowledged her obligations to the trader's generosity, but the most rampant curiosity sank abashed before her dignified grace. Nanon's sharp tongue and ready wit knew well how to repulse inquisitive questions. Though Diane persisted in addressing Le Ber as her uncle, it was plain that no actual tie of blood existed between the families of protector and protected. The line of demarcation between patrician and plebeian was very clearly defined in those days; no one could doubt the claim of the de Monestrols' to noble birth, while the Le Bers had no pretensions higher than the bourgeoisie. The obligation was not altogether on the one side. It was whispered that even in her fallen fortunes the Marquise had considerable credit at Court. Many believed that the appointment of Le Ber's second son as one of the Dauphin's pages, and later the commission in the Marines which he received, had been due to her influence, and that the patent of nobility, upon which the worthy merchant had set his heart, would yet be obtained by the same favor. It was conjectured by those who knew him best that an intense reverence for rank was one of the Canadian trader's prominent traits. A patent of nobility had some time before been conferred upon his brother-in-law, Charles Le Moyne, and it was bitter to Le Ber that his own sons should be debarred from wearing the sword with which his nephew swaggered so gallantly.

Born and bred in the focus of a most gorgeous civilization, reared like a princess amidst obsequious troops of vassals and retainers, after having enjoyed a life of wit and splendour amidst a brilliant and dazzling society, then suddenly in her downfall banished away to the ends of the earth, Madame de Monestrol spent no time in vain regrets, but displayed, as did many another of her order in like circumstances, a marvellous power of accommodating herself to circumstances, and intrepidly extracting pleasure and profit from them. In her fantastic French desire to enact her new part to perfection, she would fain have adapted herself more entirely, and saw no reason why with all the ease of a woman of the world and the gracious loftiness of a great lady, she should not sell in the shop or undertake her share of the household tasks, as did Le Ber's wife. She was promptly recalled from these delusions by the Demoiselle, Le Ber's puzzled consternation, Nanon's shrill clamor, and more than all the shocked and genuine distress of the trader himself.

"Even a dog can die. I am not of puddle blood—I, Adrienne de Monestrol—that I should perish at the first touch of adversity," she protested warmly.

But perceiving how thoroughly her well intentioned efforts had failed, Madame la Marquise, philosophically reviewing all the facts of the case, graciously permitted her-

self to remain upon the pedestal on which the loyalty of her devoted adherents had placed her. In New France the appendages of an old established civilization flourished side by side with the rough usages of a starving wilderness. Amidst the solid comfort of this bourgeois home, Madame de Monestrol organized a little court, over which she reigned by sheer majesty, ruling without effort or design, governing because she could not help it.

Madame's room was the great chamber of reception. It was always warm and heavily perfumed. In the upper part the great four-post bed, seven feet every way, with gauze and silk curtains and a blue satin quilt, embroidered with roses and carnations, was placed, raised above the rest by a few steps, and further divided from it by a row of slight low pillars. The space beside the bed, called the *ruelle*, was furnished gorgeously. Pictures, statuettes, vases, mirrors (profusely gilded), fancy tables of buhl and ormolu, chairs and stools of different kinds, worked in satin stitch and destined to accommodate the guests of Madame with wise discriminative adaptation to the rank and pretention of each. Before the window, on a stand, were pots of flowers, and in small tubs forced orange trees in full bloom; above hung canaries in gilt cages. There were strips of Persian carpet on the floor; a harpsicord stood in one corner, near by a theobe. A trailing ruby velvet curtain veiled the door. A draped recess held an ivory crucifix and a book of hours. Directly opposite Madame's chair hung the portrait of a young man, with a gay, handsome, reckless face, in a lace cravat and half armour, the *cordon bleu* of the Order of St. Louis, worn conspicuously across



"The Indians sang their songs of victory." (See page 378.)

his velvet coat. A sword, with a richly inlaid handle, was suspended beneath. A quaint, sensuous charm hung about the apartment, which was enhanced by the stately figure of its occupant. Like many others of her station, Madame, however heavy at heart, was consummate mistress of her own outward behaviour, and invariably confronted the world in full dress of mind and body. She sat always with her fan on one arm and her jewelled snuff-box within reach. Her mobile aristocratic beauty was displayed to advantage by her dress. A perruque with hair piled high above the forehead, above which a plume of feathers waved lightly; a panniered robe of blue and silver brocade, fitting tightly to the form. Her one employment was in picking gold lace, which Le Ber disposed of for her, as bullion, in the regular market.

Madame de Monestrol was partial to receptions in bed. She wore on such occasions a *cornette* or morning cap of exquisite lace, a white satin jacket and white gloves, and had the card tables so placed that she could join in the games without awkwardness. The visitors received greetings apparently easy and careless in tone, yet in reality framed and graduated with the most exquisite tact. The Marquise resembled the great lady of *Le Grand Monarque's* court, who had the reputation of being so extremely well bred that one could tell, merely from her pronunciation of the word *Monsieur*, whether she was addressing a Prince of the Blood, a spiritual ruler or a peer of France. Madame de Monestrol also enjoyed her evening "appartement," when her guests played *l'asquenet*, *hombre* and *brillan*, while in the intervals between the deals, Jean handed around frothed chocolate and muscat on a massive silver tray, engraved with armourial bearings. These receptions were a centre of wit, delicate and subtle, but always natural and agreeable, which brought with it a reminiscence of the dazzling days of the lady's youth. Most of the party assembled in Madame's reception room had passed through wonderful trials; misfortune, famine, disease and death stared them constantly in the face, yet they were proud and high-hearted, presenting indomitable fronts to adversity. The common people might bewail their troubles, but what-

ever the dire necessity, the pressing emergency, it would have been deemed the height of ill-breeding for any of Madame la Marquise's coterie to allude to any subject save those capable of amusing and interesting the entire company. This little assembly, gathered together amidst the forests and snow-drifts of the New World, formed a punctilious French circle, wonderfully polished and occasionally extremely brilliant, in which refined artifice and trained, subtle coquetry were exhibited,—where a leader cleverly conducted the conversation, and each individual present was under an obligation to contribute his or her share to the general entertainment.

Men stood deferentially behind the high-backed chairs, treating skillfully the topics which the women started with dexterous grace. The conversation was cynical and epigrammatic. Madame de Monestrol was herself an accomplished speaker. Her light sarcastic manner; the bold, subtle touches; the intense, unsparing ridicule, always restrained within conventional bounds, with which she flashed and sparkled; her varied graphicness delighted the little society which was perfumed by her tact and penetration.

While Le Ber's bourgeois habits prevented him from entertaining much sympathy for the tastes of his guest, he yet greatly prided himself upon the Marquise's sovereignty. He had no paltry vanity to obscure his clear perceptions, and his unquestioned autocracy was mellowed by some fine instinct of kindly courtesy. Madame was always gracious with a sense of supremacy and privilege, and when the merchant was at home he went every evening, between six and seven, to kiss the lady's hand, inquire how she did, or play cards with her until supper was served.

CHAPTER IV.

"The twists and cracks in our poor earthenware."

—GEORGE ELIOT.

Diane was the heaviest weight on Madame de Monestrol's heart. Had the Demoiselle de Monestrol remained in France she might have been received as one of the *dames nées* of Remiremont, that refuge for penniless young girls of high lineage, but in the colony who could predict what the fate of a dowdless damsel of noble birth might be. When the Marquise resolutely refused to place her niece under the charge of the Ursulines at Quebec there were those about her who hinted that the clever Frenchwoman read Jansenist books and entertained Jansenist opinions, but the great lady's opinion of colonial education was not an exalted one.

"Would I have Diane, a child of the pavement, a goose-herd? *Seigneur Dieu!* what horror! The loss of fortune may grievously have afflicted us, but greatly as it is to be deplored, what is that to loss of breeding? These things have made me greatly to suffer. Thou and I must do our best, good and clever Nanon, for the little one."

The Marquise herself imparted to her niece the grace and accomplishments of which she was mistress, while Nanon took pride in instructing a quick, if somewhat mischievous, pupil in many useful and domestic arts. The result was a broader culture, a wider range of sympathy than could possibly have been gained in the seclusion of the convent. Climatic influence and the peculiar conditions of colonial life had modified, not indeed the French lady's ideas of an artificial system of education, but their natural results. In the hardy adventurous existence of New France, with every faculty called into play and a constant demand on every energy, it was quite impossible that even a young girl of noble family should retain the utter ignorance of the world, the absence of self-assertion, supposed to characterize the traditional *jeune personne* of the Mother Country.

"I answer to you for it, Nanon; it was not so in my time. I scarce dared raise my eyes when M. le Marquis de Monestrol was presented as my *futur*, the day I left the convent."

"But our Demoiselle is of the best, noble and brave and generous to the core," confidently asserted Nanon, with the boldness of a trusted domestic.

Early marriages were the rule in the colony, yet at eighteen Diane de Monestrol, the fairest girl in New France, with a score of lovers, was still unwed. The demoiselle Fremoy de Carion, Le Ber's ward, and her youthful companion, was already a staid matron, the proud mother of two curly-haired little ones.

"Who is there to marry here but savages and priests, partridges and wild turkeys. Say then, is it not so, my friend?"

Le Ber courteously agreed to the Marquise's assertion. His courage and ambition were guided by so clear a sagacity that he was rarely forced to recede from a position he had taken. There was no hurry to seek an establishment for Diane. His daughter and his eldest son were striving to obtain for themselves prominent positions amidst the heavenly aristocracy; it should be his right to obtain for his younger children similar temporal advantages.

To what height might not Du Chêne attain, were his claims to consideration strengthened by an alliance with the illustrious family of De Monestrol, who still possessed connections in France. He could wait patiently for the realization of his hopes.

Madame de Monestrol represented the sceptical mundane element in the household. She held it becoming in a woman of quality not to fall in religious observances, but she had no intention of permitting her own actions to be regulated by the narrow dogmas of the Jesuits. She enjoyed her quiet game of piquet with Père Denys, Superior of the Recollets, a kindly and amusing man, with a keen sense of humour.

(To be continued.)



THE FIRST SET.



BRINGING IN THE HAGGIS.

SKETCHES AT ST. ANDREW'S BALL, MONTREAL, 1ST DECEMBER, 1890.
(By our special artist.)



PIPERS LEADING THE PROCESSION.

Through the Magazines.

THE ARENA.

The *Arena* continues to "cry aloud and spare not." In the December number Miss Helen H. Gardner (whose handsome, thoughtful face is a fit preface to her contribution) preaches an earnest sermon on a terrible text,—"Thrown in with the City's Dead"—a sermon which all municipal authorities should read and heed, though it is primarily addressed to a single civic government. In dealing with the subject of "Patriotism in the Public Schools," President E. B. Andrews, of Brown University, tells some plain truths. "One hears a great deal," he writes, "of fervid speech concerning the grandeur of our country and its institutions, which, powerfully as it may build up national conceit, can never advance genuine patriotism," and then by way of rebuking this conceit, he adds: "There is not another thoroughly civilized country under the sun whose cities are so ill-ruled as ours. There is not another in whose government the laws of political economy and public finance are so little studied or so flagrantly defied. There is not a second country this side Turkey whose civil service is so corrupt as ours, or whose special fitness is so little regarded as by us in selections for public office." But President Andrews does not dwell altogether on the somber side of affairs, and he gives some excellent advice to educators touching the training of young people for the duties of citizenship and social life. Prof. Shaler writes of "The Nature of the Negro," while in "Notes on Living Problems," Mr. T. Thomas Fortune deprecates the use of the terms "negro" and "coloured" as absurd misnomers—the former as untrue when applied to a people of whom not three-eighths are of black complexion; the latter, as meaning anything or nothing. He suggests and uses the word "Afro-American" as at once correct and inoffensive. His article is mainly a reply to Senator John J. Morgan's discussion of "The Race Question in the United States" in the September *Arena*. Count Tolstoi, whose portrait forms the frontispiece, is shown, in some hitherto unpublished correspondence, compiled by the Rev. Lewis G. Wilson, to have been anticipated by the late Rev. Adin Ballou, in championing the doctrine of Christian non-resistance. Mr. Ballou, a New Englander, of Huguenot stock, the founder of the Hopedale community, espoused the principle of non-resistance as far back as sixty years ago. In June, 1889, Mr. Wilson, struck with the similarity between Count Tolstoi's writings and those of his venerable friend, sent the latter some of the Russian nobleman's works, accompanied by his portrait. A correspondence ensued between the Muscovite and the New England enthusiast, which brings out some points of difference in their teachings. Count Tolstoi goes so far as to profess non-resistance even to drunkards and madmen. We must try, he says, to make the existence of such persons impossible, but we must not employ violence or deprive them of their liberty, even though our lives should be the penalty of our moderation. Count Tolstoi certainly has the courage of his convictions, but he will find few to agree with him. Mr. Ballou, who recently passed away at the age of eighty-seven, was not so extreme in his views. The Rev. M. J. Savage, the Rev. Lyman Abbott, Mr. Hamlin Garland, Mr. Victor Yarros, Mr. A. C. Wheeler and other able writers shed light on some vexed questions of the day. Miss Mabel Hayden contributes a poem—"Two Scenes." Every page of the *Arena* is worthy of attention. The photographic portraits add to its value. (Boston: The *Arena* Publishing Co., Pierce Building, Copley Square.)

QUEEN'S COLLEGE JOURNAL.

The first number of the 18th volume of the *Queen's College Journal* contains a portrait and biographical sketch of the Rev. George Bell, D.D., the Registrar of the University; a paper on college songs; Prof. Thomson's inaugural address on his installation into the Chair of Apologetics and Old Testament Literature, Knox College; "Life as a Ministry," by the Rev. A. Gaudier, B.D.; a summary of the last annual report presented by the Principal to the Board of Trustees; a report of convocation; a miscellany of college news, and editorial notes on various topics. One of these is concerned with the future of the paper. "There are two courses that may be adopted. The *Journal* has all along endeavoured to supply the needs of two classes of subscribers—students and graduates. But would it not be better to make it exclusively a students' paper, like the *Edinburgh Student* or the *Varsity*? Under its present circumstances this is all it can or ought to attempt. It is too much to expect of students attending classes to edit a magazine which would be of general interest to graduates." Hereafter then, it is probable that the *Journal* will appear simply as a students' paper. A poem, "The Music of the Waves," recalls the song, "What are the Wild Waves Saying?" which used to be so popular after the publication of *Dombey and Son*, on a passage of which it was based. *Queen's College Journal* is published by the Alma Mater Society of Queen's University. Mr. James Pinnie, M.A., is editor-in-chief; Mr. J. W. Muirhead, managing, and Mr. A. F. Lovell, business editor.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.

The December number of *Scribner's* is unusually good—Sir Edwin Arnold contributing the first of his series of papers on Japan, entitled, "Japanica." The illustrations by Mr. Robert Blum are from sketches taken expressly by that artist, who was sent out to Japan for the purpose. In preparing them Mr. Blum had the co-operation of Sir Edwin himself. Mr. Blum wields the pen as well as the brush, and committed his impressions of the country and people to

writing. "The True Story of Amy Robsart" will be enjoyed by all who admire Scott's great romance "Kenilworth," of which it is a commentary. What Mr. Rideing has to say concerning the character and fate of the hapless heroine is illustrated by reproductions of pencil drawings and water colours expressly made at and near Kenilworth Castle by Mr. W. L. Taylor. Mr. Humphrey Ward, the art critic of the *Times*, gives an amusing and instructive account of "Christie's," the London picture salesroom. It is illustrated by Harry Furniss, the famous artist of *Punch*. Another attraction in the present number is Mr. Jacass's critique of Morelli, the Neapolitan painter. Among the illustrations of the work is a reproduction of a sketch made by Morelli himself for this article. The complete stories by Octave Thanet, Harding Davis, etc., are made more interesting by fine illustrations by C. D. Gibson and other artists. The prospectus of *Scribner's Magazine* for 1891 comprises papers by Prof. Bryce, author of "The American Commonwealth," giving the results of his recent visit to India, the social aspects of the country and its relations to the British Empire. H. M. Stanley and other explorers will contribute fresh information concerning Africa, and Mr. J. Stuart Keltie will give a synopsis of what has been achieved in the opening up of that great continent. A story by Robert Louis Stevenson will be continued during a great part of the year, with sketches by W. Hole, who illustrated "The Master of Ballantrae." These are only a few of the promised attractions, but they are enough to show that the old high standard will be maintained. Price, \$3 a year. Charles Scribner's Sons, 743-745 Broadway, New York, are the publishers.

CANADIAN MILLER AND GRAIN TRADE REVIEW.

The interest of the publishers in the milling department of the *Electrical, Mechanical and Milling News* has been sold to Mr. A. G. Mortimer, publisher of the *Canada Lumberman*, and by that gentleman it will be continued as a separate publication under the title in the heading. Mr. Mortimer was connected with the *News* when it was established in 1883, and, as travelling correspondent of the paper, visited a large number of mills throughout the Dominion. He has had the opportunity of acquiring just such experience as would fit him to conduct an enterprise like that which he now undertakes. The *Canadian Miller and Grain Trade Review* will be sent to all millers who are at present subscribers to the *Electrical, Mechanical and Milling News*, and their continued support is requested for the new periodical.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

Those who don't believe in Christmas and call Santa Claus an "exploded myth" ought to read the strange experiences of the young sceptre who said "piff!" and how he emerged from the under world a wiser but not a sadder boy. The whole story is told by Mr. John Russell Coryell in *Harper's Young People*. There, too, they will find "Prince Charming," a fine seasonal ballad by Margaret E. Sangster, with a beautiful illustration; "A Christmas that was Christmas," by Harriet Prescott Spofford; a "Sierra Christmas," by Mark Adams; Miss Dora Read Goodale's pleasant Christmas sketch, "The Strayaways"; an engraving of J. H. Lucas's picture, "The Stable at Bethlehem," in illustration of Dr. Parkhurst's retold story of "The Nativity," with other pictures (not forgetting the emblematic cover) and reading matter exactly suited for the holidays. New York: Harper Brothers.

PRESBYTERIAN COLLEGE JOURNAL.

In the December number of this able periodical there is literary fare for many tastes. The Rev. Prof. Campbell traces our important school of theology, which seems to be going out of fashion, back to its cradle in North Africa, near where Cardinal Lavigerie now issues his manifestoes. He points out that Luther and Knox were Augustinian monks, and quotes Dr. Walker to show that the Scottish divines of the 17th and 18th centuries were enslaved to patriotic and even scholastic systems. The Synod of Dort (Dordrecht synodus nodus) reached a foregone conclusion, and a little more than twenty years later the Westminster divines met, with war in their hearts against the King and his church, to enforce the decrees of the Batavian Council. Thirty years later the Hebrew points were canonized in Switzerland. "And yet men speak of the giants of those days! With whom does ignorance lie?" Dr. Campbell reminds his readers that the Church of Scotland was in existence before the Westminster Confession was created. He thinks the time has come for a new Confession, and he hopes his words may be of help to those earnest reformers who are assailing those Augustinian ramparts which have frowned down upon the church for ages. Of a very different nature is the contribution of the Rev. John Nicholls, a humorous but by no means uninteresting essay entitled, "An Oyster's Autobiography." We again turn from gay to grave when we approach the Rev. Prof. Scrimger's "Certainties and Uncertainties in Biblical Introduction." The paper is written with independence (though the author claims to be conservative in his attitude on such questions) and presents in a concise form the results of voluminous reading and years of research and thought. Mr. Scrimger illustrates certain difficulties in connection with the Pentateuch by an analysis of H. M. Stanley's latest book, revealing two very widely different styles in the same work, written by a single hand. The Rev. Dr. Pierson makes a suggestion—"May We Not Have a Great Missionary Picture?"—which he defends and illustrates. Rev. G. Mackenzie, of Mhow, Central India, describes some "Scenes and Peculiarities of the People," among whom

he labours, and the Rev. M. MacKenzie gives an account of the Province of Honan, China, in which he is a missionary. There is poetry from Mr. R. MacDonnell, B.A., and Mr. W. M. MacKeracher. Mr. Moise Maynard contributes an essay to the French section—"Pourquoi le Chrétien peut-il mourir tranquille?" The remaining departments treat mainly of college topics. The "Talks About Books," by the Rev. John Campbell, LL.D., give a fine literary flavour to the number, and are well worth reading. The *Journal* is a credit to the institution whose name it bears, and takes high rank as a periodical. Subscription, \$1 a year. It is published under the auspices of the Philosophical and Literary Society of the Presbyterian College, Montreal.

Our Toronto Letter.

[From our own correspondent.]

TORONTO, November, 1890.

Stanley has been and gone. From Cleveland hither and on to Detroit the same night is very rushing work, and must be infinitely trying to the unfortunate victim of the money-makers, for on no other than the financial basis can such precipitancy be explained. Pullman cars may be very comfortably arranged—for cars—but they are by no means an equivalent, either for mind or body, to the comforts afforded by a large well-aired apartment and a roomy bed. I had rather be a "beggar on the king's highway" than a popular lecturer of the present day. Poor Stanley! He will put the problem to himself before he reaches home again, whether it is easier to go to the relief of Emin in Darkest Africa or to talkee—talkee—talkee from a public platform six nights out of seven for weeks. And the money earned will not weigh very heavy in the balance either, when all is told, large sum though it may be. It was a graceful act on the part of the Ontario Society of Artists to honour Stanley and his artist wife at the same time, by presenting to Mrs. Stanley an address of honour and welcome, accompanied by an album containing photographs of the best pictures that have been painted by members of the Society, together with the names of President, officers and executive council. Mrs. Stanley sensibly made her own reply a very graceful and genial one, too. A pleasant circumstance in connection with the evening was the presence of David Livingstone's brother, Mr. John Livingstone, who has lived in Ontario since 1840, first in Lanark and thence removing to Listowel, where he now resides, in 1860. Mr. John Livingstone is said to be wonderfully like his illustrious brother. He bought his tickets for the lecture, but met Mr. Stanley, for whom he has a great admiration and in whose integrity he has unbounded faith, in the parlour of the auditorium before the lecture. Mr. Livingstone was born at Blantyre, near Glasgow; is the father of eleven children, (two of whom, Mr. John Livingstone and Mr. W. M. Livingstone, accompanied him,) and will be eighty years old in May. Truly a hale old man, of whom Canada may be proud.

The departure of Prof. Ramsay Wright for Berlin as an envoy of Toronto University, his errand being to study the preparation and methods of administration of Prof. Koch's lymph for the cure of phthisis, is an equally important event with the arrival of Stanley. It shows that the pursuit of science is very active in our university, and, also, what is really more praiseworthy, perhaps, from a public point of view, that her sons retain their love and pride in her, since it is by the generous munificence of the Vice-Chancellor of the University, Mr. William Muloch, that Professor Ramsay Wright has been enabled to go to Berlin. Like Napier, when asked how soon he could be ready to go, Prof. Wright said "Now," and actually started within the twenty-four hours, making arrangements for supplying his place at the College and putting his affairs in order with the promptitude characteristic of him. Bacteriology is a subject in which Toronto University takes high rank among centres of scientific learning, although a fine collection of examples, "grown" by Mr. Mackenzie, were lost in the fire of last year. A large body of the students—medicine and art—gave Prof. Wright a parting chorus at the railway station as a "God speed."

L'Alliance Scientifique.

In addition to what was said in our last issue concerning this organization we may say that the Rev. Prof. Campbell, LL.D., of the Presbyterian College in this city, is *Député Général* for Canada, and that Prof. Darey, LL.D., is also a delegate of the *Alliance*. From either of these gentlemen, as well as from Mr. J. M. LeMoine, of Quebec, particulars as to the objects of the society and the terms and privileges of membership may be obtained.

An Autumn Night.

The night is like a mystic dream;
Slim alders bend above the stream
Wherein the last faint daylight gleam.

The serene autumnal meadows rise
Smooth-sloping to the neutral skies;
Far off the lonely night-hawk cries.

The world is sad and dark the night,
And I who ever loved the might
Of nature whether dull or bright.

Am lonelier, sadder than the chill
Slow stream that wanders at its will
Though these grim meadows bare and still.

—J. GOSTUYCKE ROBERTS.



Lieut. Carpenter. Major Gordon. Lieut.-Col. Maunsell. Surgeon Brown. Capt. and Adjutant Heming. Lieut. Roche.
OFFICERS OF "A" COMPANY, ROYAL SCHOOL OF INFANTRY, FREDERICTON, N.B.

Our New York Letter.

November in New York corresponds to the English May in the matter of picture galleries. An important collection of art objects, as well as pictures, has been opened this week at the Union League Club, the *tour de force* in which is the Boughton collection, which attracts the greatest attention. The American Art Gallery's exhibition, like most other exhibitions, contains good, bad and indifferent. The feature of the show is a most astounding set of daubs by Baron Harden Hickey, or some such name, representing the parallel scenes in the lives of Christ and Buddha—each picture being a double one, divided by a line down the centre like a stereoscopic slide. For staring bold faced daubs this series has never been approached by the mildest flights of the New England Art Club. And experts in Religiology (if one may coin the word), pronounce the subject matter as hopelessly incorrect as the drawing. In miracles and other episodes, according to Baron Harden Hickey, our Saviour seems to be simply a second edition of Buddha—revised. Indeed the Baron's pictures of Buddha remind one of a discussion I had with the sacristan of Santa Croce, the so called Westminster Abbey of Florence, second in repute of all the Franciscan churches. He had been showing me, in the monastic building, behind the church, pictures of St. Francis performing nearly every miracle of our Lord, from the feeding of the four thousand downwards. "But you have not yet shown me the crucifixion of St. Francis," I said, as he was showing me out. He shook his head. "They have the crucifixion of St. Dominic at St. Maria Novella," I said, departing from the truth to hear what he would say. But the good man was not argumentative—only saddened. He had never been in the famous Dominican church, though he was sixty years old, and he believed me and felt that the Dominicans had gone one better.

The *Tribune*, a paper I very much like, which, thanks to G. W. Smalley, is generally pretty well informed about English affairs (except in election times, when a certain vote has to be considered), has this astounding *multum in parvo* of ignorance in this morning's issue: "The *Prime Minister of Australia* suggests the forming of an Australian nation; the movement of Home Rule in Ireland is daily growing stronger, and leading Canadian newspapers advocate annexation with the United States. If England wants to avoid trouble from all these scattered dependencies, it might give them up voluntarily and confine its government to the little tight island in the channel." Really Mr. Smalley ought to see this. What's the good of publishing

his letter in a paper in which the editor does not know—what any schoolboy ought to know—that on the mainland of Australia alone there are five separate and independent colonies. What would Victorians have to say to Sir Henry Parkes being *Prime Minister of Australia*? Secondly, the whole of the Gladstonian party, from the good old man himself downwards, have been most unfortunate in the art of conveying impressions, if Home Rule means separation. Thirdly, there is no paper of the smallest importance in Canada which advocates annexation to the United States. The Liberal Premier of Ontario told me that he did not know of a single constituency throughout the length and breadth of Canada which could be contested on the annexation ticket, and I really don't see how the most enthusiastic advocate of the Home Rule movement could call Ireland a "scattered dependency."

Edmund Clarence Stedman, the famous poet and critic, has been chosen to fill the first course for the new chair of poetry, created in the John Hopkins University, by the liberality of Mr. Lawrence Turnbull. He will lecture on the Poetic Art rather than on individual instances.

Richard Henry Stoddard is to write the preface to the American edition of Sir Edwin Arnold's "Light of the World" to be brought out almost immediately by Funk and Wagnalls, which will be published simultaneously in the Sunday issue of the New York *Herald*.

At the last meeting of the Author's Club, Bill Nye, the humourist, told a capital story. He said that when he and James Whitcomb Riley went South in their lecturing tours they never took any new "live" jokes with them, but hunted through wits as old as Douglas Jerrold for all the most notorious "chestnuts" they could find, the particular delight of the inhabitants in small Southern towns being to recognize a joke and tell the lecturer afterwards that it was in that very town that it happened. I need hardly add that this is a libel, though it is very funny.

There is not much news about the Canadian colony this week. Dr. Ferguson, Professor of Pathology at the Brooklyn Hospital, who was a nine-days wonder last year, when brought to the bar for the dissection of Mr. Washington Irving Bishop, has just returned from his honeymoon to a house in 38th street, that is hardly to be matched by any house its size, even in New York, for the exquisite daintiness of its furniture. The big Cape Breton Islander has married a daughter of Mr. Armour, one of the partners in the great pork-packing house of Chicago and Kansas City.

Miss Carman, the young New Brunswick poet, who was fortunate enough to succeed poor John Eliot Bowen as literary editor of the *Independent*, has taken up a flat with Ed-

mund Collins, the Newfoundlander, who made a name for himself in Canada.

C. G. D. Roberts, the Nova Scotian poet, was in New York for a day or two this week on his way to deliver the address in the Tremont Temple at Boston before the Maritime Provincials settled there.

DOUGLAS SLADEN.

Miss Helen Gregory on Her Travels.

Miss Helen Gregory, M.A., Mus. Bac., who contributed several bright and readable letters to THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED last year is now on her way to Japan. The *World*, of Vancouver, says of her arrival in that city: "Among the passengers by the Abyssinia on her next trip to Japan will be Miss Helen E. Gregory, M.A., Mus. Bac., of Trinity University, Toronto, who, by the way, is the first lady on whom the degree of Master of Arts has been conferred by that University. Miss Gregory arrived yesterday, and will spend a few days in becoming acquainted with British Columbian scenes and topics. She has just completed an extensive tour through Manitoba and the North-West Provinces, visiting some of the Norwegian and Icelandic settlements. She has gone to the end of every branch of the Canadian Pacific Railway in Manitoba and the North-West, in addition to driving upwards of 600 miles by carriage. The result of these extensive travels was a series of articles which have already appeared in the *Toronto Saturday Globe* and other Canadian journals. She now goes to Tokio, Japan, with a view chiefly to preparing articles for the New York *Cosmopolitan Magazine*. One of the greatest events she expects to see will be the opening scenes of the first Japanese parliament elected by the people, and the installation of the first ministry under responsible government in that country. Miss Gregory is furnished with letters of introduction from Sir John A. Macdonald and Hon. C. H. Tupper to the Lieutenant Governors of the North-West Provinces, and she also holds letters from the Marquis of Lorne and the Marquis of Salisbury to the British Minister at Tokio, the Swedish and Norwegian ambassador and the Bishop of the Anglican Church in Japan. Miss Gregory's literary contributions, so far, have been received with most favourable comments, and her description of the interesting people across the Pacific will, no doubt, be read by many in this Province with delight. It is just probable that British Columbia and Vancouver may be the subjects of one or more articles from her facile pen."



MR. AND MRS. H. M. STANLEY.—Our readers will, we are sure, appreciate the excellent likenesses which we are happy to be able to present to them in this week's issue of Mr. H. M. Stanley, the explorer, and Mrs. Stanley. The career of Mr. Stanley is known throughout civilization, and far beyond its limits. This is, however, his first lecturing tour in Canada, and his presence has been all the more welcome that he is accompanied by his accomplished wife. It may be remembered that the distinguished couple were married in Westminster Abbey on the 12th of July last, the ceremony being performed by Dean Bradley, Archdeacon Farrar and the Bishop of Ripon, Dr. W. R. Carpenter. While moving towards the altar on that eventful occasion Miss Tennant stopped, broke the line of the procession and walked slowly to the tablet under which lies the dust of Livingstone and placed thereon a wreath of white flowers, in the centre of which was a scarlet letter "L." Then, resuming her place, she walked to the altar with head erect and flushed cheeks. Mr Stanley rose to receive her and both took their places at the altar. During their stay at Toronto Mr. and Mrs. Stanley had the pleasure of meeting and being greeted by Mr. John Livingstone, the great explorer's brother, who has been a resident of Ontario for half a century. He lived first in Lanark, but in 1860 moved to Listowel, where his present home is. He bears a striking resemblance to Dr. David Livingstone, and has a sincere admiration for the man who found him, after the enlightened world had been so long perplexed and anxious as to his fate. As our readers are aware, Mrs. Stanley, while yet Miss Dorothy Tennant, had made an enviable reputation as an artist, and it was in keeping with the thoughtful courtesy of the Ontario Society of Artists to present her with an address of honour and welcome. It was accompanied by an album containing photographs of their best works, with the names of the president and executive council. Mrs. Stanley acknowledged in fitting terms the attention paid to her. Both she and her husband made a favourable impression on the people of Toronto who were fortunate enough to meet them.

THE ST. ANDREW'S BALL, MONTREAL.—This annual event, always welcome to young and old of both sexes, not only among the children of Auld Scotia, but in all our social circles, was this year as enjoyable as ever. It came off on Monday evening, the 1st of December, and was an unqualified success, the committee, of which Mr. W. Alex. Caldwell was secretary, having discharged its duties with zeal and ability. The guests were received by Mr. John Cassils, vice-president of the society, and every one was charmed with the decorations and the general arrangements. Banners of all nations were ranged along the walls, and a life-size image of St. Andrew showed under what auspices the gathering took place. The set of honour was composed of Mr. John Cassils and Mrs. C. P. Solater; Mr. S. C. Stevenson and Mrs. James McShane; Lieut.-Col. Houghton, D.A.G., and Mrs. Wm. Cassils; Mr. Macrae and Mrs. Mattice; Mr. C. P. Solater and Miss Cassils; Mr. H. J. Cloran and Mrs. W. A. Caldwell; Mr. Wm. Cassils and Mrs. S. C. Stevenson; Lieut.-Col. Mattice and Miss Macrae. The programme of dances was then gone through with, and all went merry as a marriage bell till supper-time. The greetings to and from other societies, were, as usual, one of the best appreciated features of the entertainment. Among the invited guests were His Worship the Mayor of Montreal and Madame Grenier; the United States Consul-General and Mrs. Knapp; Sir Joseph and Lady Hickson; Mr. S. C. Stevenson, president of the Caledonia society, and Mrs. Stevenson; Mr. W. C. Munderloh, president of the German society, and Mrs. and Miss Munderloh; Mr. L. O. David, president of St. Jean Baptiste society, and Madame David; Mr. W. H. Arnton, president of the Irish Protestant Benevolent society, and Mrs. Arnton; Mr. H. J. Cloran, president of St. Patrick's society, and Mrs. Cloran; Mr. C. P. Solater, president of St. George's society, and Mrs. Solater; Lieut.-Col. Houghton, D.A.G., and Mrs. Houghton; Lieut.-Col. Mattice, Brigade Major, and Mrs. Mattice; Rev. John Nichols, senior chaplain of the society, and Mrs. Nichols; Rev. James Patterson, junior chaplain of the society, and Mrs. Patterson; Rev. Prof. J. Clark Murray and Mrs. Murray; Rev. J. Edgar Hill and Mrs. Hill; Rev. James Barclay and Mrs. Barclay. Our artist has depicted some of the most striking scenes at the ball.

G. T. R. ACCIDENT AT LACHINE.—On the morning of the 4th inst. a fatal accident, which might have been a terrible catastrophe, involving loss of life to many passengers, took place at Lachine, through a misunderstanding of the switchman. The westward bound express train, which should have started at 11.55 p.m. was delayed through a casualty which caused a blockade in the depot yards, and did not get off till 5.30 a.m. The snow was falling and the wind blowing hard as it neared Lachine in the dusk of early morning, and the operator at The Willows, taking it

for the first Lachine train, swung the switch over to the branch line. Birse, who had charge of the locomotive, did not perceive the mistake till it was too late to arrest the train, and the engine went over the wharf with his hand on the throttle. The coupling having broken, the parted train was left on the edge of the wharf, as shown in our engraving. Edwards, the fireman, who had gone down as well as Birse, had a narrow escape. Birse's body was recovered on the 8th inst. by a diver. He had served for many years, and was much respected both by his fellow railroad men and the general public.

CHINESE FUNERAL, VICTORIA, B.C.—If the Chinese of the Western Province are unwelcome to a portion of the population, they are an interesting addition to the attractions that some of the Pacific cities have for the tourist. Their Oriental customs at the very furthest west seems to be an exemplification of the proverb that tells us that extremes meet. Too far east is west, and *vice versa*. The Chinese are very reverent towards their dead, and their funeral ceremonies are very elaborate. They differ in different parts of the Empire, but to the Occidental the difference may not be readily perceptible. Our engraving gives a fair notion of the proceedings that are usual on the occasion of a death in the Chinese community. To describe the rites observed minutely would take up pages of this paper, as the care of the dead is intimately associated with the religion of the people. For the details



LIEUT.-COL. MAUNSELL—Commandant Infantry School Corps.
(See Page 382.)

our readers may consult the writings of the late Weles Williams, who once lectured in this city on the Chinese, amongst whom he had lived for years as missionary and diplomatist.

FIRST FIFTEENS OF MCGILL AND MONTREAL FOOTBALL CLUBS.—This week the readers of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED are offered the counterfeit presentments of the two leading football clubs in the Province of Quebec, and they are perhaps without their superiors in a general sense in Canada. Of course, the two clubs cannot be champions in one year, but each have held the coveted title during the last ten years, and the cup which is covered with shields and at present is one of the trophies in the M.A.A.A. rooms, tells of many hard fought struggles over the leathern oval. Then there were such fifteens as the Royal Military College, Toronto, Lennoxville and Ottawa, but the Montreal and Britannias seemed to have had the faculty of coming out of the *melee* ahead. The McGill team held the championship some ten years ago, and the Britannias then had a spell at proprietorship, after which the Montrealers held the title for six years, notwithstanding that they had many a close struggle with their old time rivals, the Britannias. The work done by these clubs during the past season has been reviewed in previous numbers of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED, and the only thing that causes any regret is that the Ontario and Quebec champions have not had an opportunity of deciding who is the premier team of the Dominion. The Montreal team is composed of Messrs. J. D. Campbell, Ed. Black, A. D. Fry, B. Wand, W. Higginson, J. Miller, V. Buchanan, A. R. Leatham, A. Drummond, A. D. McTier, J. Dunlop, W. Jamieson, A. Reford, J. B. Bell and A. G. Fry; while McGill's champions are Messrs. A. W. Walsh, W. D. Mac-

farlane, H. B. Yates, V. Halliday, J. T. Whyte, D. Hamilton, G. W. MacDougall, H. V. Russell, R. E. Webster, R. A. Bowie, W. G. Smart, A. J. Goulet, W. Donahue, E. H. Hamilton, J. L. Walker.

From Down by the Sea.

The grand re-union of the natives of the Maritime Provinces, which was held in Tremont Temple, Boston, on the 26th ult., was a charming idea capably carried out. We were sorry, indeed, not to be able to use the ticket so kindly sent us; but were there in spirit. Professor Roberts gave an address on "The Provinces in Literature," which was much appreciated. "The Province Rallying Song," which was written for the occasion, was illustrated, verse by verse, by views of some of our most lovely spots, and great was the enthusiasm with which it was sung. It is a very pleasant thought that our brothers who are earning their livelihood in this great Republic lose none of their love for and pride in the dear old native woods and valleys. We always feel an apprehensive tremor whenever Professor Roberts goes off to one of these great cities, though it be only for an occasion such as this. It would scarcely be wondered at if a great literary centre, where he would be, perhaps, more widely known and admired, should lure him away from us.

We have, I think, several poets as yet little known down near the Evangeline meadows. Later on I will speak of one in whom I take special interest. Another, Mr. Horbin, I have not the pleasure of knowing personally, but I have read several of his practical efforts which have appeared from time to time in the provincial papers, and hear in them the true ring, and see the artist's pen. From a sonnet of his, entitled "Ripe," which appeared a few weeks ago in a local paper, I select the following quatrain:

The fateful lips of autumn leave bright stain,
With even touch, and breezes clasp the spoil
Marked by his kisses. The uncovered soil
Lies dark and dry behind the plough again.

Alas, we poor scribblers find not the yellow gold, nor yet the rustling greenback, fill our pockets, and we sigh, and vow that we will woo some other maid than the white-browed Fame, and present our offerings at the shrine of the God of Gold! A lady told me once that when she had a poor cook and could get nothing but plain fare to put upon the table, it was a great satisfaction to take her cookery book and read of the dainty dishes therein described. She then felt as if the oyster *pâtés* and the *rissoles* and the salads was all devoured, and was satisfied. I tried her plan in my own case, and read the lives of millionaires to induce content, but the satisfaction that resulted was not intense. I daresay these bloated money bags did not half appreciate their condition. Baby King Alphonso of Spain has a private income of \$1,000,000, and he kicks and frets three-quarters of the time.

I wonder whether the "Terminal City" will be the success dreamed of by the American speculators, who are interested in it to such a large extent. The site of the city is on the west side of the Straits of Canso, five or six miles from Port Mulgrave, where the glittering waters of Chedabucto Bay stretch out in glory. It is certainly a magnificent locality, and American money is being freely spent to make it a success in every way. I believe that a special train is to leave New York, connect here with a steamer of the White Star line, and arrive in Milford Haven, Eng., within five days from the time of starting. If this can be done (and the Company claim that it can), the result is easy to forecast. A number of building lots have been sold to enthusiastic Americans, and a large gang of men are at work making roads, &c. The people of Guysboro' county are naturally much interested in the proceedings.

I have heard of several examples of female prudery in my time, and laughed at them as the outcome of a narrow and unformed mind, or a disposition towards affectation, which oftentimes characterizes ladies of a certain type. But surely the height of absurdity is reached when we hear of three men, supposed to possess the average amount of masculine intelligence, finding evil and impropriety in one of Longfellow's poems!

Take Swinburne, Rossetti, Morris, you too-sensitively-minded guardians of your sex's morality, in whose poems, beauty and luxuriance of expression may be turned to suggest vicious thoughts, or unworthy desire,—but if you wish a mirror to reflect your own sullied minds, do not take for this purpose Longfellow, the sweet-mouthed singer of high thoughts and noble aspirations, the apostle of simplicity and tender beauty of expression, the children's own poet, lest the cause of your thus reading him may be only too obvious. If this is an example of what American criticism and moral tone are to be in the future we prefer to stay in the retirement of our forest shadows for the term of our natural life, and read nature and nature's children with the untutored, and undisciplined, and unimproved mind of the savage.

Mr. Chartrand, formerly a contributor to *La Patrie*, having completed his four years as instructor as required by law, has just been appointed a lieutenant in the 161st Regiment of Infantry of France, now stationed at Nice.



KINGSFORD'S HISTORY OF CANADA.*

The fourth and final volume of Dr. Kingsford's History has just issued from the press. It brings the record down to the conclusion of the Peace of Paris, and, in some respects, the most interesting and important portion of this great work. From its inception the author has proceeded calmly in the independent investigation of every event with which he has had to deal, unswayed by tradition or prejudice or any motive save that of ascertaining the truth and placing it fairly before his readers. What the three preceding volumes contain has already been succinctly stated in the pages of this journal. The first volume closes with Frontenac's first administration; the second ends at the death of M. de Vaudreuil in 1725; the destruction of Oswego by Montcalm is the last event related in the third, and the present volume commences with the return of the Marquis to Montreal. In a note which follows the opening chapter, Dr. Kingsford returns to the subject of the Indian massacre at Oswego. He had found difficulty in weighing the evidence for and against De Vaudreuil's responsibility for those treacherous outrages. While to the majority of the French officers it was utterly repellent to give loose rein to the brutal passions of the savages for loot and murder, he has reason to believe that the proceeding was permitted by the governor's authority. It was a feature of the tactics pursued to conciliate the Indian allies in this way. The murderous assault on the British troops, after the capitulation of Fort William Henry, is also unfortunately to be laid to the charge of the French commander. "I would gladly, if I could," writes the historian, "acquit Montcalm of blame on this occasion; it appears to me impossible to do so." And then he points out in all their wars it had been customary for the Canadians to give full sway in the hour of victory to the bloody instincts of the Indian. In this case he maintains that there was no attempt, though the victorious troops were close at hand, to intervene for the protection of the unarmed British soldiers. "The women and children were seized before the faces of the French escort. Many were killed. Those of the troops who in any way resisted were tomahawked." At the same time the difficulty of Montcalm's position is revealed by the fact that, when he demanded from the Indians the release of the prisoners that they had taken, he could only obtain them by paying a ransom. In his letter to the metropolis De Vaudreuil insisted that the capitulation had been observed.

A noteworthy characteristic of Dr. Kingsford's history is the close attention that he gives to the policies of the European governments, on whose relations to each other the course of events in Canada mainly depended. He depicts with masterly freedom the state of the English court and nation when the elder Pitt assumed the reins of power. He cites two remarkable and convincing testimonies to the shameless corruption that prevailed in the middle of the last century in the British Parliament—the witness in each case being the secretary of a Prime Minister. Mr. Roberts, who served Mr. Pelham in that capacity, told a man of rank, who told Wraxall, that it was part of his duty to distribute largess regularly to the members of the House of Commons, as the price of their party allegiance, while Mr. Mackay, Lord Bute's factotum, had paid a thousand pounds to forty and five hundred to eighty members of the same cause for voting in favour of the Treaty of Paris. The meanness of the Newcastle ministry was shown by its making Admiral Byng the scapegoat of its own unpopularity. His fate is all the more interesting to Canadians for the indirect association with it of the valiant De Galissonniere, the learned and courteous host of Linnaeus's friend, Peter Kalm. Dr. Kingsford skilfully uses the despicable incapacity and pettiness of Newcastle as a foil to set off the greatness of his political hero, William Pitt, whom he ardently admires. A man, whose memory is revered by none, detested by many, the Duke of Cumberland, the historian undertakes to rehabilitate, but he does not altogether deny the butcheries of Culloden. "It is," he adds, "not now generally recollected that, owing to his popularity, the flower called 'sweet William' was named after him." In outlining Wolfe's European career, he tells the story of his attachment for Miss Lawson, and shows what an influence it had in softening his character. He defends him from the charge registered against him in Lord Mahon's history of having disgusted Pitt with his ill-bred vaunting on the eve of his departure for America. The authority for the story (Lord Temple, Pitt's brother-in-law) Dr. Kingsford deems little worthy of credit. "What is there," he asks, "in Lord Temple's career or character to give weight to his statements? We have in contradiction to it Wolfe's well-known life, his worth, his good sense, his patriotism, his high standard of personal honour, his devotion to truth and duty." He shows that Wolfe's influence in the army was appreciably humanizing, and that, though he was in Canada when Minden was fought, he had clearly contributed to the victory by the improved tone which his precept and example had introduced into the 20th regiment. The "Min-

den yell," which has disconcerted foes in many a field, must have originated with men of fine morale as well as of grand physique.

Every detail of Pitt's campaign for the conquest of Canada is described by Dr. Kingsford with his habitual clearness and force. He makes us thoroughly acquainted with the chief actors, their intellectual and moral equipment and their fitness or unfitness for the tasks assigned them. Though we have read the story of the war in the pages of many writers, we have followed the narratives of none of them with such interest and profit as these admirably full and lucid chapters. From his multifarious reading the author has illustrated the stage and course of the struggle with many a side-light that elucidates points hitherto ob-



MR. WILLIAM CASSILS.
Chairman Ball Committee, St. Andrew's Ball.

scure. He has evidently spared himself no pains in seeking the very fountain heads of knowledge on every vexed question, and he is fearless in recording facts and drawing from them reasonable inferences. He is severe in dealing with boastful incapacity, unscrupulous fraud, treachery, cowardice and cruelty, but he tries to be fair even towards the faulty and to excuse where he cannot justify. In the case of Abercrombie, for instance, he is inclined to think that the severe censures of some critics are scarcely deserved and that his repulse at Ticonderoga was due to mistaken cal-



JOSEPH BIRSE, Engineer C. T. R.
Drowned in railway accident, 4th December.
"Died at the post of duty."

culations and obstinate courage rather than to sheer incompetency. He does justice to Montcalm as well as to De Levis, and explains to what circumstances the latter owed his greater popularity. There is not a leader or sub-leader on either side who does not stand forth, a more distinct and real figure, from Dr. Kingsford's portrayal. He takes the opportunity of correcting the wrong impressions that long prevailed and still, perhaps, prevail in certain quarters as to the character and policy of Haldimand, whom Mr. Brymner's official researches have divested of an *affable*ment of traditional prejudice that kept the real man long concealed.

Not the least instructive portion of this volume is that which treats of the *Régime Militaire* of Murray's administration. It is a vivid picture of the Canada of that period that Dr. Kingsford places before us. On one question he clears away a mass of misrepresentation. The documents—French documents—addresses, petitions, etc., that he reproduces

(mainly from the *Viger mémoire* of Abbé Verreault) prove beyond dispute that the French-Canadian community was treated with every consideration in those early years and that its members were well aware that they lived under a freer and more generous rule than that of their old masters. If time and space permitted we would gladly quote largely from this part of the book. We must, however, content ourselves by sending our readers to the work itself. It is a work which no earnest student of Canadian history can afford to be without. The charts and diagrams, illustrative of marches, sieges and battles, add considerably to its value. The notes are rich in manifold information, much of which will be found elsewhere, only in books not accessible to ordinary students. An ample index completes the history.

In concluding this hasty and inadequate notice we would just say that some time ago, in connection with the offer of a prize for a school history of our country, the secretary of a literary society wrote to us suggesting that it would be much wiser if Mr. Kingsford were handed \$5,000 to prepare such a work. We trust that he will be encouraged to write the history of the British period, to which, as he points out, the published volumes are merely introductory. To do the work worthily—bringing the record down to the present—would require at least four more volumes. Mr. Sulte wrote the history of his own people in eight volumes. A history of Canada for English readers should be as thorough, and Dr. Kingsford is the man to undertake the task. But meanwhile, why should not the school authorities of the Dominion unite in asking him to write a textbook, seeing that they are not satisfied with those that exist already. We entirely agree with our correspondent that such would be the wiser, more practical and less troublesome course.

THE PINE-TREE COAST.*

It might not be unreasonably imagined that the book which bears this title offered an entire change of subject from Dr. Kingsford's weighty themes. Yet, on the contrary, a considerable portion of it might do duty in his appendix. For here we meet with old book friends—Champlain, Marc Lescarbot, Latour and D'Aulnay de Charnisay, and Baron Saint Castin, and Sir William Pepperell and Shirley—and are quite at home amid their chosen haunts. Those who have been fortunate enough to have Mr. Drake for guide in visiting "nooks and corners of the New England coast" or have been initiated by him in New England Legends and Folk-Lore, will know what a treasure of things, old and new, is here placed at their disposal. The early history of Maine is so interwoven with that of our own land that without a knowledge of its colonization and development we miss some of the most romantic and pregnant passages on our own annals. Its topography abounds in memorials of a two-fold past—Penobscot (which Mr. Drake persists in regarding as the real site of Norumbega), Penitagoet, Charnisay's sometime fortress; historic Castine, Kittery and Saco, with their memorials of the Pepperell family, and many another spot around which clusters associations of the years of struggle. All these are illustrated by pen and pencil in "The Pine-Tree Coast." The half-tone photo-etchings are from originals furnished by Mr. H. G. Peabody, of Boston, Mr. Harry Brown and Messrs. Jackson and Kenney, of Portland.

LIFE AND TIMES OF SIR LEONARD TILLEY.

Arrangements have been made with Mr. James Hannay, editor of the *St. John Evening News*, to write the life and times of Sir Leonard Tilley, Governor of New Brunswick. The volume will be one of the most valuable historical works ever issued in the Dominion, and will cover the political, social and industrial history of the past seventy years. This period is the most important New Brunswick has seen. The struggle for responsible government was brought to a successful termination and the provinces formed into a confederation in that time. The story of these two great events, the personal history of Sir Leonard Tilley, the building of roads and railroads and the general development of the province will be the conspicuous features of the book. No one is better equipped with the information necessary for such a work than Mr. Hannay, and in its production he will have the active assistance of Sir Leonard Tilley and other prominent men. The volume will comprise upwards of 500 pages, will be printed with new type on good paper and will be well bound. Mr. John A. Bowes, St. John, N.B., is the publisher.

* The Pine-Tree Coast. Samuel Adams Drake. Illustrated. Boston. Estes and Lauriat.

Personal and Literary Notes.

W. Blackburn Harte is at any rate an industrious writer. In the November *Forum* he had an article dealing with French Canada politically; in the November *American Magazine* he wrote about stage coaching in the Adirondacks, and in *Belford's* for December he appears with a story of New York literary and boarding house life. In *Drake's Magazine* for January he will have a Canadian story, the scene of which is laid at Coteau Landing.

Among the unpublished Thackeray manuscripts now offered for sale in London are a note-book containing 1,200 fragments of unpublished verses, a scrap-book with 400 tracings and sketches, and an album of sketches.

Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney's next piece of fiction, a story of a quiet New England neighbourhood, will have for its title "A Golden Gossip."

* The History of Canada. By William Kingsford, LL.D., F.R.S. (Canada). Vol. IV (1756-1763) with maps. Toronto: Rowell & Hutchinson; London: Trübner & Co., Ludgate Hill. 1890.



HISTORIC CANADA, VI.—FORT LENNOX, ILE-AUX-NOIX, II.
THE MAIN GATE AND BRIDGE AS THEY NOW ARE.

HISTORIC CANADA, VI.

Ile-aux-Noix.

PART II.—UNDER THE BRITISH.

The smoke of the great conflict between the British and French had hardly cleared away before trouble began to brew between the British and the New Englanders. It is obviously outside the scope of a paper of this sort to either outline the history of the revolution or to pronounce on the quarrel. It is well to remember, however, that most questions have more than one side to them, and some Americans admit candidly enough that Great Britain was clearly within her technical rights, though unwise in their enforcement. The statesmen of those days being merely human, and without the gift of second sight, could not foresee the wonders to be brought about by electricity and steam, otherwise we might have had Imperial Federation a hundred years ago, and the "Schism of the Anglo-Saxon race" might never have occurred. However, the "Schism" was destined to take place, and early in the difficulty an army of liberation was despatched to free the Canadians from the British yoke. "In the autumn of 1775 Gen. Schuyler sailed down Lake Champlain with a considerable force of Americans and appeared before St. Johns. Informed that the garrison there was too strong to attack he returned to Ile-aux-Noix and fortified it. From this post he sent out a declaration among the Canadians by Col. Allen and Major Brown, assuring them that the Americans intended to act only against the British forts and not to interfere with the people or their religion."

From here also Ethan Allan set off on a scouting expedition, during which it occurred to him that it would be a brilliant feat to capture Montreal with 200 American Rangers, which resulted in his getting sent to England, through the courtesy of Gen. Sir Guy Carleton, who went out to meet him as soon as he heard of his arrival in the neighbourhood.

"Early in October the Americans, under Gen. Montgomery (Schuyler being ill) left the island and proceeded to St. Johns, whence they marched to Québec. From that time till the close of the revolution no permanent garrison was established there, but the island was the stopping place for the troops of both parties when passing up or down the lake."

"It was the principal scene of the negotiations between some of the leading men of Vermont and British officers, which were so adroitly managed by the former as to keep an English army of 10,000 men quite inactive for about three years."†

Not the last or only occasion on which bluff old honest John Bull has been hood-winked by his adroit offspring, as Canada has only too good reason to remember.

With the exception of the semi-warlike and diplomatic events just noted, the island does not seem to have figured in the war of the Revolution.

After the close of the war this post apparently dropped out of notice altogether until the war of 1812, when its importance as a frontier post and cover-point for Montreal being recognized by our military authorities, it was promptly occupied and the existing works erected.

It became at this time a place of considerable importance. In addition to Fort Lennox, of which the illustrations are views, Bouchette mentions two other forts of less extent, "but proportionately strong, with ditches round them also; besides these there are several block-houses at the different points that could be deemed assailable by an enterprising enemy." He describes Fort Lennox as being an irregular fort at the west end of the island, "very well constructed, and of great strength, surrounded by a ditch, and mounted with guns of large calibre." * * *

"In 1814 the island was still further strengthened by a boom extending across the river and a line of gun-boats moored in a direction that their fire might completely entlade the whole passage; by these means it was always safe from attack, even if the enemy should have an unopposed force on the lake. At the east end of the fort is a slip for building ships; and from thence the *Confiance*, of 37 guns (831 tons) was launched."‡

Before giving an account of this vessel and her loss, it may be well to take up first James' account of the first naval action before Ile-aux-Noix in the war of 1812.

"On the 3rd of June, 1813, two American sloops appeared in sight of the British garrison at Ile-aux-Noix. Three gun-boats immediately got under weigh to attack them; and the crews of two batteaux and two row-boats were landed to annoy the enemy in the rear, the channel being very narrow. After a contest of three hours and a-half, the two sloops surrendered." They proved to be the *Growler* and the *Eagle*, mounting 11 guns each, and having a complement of 50 men each, both under the command of Lieut. Sidney Smith of the U. S. navy. "We lost 3 men wounded; the Americans 1 man killed, 8 severely wounded and, including the latter, 99 prisoners. No British naval officer was present. The feat was performed by detachments of the 100th regiment and Royal Artillery, under Major Taylor, of the former."§

Mr. James then goes on to describe the expedition from Ile-aux-Noix to Plattsburg when the British, under Capt. Everard, of the *Wasp*, destroyed the American arsenals, block-houses, barracks, military stores, and a number of vessels, while the American general, Hampton, with 4,000

men, did not seem to take any kind of interest in his proceedings. The prizes, the *Growler* and the *Eagle*, were employed on this expedition.

Excepting some abortive suggestions for the capture of Ile-aux-Noix by General Wilkinson, the next occasion on which we find it mentioned in the history of the war was one which should always be a source of patriotic pride to British and Canadians alike. Though Ile-aux-Noix was some miles distant from LaColle Mills, there were connecting links which, perhaps, justifies one in connecting it with the battle.

"The American army (under Wilkinson) commenced its short march at 10 o'clock on the morning of the 30th" (March 1814.) * * * * * His force consisted of 3,999 men, according to his own statement, including 100 cavalry and 11 guns.

Major Hancock held the mill with 180 men, without artillery, while at two miles distant, in one direction, was one company of regulars (the 14th) and at the same distance, in another, two companies more of volunteers. At Ile-aux-Noix were part of a battalion of Marines and two more companies of the 13th, as well as two sloops and three gunboats.

I quote these details (from James' Military Occurrences) because American imagination swelled the number of troops to the respectable figure of 2,500.

The American force arrived before the mill at half-past one (p.m.)

What followed is familiar at least in outline to most Canadians,—the unhesitating determination of our men to hold out to the last; the incessant nature of the action maintained for over five hours; the brilliant charges of our men against the artillery of the enemy and the final defeat of the latter,—should, like the 5th of November, never be forgot. Soon after the action began Major Hancock sent off a message to Ile-aux-Noix asking for reinforcements.

It does not require much imagination to picture the arrival of the breathless orderly—"The enemy attacking in force; forward what men you can spare;" then the hurried muster in the barrack square, the orders ring out, the gates are swung open, and the little detachment flies out (over the drawbridge) with quick eager tramp, to plunge shortly into the slough of a frontier road in early spring; presently they reach the scene of action and receive orders to charge the guns. "This was instantly done in the most resolute manner, but the overpowering numbers of the enemy and the destruction caused by the flanking fire of his infantry and riflemen stationed in the woods, rendered the efforts of the gallant fellows unavailing." When the two companies of Canadian militia came upon the scene a second charge was made, but without success. The commander of the American artillery gives the following testimony as to the behaviour of our troops:—"The ground was disputed inch by inch, in our advance to the mill, and the conduct of the enemy that day was distinguished by desperate bravery. As an instance, one company made a charge on our artillery, and at the same instant received its fire, and that of two brigades of infantry," while the American brigadier-general, Bissell, said: "There were two desperate sorties made, in which the artillery was left without a man."

The two sloops and gunboats were also ordered up from Ile-aux-Noix, but as the ice still held in the Lacolle river they were not able to get within striking distance.

During the latter part of the action our men ran out of ammunition, and three messengers were sent back to Ile-aux-Noix with a request for fresh supplies, but only one of them managed to get through the American lines.

R. C. LYMAN.

(To be continued.)

Dick and John.

(AN EPISODE IN COLLEGE LIFE.)

By SPRIGGINS.

Dick is a well-formed, large-boned youth with light blue eyes and fair, curling hair. Presumably, he has come to college to study; howbeit he attends lectures irregularly and devotes himself heart and soul to athletic sports. He is captain of the football team; his room is filled with prizes won by him at innumerable races. There are none at college who can compete with Dick in contests where strength of limb and long endurance give the victory.

Of different calibre is John. He is dark and quiet; his face is cast in a melancholy mould, though at times, when he is roused, it has been known to blaze into unexpected jollity. John is studious. But, though he burns the lamp late poring over his books, he loves a joke quite as much as the more irrepressible Dick.

The students all love the latter; his wonderful feats are a never-ending topic of discussion amongst them. They hold him as a very fine personage, indeed; and, according to their lights, they prophesy great things for him when he is no longer kept back by the restraint of college life.

The professors look kindly on John, and they say, with oracular vagueness, that he will certainly make a name in the world some day. They praise his application, and they nod their heads assuredly when his ability is under discussion. John is no athlete, but he is not a prig. His parents are poor, and they are put to some straits to give him a good education. He is determined to make the most of his opportunity, and in his heart he has sworn to shine some day in the great busy world. The day is not far distant when he will be cast adrift to fight the fight, and he knows it. He boasts not, nor does he retort angrily when his more

careless fellow-students chaff him for his dully studious ways. He merely smiles good-naturedly, but his persistent labour falters not—a strong-willed, keen-witted, sensitive youth is our friend, John.

And Dick's parents are wealthy. What need is there for him to study? He will in time inherit riches and position. As for a name, is not his already an honoured one? Has he not reduced the quarter of a mile record by an infinitesimal fraction of a minute? And, when he walks the street, does he not hear the murmured admiration that greets the champion amateur boxer of the college? Out upon thee! Has not Dick reaped laurels enough?

Though so different in habits and in disposition, my two heroes are great friends. Dick slaps John on the back and declares with hearty approval that he is not half bad. And the young stalwart would, I think, stand by his friend to the last if occasion required it.

John, in his quiet, non-committal way, has a regard for Dick that is equally warm. The two live in the same boarding house, a stone's throw from the college. Dick has a bedroom and sitting-room; John contents himself with one apartment only. But his more luxurious friend insists that the spare room shall be common to both. It was decided finally one day after a sharp controversy, which ended in the studious John finding himself borne through the air at an uncomfortable angle and deposited on the floor in one corner of the apartment which was the subject of their heated discussion. And he was told sternly that henceforth that particular corner was his to litter up with books and to splutter ink about in as much as he pleased. And the studious one yielded perforce. The great bond of union between them is a love of fun. John, in his droll, quiet way, loves a joke quite as much as the more boisterous Dick. Then they both smoke, and both are medical students in the same year. John is useful to Dick, for he can give him pointers and coach him when an "exam" is in prospect. Dick is useful to John because his gay chatter and rollicking flow of humour serves to enliven him. There is no ceremony between the two, they are too intimate for that. It is the greatest possible triumph when one succeeds in getting a "rise" out of the other. Each is on the *qui vive* to guard against a practical joke being sprung on him by the other. And neither lets pass an opportunity of having one at his friend's expense.

One night John comes to his room; it is rather late, for he has been detained down at the city hospital in hopes of witnessing an operation on one of the patients. It is an interesting case, and John is bent on seeing with his own eyes all that it is possible to see connected therewith. He has only been prevailed upon to leave on the solemn assurance of the doctor in charge that he will advise him if the operation is to be effected during the night. As he fumbles at the door of his lodgings with his latch-key he hears the clock strike from a neighbouring church. He counts ten strokes, and rejoices complacently, for he knows Dick rarely retires before eleven o'clock, and he comforts himself with visions of a pipe and cosy chat. Before ascending to his chamber, however, he leaves word that it is likely a messenger will call for him during the night.

"If so, waken me at once, for it will be from Dr. K—."

I shall be wanted at the hospital—important operation there," says John, in a tone of no small importance.

The housemaid, with whom he has left these directions, promises obedience, and my hero hurries up-stairs to his room. To his surprise, the light is out.

"Humph!" he growls, disconsolately, "the festive Dick is not in yet."

"However, he lights the gas and, taking off his coat and boots, proceeds to make himself comfortable in a pair of Dick's slippers and a dressing-gown belonging to the same. Then he selects a favourite pipe and looks about for some tobacco. There is none to be found. Suddenly he recollects that the previous evening he left his pouch in his friend's bedroom; he rises from his seat and saunters in there to get it. It is dark, so he strikes a match and turns on the gas. Then he beholds his friend in bed, trying vainly to sleep. On a chair nearby are his football clothes, and a tumbler is on the dressing table with an egg yet unbroken inside of it.

"Hello, old man!" says Dick, yawning. "First practice of the season to-morrow. I have got all my things ready and set the alarm clock for half-past six. Must have a good night's sleep, my boy."

"But," protests John, plaintively, "I want to have a smoke. There is an important operation at the hospital to-night, and Dr. K— promised to send for me when it is performed. I may be called for at any moment. Get up, like a good chap, and have a smoke with me."

"Go to thunder!" replies Dick, politely. He cares very little about an operation at the hospital, but it is of great importance to him that to-morrow is the first football practice of the season. "Get out and let me have a sleep." With that he rolls over on his side, turning his face to the wall.

John mutters a feeble complaint, finds his tobacco and, after noting with a comprehensive glance the preparations his friend has made for an early awakening, he departs. He light his pipe and, taking from a shelf a medical book, prepares for a good evening's work. Two hours pass thus, and still he reads on, stopping every now and again to take a note or refill his pipe. At last he looks at his watch; it is half-past twelve. Apparently there is to be no operation to-night. At any rate, it will probably not be until very late, or rather very early in the morning, so he determines to get to bed and trust to the maid to call him.

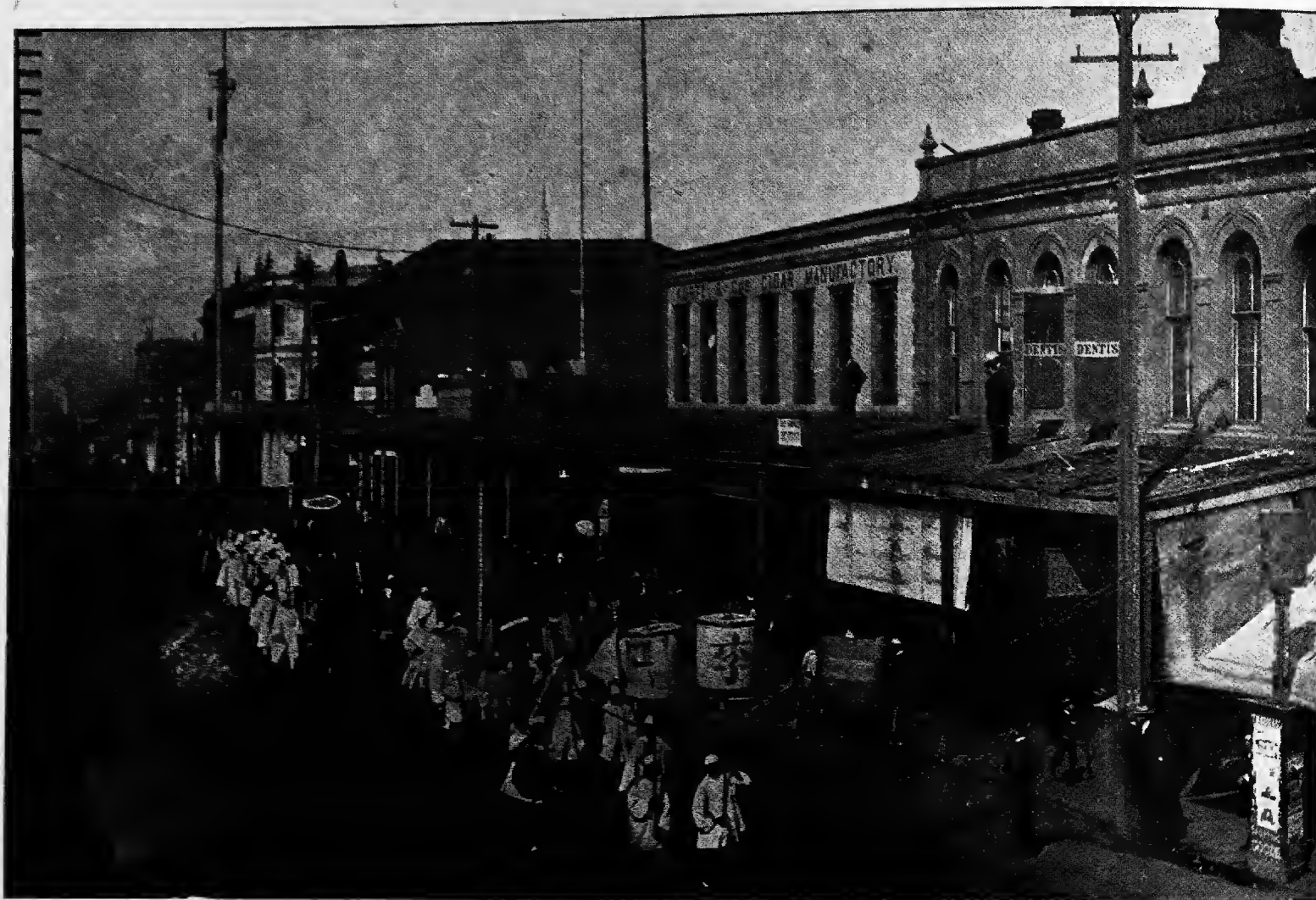
(To be continued.)

* Rev. Principal Grant.

† Pictorial Field Book of the Revolution.—Benson J. Lossing.

‡ Topographical description of Canada.—Jos. Bouchette.

§ Naval Occurrences of the Late War.—William James (late of His Majesty's navy.)



A CHINESE FUNERAL, VICTORIA, B. C.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES

For a long time it has been a subject of mystery to those unacquainted with the facts, why such a city as Toronto was without a regularly organized athletic association or a decent athletic club house. The reason seemed only explainable in the fact that the inhabitants ran principally to two forms of sport—aquatics and lacrosse,—while what was done in the other branches of athletics was confined to a few enthusiasts. Of course, I have no reference now to such games as curling or bowling, for which ample provision has existed for a number of years; I simply speak of the summer pastimes and games that come under the generic caption of outdoor athletics. The Queen City has always had a fair average of promising men, but for lack of proper conveniences and wholesome encouragement the results have not been anything like what might reasonably have been expected. When the old Fencing club was in its prime, it was a place of rendezvous for some of the genuine enthusiasts, and many of the men who sat in winning boats did a lot of hard work at the oars; but that day passed and interest lapsed. There was somewhat of a revival last year after the Canadian championship meeting at Rosedale, and it looks now as if the seed planted is apt to bear fruit in the not distant future, if some contending influences can only be assimilated. But, like the way of most good things, its path is laid in rough places, and it will require a great deal of diplomacy to overcome the obstacles.

From time immemorial there have been managers, and there have been the proverbial canines to occupy them, and that seems to be the case just now. It is over six years ago since a similar attempt at forming an athletic association for Toronto was made, when grave obstacles were thrown in the way from a quarter where they should have been least expected, and the scheme fell through. Since that time the great objectors have not had leisure to consider the subject to any material extent; but no sooner is there a movement set on foot to establish an athletic club house, which would be a credit to the city, then a rival organization pops up serenely and makes trouble all round. If there was room for two such organizations, well and good, the more the merrier; but there is not room, and nobody knows the fact better than the gentlemen at the head

of the rival scheme. If the latter succeed in spoiling the chances of the athletic club house, the people of Toronto know whom they have to thank for giving athletics a setback that will not be got over for a year or two, at all events. One of the best known athletes in Canada, and a man whom everybody concedes knows what he is talking about, has this to say in the *Ottawa Journal*, and, unfortunately, there is more truth than poetry in it: "Unless Toronto is now different from any other place, and different from what it has been in the past, what will follow is this: Either the scheme will drop, as all previous ones have dropped, or a few unselfish men will set to work to canvass personally for subscriptions; will stick at this for two or three years or more; will plan, and design; will lose valuable time and go to serious trouble; will constitute themselves amateur unpaid collectors; worry their friends, bore their acquaintances, and be a laughing stock to their enemies, and finally give their city a handsome and useful and creditable institution which will be a boon to thousands of young men who will not, perhaps, as is the way of the world, care much how it came there, but will proceed to run it to suit themselves—as they should. This, in brief, is the story of the foundation of the Ottawa Amateur Athletic Club, now so great a success and so heartily appreciated. It was the story of the foundation of the Montreal Amateur Athletic Club. It will have to be the story of the Toronto Athletic Club, if ever there is one."

The Lake Yacht Racing Association did a good deal of work at their annual meeting, and most of the alterations made in the regulations will commend themselves to all lovers of the grand sport. One of the points which aroused a great deal of discussion was the question of professional yachtsmen. It was finally decided that professional sailors should be admitted in all regattas on yachts over 30 feet corrected length. This seems all very well in its way. All yachtsmen race for money, and it is difficult to understand why an owner should not get the best man to sail his boat, just the same as he would hire the best jockey; but why exclude such advantages from the owners of craft in the smaller classes? It may be said they are easier to sail and all that sort of thing; but experience in sailing a boat does not come in a day, and instruction in the art nautical, such as a regular old sea dog could impart, would be invaluable. Learn this while cruising, may be said; why not in regattas? In a close race, when advantage is to be taken of every puff of wind, and all the niceties of the art are to be taken into consideration—then is the time when the young Corinthian will get some lessons that will serve him in good stead. Another good resolution passed was the

following, which explains itself, and which will do away with a great deal of trouble in regatta times:—"The executive committee may, at least one month prior to the first race of the annual circuit, appoint an officer, at such remuneration as they shall think fit, whose duty it shall be to attend all regattas held under the auspices of the association, and (under the direction of the officers of the club giving the regatta) superintend the laying and logging of courses and laying of buoys, calculate the time allowances in the different classes, fire the guns at proper times, take and correct the times of the competing yachts, and generally do such work in connection with the management of the regattas as may be reasonably required of him. He shall also keep a record of the names and times of the starters in each race, and after the close of each circuit send such record to the honorary secretary of the association. The executive committee shall have power to levy an assessment on each club in the association sufficient in the whole to pay the expense incurred by the employment of such officer."

The Yale men met with considerable of a surprise on Saturday, when Harvard defeated them by twelve to seven after one of the most brilliant games in the history of the inter-collegiate association. In 1883 Yale beat Harvard 22 to 2; in '84, 52 to 0; in '86, 29 to 4; in '87, 17 to 8, and in '89, 6 to 0. In 1885 and 1888 Yale won by default. It will be seen that this is the first year Harvard has defeated Yale since the present system of scoring came in.

R. O. X.

To George Murray.

Some day we yet shall know thee as thou art,
Who holdest now aloof, yet not unkind,
With poet soul and philosophic mind;
While our hot youth, less heedful of man's heart
Than of man's tongue, strain, with keen joy and smart
The wreath immortal on our brows to bind,
We in the world's dust striving are too blind
To such as thou, who calmly walk apart.

Of as I think upon thee, I am shamed
At stretching eagerly my untrained arms
To grasp the laurel in thy pathway found;
Yet oft I wonder if same bath no charms
That thou should'st let the wreath of song be claimed
With which thou could'st, if thou but would, be
crowned.

—ARTHUR WEIR.

THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

TRADE MARK

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF PARLIAMENT OF CANADA, IN THE YEAR 1888, AT THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.

REGISTERED

Vol. V.—No. 129.

MONTREAL AND TORONTO, 20th DECEMBER, 1890.

SIX PENCE PER ANNUM IN GREAT BRITAIN, ONE SHILLING.
SIX PENCE PER COPY.



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\$4.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

THE SABISTON LITHOGRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING CO.

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The Gazette Building, Montreal.

GEORGE E. MACRAE, WESTERN AGENT.

36 King Street East, Toronto.

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JOHN HADDON & CO.,

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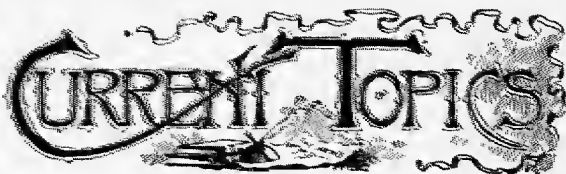
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"THE EDITOR, DOMINION ILLUSTRATED."

20th DECEMBER, 1890.



We are reminded of the deadlocks of the old pre-union days on this Province by the action of the North-West Assembly in declining to pass the supplies, a motion to that effect having been defeated by a vote of 15 to 6. This hitch, which is a repetition of what took place last year, is due to a conflict of opinion between Lieut.-Governor Royal and the majority as to the control of the Federal funds. His Honor is willing that the Assembly should have full control of the local funds, but insists on retaining in his own hands the disposal of the subsidy voted by the Dominion Parliament. The Executive Council, on the ground that the Lieutenant-Governor has the letter of the law on his side, continue to serve as his advisers, though they would prefer to see the Assembly accorded the rights exercised by the Dominion. The situation is an anomalous one, and it is to be hoped that the proper steps to break the deadlock will be taken before the Territorial Assembly is again convoked. A despatch of the Colonial Secretary, in the year 1879, in reference to the case of the late Lieut.-Governor Letellier, says that the lieutenant-governor of a province "should, of course, maintain that impartiality towards political parties, which is essential to the proper performance of the duties of his office, and for any action he may take he is, under the fifty-ninth section of the act, directly responsible to the Governor-General. After quoting this opinion in his "Constitutional History of Canada," Bourinot adds: "The only safe principle that he can adopt for his general guidance is that pointed out to him by the experience of the working of parliamentary institutions, to give his confidence to his constitutional advisers while they enjoy the support of the legislature." The people of the Territories, being mainly from the older provinces, have carried with them the ideas of responsible government which prevailed in their former homes.

Much surprise, we are informed, was created by the decision of a popular audience in Calgary some time ago, when a discussion took place on "The Future of Canada." The speakers took sides—some defending the actual colonial federation; others advocating a federation of the Empire; others, again, declaring for independence, while a fourth party argued in favour of annexation to the United States. When a vote was taken on the result the audience pronounced in favour of the annexation argument. There is nothing remarkable in this. We have such debates in young men's clubs and societies very frequently in Montreal and other cities, and the judgment of the audience is given out as much on the merits of the cause defended, as with reference to the oratorical and debating skill of the speakers. The decision in the instance in question was a recognition of the abilities of Messrs. Sifton and McKenzie rather than of the advantages of annexation. There is no cause for alarm; but the opponents of the vic-

Canada has, it seems, contributed its quota to the long list of prisoners who, during more than four centuries, were confined within the strong walls of the Bastille. Of these distinguished unfortunates Mr. Phileas Gagnon, the well-known bibliophile and antiquarian, of Quebec (who has just been made a corresponding member of the Historical Society of Newport, R.I.), gives an interesting account in *L'Union Libérale*. It appears that Mr. Charavay (of whose business as an autograph-collector some particulars were not long since published in this paper) sent Mr. Gagnon on approbation a mass of manuscripts that had formed part of the archives of the Bastille. Mr. Gagnon was not long in discovering certain historic Canadian names in some of the documents submitted to him. They are signed by M. de Sartine, Lieutenant-General of Police in 1764, and addressed to the Comte de Jumilhac, at that time Governor of the Bastille. They concern a number of persons convicted of being accomplices in the frauds of the Bigot clique—Michel Jean Hugues Péan, Jean Cadet, Louis A. A. J. Pénisseau, Jacques Michel Bréard, Jean Corpron and François Maurin. Sieur Péan was a knight of the niliary and royal order of St. Louis, and had formerly been captain and aide-major of the troops of the marine. His wife, Madame Péan, née Des Meloises, had won the heart of Bigot, and figures frequently in the scandals of the period. Cadet was commissary-general. The extent of his defalcations may be gathered from the fact that in the judgment pronounced on him he was ordered to make restitution of 6,000,000 livres. He had, however, a counter claim against the Government of 11,000,000 livres, and the authorities, after a time, cried quits with him. Bréard was Controller of the Marine. Corpron was a Quebec trader, and had acted as clerk to Cadet; Maurin and Pénisseau held like positions under Cadet at Montreal. Péan was admitted to the Bastille on the 13th of November, 1761, by a *lettre de cachet* signed "Louis," and countersigned "Choiseul." Mr. Gagnon gives, as an example of the form of these powerful letters a copy, word for word, of the document that gave the famous Marmontel his entry into the great prison fortress. It is very simple. The Governor is instructed to receive the prisoner into the Bastille (or other prison) and to keep him there until further orders, and the King prays that God may have him (the governor) in his holy keeping. "Written at Versailles, the 27th of December, 1759. The order for release is in the same form of words, only that the person concerned is to be let out instead of in. The letters relating to the Canadian defaulters are orders for the admission of visitors on business or for friendship. The series is of considerable interest to the student of our history. Mr. Gagnon reminds us that Perrot, the contumacious Governor of Montreal in Frontenac's first administration, and whose name is preserved in that of Isle Perrot, was committed to the Bastille by Louis XIV. for punishment and example.

"Si fecisti nega" is a principle of action with which, in our own public life, we are not entirely unacquainted. Mr. Parnell's course would lead one to suppose that he deemed it safer not to take the trouble of denial, but to leave all controversy as to the facts of the case with his opponents. There are just two inferences to be drawn from his demeanour on this point. Either he is conscious, in spite of appearances, of relative, if not positive, guiltlessness, or he has deliberately adopted a strategy which, whether victorious or not, must throw the ranks of the enemy into confusion (while diverting attention from the real issue) and almost make them regret that they interfered with his leadership. As to the former alternative, it is quite possible that Mr. Parnell, while far from blameless, might be sinned against as well as sinning, though to prove this might necessitate disclosures which would be denounced as cowardly and could not fail to enlarge the range of the scandal. He might, therefore, prefer silence with all the misconception that it implied to such a mode of defence. If such be the case, and his Irish colleagues are aware of all the circumstances,

he may naturally feel resentment at their desertion. Before (and even after) the publication of Mr. Gladstone's letter, they were unanimous in their professions of unimpaired allegiance. Mr. Parnell, not without reason, thinks that if they were willing to adhere to him, knowing his faults but remembering his services, at the first meeting, it showed a strange fickleness or a lack of straightforwardness to accept immediately after the dictatorship of the Liberal leader. He feels aggrieved that a statesman who for years was the bitterest foe of their common cause should, by his trusted lieutenants and many of the men whom he had drawn from obscurity, be made the arbiter of the Nationalist party. Besides, he saw that more than one of the seceders were moved by personal grudges, at least as much as by patriotism, and were only too glad of the chance to take their revenge. Under these circumstances he felt himself justified in appealing from his parliamentary following to the Irish people from whom they had all received their mandates. This question is still *sub judice*; but, whoever wins, the compact Home Rule party is a house divided against itself, which, as we know on good authority, will not be able to stand.

It is no slight solace to those who would retain their good opinion of the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition to know that no breath of scandal has sullied the fair fame of Parke, of Jephson, of Nelson and of our own Stairs. The honours paid to this last young officer a few weeks ago were gratifying to every true Canadian. "Young Jephson" is sometimes mentioned in Mr. Stanley's record as if he were—well, "Young Jephson." No one, however can read the letter which Mr. A. J. Mounteney Jephson sent, in May last, to the bereaved father of the late A. M. Mackay, pioneer missionary of the Church Missionary Society in Uganda, without having the highest opinion of the writer. As to Mackay, it was (and so Jephson considered it) an honour to be on terms of friendship with such a man. The tributes to his memory are proved by the simple narrative of his labours, just published by his sister, to have been amply deserved. The son of a Free Church minister, he was born in the manse of an Aberdeenshire village on the 16th of October, 1849. Twelve months ago no one apprehended so near a termination to his life of self-devotion. His father, being a man of study and a scholar of more than ordinary accomplishments, the boy early became a lover of books and knowledge. In 1867 (the family having removed to Edinburgh) he entered the Training School for Teachers, in connection with the Free Church, and to the benefits that he received at that institution he left grateful testimony. The bent of his mind was towards engineering, and after what many would have considered a thorough preparation for the profession, his desire for larger acquirements induced him to go to Germany, and he reached Berlin in November, 1873. He was for a time thrown into society which, to one of his belief and aims, could not but be distasteful; but he found a home by-and-by in the household of Hofprediger Baur, who called him his "Lieber Sohn Mackay." In 1876 he offered himself for missionary work (using the term in the largest sense) in connection with the Victoria Nyanza Mission, and the Church Missionary Society accepted the offer. In his last message, dated January 2, 1890, he gave an outline of the changes that had taken place during the interval between his arrival and the close of last year. It included the death of King Mtesa, the accession of Mwanga, his defection from his father's engagements and persecution, under Arab counsel, of the Christian community that had grown up in his realm; the murder of Bishop Hannington and the dismay and despair of the surviving Christians; their ultimate triumph after a sharp struggle and much bloodshed, and the hopeful condition of the Uganda mission-field. Before the letter containing this review of the later experiences of himself and his co-labourers reached England, the writer was dead. On the 8th of February he passed away after a short illness. Mr. Jephson's letter was written in May to Dr. Mackay. He described the exhaustion of himself and his comrades when

they reached Usamboro, and Mr. Mackay's kind reception, his influence over the natives, who trusted and loved him, and the sincere sorrow with which he had heard of his death. Enclosed in the letter was a cheque for £60 from the Countess of Noailles to erect a cross over Mackay's grave at Usamboro, with an inscription in Arabic, Swahili and English.

Wherever English institutions prevail, the traditional formula, "King or Queen, Lords and Commons," seems to be regarded as the *sine qua non* of legislative efficiency. All over the Empire (with rare exceptions) it has been taken as the almost obligatory model of a Parliament. The United States, following the traditions of the Mother Country, adopted the principle of an Upper House. In all constitutionally-governed countries we find it observed as *de rigueur*, it being almost universally accepted that a parliament must consist of two chambers. Mr. Gladstone calls this division of the legislative power into three branches, the *arcanum imperii*, and, indeed, it was so regarded long before his time. But that it is essential, even in England, there are those who deny. Mr. Gladstone considers the House of Lords a great power in the State. It may cause embarrassment to an administration, still its vote cannot deal it a fatal blow. On the confidence of the House of Commons, or the other hand, the ministry is dependent, and that House is the greatest power recognized by the British Constitution. From its judgment the only appeal is to the nation. Could the Upper House, then, be dispensed with? Whatever may be the case in Great Britain, experience has shown that in Canada the business of legislation may be efficiently conducted with a single (that is, the popular) Chamber. Mr. Rochon, in moving the second reading of his bill for the abolition of the Legislative Council in this Province, pointed to Ontario, and the example sufficed to illustrate his argument. His colleagues, however, with the exception of fifteen, left the solution of the question to the Government, 41 voting for Mr. Desmarais' amendment in that sense.

EXPERIMENTAL STATIONS.

The first report of the experimental station established in this Province is published in the last report of the Commissioner of Agriculture and Colonization. The Central and other experimental farms organized by the Dominion Government have been in operation for some years, and are doing a good work. The movement originated in the recommendation of a Select Committee appointed by the House of Commons in January, 1884, to obtain information as to the agricultural interests of Canada and the best means of encouraging and developing them. The committee took the evidence of a large number of persons, most of whom were experts in one or other branch, or in several branches, of agriculture. A series of questions covering the whole ground of the investigations which the committee had undertaken was addressed to persons likely to have data of value at their disposal, and nearly 400 replies were received. Deficiencies were pointed out in the cultivation of cereals and vegetables, in fruit-growing, in stock-raising and dairying, in the selection of seeds, in the use of fertilizers and in other important respects, and it was the opinion of the most enlightened and experienced of the witnesses that the establishment of a Central Bureau, under the direction of a superintendent, with a trained staff of specialists to assist him, would be the best plan for the systematic collection and dissemination of accurate knowledge on those points in which Canadian farmers had shown most backwardness. The Government lost no time in turning to account the recommendations of the committee, and a Central Experimental Farm was established in the neighbourhood of Ottawa and placed in charge of Mr. William Saunders, F.R.S.C. It is now thoroughly equipped, and has, since its inauguration in the spring of 1887, been the means of accomplishing a large amount of good in the Dominion. There are associated with the director, Mr. Saunders, a chemist, an entomologist and botanist, a horticulturist and a poultry manager. Our farmers

have been gradually learning that, by applying to the director, they are sure of receiving information and advice on any matter as to which they may be in doubt. During the last year, as appears by the published report, 6,864 letters were addressed to the director or some of his staff, and 5,428 were dispatched from his establishment. Pamphlets, including reports and bulletins, to the number of 41,584, and 3,662 packages of grains and seeds were also mailed in all directions. The enquiries are on all sorts of subjects connected with the operation of a farm. It is well that none of our farmers should be in ignorance of such a source of information, and that those who know of its existence should avail themselves of its advantages at a time like the present, when a good many seem to be perplexed as to the best crops or stock to raise and the most profitable manner of raising them and disposing of the surplus.

Besides the Central Farm, there are farms at Nappan, N.S., at Brandon, Manitoba (an illustrated account of which has appeared in this paper), and at Indian Head, N.W.T. A farm was also started at Agassiz, British Columbia, in August last year, so that there are now four of these farms in working order, in addition to the Central Farm at Ottawa. The report of the progress made at these provincial institutions is encouraging. Though each of them is under its own superintendent or manager, they are all subject to the supervision and direction of Mr. Saunders. The Central Farm is the model for the provincial stations, just as they are models and centres of information for the agricultural communities in the provinces. Mr. Saunders has also a general oversight over the farming industry throughout the Dominion, making reports on the districts he visits and offering suggestions to the agricultural societies and *cerdes agricoles*. The Central Farm is indeed, a sort of headquarters of intercommunication for all the general and special agricultural societies and agencies throughout the Dominion, whether they are of a comprehensive character, or are devoted to stock-raising, dairying, horticulture, wool-growing, poultry-raising, or any other special industry. The experiments conducted comprise tests of wheat, barley, oats, Indian corn and other cereals, peas, vegetables and fruits, of various breeds of horses, cattle and other live stock, analyses of soils, trials of fertilizers, the description of insects, noxious and useful, and the modes of dealing with the former; of birds, with indications of their serviceableness or hurtfulness to the farmer's property; the planting of fruit and other trees suitable to our latitudes, and especially their naturalization in the denuded regions of the North-West.

The experimental station established at St. Hyacinthe is, as already indicated, under the control of the Commissioner of Agriculture and Colonization of the Province of Quebec. The law to which it owes its existence was passed in 1888. It has a chemical laboratory attached to it, in which analyses of soils, cereals, ensilage, milk, etc., are made. It began operations in July, 1889, when it was placed in charge of the College of St. Hyacinthe. The laboratory was ready in September and the director at once began work. There has also been since last spring a small experimental garden for the testing of seeds, fertilizers, etc. Four subjects have especially engaged the attention of the director, Mr. C. P. Choquette—ensilage of Indian corn, chemical fertilizers, ashes of forest trees, and milk. Of the analyses in all these cases full reports are given, with particulars as to the sources whence the samples were obtained and the circumstances of their production. The ensilage report is extremely interesting, showing under what conditions corn yields low and high nutrient values, and giving advice as to sowing and the distance between the rows. Our object at present, however, is not to quote results but to insist on the advisability of our farmers availing themselves of these institutions. There has been much discussion of late as to the renewal in this province of the attempt to raise beets for the manufacture of sugar, and it is more than likely that it will be made. But it is indispensable at the outset that the farmers be carefully instructed in the proper

method of beet-growing, or the failure also will be repeated. Whoever has read Mr. Wilfrid Skaffe's paper on sugar-producing plants and the mode of cultivation in Bohemia, where he served his apprenticeship to the business, will have no trouble in discovering where the fault in this province has lain. This is just one of those points in which the experimental stations should be of benefit, and it would be well if the proper department directed attention to the need of both precept and example before the *habitant* is asked to invest his time and means in the industry. Many inquiries have of late been made as to the respective values (in the English market especially) of the different varieties of wheat. On this point, also, the tests already obtained should be made widely known.



MY CLASS IN GEOMETRY.

Some of our readers have doubtless studied a posthumously published work of the late Professor Clifford, entitled, "The Common Sense of the Exact Sciences." It is an attempt, by way of simple illustrations, to initiate non-mathematical inquirers into the mysteries of number, space, quantity, position and motion. It was, however, only a partial success as far as the class for which it is designed is concerned, though deeply interesting to such as the old Greek would have admitted to his school. Mr. Hes has, it seems to us, achieved a much greater victory over obstacles that every teacher must have encountered in endeavouring to make geometrical truths perfectly clear to ordinary pupils. His treatise to which we referred in our notice of the *Popular Science Monthly* for November, is an admirable example of "common sense in the exact sciences."

To make, for instance, an apparatus for the extraction of cube root would seem a difficult task. Yet all that is necessary is a cone and a jar half full of water, both graduated. Immersing the cone apex downward enables the operation to be performed. When cinders are shaken from a grate the smallest turn black soonest; for a similar reason the moon is a frozen globe, the larger earth is habitable, and the sun still pours out its stores of light and heat. When a phial partly filled with water is smartly shaken the larger bubbles come to the surface first; on the same principle the biggest steamer, other things equal, is always the quickest. These and other object lessons are made possible by Mr. Hes's original and entertaining paper, which should be in the hands of every instructor of youth.

DR. KINGSFORD'S HISTORY.

In our notice of the fourth volume of Dr. Kingsford's "History of Canada" in our last number it ought to have been stated that the work is on sale in this city at the store of Mr. Eben Picken, 33 Beaver Hall Hill, to whom orders for the last volume, or for the four volumes, may be sent.

THE BOOK BUYER.

The Christmas edition of *The Book Buyer* is full of attractive and interesting features. The frontispiece is a fine portrait of Sir Edwin Arnold, which is especially opportune in view of the publication of his new poem, "The Light of the World." Richard Henry Stoddard contributes a biographic sketch of Sir Edwin and a criticism (which is thoroughly independent) of his genius and work as a poet. Laurence Hutton writes of the "Curiosities of Jane Eyre." Reviews of and illustrative extracts from the more important recent works, by Noah Brooks, amply and beautifully illustrated from the works themselves, with correspondence from the leading centres of book-production, complete a very acceptable guide to would-be holiday purchasers. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; Montreal: Eben Picken.

HENLOCK.

Those who have read the first of the series of *Gleaner Tales* will be glad to have a second instalment. As its title informs us "Henlock" is a tale of the war of 1812. It begins in Montreal and takes us through some of the most memorable scenes of conflict of that troubled time. An episode of the Acadian migration to Quebec forms the second and shorter portion of the volume. Mr. Robert Sellar, the author, has done justice to both his subjects. (Montreal: F. E. Grafton & Sons.)

CANADA FIRST.

Many of our readers will rejoice to know that this memorial of the late William A. Foster, Q.C., has been brought out by his friends. It is made more valuable by an introduction from the pen of Dr. Goldwin Smith, and a fine portrait of Mr. Foster, from the painting by Mr. Wm. Cutts, in the possession of the National Club. Besides the sketch of Mr. Foster's life and patriotic work, the volume contains his most important essays and addresses. As our readers may recall, a portrait of Mr. Foster and a brief account of his career appeared in *THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED* shortly after his death. (Toronto: Hunter, Rose & Co.)

* *My Class in Geometry*. By George Hes. Reprinted from the *Popular Science Monthly*. New York: D. Appleton and Company.



GROUP OF CANADIAN BEAVER.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES

The present year promises to be one of the most successful in the annals of skating in Montreal, and although the accommodation for skaters will be much larger than in the past there seems every probability that all the rinks will receive their fair quota of patronage. The Victoria rink, which was formally opened on Saturday last, has thus early in the season a larger membership roll than ever before, and a glance round the spacious structure on Saturday was sufficient to prove that the efforts of the directors are fully appreciated. The attractions of the opening consisted of an exhibition of figure skating by Mr. Louis Rubenstein, and several more or less amusing races. From a racing point of view there was only one event likely to be of interest. I refer to the two mile, in which C. Gordon won very easily from Fred. Scott. It had been expected that Irwin and Lavasseur would also start in this race, but they did not, perhaps because the season is too young yet for these flyers to get into trim for a hard trial at distance work. Gordon seemed to be in splendid condition, and this year it ought to take a remarkably fast man to beat him at any of the meetings. A five o'clock tea brought the formal part of the opening to an end, after which that magnificent sheet of ice was given over to the three hundred people who put on the steels for the first time this year.

The open air rink on the M.A.A.A. grounds is turning out a more marked success than even its most enthusiastic advocates anticipated. When on Thursday evening last it was thrown open to the public it was a matter for freely expressed surprise that such a sheet of ice could be kept in such excellent condition for skating, and all were loud in their praise. It may, of course, entail a vast amount of expense to keep this rink in order after heavy snowstorms, but with anything like good fortune and with the implements used on the grounds, it is likely that the rink will be a source of income to the M.A.A.A. rather than one of expense. There has been considerable discussion about the advisability of making a quarter mile track for the championship skating meeting. From a sporting point of view this idea is a good one, as it would do away with any excuse which the Yankee skaters might have about being handicapped by small rinks. There has always been a great deal of difficulty in bringing American and Canadian skaters together, and I can recollect no instance except in the figure skating competitions. It is true we have had no rich skating club to take enough interest in the matter to pay competitors' expenses, and this, no doubt, is to a large extent accountable for Canadians not going to New York.

But last year a good example was set, when Mr. Louis Rubenstein was sent to Russia to represent the Canadian Skating Association and came back with the world's championship. This was a much larger undertaking than anything that would be required this year. Of course the Skating Association is not burdened with a surplus of money, but if a subscription list were started the little money required would be soon raised. There are several fast men members of the association and a little money could be well spared in sending some of them to the American championships, and those who are not members and who have not offended against the amateur law, would only require to spend one dollar membership fee. There would be many advantages in this course, not the least of which would be the guarantee of amateurism, which always follows the members of any recognized club in racing contests. The suggestion is worth consideration anyhow.

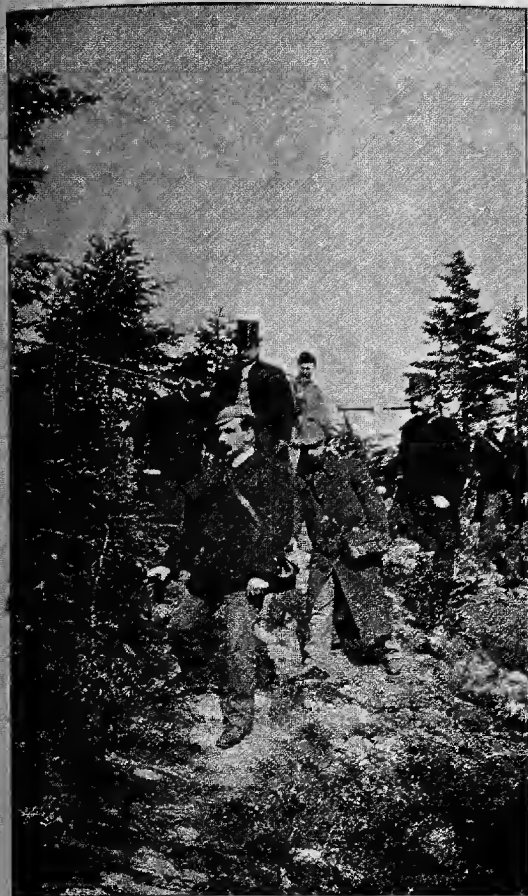
Besides the rinks already spoken of there are three others, so well distributed over the city that there is but little danger of their interfering with each other. Both Mr. Moore and Mr. Robertson have had good sheets of ice for some time past, and Mr. Stenhouse is about ready to open on the Champ de Mars. Where last year three rinks seemed amply sufficient for all the requirements, this year there are five; but the increased interest taken in hockey will occupy a good deal of the spare space. The only difficulty to my mind is that there will be so much good hockey played this year that it will keep one busy trying to attend all the matches.

But if skating is going to boom what can be said of hockey? With two new clubs competing for premier honours, the old champions will have their work cut out for them. They will be the hardest played club this year, which means that, to my mind, they will win the majority of their matches. It was a good idea of the Shamrocks to organize a hockey club. An athletic club of the numbers of the Shamrocks should have had a seven on the ice long ago, but it is better late than never, and the effect will probably be noticeable next spring, when the crosse is taken up again, in the improved condition of the men. There is nothing that works to the disadvantage of any lacrosse club so much as a lack of means of keeping the men together during the long winter months. Then again, our lacrosse weather comes with such a rush, that for those who depend on outdoor work to get into training there is very little time left, and the result is seen in the quality of the play at the beginning and the end of the season. For winter practice there is no sport to compare with hockey in the way of keeping the lacrosse hand in. It has all the dash and brilliancy of the summer game and it calls for just as great powers of endurance. With the season ending at the beginning of March there are only two months left before the opening of the lacrosse season, and the men who have put in the winter with good solid hard work on the ice will have

very little work to do to fit themselves for lacrosse. The Shamrocks will see the wisdom of their present course when the great struggle of next year begins. So, too, with the Crescents, as I understand the personnel of the hockey club will be nearly identical with that of the provincial lacrosse champions. The latter clubs will use the Dominion rink, the Montreals will play in the Crystal rink, and the Victorias will be at their old home on Drummond street.

The McGill men, too, are sanguine about their hockey prospects. They have not been blessed with any great amount of success in the past few years, and to a great extent were responsible for the change from the series to the challenge system. But it should be remembered that they were equally unfortunate in their football ventures, until a few weeks ago, and as no doubt many of the champion Rugby men will be on the ice it would not be a bit surprising to see success follow them in this sport too. What course Ottawa will pursue has apparently not been definitely settled yet, and although Ottawa is strongly represented in the new Ontario association it is altogether probable that the Quebec champions will hear from the Capital.

Speaking about hockey, I have been particularly struck during the last few years by the absolute lack of what might be called inter-provincial interest in the game. It has been practically confined to Montreal. It is true there have been some matches with Ottawa and Toronto clubs, but they bear no sort of comparison with the hard dashing game Montrealers are acquainted with. When Mr. Garvin was in Montreal last Monday, looking after the interests of the Toronto lacrosse club, I had a talk with him about the prospects of hockey up west. He is enthusiastic, and he says all the lacrosse men are in the same frame of mind. "We can hardly come to Montreal and get a victory, but one team will come up and make an effort for it anyway; but wait till we get a little experience and I think we will be able to hold our own." Mr. Clarence Martin, of Ottawa, also takes a good deal of interest in hockey, and I have his word for it that the Montreal champions will have at least one struggle with the men from the Capital to protect their laurels. The more the merrier. Competition is the life of trade, and the life of everything else for that matter. And just here, perhaps, a suggestion may not come amiss. There are now two well organized hockey associations in Canada, the one recently formed in Ontario and the old one, which, in the past, has been known as the Canadian Hockey Association. For purposes of convenience it might perhaps be as well to range them under the distinctive headings of Quebec and Ontario associations, although to my mind the Ontario association, in its organization, might have recognized the premier claims of the association under whose rules hockey has been kept alive. However, more of this some other time. There are two associations and they cover all the ground, for there is very little hockey played in the Maritime Provinces or the far West. Why not have



A SHOOTING EXCURSION TO CAP TOURMENTE.
The Cross on the Summit.
(Mr. M. A. Montminy, photo.)

the champions of both associations play off at the end of the season for the championship of the Dominion? If the secretaries of both associations would communicate with each other there is hardly a likelihood of any difficulty being thrown in the way, and if a public interest, something similar to that taken in lacrosse, could be aroused, it would give a greater impetus, especially in the West, than any the game has yet had.

* * *

The question of the lacrosse championship has been settled at last, but the settling was an unhappy one. To most people it seemed a certainty that the Cornwall lacrosse club should be recognized as the champions, and as far as the mere game is concerned, they are so recognized. But the fatal technicality was out on the war path and the Cornwalls have dropped into his capacious maw and been thoroughly digested by this time. Under the strict letter of the law Cornwall has no right to the championship, but the Factory Town has been harshly dealt with for all that. There is a great deal of force in the argument that they had no right to drop a player because he was protested as a professional after playing three years, and more especial weight is added to this by the fact that the accusing clubs brought forward no evidence until so late in the season that it was practically impossible to remedy the evil done or give Cornwall a chance to justify its course. True, Leroux had been declared a professional, but only after the playing season was closed, and then the offender was immediately expelled from the club. That was sufficient to prove that all along Cornwall had played him in good faith; for at all events we are bound to believe that the Factory Town club was as honest in its intentions as any of the others. Neither the club nor Leroux had a chance to prove their innocence in time, and to most people it is plain that the club should not have been punished. If the Cornwalls are guilty for playing a professional, what is to be said of the Ottawa and Shamrock clubs, which played with them without protesting? The latter will probably answer they did not know Leroux was a professional. Cornwall answers the same way. Is not the statement of one club as good as that of the other. Why make the old distinction of fish and flesh?

R. O. X.

Our British Columbia Letter.

The rush of summer travel to the Pacific Coast is now nearly over, that is of people who come merely for the pleasure of the trip. Every day still brings its quota of emigrants to settle in the country, and as the capabilities of the province become better known there is no doubt that the number will be largely increased. The interior has hundreds of thousands of acres suitable for cultivation or grazing purposes, and in the valleys and along the south bank of the Fraser fruit of all kinds is grown in abundance. The demand from the North-West Provinces will encourage the planting of more orchards, and the completion of the railways now projected and under way will open up more fine farming districts. The twin cities of Vancouver and New Westminster are shortly to be connected by an electric railway. This will bring the rich lands of the delta of the



A SHOOTING EXCURSION TO CAP TOURMENTE.
The Chapel on the Summit.
(Mr. M. A. Montminy, photo.)

Fraser into close communication with Vancouver, where there is a constantly increasing demand for farm and dairy produce of all kinds. British Columbia has for too long been regarded merely as "a sea of mountains," and even yet it is not generally known that we have a country unsurpassed for the inducements it can offer to settlers and requiring only more population and development to make it "blossom as the rose."

There is really no reason why winter should suspend or lessen the tourist travel. On our Canadian route there is little fear of delay or interruption, and the scenery of the mountains is perhaps even more impressive than in summer. In the November number of *Harper's Magazine* there is an article entitled, "A winter journey to Japan," a graphic word-painting of the white desolation of the great northern prairie and the wondrous snow-wrapped majesty of the mountain ranges. The name of Lafcadio Hearn had until now always conjured up the vivid colouring and luxuriance of the south; his pages seemed to be always steeped in the glowing hues of the tropics, and before us, as we read, rose visions of stately palm and tangled jungle of golden sands and crimson sunsets. But now he has taken us into a strange new northern world; as we journey onwards the great prairie sea rolls around us, the white billows shape themselves into mountains, the mountains rise and soar into shining peaks, until at last we are in the very shrine of nature where veiled in eternal snows her infinite purity and calm falls on us like a benediction.

One should be something of a poet to appreciate and describe the impressions of a journey across the continent, and yet it is remarkable how few travellers consider themselves unfitted for the task. They will "just jot down a few notes" and the decorations of their Pullman car, the attention of the employees, and above all the number and quality of the meals form subjects for their most animated descriptions. It is like the greater journey we are all taking together through life; the majority see nothing but the practical details that surround them, and the interpreters of a deeper meaning are few and far between.

Among the more prominent visitors to the Pacific Coast this autumn were Sir George Baden-Powell and Mr. Bryce Douglas, manager of the Naval Construction Company of Barrow-in-Furness. This company is building the three steamships for the Canadian Pacific China line, and this is the first time Mr. Douglas had visited the port of Vancouver, from which they are to sail. He was greatly impressed with the natural advantages of the magnificent harbour. The same company is also interested in the proposed line to Australia, and it is hoped that before long another great trade route will be opened up by the co-operation of the Imperial and Colonial Governments.

The annual exhibition of the Vancouver Art Association was opened in October by Lieut.-Governor Nelson. There was a large assemblage present to hear the addresses, and three galleries of pictures were thrown open to the public. Two of these were filled by a loan collection, among which were some fine paintings lent by Mr. J. M. Browning, Mr. H. Abbott, Mr. R. G. Ferguson and others. The third room was filled by the work of the pupils and also by the members of the association. Many of these were entered for competition. The Lieut.-Governor in his opening address said that he was glad to find that in building up a new city the people had not forgotten the claims of art upon all lovers of the beautiful. Vancouver in this respect had taken the initiative, and although Victoria had this year held an Art exhibition which was highly creditable to that city, still to Vancouver belonged the honour of having organized the first Art association in British Columbia. Mrs. Nelson then presented the medals with a few appropriate words to

each recipient. The gold medal for water colours, given by the Governor-General, was won by Mrs. A. St. George Hamersley, and one for crayon landscape, given by Mayor Oppenheimer, by Mrs. Reid. A gold medal for figure painting, presented by Mr. A. G. Ferguson, was awarded to Mrs. Lefevre, and a silver medal, offered by the association for competition among its pupils, was taken by Mrs. G. R. Major. Mr. H. B. Lewis won a gold medal given by Lieut. Governor Nelson for his paintings of "A Moonlight Camp."

The association has already begun to form the nucleus of a permanent Art gallery, and by the liberality of Messrs. J. C. Keith and E. E. Rand a fine portrait in oils of Captain George Vancouver, R.N., from whom the island takes its name, has become the property of the city. This picture is a copy by Alldridge, of the old portrait in the Bethnal Green Museum, London, and permission had to be obtained from the British Government to have it copied for this purpose. How surprised the old explorer would have been could he have foreseen that, after a hundred years, his likeness would be brought across the seas to what was then a wilderness—the first gift of artistic value to a city then undreamed of, which would bear his name!

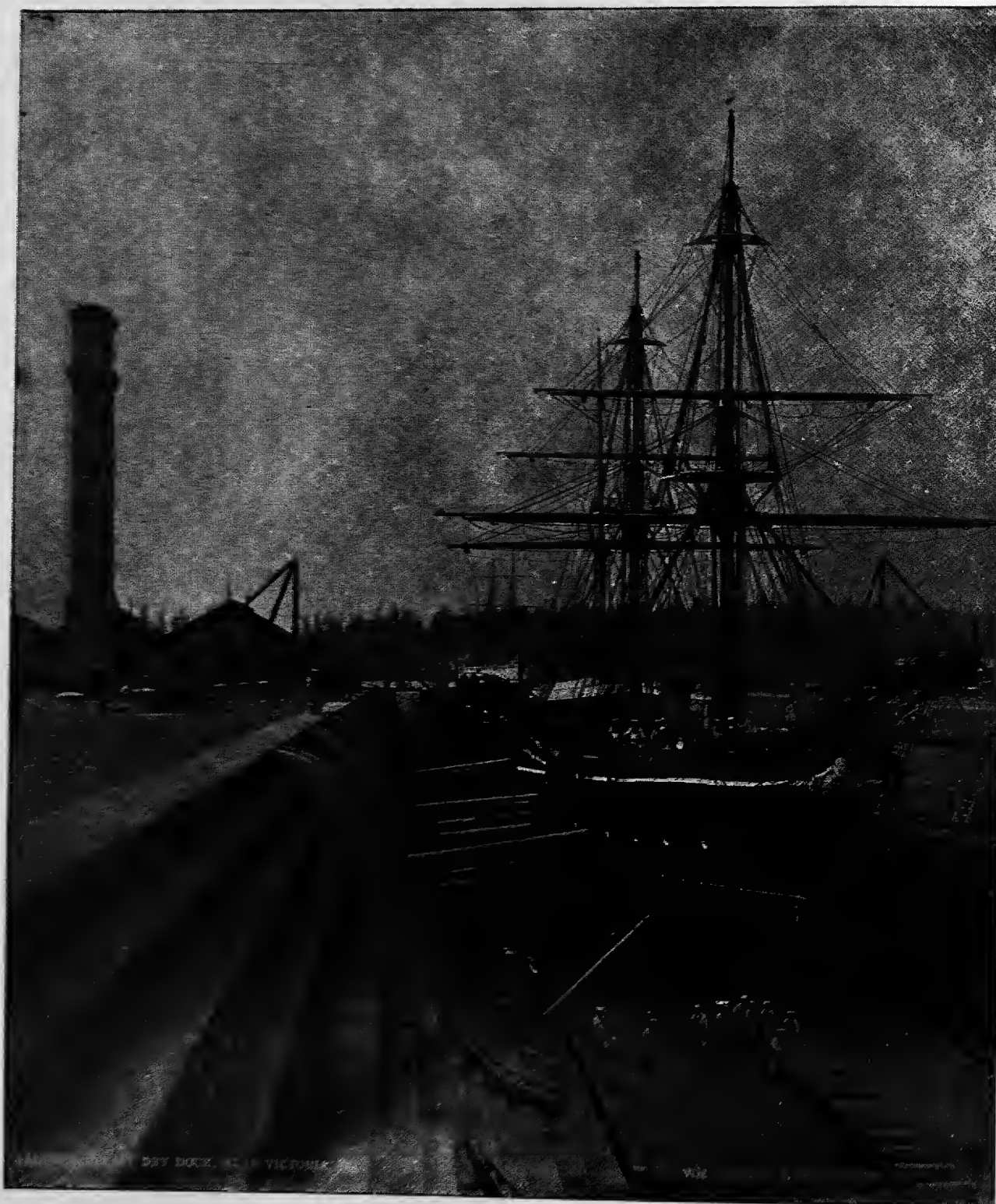
The adjourned meeting of Convocation of the University of British Columbia has been held, and the report of the committee appointed to revise the act unanimously adopted. These changes in the Act will be made at the next session of the Legislature, and then it is hoped that before long our university will be a *fait accompli*. The Provincial Government has appointed Dr. Powell, of Victoria, Chancellor of the university, and Mr. R. P. Cooke, of Vancouver, formerly of Brockville, Ont., Vice-Chancellor.

H. M. S. Melpomene is due in Esquimaux about the 18th December. Before the departure of the flag-ship Warspite and others of the fleet Victoria was even more gay than usual. Among other entertainments a very successful ball was given by the Lieut.-Governor and Mrs. Nelson. A brilliant fancy dress ball, given by Mrs. Ward, was one of the events of the season. A Polo club has been organized and is now endeavouring to secure grounds in Beacon Hill Park. This is an ideal situation for recreation grounds of all kinds and forms one of the chief attractions of the picturesque city of Victoria. On Saturday afternoons the scene at Beacon Hill is an animated one. The crowds of happy looking people, the vehicles and turn-outs of every description, well-appointed and otherwise, the bright, summer toilets of the women, the games of cricket, foot ball and lacrosse going on amid the cheers of the spectators and music of the bands, the soft balmy air laden with fragrance and the green back ground of embowered trees,—all these give an impression of gay brilliancy not soon to be forgotten.

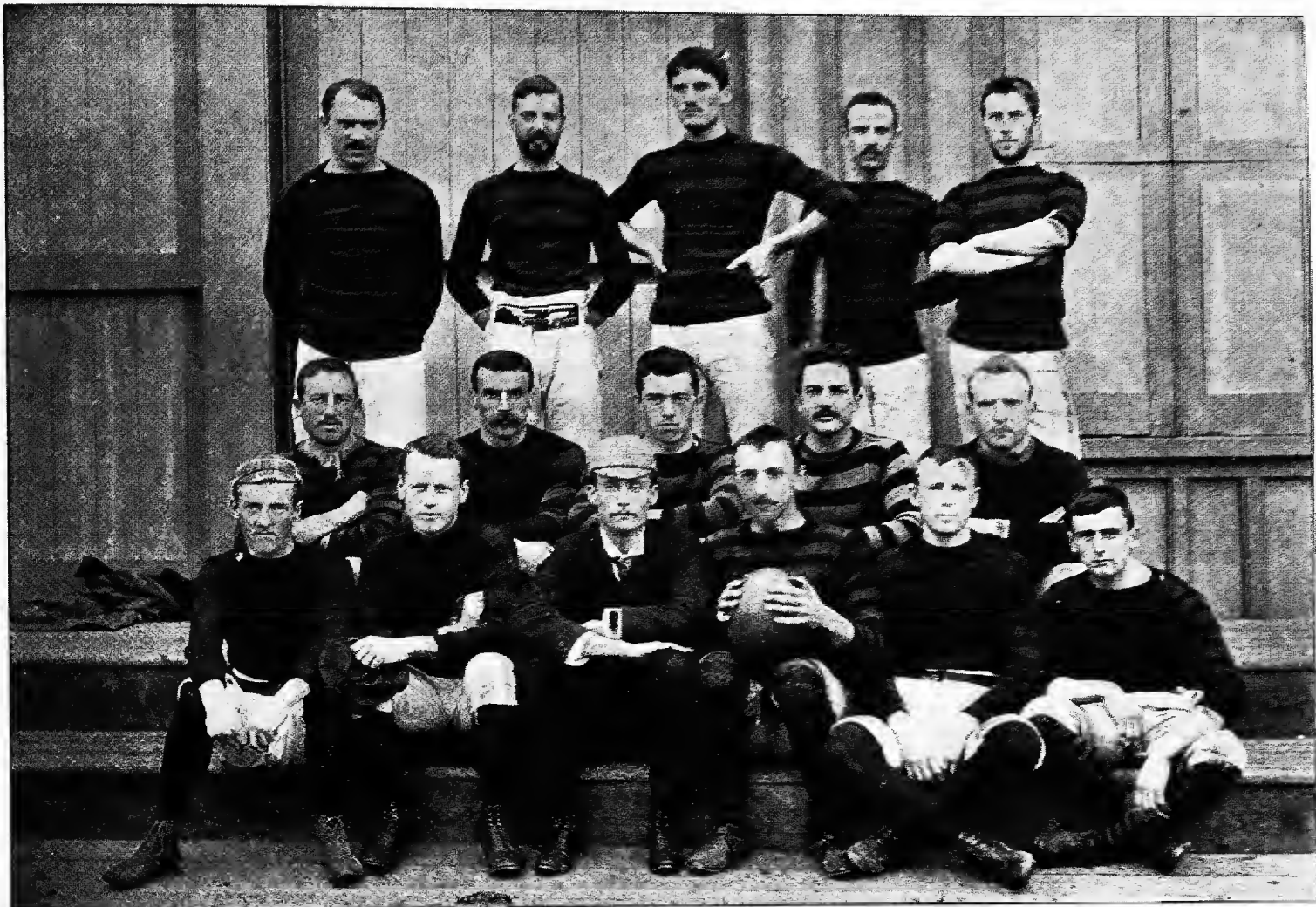
Still less can we ever forget the glorious view that breaks upon us as we turn and look across the sparkling waters of the Strait of Juan de Fuca, where bathed in sunlight the snowy splendour of the Olympian range rises in a delicate wave-like outline of shining peaks clear-cut against the sky.

LENNON.

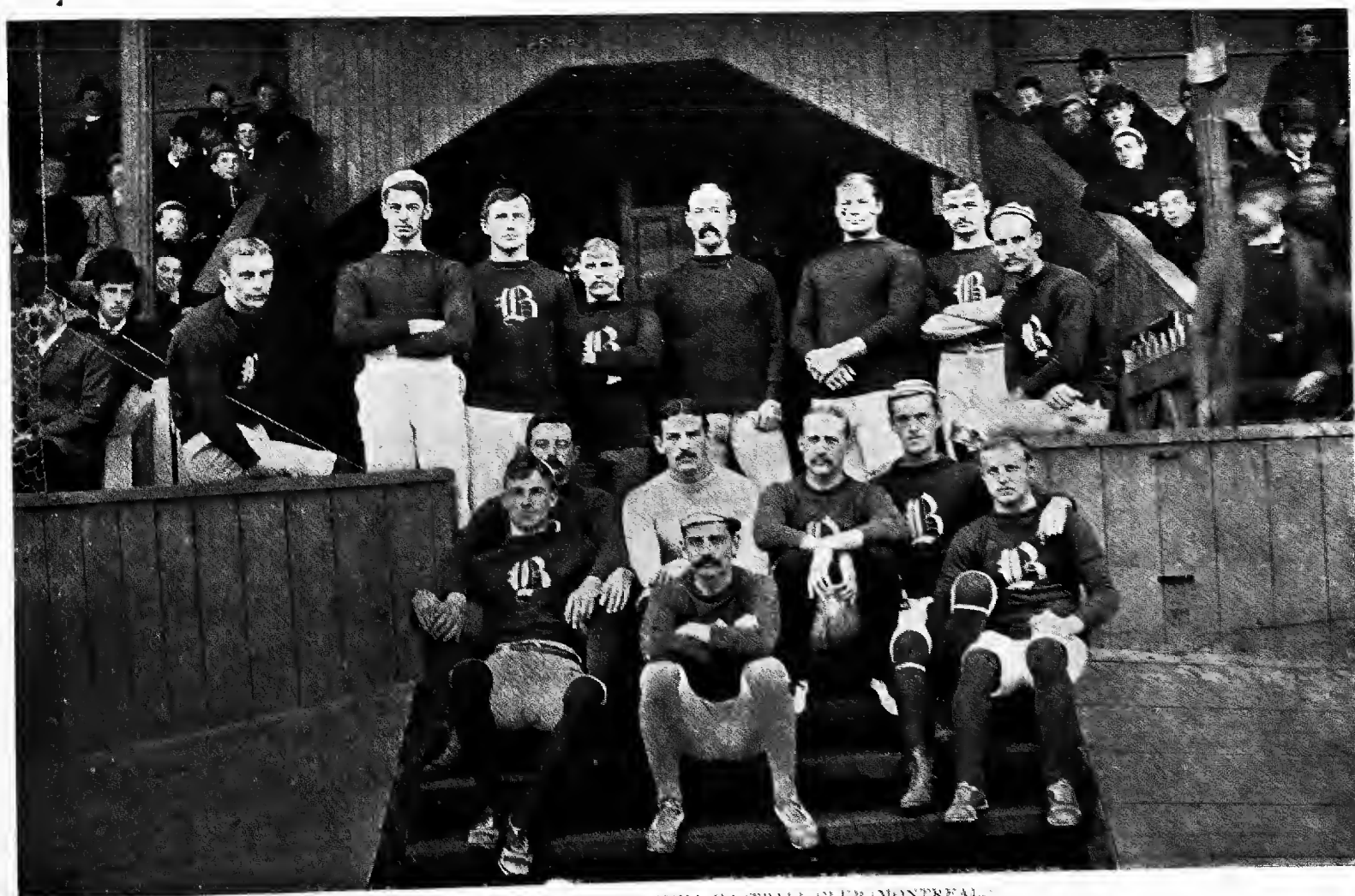
One of the most popular books ever published in Germany is the illustrated work on zoology, by the late Dr. Brehm, called "Thierleben." This work has been translated into seven languages, and of the German edition almost 100,000 copies have been printed. A new edition is now being issued with additions by eminent specialists and with a thousand new illustrations.



THE DRY DOCK, ESQUIMAULT, B. C.
(Messrs. W. Notman & Son, photo.)



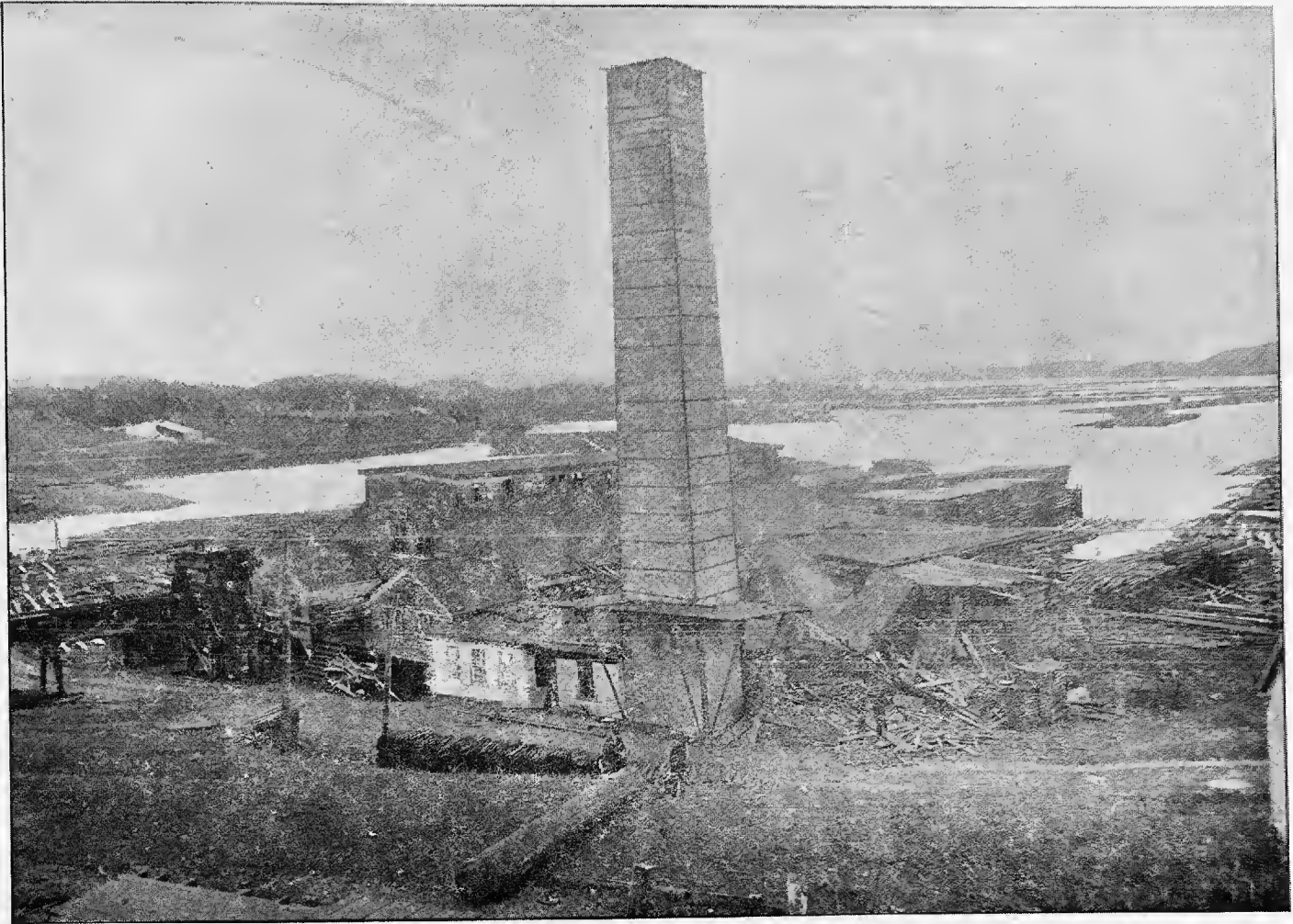
FIRST FIFTEEN OF HAMILTON FOOTBALL CLUB—Champion of Ontario.



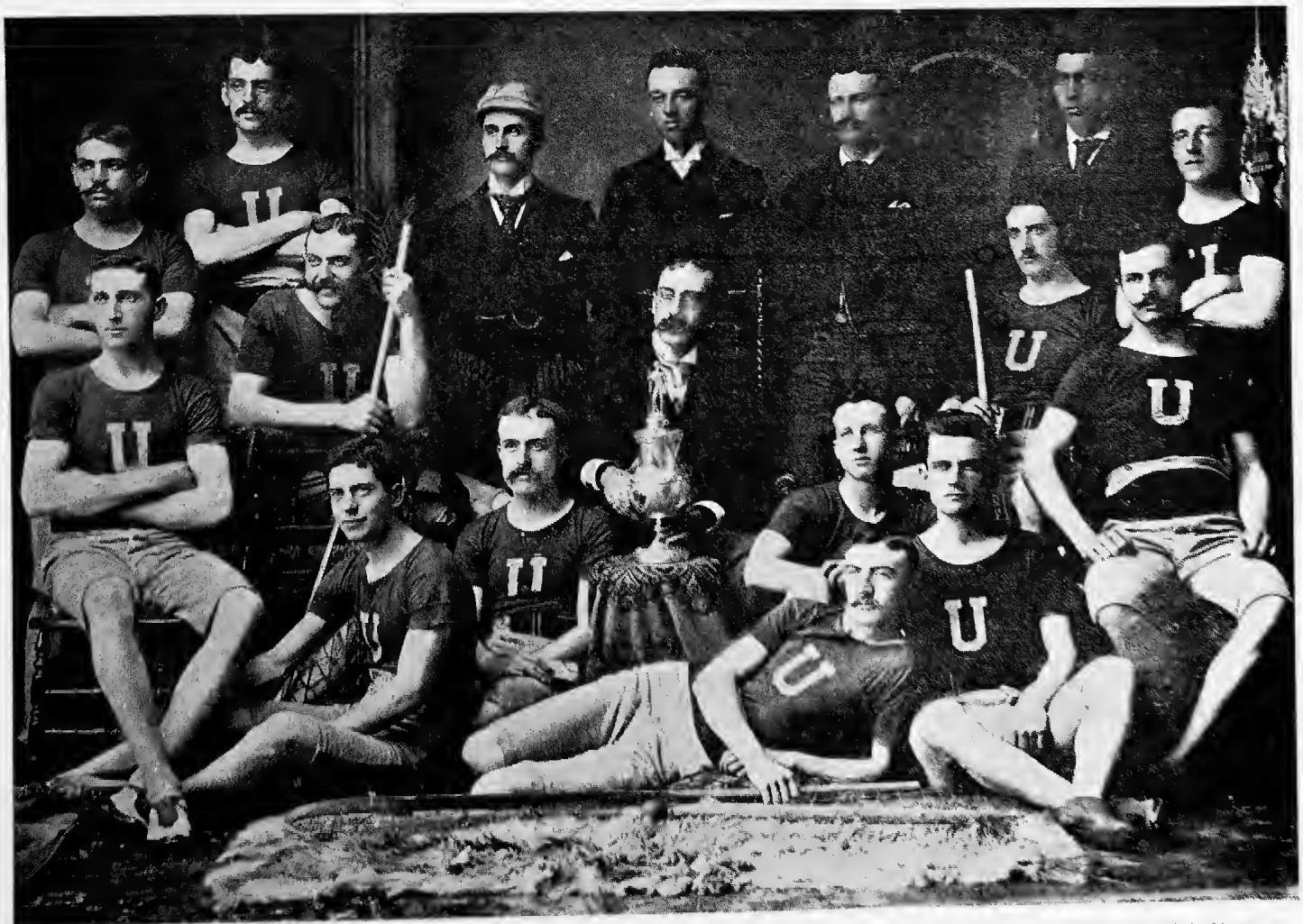
FIRST FIFTEEN OF BRITANNIA FOOTBALL CLUB (MONTREAL).
CANADIAN RUGBY FOOTBALL TEAMS.



SKETCHES AT VICTORIA RIFLES' FAIR, 8th to 13 DECEMBER.
(By our special artist.)



SCENE AFTER RECENT FATAL EXPLOSION NEAR ST. JOHN, N.B.



J. H. Davis, A. Williams, W. B. Esson, Capt., T. O'Reilly, H. H. Allingham, Sec., R. J. Armstrong, F. P. Magee,
 R. Bartsch, V. G. R. Vickers, G. Wetmore Merritt, Pres., J. McParlane, G. K. McLeod, S. T. Tufts,
 W. E. Jones, J. S. Esson, F. J. Mahon, W. McCallrey.

UNION LACROSSE CLUB OF ST. JOHN, N.B., Champions of the Maritime Provinces.



Mr. A. I. Hubbard, Secretary.

NEW RINK OF THE MONTREAL CURLING CLUB.

Mr. F. Stauchliffe, President.

Our Toronto Letter.

[From our own correspondent.]

TORONTO, December, 1890.

"Figaro here! Figaro there!" used to sing the Queen's tutor, and the favourite basso of his day, Signor La Clache, and so I have always called *Il Barbieri* Figaro, with the emphasis on the Fig. Yesterday when I asked Mr. Winnifell if the Paris *Figaro* was in yet, I was contentedly ignorant; but a gentleman in the store, who probably pitied my gross stupidity, was most careful to enquire immediately after me if he could see the *Figaro*—a gentle hint, which I am greatly obliged to him for thinking I should be quick enough to take. To-day, however, I say Figaro in gentle imitation of the genial singer whose broad white waistcoat even now gleams upon my vision. What a beautiful *Figaro* this year's Christmas Number is! Such softness of design and brilliancy of colouring! Such lovely tones in sepia, blues and browns! Such drawings! And then the wealth of its letter-press, its stories, poems, music, its jokes, puns and fun! But why do they send us the soup without its salt—the French in English? It seems to me that no one ought to have a *Figaro* that cannot read it in the mother-tongue. The French language has such capabilities of expression, such delicacy of touch, such quick sarcasm, such duality, if one may call it so, that power of expressing an idea that will awaken a thought beyond itself—not the *double entendre* which is vulgar and ill-smelling, but the prose that echoes poetry. No matter how well a translation is done one misses the perfume of the flower. I shall get a French *Figaro* even at the large expenditure of a dollar and a half, but I do not want an English one.

And the other Christmas papers. So many and so beautiful. One hardly knows how to choose, still a couple of illustrations among the many your correspondent lingered over take precedence of them all. They are two belonging to that modest but always excellent Christmas Number, *Yule-Tide*. "Sweet Seventeen" and "Sweeter Seventy." Can seventy be so beautiful? one asks, gazing upon the picture of a lovely old lady with white hair, soft, clear flesh like that of an infant, in soft white laces at neck and throat. Then let me live to seventy.

But we must not stop at the English papers, for have we not our own? Here is *Saturday Night*, for instance, as large as the largest, as rich with illustrations, as "full of meat" as the best of them, and Canadian! Mr. Sheppard himself has a story, and he is no mean story-writer, as "Dolly" can testify. Pauline Johnson has a poem, and of such quality is the number full.

I do not like to hear of any offence against good-taste, pun—taste in our theatres; but Dumas' "Clemenceau Case," as given at the Grand by a New York company, has drawn upon itself many strictures. Prudery is one thing, and vulgar realism another. We object to both, but if the choice is between two evils give us prudery.

I know a "case," that would furnish an equally attractive and yet perfectly pure piece for dramatic representation, and it has the merit of being Canadian, also. "L'Affaire Sougraine" (Darveau, Quebec, 1884), of our poet and author, M. Leon Pamphile Le May, is the "case"

I refer to. The plot of the novel—for novel it is—is strong enough, the characters strange, quaint, piquant, the circumstances Canadian, and the range of scene from the far North-West to Montreal. Why cannot we have it on our boards, then? Somebody was praising somebody else a week or two ago for having introduced a "Canuck" into a play. Surely, it is the irony of fate, or we should have had our own Canucks on our own boards long ago. Have we not yet outgrown the barbarism that needs coarseness to amuse it? If we have, there is plenty of Canadian drama for us to regale ourselves and the world with, full of wit and mirth, of wisdom and sentiment, and free from sense, when it means sensuality. Surely we are old enough to make our *debut* in this as in other of the arts.

Mrs. Harrison's charming volume of verse is out this week, and all who have read "Seranus" are expecting a treat. Some of the poems have appeared in the periodical press, I hear, but we shall all be glad to read them again; while the new ones—those that have not before been printed—are something to be anticipated. "Pine, Rose and Fleur-de Lis" is the elegant title of the book, and it is published by Kent & Co., King street, Toronto. Mrs. Harrison excels in the *vers de société* which Austin Dobson has made so fashionable and illustrated by such charming examples in his own work, and our "Seranus" comes not far behind him.

"From Grave to Gay, from Lively to Severe," brings us to a very important work that has just been published here by Williamson, King street, Toronto. "The Hittites," by Rev. John Campbell, LL.D., of your city, is the work of a man who has scarcely his equal for learning on the continent. We have all been accustomed to read our Bibles so cursorily, to be satisfied with such vague conclusions on its simply-told statements, and to view the past (especially of a people who have fallen) from the exaggerated importance that attaches itself to an unchallenged present, that to learn that the peoples whose unfamiliar names and lost geography we repeat so glibly at school or at home, at church or in our closets, were great nations, the equals in power, civilization and riches of great nations of to-day, is to give us a new revelation. And not only of the people themselves—the Hittites, and as has also been lately told, the Amalekites—but of the Jews themselves, the Chosen People, the receivers of the oracles of God; whose literature is equal to that of the most cultivated people the world has ever seen; whose history has been miraculously preserved and with which has been embalmed the only cosmogony the world knows; that history of itself that is still a revelation of itself and a prophecy. A people whose priests, prophets and poets are and have always been the models of all others. Truly, it is little we know of a people whose very punishments are a prophecy, and of whom came the Light of the World. They are very profound thanks that we owe to those patient students to us treasures the like of which we have never dreamed of, and reveal to us secrets in which are concealed the truths of our most holy faith. Days are these which kings and prophets have desired to see, yet have died without the sight. Let us not be too vain, and so lose our opportunities.

I learn with pleasure that one of your contributors, Mr. Matthew Richey Knight, is to publish a monthly, to be called *Canada*. It is a good name, loyal and comprehensive, and opens a far vista of possibilities. Prof. G. C. D. Roberts, Rev. Arthur Lockhart and other of our Canadian literati are to honour the first number by their presence. It is to appear in January, and will be well got up, the mechanical work being in the hands of the Nova Scotia Printing Company. Success to the new venture!

Personal and Literary Notes.

Lady Brooke, who was, as Miss Maynard, known as one of the greatest heiresses, has perfected a scheme for teaching sewing to the children in her district which would bear inspection from other intending philanthropists.

A New Yorker who recently spent some time in the literary circles of London, says there must be at least one hundred biographies of Mr. Gladstone already in manuscript, awaiting the event of his death, at which time they will be ready for publication in book form.

The Canadian Methodists have been asked to contribute \$500 to provide one of the seven pillars for the City Road chapel, London, to be built in commemoration of John Wesley.

The Faskally Mansion House shootings and fishings in the county of Perth, Scotland, have been let to Sir George Stephen. The shootings extend to 10,840 acres, and the mansion house is at the south entrance to the Pass of Killiecrankie, near the junction of the Tummel and Garry, the Falls of Tummel and the Pass of Killiecrankie being within the Faskally policies.

The *Gazette*, of India, recently announced the departmental promotion of Lieuts. Cartwright and Duff of the Royal Engineers. These promising young officers are attached to the public works department in British India, and now grade as 1st class assistant engineers. Cartwright and Duff are ex-Kingstonians.

"My Own Canadian Home."

At the coming Christmas closing exercises, for the first time in the history of our country, the school children of Canada from the Atlantic to the Pacific will sing their own national song, "My Own Canadian Home." This is largely owing to the generosity of Mr. J. E. Ganong, of St. Stephen, N.B., who has presented copies to all the teachers and to the scholars of the principal cities of the Dominion, in all 95,000 copies.

The words of this song were written in 1888 by Mr. E. G. Nelson, and printed by order of the Department of Education on the covers of educational matter. In August of the present year they were set to music by Mr. Morley McLaughlin, and both the composers being residents of St. John, the Board of Trade of that city forwarded a copy, with a printed note, to every paper in Canada. The song is now played by the principal bands of America, including Gilmour's, Salem Cadets and the Washington Marine, and Mr. Ganong announces his intention of presenting the band score to every band in the Dominion.

FOR FAITH and KING

a Romance of Ville-Marie

By BLANCHÉ L. MACDONELL.

CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

She inspected everything curiously, fathomed intentions and analysed motives, listened and smiled suavely, but made no secret of the fact that her sympathies were not with the priest party.

Anne Barroy, a cousin and poor relation of the Le Ber family, who acted as attendant to the recluse and who was the only person who ever came into direct personal contact with Jeanne, headed the priestly faction. Anne had a stealthy way of moving noiselessly, with eyes modestly cast down and hands folded piously, as she groaned ostentatiously *Aves*, but Nanon boldly declared that Mam'zelle Anne had eyes in the back of her head and a nose long enough to reach the utmost limit of everybody's business. Mademoiselle Barroy entertained profound convictions of the worthlessness and wickedness of the world in general, and seriously disapproved of Madame de Monestrol and her niece in particular. She was ever in active antagonism to Nanon, whose sauciness, audacity and power of sharp retort rendered her a formidable antagonist.



NANON.

"With foutanges and paniers, coquetry and late suppers, they have no regard for their souls," Anne muttered enviously. "Forgetting the promises of their baptism, like the unhappy Pretextat, spoken of by our holy bishop, who had her hands suddenly withered and died five months afterwards, and was immediately precipitated into hell, because, by order of her husband, she curled the hair of her niece and attired her after a worldly fashion."

In reality Anne was a dull, narrow-minded woman, desperately loyal to her own convictions and jealously aware that her only chance of distinction rested upon the claims of her saintly charge to superior sanctity.

"They feast these sinners while that angel eats only the food left by the servants, and that only after it has become unfit for human consumption—mouldy, indeed. A horse hair shirt and belt, shoes of corn, clothed in rags,—but I leave them to the wrath of God and the saints."

A youth of noble family, who had been sent out to the colony on a *lettre de cachet*, was also a member of Jacques Le Ber's household. It was whispered that Louis de Thèvet, Sieur d'Ardieux, had incurred the enmity of his uncle, a great noble, by a series of graceless escapades. His own stories were always plausible. Having the misfortune to lose his father, so his tale ran, he was in hopes of succeeding him as *Lieutenant-Général des Eaux et Forêts* of the Duchy of Valois, a hereditary office in his family, when his uncle and younger brother compelled him to sell it, promising him that the *Duc de Guise* would give him a lieutenancy of infantry. He was secretly arrested and taken to the Citadel de Guise, at Châteaux Thierry, whence he was soon removed in a chain gang to the Islands. Afterwards sent to Canada, he was left by his relatives entirely without resources. An effort had been made to send him to Louisiana, but he resolutely refused to serve as a private soldier, alleging as a reason that he was of noble birth. Backed by Le Ber's powerful influence he contrived successfully to elude all efforts to dispose of him contrary to his own inclinations, and regarding his hopes, aspirations and desires the Sieur d'Ardieux had not the slightest hesitation about taking the whole colony into his confidence.

"The youth has expectations, nor can his uncle live forever. He may yet be a great noble with powerful influence at Court," decided Le Ber, when he offered the young man the shelter of his own roof.

Amidst these conflicting elements Lydia Longlois con-

trived to steer her course dexterously and to win golden opinions from all. In her own home she had been taught to regard the French as blood-thirsty Pagans, but she was compliant and adaptable and was quite as ready to adopt these people's faith and opinions as their fashions and manners. Père Henri de Meril, of the Seminary, who spoke English and devoted himself especially to the conversion of heretics, declared that she was the most interesting convert it had ever been his privilege to instruct. If the English captive were occasionally betrayed by the levity of youth, it was the worldliness of the *Demoiselle de Monestrol* that was alone to blame. It would be sacrilege to blame the pretty creature's innocent frivolity and simplicity for other than childish vanity. A beguiling innocence was one of her characteristics, and Lydia had an easy way of explaining herself to be always in the right. She had a gift of tact and a surface gentleness that enabled her to accommodate herself readily to her surroundings. Her soft amiability and her teachableness were flattering and touching. Her pure and simple beauty would have shone alike at a cottage door or in the hall of princes,—every glance was an appeal, every smile a poem. During the long illness that followed the English girl's removal to Ville Marie, Diane nursed her with tender devotion. Lydia's trials and sufferings invested her with a mysterious halo of romance. The *Demoiselle de Monestrol*'s generous imagination conferred upon the stranger qualities of which the Puritan maiden had formed no conception. Hating pain, she was only too well pleased to be allowed to forget the past; finding herself flattered and caressed she asked nothing better than to enjoy the delights of the present. Lydia had no enthusiasm; no spiritual insight; no warm, human sympathy to render the strict, severe rule of her childhood endurable. An orphan, thrown upon the charity of distant and reluctant relatives, she had ever been at variance with her own environment. She hated to think of the unloveliness of those early years, of the repression of all her natural inclinations. Without in the least realizing the fact Lydia had been bored to extinction. Her shortcomings had been disdained and sharply chidden by her thrifty New England kindred. She had only had a dim suspicion that she was beautiful; she had never worn costly and tasteful raiment; had never listened to the voice of flattery. Now, when she had escaped from the account of her own misdeeds, which had always been so heavily visited upon her, and which were to be still more actively recited later in fire and brimstone, the Puritan settlement of Grotton, near Boston, with its memories of friends and neighbours, precise restraint and rigid formality, became merely an unpleasant remembrance to be crushed out of sight. All the severe discipline of her New England training fell from her like a cast-off garment. Lydia learned French with marvellous rapidity. She donned powder and patches, fans and feathers as though to the manner born. She acquired a deliciously arch imitation of the Marquise's superb airs, and if she missed Diane's dainty grace her coquetry had yet a touch of sweet naturalness as of a child's affectation and extravagance. The two whose favour she failed to win and who quietly arrived at a very distinct perception of the situation, were Madame de Monestrol and Nanon.

"Plebeian to the core," smelling at her *flacon* as if to keep off infection, Madame nodded her stately head sagaciously. "Dame! all that will count for nothing. This English girl will keep all she gets and is clever at getting. The little one waters a barren field."

"Bah! that crocodile blonde demoiselle," Nanon bristled up fiercely. "There are two words to a bargain, and our demoiselle will always be a loser, for she is of those who give, the other—a sponge, indeed—of those who absorb all and yield nothing in return."

CHAPTER V.

"Il faut un peu légèrement et sagement ficeler ce monde et le glisser, non l'enfoncer."—MONTAIGNE III, 10.

A frontier town, at the head of the colony, Ville Marie was the natural resort of desperadoes of every description, offering a singular contrast between the rigor of its clerical seigneurs and the riotous licence of the wild crews that invested it. While a portion of the population were given up to practices of mystical piety, others gambled, drank and stole; if hard pressed by justice they had only to cross the river and place themselves beyond seigneurial jurisdiction. The citizens of Montreal were mostly disbanded soldiers, fur traders and *coureurs de bois* a riotous and turbulent tribe, whose control taxed the patience, tact and ingenuity of its priestly governors to the utmost. Scarcely more than a village in dimensions, limited as was the sphere of action, here existence offered many striking contrasts. In love with an exquisite ideal, men and women struggled to attain purity and unselfishness, nursed the sick and fed the hungry, loved and forgave, lived in godly fear and died fortified by eternal

hope, side by side with those who yielded themselves up to a most boundless licence.

Beautifully situated as it was between Mount Royal and the St. Lawrence, at that early date, Ville Marie could scarcely be termed imposing in appearance. It was busy and bustling, having once been described as "a place which makes so much noise, but is of such small account." The town wore an aspect half military, half monastic. At sunrise and sunset a squad of soldiers paraded in front of the Citadel, patrols marched through the streets at night, church bells, deep and sweet-mouthed, rang out the Angelus daily. Quaint steeples and turrets cleft the misty pallor of the sky, and the preponderance of large buildings, churches and convents imparted a substantial appearance to the town, which the number of its population and its scanty resources scarcely warranted. A row of small compact dwellings extended along a narrow street, then, as now, known as St. Paul street. The streets were well laid out. Some few of the houses were of stone, but most were of wood, with gables of stone as required by law, and roofs covered with shingles. All outlying houses were pierced with loop-holes and fortified as well as the slender means of their owners would permit. The gardens were mostly fenced by pointed cedar stakes and with poles firmly tied together. On the right hand and on the left, gloomy and silent, arose the primeval woods. Boats and canoes were drawn up on the shore, and there voyageurs swaggered and swore, and Indians, whom, what Charlevoix quaintly terms "a light tinge of Christianity," had scarcely reclaimed from savagery, squatted in sullen apathy or quarrelled with brutal ferocity. Fields, studded with scarred and blackened stumps, between which crops were growing, stretched away to the edges of the bordering forest, and the green, shaggy back of the mountain towered over all.

Crowning the hill on the right stood the wind mill of the Seigneurs, built of rough stone and pierced with loop-holes to serve in time of need as a place of defence. This mill had a right to claim one-fourth of the grain brought to be ground. Of this the miller received one-third as his share, and the Seminary required that the inhabitants should have all their corn ground there or at one of the other mills owned by the priests. On the left, standing on an artificial elevation, at an angle formed by the junction of a swift glancing rivulet with the St. Lawrence, was a square, bastioned fort of stone. This was the Citadel of Ville Marie. About 1640 M. d'Ailleboust had removed the palisade of stakes that had formerly protected it and erected two solid bastions. The fort was provided with artillery, and here, in command of soldiers of the regiment of Carignan Salière, resided the military governor appointed by the Seminary. Overlooking the river, pictured in the limpid waters beneath, appeared the Church of Notre Dame de Bonsecours, whose walls of rough, gray stone had presented a symbol of hope to the yearning eyes of many a weary voyageur, many a travel-stained emigrant.

The Hotel Dieu, founded in 1644 by Madame de Bouillon, fronted on both St. Paul and St. Joseph streets, and was the abode of much charity, tender devotion and heroic self-abnegation. The nuns, a brave sisterhood, were nobly conspicuous in the annals of the colony, excelling in those acts of self-denial which had become symbols of faithful obedience to God and loving brotherhood with man. Beneath the snow-white wimples of these women beat hearts as courageous as ever stirred under robe of statesman or gorget of soldier. The buildings consisted of hospital, convent and church. The latter stood on St. Paul street and was in stone, in Tuscan style, surmounted by a triangular pediment and cross. On a gently swelling knoll, west of the Citadel, was the edifice erected by M. Charon as a hospital. The buildings of the Congregation of Notre Dame faced St. Paul street, while the back windows overlooked the river, the whole surrounded by a high stone wall. Here Marguerite Bourgeoys, assisted by a band of noble women, who for the love of certain eternal verities, always abiding in faithful hearts, patiently reasserting themselves, generation after generation, in the face of scorn and doubt, yet ever ready to be revealed to pure and loving souls in infinite sweetness and consolation, had laboured for the conversion of the savages, and here the young girls of Ville Marie received all the instruction they were likely to obtain.

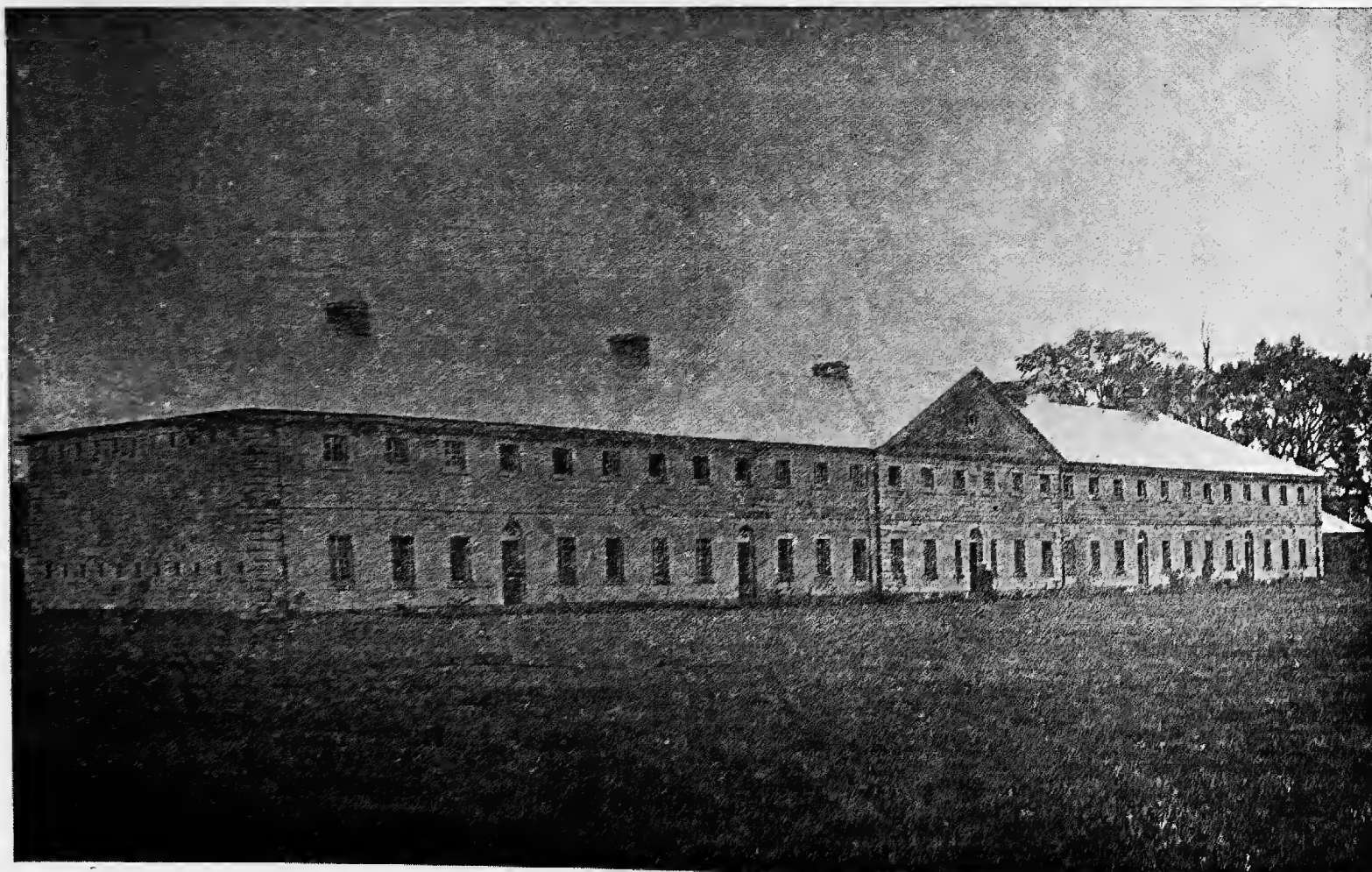
Back of the settlement, from the Citadel out past the Parish Church, ran a rough country road. Fronting the river, on the line of the street, were the inclosures and buildings of the Seminary, fortified as was the Hotel Dieu to resist an Iroquois attack. The ancient edifice was the same shape as the present, forming three sides of a square with spacious grounds. The priests' gardens were already renowned in the settlement for the delicious quality of their pears and apples. In their case, order, method, industry and frugality had borne abundant fruit; the air of thrift and comfort which characterized all the Seigneur's belongings presented a painful contrast with the extreme penury of the colonists. The Parish Church of Notre Dame was directly in the centre of Notre Dame street,—in front of the site of the present church. It was a low edifice, built of rough stone, pointed with mortar, the high-pitched, tin-covered roof reflecting the sunshine in a dazzling fashion. The principal entrance was at the south end, and on the south-west corner was a tower surmounted by a belfry.

The public market was close to the St. Lawrence, directly facing the Seminary property; it was a favourite rendezvous for all the loiterers of the town, as were also the public pumps, which, for the convenience of citizens, were placed near the cemetery, at the Market Place and in the Jesuits' garden.

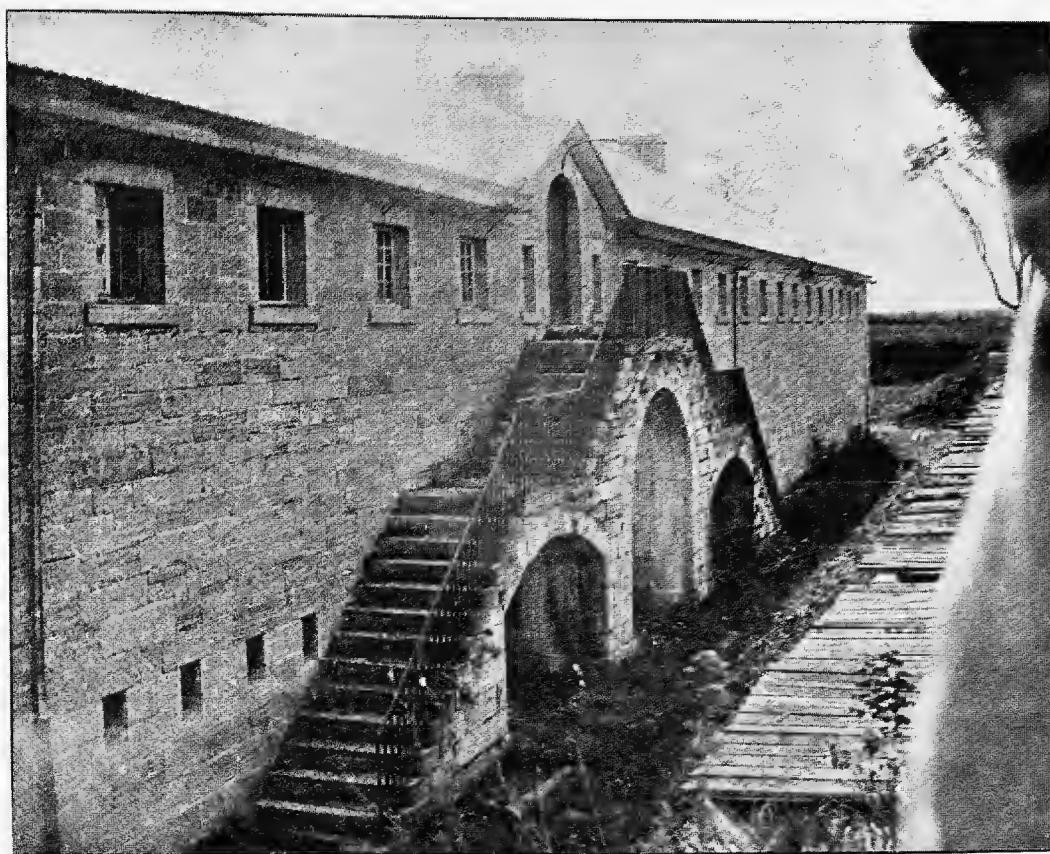
(To be continued.)



VIEW OF OFFICERS' QUARTERS, GUARD ROOMS &c., FROM CENTRE OF PARADE GROUND, LOOKING TOWARDS MAIN GATE.



THE BARRACKS.—FRONT VIEW.
HISTORIC CANADA, VII.—ILE-AUX-NOIX, III.



THE BARRACKS.—BACK VIEW.

HISTORIC CANADA. VII.—ILE-AUX-NOIX. III.

HISTORIC CANADA, VII.
Ile-aux-Noix.

PART III.—UNDER THE BRITISH.

The next incident connected with Ile-aux-Noix was very unsatisfactory, if not disgraceful. The result of the second attack on Plattsburg and the American fleet shows how official blundering can inflict greater loss on its own side than a powerful enemy.

"During the summer of 1814 each party strove to out-build the other. The Americans being quite at home got 'a formidable force equipped before the principal vessel of the British was even off the stocks. This vessel, named 'the Confiance,' was launched at Ile-aux-Noix on the 25th 'of August.' The fleet then consisted of one ship, one brig, two sloops and ten gunboats, the Confiance carrying 270 men and boys, the whole naval force of the British amounting to 1,426 tons of shipping, guns aggregating 765 lbs., and 710 men and boys. I quote these details from James, as before, on account of the incorrectness, to put it mildly, of the American narratives.

On September 10th Sir George Prevost ordered an attack on Plattsburgh, which was to be supported by the land troops, and the next day, "with the carpenters still working at her, and half finished as she was, the Confiance, accompanied by the other British vessels, stood into the 'enemy's bay.' The American fleet was about the same as ours, numerically, but otherwise much stronger, carrying guns aggregating 1,194 lbs, their tonnage amounting to 2,540, and manned by 898 seamen, besides detachments from the 6th, 15th and 33rd regiments of infantry, acting as marines.

Prevost instead of responding to the signals of the fleet to co-operate, according to his own previous instructions, ordered the troops to cook their dinner. Meanwhile one of the British sloops struck a reef, Capt. Downie, of the Confiance, was killed early in the action, and the ship itself, owing to its unfinished condition, could not be manoeuvred readily enough to bring all its guns to bear as required; seven of the gun-boats, which were only manned by landsmen, as our naval author takes care to tell us, disgraced themselves by flight, leaving six of our vessels to receive the fire of the American fleet and forts.

After an action of 2 hours and 20 minutes and a loss of 129 killed and wounded on our part (over 18 per cent. of the whole force) the Confiance, the Linnet (brig) and the Chub surrendered. The Finch, which ran aground, and the Chub were the two prizes captured from the Americans the year before at Ile-aux-Noix.

Active hostilities ceased soon after this action and peace was finally restored by the treaty of Ghent in December.

This post continued to be garrisoned until the withdrawal of the British troops by the Gladstone government, the garrison being reinforced during part of the Fenian excitement by a detachment of the Montreal Garrison Artillery.

The photographer has done his work so thoroughly that there is no need to describe Fort Lennox as it stands today.

But, if I may be allowed, I wish to enter a protest against such a valuable property being destroyed through sheer neglect. Whether it will ever be of great military

importance again or not is a matter for military experts to determine, though military experts are not always infallible when it comes to prophesying. In the meantime it will suffice to remember that when Ile-aux-Noix fell into the hands of an invader, the same fate befell Montreal; and when Ile-aux-Noix proved to be "too hard a nut to crack," Montreal was safe.

It is not now a question whether it would be wise to expend thousands or millions in fortifying it, but whether the thousands or millions which have already been spent there should be utterly thrown away and lost.

When I was there the *one* pensioner, who constituted its whole garrison, was doing what he was able to check decay and delapidation, opening doors and windows in warm, dry weather, and shutting them against the cold and damp, but in spite of his efforts the blue mould was getting in its work, just as it did at the Levis forts, until a penny-wise pound-foolish government was forced to spend a few dollars on coal and stoves so as to keep them dry. Our government "by the people, for the people, &c." seems to have millions for railways of doubtful utility, and is generous with superannuation funds for the benefit of political hacks, but when it comes to spending a few dollars to keep in repair military works that have cost enormous sums, then we are so dreadfully economical that we cannot afford it.

To "jack-up" a few of the key-stones that are in danger of dropping out and to clinch them in their places with iron wedges, and to purchase a few stoves and enough fuel to keep the place dry, would not cost very many dollars per annum, any more than would the pay of one or two extra pensioners to assist the garrison of one.

Even were it certain that the place will never be needed for defence again it would be worth preserving as an historical monument, almost equal in interest to the fort at Chambly, for the restoration of which the Government did make a grant. But its chief claim is on the score of utility and real economy; its position in regard to Lake Champlain is that of the stopper to a bottle. We have found it exceedingly convenient to cork up that bottle in the past, and may, on some future occasion, need to do so again. Providence and the Mother Country have placed that stopper in our hands, and we would be very silly to throw it away. The millennium has not come yet, and so long as we are spending \$900,000 or a million a year on our volunteers, it would be very inconsistent to allow our forts to fall into decay.

R. C. LYMAN.

WOMAN'S DOMAIN.

In October and the first part of November there is a lull between the summer and the winter gaieties, but with the advent of December our city once more awakens to the gay, social life for which it is noted. So far, the season promises to be an unusually brilliant one, and our leaders of society are preparing for the round of balls, dinner-parties and five o'clock teas, though the last named is giving place to a newer fad—that of an afternoon dance—which is to commence at four o'clock and end at seven. Dinner dress is the correct thing, so as to be ready at the close for any dinner engagement.

One or two large children's parties are upon the tapis for the holidays—genuine old-fashioned parties—such as our grandmothers love to talk of. These have been planned to be, as much as possible, on the same model, and no doubt the children will thoroughly enjoy them, and not the children only, but those who are happy enough to have an invitation to help to amuse them. Those who can enter into the fun and frolic confess that it has been every whit as pleasant to them as to the little ones, and is a change from the formalism of grown-up parties. If you wish to keep your heart young and free from the cynicism of the world, associate with the young, enter into their life and innocent gaiety.

December is also the month *par excellence* for what some, especially the sterner sex, have designated as "those dreadful bazaars." These declare, with a good deal of truth, that their wives spend half their time in making things, only to buy them in again. Many of our churches have abandoned bazaars altogether substituting in their stead the giving of money, and really it is surprising how well it has worked. A good many declared, when it was proposed to do away with bazaars, that the people would not be willing to give money, but the churches that have adopted the plan find that they make as much, if not more, and without the amount of trouble that the bazaar entailed. At a recent meeting held at Rideau Hall in connection with the Institution for Trained Nurses, at Ottawa, to discuss how it would be best to meet the expenses of furnishing the institution, Her Excellency Lady Stanley expressed a strong disapproval of raising money by means of bazaars for any charitable object.

No doubt, in a few years more, bazaars and fancy fairs in connection with churches will be a thing of the past. The minister, who lately had to have the arrears of his salary paid through the means of a series of tableaux, etc., must long for his parishioners to adopt the tenth-giving plan.

The bazaar of the season was that held at the Armory in aid of the building. Seldom has there been seen a more fascinating and beautiful sight than that presented in the Victoria Armory, which was transformed into a great eastern mart, where a variety of goods, suitable for holiday gifts, were displayed. But though these were most gorgeous the great attraction was the fair dames and maidens who officiated at the stalls, making in all one of the prettiest and most delightful gatherings Montreal has had for some time. A description of the fair appears in this number.

Our first snow-fall has seemingly come to stay, greatly to the delight of those who dislike a green Christmas. The display of holiday gifts in the shops is this year even richer and daintier than ever. And one wishes for the purse of Fortunatus to invest in the many lovely articles that meet the eye. Both the Chinese and Japanese stores are showing some rare and lovely goods from their different countries. In the former a very beautiful set of China is displayed. Messrs. Sharpley and Sons have a very fine display of Royal Worcester China, which is very beautiful, and offers a tempting inducement to the Christmas buyer. A very rich and varied assortment is also to be seen at Messrs. Birks & Co., and no one need go away unsatisfied.



BEAVER GROUP.—Of all animals, none are more deserving of our intelligent attention than the interesting creatures depicted in our engraving, yet few are more difficult to study. Original investigators have diligently sought to answer all our questionings by excursions to the beaver's lonely haunts. But soon this opportunity will disappear, for ere long the beaver will have passed for ever from our land, and then to the museums alone may we turn for information. We should, therefore, preserve with the utmost care the material still at hand. Several remarkable points are embodied in the carefully arranged group reproduced in our illustration. The attempt is here made to present as much of the life of the beaver as could be portrayed within the limits of ten superficial feet; and by the art of taxidermy to set forth the features and accomplishments of these busy workers, happily displayed in their double domain of earth and water. The first essential is that the animal should be typical for size, and as we find here a magnificent adult specimen whose live weight would approximate to fifty pounds and, by way of contrast, a six months old "kitten," whose weight when living did not reach ten pounds. The second requirement is that (while the specimens maintain a perfectly natural position) the tails shall boldly exhibit their absolutely unique character; this much abused and quite unfamiliar organ having inspired a sad amount of romance—for man has decreed that, if the tail is not, it should be, used as a spade or trowel. Now, observe the curious hind feet, with their ample webbing, so suggestive of their aquatic affinity, and note the more curious arming of the second digit with compound claws. Passing over the most conspicuous beaver-features, let us glance at the diminutive, yet nimble, front feet and the eyes so disproportionately small, while well adapted for use under water. The ears are scarcely discernible in the deep, soft fur of the winter coat, and the little nose almost slips our attention, which is now centred on the heavy, powerful incision teeth. These are the weapons with which he assails the forest monarchs and easily lays them low. The process is admirably explained by the immense chips which strew the ground, and the *modus operandi* is at once revealed if only the sharp-cutting teeth, the chips and the markings on the stump be carefully examined. The same tools which fell the tree soon complete the task of dividing trunk and branch into portable sections, preparatorily to transport for the requirements of dam or lodge. The bark of the tender branches furnishes the chief winter food of the family, and thus busily through the fall is the supply gathered. See the nicely peeled "whittle-sticks" in the foreground, where recently a meal has been partaken of. The staff of life, however, with beavers is something which even man does not despise, and in the quiet water will be seen the pretty flower of the pond lily, which lead us by their fragrance to anticipate the feast. The large sweet root-stems of the plants are most nutritious, and on this delicious diet does the beaver linger, as man "over the walnuts and the wine."

EXPLOSION AT SOUTH BAY, NEAR ST. JOHN, N. B.—An appalling fatal explosion took place on the 25th ult., at Mr. E. D. Jewett's mill, South Bay, an inlet of the St. John river, a few miles above the city of the same name. The wrecked buildings, with the mangled remains of the victims, made a spectacle hardly to be often beheld. The heavy brick and stone furnace walls were scattered all over the ground, while the woodwork and roof of the furnace rooms were piled up in a confused and smouldering mass. Very powerful boilers had been situated here before the catastrophe. Now they lay shattered where they had alighted after being hurled forth with terrific force and awful loss of human life. Our engraving gives a better idea of the scene of disaster and death than any words can convey. The following persons were killed immediately or fatally injured: Henry Baird, aged about 50, married, belonged to Pisarisco; James Baird, aged 16 or 17, son of Henry Baird; Andrew Wark, of Carleton, unmarried, about 24 or 25 years of age; Herbert Kelly, aged 12 or more, of South Bay; Bert Curry, aged 8 years, son of Robert Curry, of South Bay, and Michael Lynch. The latter's brother George was terribly scalded. Some of the boilers, it is said, were old and had been through an explosion at the West Head mill fourteen years before. They had been overhauled and tested, and were pronounced safe before being put in the mill. On the morning of the 27th the smouldering fire broke out afresh, and the mill was totally destroyed. The property was valued at over \$20,000, and was insured for \$15,500. It was owned by Messrs. E. D. Jewett & Co., and was built in 1870.

CAPE TOURMENTE.—Standing on the Frontenac Terrace, that incomparable boulevard of which all Quebecers

so proud, the spectator views with admiration the grand scene spread out before him, and notices in the distance a gigantic promontory (Cape Tourmente) which looms to the north and over the Island of Orleans. A party of friends resolved to ascend the mountain to enjoy a better view from its summit. Messrs. J. M. Tardival, painter; J. A. M. Gagnon, advocate, V. E. P. Hudon, of the firm of Gervais & Hudon; E. Moreau, tailor; M. A. Montinery, photographer; E. Gauvreau, S. R. Benoit and E. Huot, of the Banque Nationale, left Quebec on the 25th of October last at 6.30 p.m. by the Quebec, Montmorency and Charlevoix Railway, and arrived at Saint Anne de Beaupre at 8 a.m., where they remained that evening. Next morning (Sunday) they attended divine service there, and, having breakfasted, left at eight o'clock in vehicles which awaited them, and after an hour's pleasant drive reached Cape Tourmente. The day was a delightful one, such as can only be enjoyed in our Canadian fall; the ground was covered with leaves, which formed a soft footing for the jolly pleasure-seekers who, leaving behind the dust of the city, were in halting with delight the pure mountain air. The ascent was made by a pathway cut in the side of the mountain, due to the late Reverend H. Laverdière, of the Quebec Seminary, who died in 1873. Since then some thoughtful friends, wishing to perpetuate his memory, have placed on the side of the mountain a board bearing the following inscription: "Voie St. Charles, à Chs. Honoré Laverdière, l'amitié reconnaissante." (St. Charles Road. Charles Honoré Laverdière, in grateful remembrance.) A little further on another inscription reads thus: "Voie St.



MR. H. B. SMALL, Ottawa.

Honoré, à Chs. Honoré Laverdière, l'amitié reconnaissante." (St. Honoré Road. To Charles Honoré Laverdière, in grateful remembrance.) In the middle of the hill is to be found a wooden cross bearing the following words: "Montée de la Cime. Cette croix a été plantée par M. P. Guilbault en 1877. (Ascent to the Summit. This cross was erected by M. P. Guilbault in 1877.) At 10.30 the excursionists had reached the summit of the mountain, and cries of admiration escaped from their lips at the scene so grand and diversified which lay unfolded before them. At their feet rolled the majestic St. Lawrence flowing towards the sea like a gigantic serpent; to their right the beautiful Island of Orleans, in front of them Grosse Isle, where the Quarantine is situated, and still further down l'Île aux Réaux, Marguerite Island, Crane Island, and the south shore, with its steeples glittering in the sun like so many minarets. In 1869 a large cross was erected on the summit of this cape by Doctor Lemieux and his classmates, and later on, in 1870, through the efforts of Major Hamel, a beautiful chapel was built containing a fine statue of the Blessed Virgin. From a short distance towards the east, a splendid view can be had of Lake St. Joachim. What a pretty site for an observatory! remarked one of the party, as they stood 1,900 feet above the water level. It is to be hoped that ere long this idea will be realized. After a short prayer, the party partook of a hearty lunch and were then photographed by M. Montinery, who also took several other views, two of which are reproduced in this present issue. The descent was then begun and the bottom of

the cape reached after a walk of forty-five minutes. At 4 o'clock they took the train for Quebec, where they arrived shortly afterwards, highly delighted with their day's outing.

MR. H. B. SMALL, SECRETARY OF THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE, OTTAWA.—Whose likeness appears in this number, was born in England and was educated at King's College, London, and at Lincoln College, Oxford, coming out to Canada in 1853. Mr. Small has devoted much of his time to literary pursuits, and entered the Civil Service in the year 1868, when he joined the then newly formed Department of Marine and Fisheries. From this he was transferred to the Department of Agriculture in 1870, being appointed private secretary to the Hon. C. Dunkin, its minister. Rising from the position of third class clerk through all the different grades, Mr. Small was appointed secretary of the Department in January, 1889. He is the author of a number of works on the resources of Canada, and is a well-known contributor to numerous periodicals and scientific publications. He is a member of the American Institute of Mining Engineers, and of numerous literary and scientific institutions both in Canada and the United States. Mr. Small was one of the four gentlemen commissioned by government to meet and accompany the British Iron and Steel Institute through Canada on their recent visit here, and made himself exceedingly popular with our visitors. Active to a degree, and in the prime of life, he has, we hope, a long future before him.

BRITANNIA AND HAMILTON FOOTBALL CLUBS.—The unusual interest which has been taken this year in Rugby football is more than sufficient reason for presenting our readers with a series of photographs of the leading fifteens in the country. The Hamilton club, the champions of the Ontario Union, have made a record for themselves on the field during the past season that any club might well be proud of. In fact they have won the championship twice, having administered a defeat to Queen's in their first match, which, on appeal by the latter to the powers that be, was ordered to be played over again; and when the day came they simply accentuated their first victory by achieving a second one. Without a doubt the Hamilton club is the best exponent of the grand old game of Rugby in the West, and they are more particularly to be congratulated on their success from the fact that difficulties have had to be surmounted which would have discouraged a less sanguine club. The Britannias have struggled hard for a great number of years to wear the title of champions of the Quebec Union, but during the last six years have been unsuccessful. However, only one fifteen can lay claim to the title each year, and while the Brits may not wear the bays of the victor they still have the satisfaction of knowing that no club in Canada has done more to encourage and keep alive football than they have done. It has been their misfortune to come always so near the diamond ridge of their ambition that it seemed the stretching out of a hand would have reached it, but then the fickle goddess would frown and another chance would be gone. It is a matter of doubt in a great many people's minds whether the Britannias should not have been declared this year's champions of Quebec; but this question, like a great many others, has been decided in the committee room, and for the present they must be satisfied with second place. With the work done during the season the readers of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED have been made acquainted in the "Sports and Pastimes" column.

THE UNION LACROSSE CLUB.—In the last few years a remarkable interest has been taken in the Maritime Provinces in the national game of lacrosse, and this week an engraving is given of the club, which, if not exactly the pioneer, can at least take credit to itself as being the first champions of the province. An old Montrealer is the secretary of the club; a more advanced lacrosse enthusiast than Mr. Allingham it would be hard to find, and he has worked hard for athletics, and lacrosse in particular. He was elected a member of the executive of the Canadian Skating Association at its last meeting. Since the Union organized in 1889 nearly a dozen clubs have sprung up in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. The handsome silver cup shown in the picture goes with the championship, but this trophy has to be won twice before becoming any one club's property. Lacrosse has had a hard struggle with the counter attraction of baseball, but high salaries killed the latter game, and the devotees of lacrosse then had practically a clear field. In the past season the Union club has lost only one goal, while they won nineteen, a record of which they may be pardonably proud.

THE DRY DOCK, ESQUIMAULT, B.C.—A dry dock was comprised in the terms on which British Columbia consented to admission into the Dominion. An arrangement made by the original agreement fell through, however, and in November, 1873, a grant of \$250,000 was substituted for a guarantee of the interest on a loan. After some misunderstanding which followed a change of ministry had been adjusted, an act was passed in 1874, by a section of which advances were to be made from time to time out of the Consolidated Revenue Fund. Objections were raised to this plan also, and the controversy was prolonged from year to year, until in February, 1880, an order-in-council was

passed for the payment of the quarter million, on the condition that, if the local authorities failed to complete the work, the Dominion Government would assume the responsibility. In 1884 the task fell to the Department of Public Works at Ottawa, and a contract was entered into with Messrs. Larkin, Conolly & Co. for that purpose. The sum agreed upon was \$374,559. In 1885 Parliament voted \$490,000 for the completion of the dock. A contract was also made for a wrought iron caisson (costing \$50,200) to be built into the dock. In 1886 a further sum of \$295,000 was voted, and the work was ready for vessels before the close of the fiscal year. The total expenditure was \$1,058,418.77, of which, by the original agreement, the sum of \$250,000 was refunded by the Imperial Government. The harbour of Esquimaux is very capacious, and affords a safe and commodious anchorage for vessels of every size. It is three miles from the city of Victoria. It has long been the headquarters of the British naval squadron in the Pacific, and, before the dry dock was built, it had already a navy yard, a hospital and other buildings requisite for a station. The graving dock is 400 feet long by 90 in breadth, and is constructed on the model of the best works of the kind.

THE MONTREAL CURLING CLUB.—Among the winter sports, of which Canada boasts of not a few, curling is one of the most popular games. Young men and old men, bachelors and benedicts, display the same enthusiasm when once they are initiated into the mysteries of the "in and out turn," the "inwick and the draw." The first curling club in Canada (probably in America) was the Montreal Curling Club, founded on the 22nd January, 1807, with the following members, limited to 20: Rev. Jas. Somerville, Wm. Logan, G. Garden, G. Gillespie, Alex. Allison, Jasper Tough, Thos. A. Tyrner, David Mitchell, Jr., Alex. J. Shakel, Alex. Cunningham, Alex. Davidson, Rev. James Harkies, David Mitchell, Jas. Caldwell, Robert Armour, T. Crawford, W. Scott, J. C. Stewart, A. Roxburgh, Thos. Blackwood. At this time the club met to play on the river. Some years later they played in a shed near the foot of McGill street, and later on the club built a rink on St. Catherine street, near Dummond, where they fought their battles for nearly a quarter of a century. About two years ago the old club's prospects for further existence looked slim. The ground on which their rink stood was sold, and the club was homeless. Through the kindness of Sir George Stephen, they remained in possession during the winter of 1888-89, and it was during this season that, while a party of the Montrealers were on their way to curl the Quebecers they started a subscription of funds to buy land and build a rink. The amount realized that night was \$1,500, and so hearty was the response of the members that enough money was raised to purchase a block of land on St. Catherine street, near Mark, and upon this site was built the present magnificent rink, with three sheets of ice (the only one in the Province with more than two). To the liberality and energy of Messrs. F. Stancliffe, Abbott, Cowan, Hon. G. A. Drummond, T. Darling, W. J. Fenwick, C. J. Fleet, R. W. Macdougall, Capt. Newton, W. W. Ogilvie, A. F. Riddell, E. Stanger, R. W. Tyre, D. Williamson and others is due in a large measure the happy position of the club to-day. Among the old records of the club are some most interesting items, showing the tendencies of the times. Among the old membership roll will be found such men as the late Dr. G. W. Campbell, Jas. Tyre, Col. Dyde, Sir Hugh Allan, Robt. Esdaile, Gen. Earl. Later on we find the names of J. S. Macdougall, Geo. Denholm, E. A. Whitehead, Hugh Paton, Sir F. de Winton, Alexander Uaughart, H. A. Budden, Rev. James Williamson and many others—keen, keen curlers. Our engraving shows the interior of the new rink, and gives the portraits of two of its most popular and energetic officers, Mr. F. Stancliffe, President, and Mr. A. I. Hubbard, Secretary. Both have held office for two seasons, and much of the success that has attended the Club's efforts in every way is due to their vigour and devotion to its interests.

Dick and John.

(AN EPISODE IN COLLEGE LIFE.)

By SPRIGGINS.
(CONCLUDED.)

As he rises from his seat the deep, regular breathing from his friend's room announces that the latter sleeps the sleep of the sound and healthy. John listens to him a moment half enviously, and, as he listens, the demon of mischief enters into him. A brilliant idea occurs, and a grin of prospective joy illumines his melancholy face. Entering the room softly, he lights the gas and takes a hurried look at the sleeper. No fear of disturbing him, and no fear of his pretending sleep, either. There is that in the face of the slumbering youth that speaks for itself. The strong-limbed, fleet-footed Dick is undoubtedly deep in the land of dreams. John notes this, then his eye wanders about the apartment, until, finally, it rests on a small table near the head of the bed. An alarm clock is thereon, and it ticks right merrily. The unbidden visitor's face broadens to a grin, and he steps cautiously over. He examines the set alarm and sees it is placed to ring at a quarter past six. One deft push of his finger alters this to half-past three or thereabouts, and then exit the unbidden visitor with a smile.

When he is safe in his own room the smile develops chuckle, and he mutters, gleefully

"Great Scott! Dick will wish he had got up and smoked when I asked him. If he had I should never have dreamed of this racket." Then John disrobed, and soon he, too, is in the arms of Morpheus.

"Hello! Confound that clock—dence take it. Oh, come off, can't you! I hear your blamed voice." And Dick jumps from his bed, yawns sleepily, and stares viciously in the direction he supposes the alarm clock to be. "Dark as pitch!" he groans, "and cold, too," with a shiver. "Didn't think the mornings were so horribly dismal at this season."

He lights the gas, as he speaks, and then proceeds to get into his jersey.

"I had no idea it was so dark at this hour," he mutters, taking a gloomy look at things through his bedroom window. However, I suppose it will brighten up presently. It won't take long once it starts," with an effort at cheerfulness.

He beats his egg in the tumbler, gulps it down, and puts the finishing touch to his toilet. Then he departs hastily. It is only a distance of a hundred yards from his boarding house to the practice ground, and his long legs make short work of this. The rapidity of his passage prevents him from noting the unusual darkness. But when he arrived at the grounds and finds them stretched out before him shrouded still in the gloom of night, he feels perplexed.

"Must have made a mistake setting that clock," he thinks, ruefully. "Surely, it is never so dark at half-past six in the morning—at least, I never remember it being so before." He takes a few turns around the cinder path to get warm, then strolls out to the street feeling rather foolish. "I could have sworn that clock was set all right," he muses. Suddenly the idea strikes him, and he jumps high into the air.

"That villain, John!" he almost shouts. "Oh, what a fool I am! Could it have been him?"

He buttons his overcoat tightly, and stalks thoughtfully back in the direction of his boarding house. As he does so, a sound is borne to his ears along the shadows of the street, and, instinctively, he stops to listen.

There is no voice to be heard how, but athwart the ghostly stillness strikes the tramp, tramp of boots on the stone pavement. Dick peers curiously in the direction whence these sounds come, and, dimly, he makes out two figures advancing under the light of a distant lamp. And, as he awaits their approach, the words of a well known college ditty is borne to him:

The other night I came home late,
In a way that was a sign,
I'd supped and wined in jovial mind—
I seldom sup and wine.

I came up-stairs and there—but ah!
Details are such a bore!
And there and then, like other men,
I slept—I seldom snore.

As Dick listens to the well known tune (trotted out, regardless of possible sufferings on the part of nervous sleepers in the vicinity, by strong, youthful lungs), his vexed expression clears somewhat, and a sympathetic smile replaces it as he beats time with his foot on the stone pavement.

"Little Mark, the sleepless one," he murmured to himself, smilingly. "The beggar is never in bed before daylight."

"Hello, Mark!" he shouts, and the two figures swagger along arm in arm. "What time is it?"

Little Mark unhooks his companion and surveys my hero critically.

"Why, it is Dick!" he says in solemn accents to his friend.

The friend laughs, strikes an attitude. "Richard is himself again," he says, tragically. "Oh, Richard, let me embrace thee!" and he advances with outstretched arms.

"Keep off," warned Dick, laughing. Then, as he recognizes the second person, he adds, reproachfully: "You are a nice one! You promised me to be up for practice this morning, and here you have not been to bed yet."

Little Mark interferes to defend his companion. "Best thing in the world!" he avers, gravely. "Sleep is a mistake, it unsettles one's constitution. We have been down at the hospital waiting to see an operation that never took place. Business before pleasure, dear boy!"

Dick brightens up at this. "Look here, you two," he says, eagerly, "come with me as far as my boarding-house, I want you to do me a favour. What time is it, by the way?"

Little Mark draws from his pocket a watch, and, after looking critically at it for a few moments, he answers briefly, "Watch stopped."

Scarcely were the words uttered when the church clock near by strikes four deep, sonorous strokes, and then Dick's suspicions become certainty. He feels sure he is the victim of one of John's jokes, and, at the thought, his half-formed plan for revenge matures. Rapidly he explains the state of affairs to his two companions and begs their aid.

"All you have to do is to ring the bell and tell the girl Doctor K—— wants John to come at once to the hospital. The operation is to be performed immediately. Then, when she goes up-stairs to call him I shall sneak in. I have no latch key, you see, so it will kill two birds with one stone." And Dick laughs gleefully.

The others are quick to enter into the plot and promise obedience. And, as Dick anticipated, so it happens. The girl leaves the door slightly ajar, and, muttering a hasty acknowledgment to his two fellow-conspirators, my hero

creeps into the hall. He hides in a dark corner thereof until he hears his friend's steps descending. He listens to him fumble at the door a moment, then it opens and closes again with a bang. And this time John is off on a fool's errand.

Thereupon Dick stalks complacently to his room, and is soon once more in the land of nod. An hour of refreshing slumber and he is conscious of an oppressive sensation. His senses collect themselves gradually; finally the oppressive sensation is located, and lo! he opens his eyes to find John calmly seated on his stomach. One sweep of that brawny arm and the oppressor no longer oppresses. He is sprawling at full length on the bedroom floor and Dick towering over him with threatening crests.

John raises himself on his elbow, caresses gently the back of his head, for it has come into contact with the hard boards with no small violence.

Dick's anger vanishes at once. "Did I hurt you, old man?" he says, anxiously.

And John heaves a deep sigh. "Sir," he says, with as much dignity as his very undignified pose permits, "you have wounded my feelings, but let that pass; you have sent me tramping to the other end of the city all to no purpose, but let that pass; you have afflicted me personally with grievous bodily pain, but let that pass; and your present attitude is an insult, but even that I pass. Only, oh, my friend, let us not henceforth waste wantonly on each other that genius which aims at our mutual discomfort. Let us even combine and war against the world. Let us cry quits, oh, Dick, my friend!"

And Dick grasps him by the hand, and straightway they swear never again to play pranks at each other's expense. And thus far they have kept their word.

Remembrances of the "Meadow Hen."

The two Indians carried their light but bulky loads of birch bark down to the shore, where their little canoe lay upturned among the grasses. The nearness of the sun to the distant hills and the red flush on the Tobique's hurrying breast told them that it would be wise to stay where they were all night and wait for the morning to start on their homeward voyage.

A fire was soon kindled, and over it a small kettle was hung, for Indians, as well as white men, enjoy and use the beverage so soothing to weary hunters called tea, also a small frying-pan filled to overflowing with pork and beans and set in a bed of coals. While one Indian sat on a log and acted as cook, his companion cut two large arm-falls of ferns, that grew near by, for beds. After the meal was finished and every drop of tea in the kettle and every beam in the pan had vanished, our two friends spread their blankets on their fragrant couches, rolled themselves up, with their feet towards the fire, and went to sleep. When they awoke next morning the sun had just risen, and the gentle breeze and cloudless sky bespoke a fine day. After cooking a breakfast very similar to their tea, they placed the huge rolls of bark in the canoe and started on the homeward voyage, that began and ended in a day.

In less than an hour the Red Rapids were reached, and with one plunge the canoe sported on the foaming half mile track, speeding quickly for the quiet waters beyond. Again the canoe glided smoothly, low hills grown with hack-ma-tack and birch rose close to the water, and their reflections quivered in the stream as it quickly sped by. A meadow hen started from the grass and flew northward, and the two Indians drowsily kept time with their paddles to the song of the rapids now far behind.

As the canoe and the river sped on, so sped the day. Again the sunset came and again the hurrying breast of the Tobique was flushed with crimson. The light canoe was run into shore near a small village and unloaded under the admiring gaze of half a dozen papooses.

Mornings and sunsets came, the gunwales were cut and smoothed from strong white spruce, ribs were shaped from the youthful cedar tree, and the frame-work of the "Meadow Hen" was finished.

Next a huge sheet of bark was cut into shape, spread tightly over the canoe and sewn to the gunwales, and, after all weak places being liberally daubed with rosin, the "Meadow Hen" became a canoe.

While she was still in the prime of youth, she was taken to Fredericton to distinguish herself on the blue waters of the St. John.

Weeks and months lengthened into years, and when the once dashing "Meadow Hen" came down to our Island home to help make merry a rural fortnight the memories of the Tobique and her youth were but dim in her mind.

On the warm sand of the Island shore lay the "Meadow Hen." Truly, she had seen the day when her bark was smoother and devoid of so many scratches, and her gunwales white, but what cared she for all this; was she not keeping good company, for there on the sand beside her lay the "Blue Heron," once a dashing young canoe from Grand Lake? The sun slowly sank away in the west, and as the stars came out one by one and the "Lady Moon" unveiled her face from the gossamer clouds, a gay party of campers wound their way to the shore. The two canoes were launched, and as the "Meadow Hen" glided along under the same stars that had silvered her track so often before, the memories of the Tobique and her youth crowded back into her mind, and she was happy.

G. E. THIBODEAU ROBERTS.

The Rectory, Fredericton.



AFTER WORK.

(From the painting by G. A. Holmes.)

(Photo. supplied by G. E. Macrae, Toronto, Director for Canada of the Soule Photograph Company.)

To Mine Own Countrie.

O country mine, Canada, beautiful maiden,
Stayed, in thy course, with irresolute feet,
Where the path from the forest, all gloom-begirt, laden
With odours of pines, and the upland road meet!

Behind are the perils thy wisdom eluded,
The foes that thy courage undaunted hath slain,
The clearings, once giant encumbered, denuded,
And broad acres greening or golden with grain.

Think not of the past, with its echo of gladness,
Its flush of achievement, its portion of pain,
Its dawning day darkened with noontide of sadness,
And April sun breaking through cloudlets of rain.

Why pause, when before thee the highway is rounding,
To rise to the prairie, to sweep to the lea,
With deep restful valleys and rivers abounding,
And mountains whose purple heads flush o'er the sea?

Take heart and push onward! The morning is waning,
The noon with its shadowless glory is near—
Still trust in the God who hath led thee, disdaining
The thought of disaster that prompts thee to fear.

No longer a child of the forest, a woman
Whom destiny waits with a sceptre to sway,
Go bravely to meet or the friend or the foe man,
Who welcomes thy coming or stands in thy way.

And He who is Lord of the forest and fountain,
The sweep of the prairie, the swathe of the sea,
An Ancient of days, when the scour of the mountain
Was rent by the storm-cloud's incarnadined glee,

Who sitteth supreme o'er the nations for ever,
Shall guide thee to greatness and shield thee from shame,
Shall crown with completeness each honest endeavour
That's done in the truth and the trust of His name.

—K. L. JONES.

Kingston, 1890.

Book Chatter.

STUDIES IN LETTERS AND LIFE,

By George Edward Woodberry—Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, 1890.—is a collection of essays published in the *Atlantic Monthly* and the *Nation*, revised for publication in book form. Whether they will pay or not seems

doubtful. There are so many books published now-a-days that, to secure a wide circulation, a new volume requires some *raison-d'être*, a choice of subject, or method of treatment that one does not exactly get elsewhere. Rudyard Kipling fulfils both conditions, and the seventh commandment opens up a range of such an astonishing extent as to make the future of the many of the Oklahoma boomers of literature. Mr. Woodberry fulfils neither condition. He writes on well-worn themes in a manner so good that it is difficult to find any fault with it except its lack of salient features. For its own sake the book is, without doubt, well worth publication. It would have been wrong to have such scholarly work consigned to oblivion in a newspaper. Browningsians were delighted with his monograph on the "Death of Browning"—dashed off at an hour's notice on the imperative press—and there is an admirable passage in "On the Promise of Keats," that relieves the grim way in which the austere mind of Mr. Woodberry regards the reveller in the beautiful, "A shadow of reality to come!" What a light that sentence throws on the aspiration for sensations rather than thoughts; for beauty rather than logic; for the sight rather than the mediate perception of the divine! So, at least, it is plain, Keats "understood himself"; and whether one counts his faith a vague self-deception, meaningless except to a mystic, or has found the most precious truth borne in upon his heart only by this self same way, the recognition of the poet's philosophy not merely lifts Keats out of and above the sphere of the purely sensuous, but reveals at once the spiritual substance which underlies his poetry and which give it vitality for all time. To other men beauty has been a passion, but to him it was a faith; it was the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things unseen—a shadow of the reality to come. It was not as with other poets, in the beauty of nature, the beauty of virtue, the beauty of a woman's face, singly, that he found his way to the supra-sensible. He says, in his most solemn words, I have loved the principle of beauty in all things. Dying, he said it proudly, as one who had kept the faith that was given him. And since he chose that declaration as the summary of his accomplishments, it needs to be borne in mind, with all its large and many-sided meanings, by those who would pluck out the heart of his mystery. The other essays are on "Landor," iconoclastic but convincing; "Crabbe," "Aubrey De Vere on Poetry," "Illustrations of Idealism," "Remarks on Shelley," "Some Actors, Criticisms on Othello, Iago and Shylock," "Sir George Beaumont, Coleridge and Wordsworth," "Three men of Piety" (Bunyan, Cowper and Channing); "Darwin's

Life," "Byron's Centenary." Those old-fashioned people who still retain a love of good reading, who like to see the judgments of a sound scholar, critic and poet on some of the great masters of the century in literature, will not regret purchasing this book, which bears the impress of Oxford rather than America, though Mr. Woodberry is a good New Englander, whose "North Shore Watch" was pronounced by no less a judge than Edmund Gosse one of the greatest poems written by an American of the younger generation. The get-up of the book is as unexceptionable as the style of the writing.

THOU SHALT NOT,

By Albert Ross. (New York, G. W. Dillingham & Co., 1890—100th edition.) When a book goes into its 100th edition one says to one's self, as Carlyle said of a religion which had sustained so many millions for so many hundred years, as Mahometanism has, that there must be something in it. What is there in this book which has been abused as indecent, vulgarly written, and what not? What there is in it is interest that never flags for five pages. Mr. Porter, who has almost lost his identity in "Albert Ross," is like a man who stands on a bank watching the ever-widening circle made by his throwing a stone in the water, and before there is any danger of its passing out of sight throwing in another stone to make a fresh circle. It may not be high art, but it is admirable stage management, that makes one feel sure that the author could, if he chose, write a capital play. The book, which is cleverly founded on the fringe of the famous Tweed Ring, exposes in all its hideous nakedness the vices of the uneducated wealthy, who have no form of pleasure but the indulgence of their various animal instincts, but it does not tell them for the morbid pleasure of the telling, but to lead up to the proof that "the wages of sin is death." It is open to the charge of showing the sin as well as the wages, but it is only fair to Mr. Porter to remember that he makes one of the villains repent and the other a revolting instance of treachery and bestiality, sinking lower and lower, till overtaken by an awful death.

"Albert Ross" is a play of Albatross, the *nom-de-plume* of a Minnesota man settled at Cambridge, Massachusetts, named Linn Boyd Porter, who, financially, has achieved the greatest literary success of the day, not less than 60,000 having been sold of any one of his volumes except the last, of which 45,000 have sold already, though so recently published.

DOUGLAS SLADEN.

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

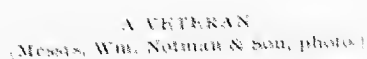
TRADE MARK

ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF PARLIAMENT OF CANADA, IN THE YEAR 1908, AT THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE

W. R. GUSTAFSON

Vol. V. No. 130.

MONTREAL AND TORONTO, 27th DECEMBER, 1890.

[illegible]

The Dominion Illustrated.

\$4.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

THE SARISTON LITHOGRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING CO

RICHARD WHITE, PRESIDENT.

ALEX. SARISTON, MANAGING DIRECTOR.

The Gazette Building, Montreal.

GEORGE E. MACRAE, WESTERN AGENT,

36 King Street East, Toronto.

London (England) Agency:

JOHN HADDON & CO.,

3 & 4 Boulevard Street, Fleet Street, E.C.

SOLE AGENTS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

All business communications, remittances, etc., to be addressed to "THE SARISTON LITHOGRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING CO., MONTREAL."

Literary communications to be addressed to "THE EDITOR, DOMINION ILLUSTRATED."

27th DECEMBER, 1890.



The old notion that the bird of dawning sings all night long on Christmas eve, dispelling by his sonorous watchfulness all kinds of evil spirits, so that not one of them may stir abroad to assail with unseen weapons the children of men is surely not without significance. Whether or not we believe in witch or fairy, or striking planet, we know that there are powers of darkness that lie in wait to catch souls and do them mischief. These malicious forces, loving guile and plotting wrong, make their ambush most commonly in the hearts of men and women and yet they are enemies of the human race. We know that Christmas is their declared antagonist and so much do they dread his advent that for fear's or shame's sake they put on disguise when they discern his approach if they cannot get out of the way of his rebuking presence. Where he reigns, there is a lull in the clamour of bad passions that make discord in the world. Envy and hatred and all uncharitableness flee at the sound of his footsteps; the voice of contention is hushed and words of anger are no longer heard. Gentle and tender thoughts visit the mind and what the tongue utters is gracious and kindly. Softening memories of long vanished scenes and forms awake with the hallowed dawn and a desire to make others happy, if but for a day or even an hour, makes itself felt. The little ones, the poor, the sick and the distressed are gainers by these diffused influences. Those who are blessed with wealth and health and freedom from care have a richer benison by (as far as possible) sharing their boons with others. Such is the far-reaching sway of Christmas-tide that it hallows the closing and gladdens the coming year by the efficacy of its name, and the memories, wishes, prayers and hopes therewith associated.

Word has come that the *modus vivendi* between France and England, touching Newfoundland, has been prolonged on the definite understanding that the British Government shall, during its continuance, settle the difficulty with or without the consent of the Newfoundland Legislature. A scheme, which originated with the council of St. Pierre and Miquelon has also been submitted by M. Ribot. It is not at all likely to win favour in England, unless the Government desires to alienate Newfoundland irremediably. This scheme proposes that Newfoundland should part with the peninsula of Burin, in lieu of the French shore! We can anticipate the comments of the island press on such an offer as that—an offer which the colony would never dream of accepting.

Since his return to England, Col. Fane, of Fulbeck Hall, Lincolnshire, of the agricultural delegates that visited Canada at the invitation of the Government, has given a generally favourable account of the North-West as a home for English emigrants. He was surprised and delighted at the extent and character of the cattle ranches, and spoke especially of the Hon. Mr. Cochrane's establishment in the McLeod district. Mr. Cochrane, he said, was well known in England as a raiser of shorthorns. What pleased him not

a little was to find so many prosperous farmers from his own county. Immigrants to Canada had undoubtedly to work hard, but, if they were industrious and saving, a competence assuredly awaited them. He thought, however, that for ranching considerable capital was necessary, as, except it were conducted on a large scale, it could hardly be expected to be remunerative. He had met a good many young Englishmen of the well-to-do, educated class who had come to Canada with little money and without the necessary previous training. Some of these succeeded through force of character, having made up their minds to battle with adverse circumstances till they conquered. Others had uphill work, though they did their best and did not grumble. Even those who were literally "roughing it" preferred the healthy life that they led, so largely in the open air, and its invigorating toil, to sedentary occupation in Europe. There was, indeed, a charm about the independence of North-West ranch life, with its pleasant excitement, which suited the youth of England. Col. Fane expressed a strong preference for the British provinces and territories, as contrasted with the Far West of the United States, with its wild disorder, its daily shootings and impunity for crime, save when resort was had to a tribunal which was itself lawless. Of the Canadian cattle trade he spoke favourably, and questioned the truth of the statement that the cattle lost in weight during the passage. He referred in enthusiastic terms to Canadian dairying, to our fruit-growing capabilities and to our excellent agricultural schools. Altogether, Col. Fane's report of his visit is most encouraging, and his practical suggestions are wise and timely. He had been in Canada years ago with his regiment, the 25th King's Own Borderers, and so was able to appreciate the remarkable progress of the last quarter century.

It appears that during the year 1889 1,279 three-pound bags of Ladoga wheat were distributed among the farmers of the Dominion for purposes of experiment. Up to the close of last January 142 reports had been received at the Central Farm as to the results of the tests made. Of these 117 were favourable and 25 unfavourable. The latter were mainly from Ontario and Quebec, where rust had been general in all varieties, but it appeared that the Ladoga had suffered more from that cause than some of the other sorts. The average yield from the 3 lbs. samples was 46 lbs. The largest yield reported up to the date above given was from Mr. M. Saunby, of Inderby, British Columbia, in whose case 139½ lbs. were harvested. The average weight per bushel of the grain produced was 60½ lbs.—the heaviest coming from Mr. Groat, of Edmonton, N.W.T., showing 64½ lbs. For early ripening the Ladoga continues to maintain its character—the average from the returns sent in giving it 9½ days advantage over the Red Fife. In the Maritime Provinces, where White Russian has been principally grown, the Ladoga was, on an average, 8 days in advance of that variety. The extracts from the more favourable reports showed a considerable diversity in the yield and its character. That this was due to local circumstances may be taken for granted, but the amount and quality of the harvest must also have depended, to some extent at least, on the care bestowed on the test. The prevalence of rust in older Canada just at the season when the test was made was unfortunate, but good yields obtained in both the Maritime and interior provinces show that even under such adverse circumstances vigilance and good managements may prove an efficient counter-agent. The tests of frozen grain were especially beneficial to North-Western farmers as a warning against hazarding the use of injured seed. In no case is it serviceable to put inferior grain, whether it be damaged or naturally so, into the ground, and this Canadian farmers are learning and taking to heart.

The introduction into Canada of Dr. Koch's remedy for tuberculosis (the first trial of its efficacy having been made last week in Montreal at the General Hospital) marks an important stage in the history of medicine in the Dominion. Canada has long

taken a high rank in medicine and surgery, and McGill College may, without invidious preference, be pronounced well worthy of the distinction of initiating the application of this great discovery in Canada. It would not be proper to single out the names of the living for honorable mention, but it may suffice to say that an institution which comprised in its list of pioneers such names as Sir Duncan Gibb, Dr. Andrew Holmes, Dr. George Campbell and Dr. R. P. Howard has no reason to be ashamed of the pupils and successors of those eminent men. Not a few of the later generation have enlarged the knowledge and experience of their admirable home training by subsequent courses in the great medical schools of Europe. Those of Germany have had attractions for several of them, and thither a volunteer delegation has just gone to sit patiently at the feet of the Gamaliel whose discovery will, it is hoped not without reason, prove one of the grandest boons that science has yet conferred on suffering humanity. The first country beyond the limits of the German Empire to share in the benefits of the new cure was our own motherland, Dr. Koch having, early in November, placed a small quantity of his wondrous fluid at the disposal of Mr. Watson Cheyne, Surgeon to King's College Hospital, and Dr. G. A. Heron, Physician to the Victoria Park Hospital for Consumption. A demonstration of the efficacy of the remedy was given in due time, but the quantity of lymph available was extremely small, and British physicians, who are proverbially cautious in adopting novelties, hesitated to pronounce a judgment till they had more ample data to base it on. Subsequent trials were, however, considered favourable to the new cure. In respect of the results to be expected in cases of lupus, Dr. Koch himself said that the affected spots swelled after injection and that, serous exudation ensuing, the watery matter dried upon the turgid skin and then the spots healed, shrank and disappeared. It is the tissue, not the tubercle bacillus that the lymph acts upon—this diseased tissue being in some cases absorbed, in others cast out by suppuration. On the liberation of the bacilli by this last process they may invade healthy parts, and as a safeguard against injurious results, the needle syringe must be used again till all trace of morbid action has disappeared. On the issue of the tests inaugurated in this city much depends.

According to a series of experiments conducted in France by scientific agriculturists, it has been ascertained that there is no essential difference between spring wheats and fall wheats. All wheats, says the *Dictionnaire d'Agriculture*, are sown in spring or autumn, according to the country. They all pass in time from the one state to the other, and only need to be gradually accustomed to the change by sowing the fall wheat a little later or the spring wheat a little earlier, from year to year. Of the great number of varieties, some feel the cold more than others, and these it has become usual to sow in the spring. The cultivation of wheat goes back to a time of which written history has kept no record. Monuments that antedate the Hebrew scriptures, show that it was familiar to the Egyptians long before the period of the Exodus. A small-grained wheat has been found among the remains of the earliest Swiss lake-dwellings, which have been assigned a date as remote as that of the Trojan war. The lake-dwellings of pre-historic Lombardy have yielded a different variety of wheat, while wheat of an intermediate kind was found among the ruins of the Stone Age in Hungary. Passing to the farthest continental East, we find that the Chinese had a knowledge of the precious grain twenty-seven centuries before Christ. The great antiquity assigned to wheat in the temperate parts of Europe, Asia and Africa by monuments and written records is confirmed by the names that have been given to it in the oldest known languages. It is not believed, however, that it was widely diffused in a wild state before its culture began. Of all the testimony as to its natural growth between the extreme west and the extreme east of the old world, De Condolle is inclined to accept only that which assigns as its habitats Mesopotamia and the banks

of the Indus. He thinks it probable that the Valley of the Euphrates, lying in the centre of a belt of cultivation extending from China to the Canaries, was the chief home of the species in prehistoric times, and that to the east and west of Western Asia wheat has never existed save as a cultivated plant.

The extraordinary developments of the quarrel between the two sections of the Irish Nationalists have cast every other old-world topic of interest into temporary obscurity. A Canadian pioneer, Mr. Samuel Thompson, in his interesting "Reminiscences," describes an incident which came under his notice during a visit to Galway in 1833, which sheds light on the perfervid Irish temperament and its excessive inflammability. A warden of Galway, like another Brutus, hanged his own son from a window of his house to prevent a rescue by the populace. During Mr. Thompson's visit, this ill-omened house was still standing, though greatly dilapidated, a sad memento of the domestic tragedy. One day he was sitting in a hair-dresser's shop on the other side of the street, looking across at the warden's dismal house, when a beggarman, in rags that barely covered his nakedness, with a sack over his shoulder and a cudgel in one hand, came lounging along. "A butcher's dog of aristocratic tastes took offence at the man's rags and attacked him savagely. The old man struck at the dog, the dog's owner darted out of his cellar and struck at the beggar, somebody else took a part, and in the twinkling of an eye, as it were, the narrow street was blocked up with men furiously wielding shillelaghs, striking right and left at whoever happened to be most handy, and yelling like Dante's devils in full chorus. Another minute and a squad of policemen in green uniforms—peelers, they are popularly called—appeared as if by magic and with the effect of magic; for instantly, and with a celerity evidently the result of long practice, the crowd, beggarman, butcher's dog and all, vanished into the yawning cellars, and the street was left as quiet as before, the police marching leisurely back to their barracks." The account that Mr. Thompson gives of the surrounding peasantry and the fishing population of the coast tallies so exactly with the reports of Mr. Balfour's tour as to make it evident that two generations have brought no improvement in their condition and mode of living. On Mr. Balfour has devolved the task, while Mr. Parnell and his former colleagues are settling their deplorable quarrel, of creating that elysium of rural prosperity which so many statesmen have fruitlessly promised.

CANADA FIRST.

It is nearly twenty years since this suggestive motto was adopted as the watchword of a number of patriotic Canadians. It was originally the title of a brochure published in Toronto in the year 1871 from the pen of the late Mr. W. A. Foster, Q.C. The author of it had already in 1865 and the two following years made the formation of a Canadian confederation the basis of an appeal to the national sentiment of his compatriots. In an article in the *Westminster Review*, he undertook to make clear to English readers the significance of the movement for the union of the Provinces, tracing to its origin the aspiration of which he believed it to be the development, and hazarding a forecast of its probable sequel. An article in the same review in 1866 dealt with the history and effects of the reciprocity treaty and its termination. The third in the series was contributed to the *Toronto Telegraph* in August, 1867, after the late Mr. George Brown had insisted on renewing the old party warfare, which had ceased for a time in order to carry confederation. All these articles revealed an original and independent habit of thought and a vigorous grasp of principles and facts. But it was "Canada First; or, Our New Nationality," that attracted most attention, especially among the younger educated men who had been born in the country and were proud to be called Canadians. It rehearsed the ignored or little known evidences of achievement which justified the larger aspiration. It pointed to the great names on the pages of Canadian history; recited the glories of the heroic age of the earlier régime;

dwelt on the valiant struggle of the little handful of colonists against their secular foe; of the transfer to the victors of the land which they had settled; of the later conflicts in which victors and vanquished had stood shoulder to shoulder in defence of their right to live and develop in their own way; of the invasions of 1775 and 1812, 1866 and 1870, and the prompt courage with which patriots of both races had united in repelling the aggressors. It enumerated the long line of native statesmen who had initiated and continued till success crowned their efforts the battle for constitutional rights and responsible government. It recounted the obscurer but no less real and enduring triumphs of the hardy pioneers who had made the wilderness blossom as the rose. It indicated the more salient features in Canada's vast and varied resources which were the heritage of a people worthy of their descent from the most distinguished of European races. It drew attention to the spread of education and to the first fruits of scientific research, scholarship and literary culture. It mentioned with pride the names of Logan, Gibb, Haliburton, Falardeau, Paul Kane, Bourassa, Mrs. Moodie, Miss Murray, Dr. (Sir Daniel) Wilson, Dr. McCaul, John Foster Kirk, Heavysege, Mair, De Boucherville, Garneau, Sangster and many another who had won repute and conferred honour on Canada in the spheres of science, literature and art. It gave a list of famous Canadian soldiers and sailors—Williams, Dunn, McNab, Wallis, Westphal, Montizambert, Welsford—who had won laurels fighting for the Empire in India, Egypt, the Crimea and all over the world.

We need not now recapitulate the inferences that Mr. Foster drew from the comments of strangers who only remembered that Canada was a colony. We would rather dwell with some share of satisfaction on the extent to which his forecasts have been fulfilled. Since 1871 the attitude of Englishmen towards those outlying parts of the Empire to which Sir Charles Dilke gave the name of Greater Britain, and which the Marquis of Lorne prefers to call Larger Britain, has undergone a welcome change. The colonies have become too important, too powerful to provoke contemptuous criticism from any Englishman of intelligence or influence. While their development as a whole during the last twenty years has been extraordinary, Canada has, in many respects, more than kept pace with the average of advancement. If Mr. Foster were writing his essay to-day he would be able to add many triumphs to those which he so proudly recalled in 1871. At that date the confederation was not yet quite complete, even as to the formal admission of the Provinces constituting it, while as for the Western half of the Dominion, it was still an unknown region, a great lone land, of whose capabilities we had only begun to be aware. It was virtually more distant from Eastern Canada than Europe was. Its great natural features and resources had only begun to be carefully examined; for it was not till that very year, 1871, that the Geological Survey entered upon the explorations which have proved so fruitful and have revealed such a practically exhaustless store of economic wealth. The course of events since "Canada First" was written has shown an ever increasing tendency to give reality to what many then regarded as a dream. Without discussing the different standpoints from which the new nationality might be regarded, there is no reason to doubt that the national sentiment has broadened and deepened, that the bonds between the several provinces have been drawn closer, and that the gaps of territory between the different groups have been to a considerable extent filled up by settlement. The Canada of to-day presents many salient contrasts to the Canada of 1871. The younger men of to-day have grown up accustomed to conditions, the forecast of which could hardly have occurred to the most sanguine twenty years ago. Those who were young men when Mr. Foster wrote his patriotic and spirit-stirring appeal have lived to see at least the nearing mountain tops of the promised land of his vision. Not only in the material order is the situation greatly in advance of what it was when the western half of British America was entering the Dominion, but in

the intellectual order also there has been a most gratifying progress.

The spread of education from ocean to ocean is one of the most welcome features in the change. Only those who are able to compare the professional and business communities of the time when Mr. Foster issued his trumpet-call with those communities as they have been modified by the advantages of the higher training can realize what headway has been made in that direction alone. The universities of the older provinces have been placed upon a footing of efficiency which facilitates beyond expectation the diffusion of culture among all who cherish aspirations after knowledge and taste. No young Canadian need perish for lack of knowledge, the means of acquiring which have been brought to his door, and made accessible even to slender incomes. The number of persons, not only in the professions, but in every occupation, who take courses at college has fully trebled. Provision has been made for instruction in technical subjects, which has rendered Canada independent of outside aid in those branches of industry that call for special training. The admission of women to our universities is another step forward that ought not to be ignored. But if we look to newer Canada (Manitoba, the Territories, and British Columbia), the gain in those respects is still more noteworthy. On this side of the Rocky Mountains and beyond Lake Superior the educational system comprises all the grades known to the older provinces. Manitoba University was hailed in England as the solution of a great problem—the co-operation of colleges of different creeds so as to form one central institution. The same plan will probably be adopted by and by with the Territorial colleges. British Columbia has reached the university stage with every prospect of equalling what cis-montane Canada has achieved.

There is one feature in connection with the development of the western half of our great country that deserves special mention—the large proportion of graduates in the several communities. This is at least partially due to the increased appreciation of university training in older Canada, whence the new provinces were mainly settled. But it is not the number of graduates alone that merits attention. It is the evidence of higher and more extended literary efficiency in the younger generation that inspires us with pride and hope. If Mr. Foster were still with us to compile his lists of eminent Canadians over again, he would have to make additions in every department of intellectual effort of names that any country might be proud to own. New Canada, as well as Old Canada, has contributed to the welcome total. In literature, in science, in art, in arms, in diplomacy, in statesmanship, in exploration, in the higher ranks of commerce, Canada has been pushing steadily to the front. There are drawbacks, it is true; if there were not, there would be no scope for earnest endeavour. But the sentiment which it was Mr. Foster's patriotic aim to make and keep alive in the breast of every Canadian—of the educated Canadian, especially—lives and bears fruit from the Atlantic to the Pacific. He wrote not, he spoke not, in vain; and, though he has gone from us, his words have still power to deepen our love for the land that he loved so well, and the more we hearken to his exhortations to sink old feuds and prejudices and sectional jealousies in the stream of oblivion, the sooner shall we attain the full fruition of that seed-time of aspiration and hopeful striving in which he led the way.

In the Grove.

You read us Lamman's poems, while we lay
In green seclusion of an island grove;
Curled clouds across the lucent heavens drove
The shining flocks and herds of shepherd day;
The maples round us raised their pillars gray.
An osprey from the blue above us dove,
And harsh and deep the steamer's whistle clove
Our tranced sweet quiet from the river-way.
The poet's mystic work of lofty rhyme
Around our hearts its cords of wisdom threw;
His high dreams brooded o'er us from the blue.
His words were mingled with the water's chime;
The infinite deep delights of August's prime
From Song's soft charm a holier gladness drew.

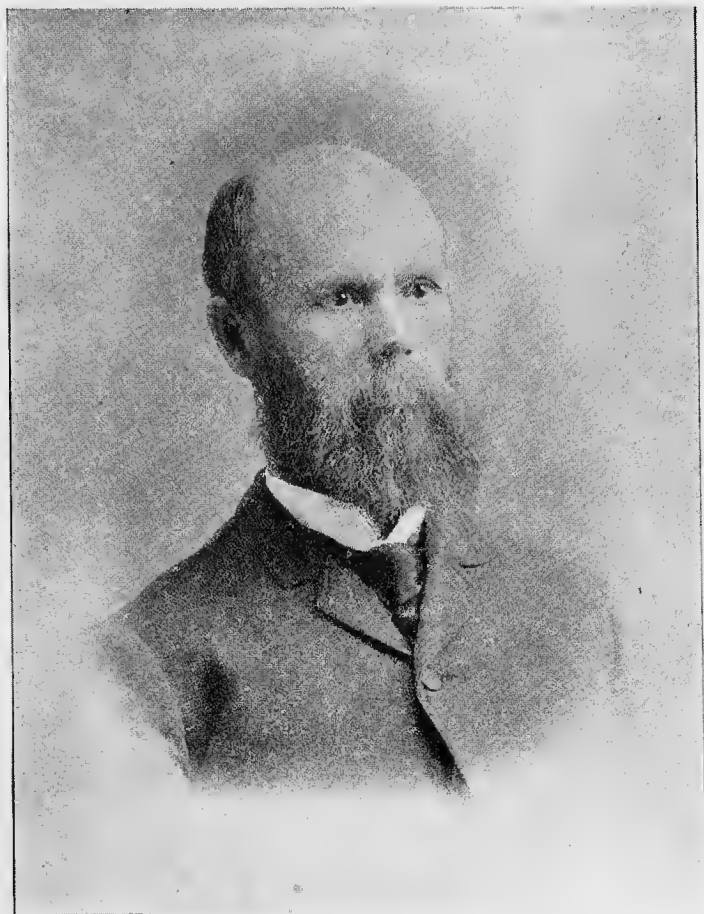
J. E. GOSTWYCKE ROBERTS.



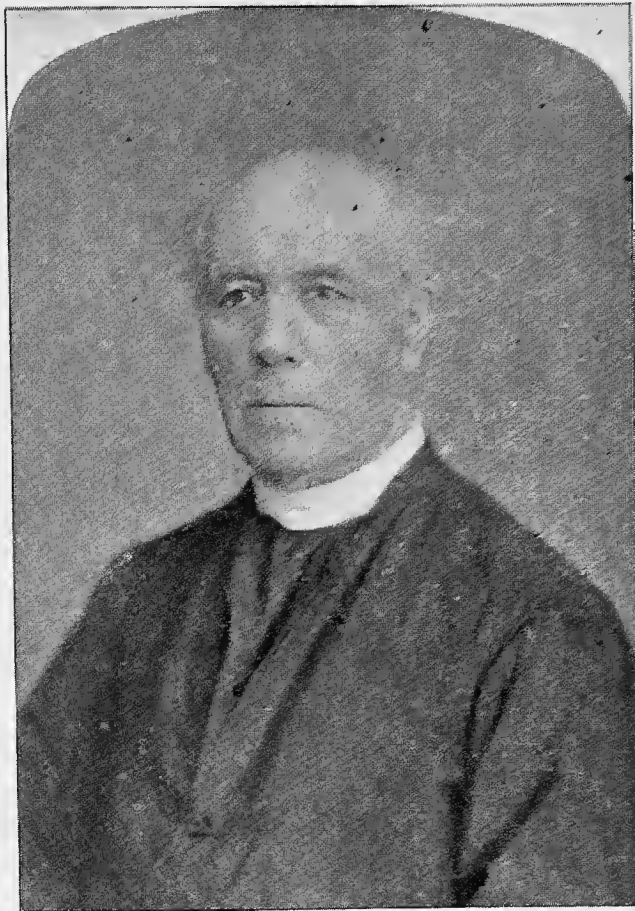
A FINE DAY ON THE RICHELIEU.



SCENE ON KANAIMO RIVER, B. C.



MR. WM. MACKINTOSH.
President Ontario Teachers' Association.



VERY REV. A. McD. DAWSON, OTTAWA.
LL.D., F.R.S.C.

Through the Magazines.

NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE.

An article of comprehensive interest on "Emerson and His Friends at Concord," by Mr. Frank B. Sanborn, with a number of charming illustrations of Emersonian scenes and a fine portrait (frontispiece) from Rowse's crayon drawing in Prof. C. E. Norton's possession forms the most salient attraction in the December number of the *New England Magazine*. The Old Manse, Thoreau's Birth-place, the Orchard House, the Home of Emerson and Concord River are among the haunts of the poet-philosopher here depicted. The reminiscences are fitly interspersed with several of Emerson's poems, examples of the less known verse of Ellery Channing and appropriate passages from other writers of the famous group, which included Hawthorne, Thoreau and the Alcotts. It is a delicious bit of literary biography. "A Day in the Yosemite with a Kodak" takes us far from New England, while Mr. Dodge beguiles us with grand views and eloquent descriptions. Returning, we are edified by Mr. Grimke's pregnant account of "Anti-Slavery Boston" and its portraits of W. L. Garrison, Francis Jackson, Mrs. Chapman, the Phillipses, Theodore Parker, Sumner and Longfellow, Eliza Wright and Lewis Hayden. Mr. Samuel M. Baylis, of this city, contributes a sonnet on Quebec. "The Rev. Henry Bronson" is a character sketch and, by implication, a love story, by the late John Elliott Bowen, Mr. Bliss Carman's predecessor in the literary editorship of the *Independent*. It is adorned by a welcome portrait of Mr. Bowen. "The Romance of Miles O'Meara," by John Elliott Curran, should go some little way as an antidote to Mr. Appleton Morgan's terrible "Dago" article in the *Popular Science Monthly*. The world is wide enough, doubtless, to hold Maria and Andrea as well as the "Dago." "A General of the Revolution" (Heath), by Mr. Crafts, takes us out of the present, and in "King Philip's War" we are carried back to the days of New England's infancy, of which Mrs. Stecker has given a vivid picture. Dr. Hales exploration of the Nissitisset and other "Tarry-at-Home Travel" has all his wonted vivacity. The rest of the number comprises prose and poetry by Mr. Dole (Vincit qui patitur) and poetry by C. H. Tiffany, James Buckham, Katherine Lee Bates and others, something new about Harvard by Mr. W. R. Bigelow and some good things in the Editor's Table and Omnibus, and striking articles by Mr. Dole ("What Shall We Do with Our Millionaires?") and Mr. Caldwell ("Our Unclean Fiction.") The prospectus for next year is full of promise, and the past guarantees its fulfilment. The *New England Magazine* is worthy of its name. Boston: 86 Federal street.

BOOKS AND NOTIONS.

This ably-conducted monthly organ of the Canadian book and stationery trade closes its sixth year with the December number. Its experience is thus summed up: "We have had liberal encouragement in our efforts to

unite the trade against evils of whose significance and moment we have sought to spread a general appreciation. That encouragement stands at our back in the form of a long subscription list, and we have the satisfaction of feeling that if the trade is not yet completely united in a defensive league, it is, at all events, united in the support of a paper which maintains a militant attitude against all forms of infringement upon rights that are the legitimate trader's." *Books and Notions* has also served the useful purpose of a medium for the interchange of views between all who are directly or indirectly interested in the sale or purchase of books and other reading matter. Among volumes just announced we notice "Pine, Rose and Fleur de Lys," to whose approaching publication reference has already been made in this journal. It is a volume of poetry by "Seranus" (Mrs. Harrison). 6 Wellington Street West, Toronto.

ONWARD.

The paper that bears this significant name is an eight-page, well-illustrated weekly, edited by the Rev. Dr. Withrow. It is intended to supply young people with wholesome and instructive entertaining reading, and the editor is sure to carry out its purpose. It is published by the Rev. Wm. Briggs, Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto.

SCIENCE.

This weekly newspaper of all the arts and sciences is now in its eighth year. It has made itself indispensable to all who would keep abreast with the progress of scientific research. The bound volumes are invaluable for their stored wealth of classified knowledge in every department of investigation. The last number contains an article by Mr. Henry M. Ami on the geology of Quebec city, in which the researches of the late Sir William Logan, Dr. Hunt, the late Mr. Billings, Sir William Dawson, Dr. Selwyn, Dr. Ellis, Profs. Emmons, Walcott, Marcou, Lapworth and other geologists are summarized and reviewed, with suggestions of the author based on recent examination of the rocks and their fossils. Mr. Ami will present his conclusions in a complete form in a paper to be submitted to the Geological Society of America at its meeting next month. "The Education of the Deaf," by B. Engelman; "Notes on the Habits of Some Common English Spiders," by C. V. Boys; "Special Planting for Honey," by A. J. Cook; "The Relation of Ground Water to Disease," "A Fester of the Seventeenth Century," and reviews of recent scientific works complete the number. Price of subscription, \$3.50 per year in advance. *Science* is edited and published by Mr. N. D. C. Hodges, 47 Lafayette street, New York.

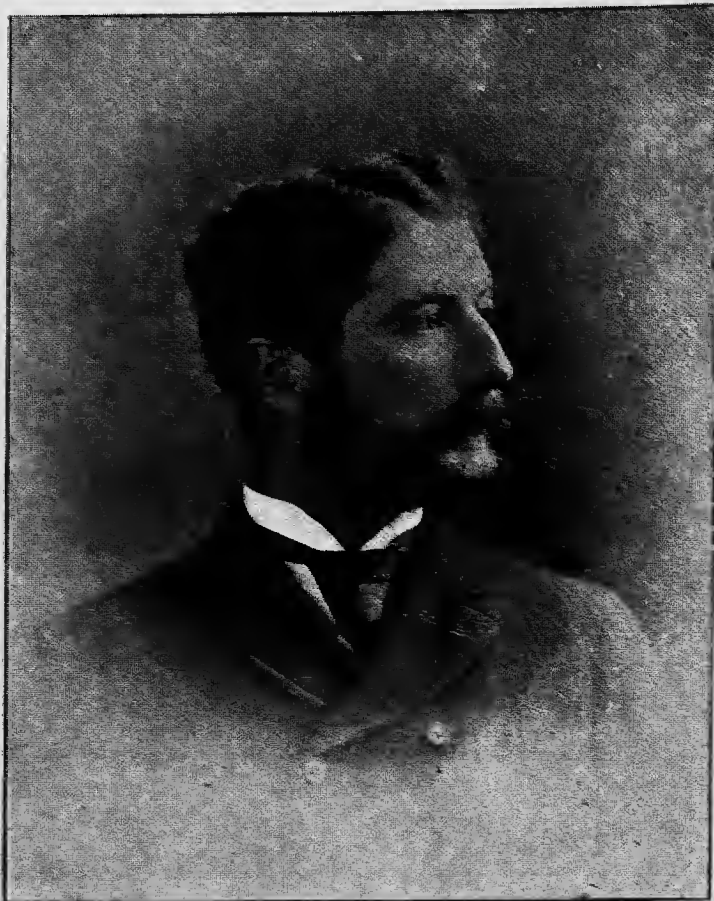
COSMOPOLITAN.

The last number of this cheapest of first-class monthlies is one of the best yet issued. The frontispiece is a picture of genuine pathos—"Away on the mountains wild and bare"—but it is not for us to blame the carrion crows.

Beard's emblematic margin scenes are worthy of thoughtful study. They are a sermon—many sermons—as well as a work of art. "The Passion Play at Oberammergau," by Elizabeth Bisland, is the finest presentation of that marvellous drama in its proper home that we have yet seen. The illustrations of the actors and most noteworthy scenes in the play are remarkably vivid. "Mary," "John," "Barabbas," "Judas" are wonderfully well chosen for those parts. The "Judas" is a handsome man, whose features and expressions reveal that capacity for remorse which some of the conventional Judases of art lack. Miss Scidmore's "Collections of Teapots" show what scope there is for an artistic as well as literary treatment of Dr. Holmes's text. General James Grant Wilson deals opportunely and worthily with the career of his illustrious fellow-soldier, Von Moltke, of whom several portraits are given. "The Birds of Nazareth" is a timely poem on a pretty apocryphal legend. In "A Famous Fireplace," by Herbert Pierson, we are introduced to one of the wonders of historic Bruges—the most celebrated fireplace in Europe, and other points of interest in the old Flemish city. "The Cruise of the Sonoma," by T. H. Stevens, "The Army of Japan," poetry by George Edgar Montgomery, John W. Wiedemayer and Marian M. Miller. "Mrs. Pendleton's Four-in-hand," a clever story by Gertrude Franklin Atherton, the concluding chapters of "The Pursuit of the Martyrs," and, not least welcome to many readers, Miss Lillian Whiting's paper on "Literary Boston," with its profusion of portraits, form the remaining features in this rare holiday number. Price of subscription, \$2.40 a year. New York office: Fifth Avenue, Broadway and 25th street.

CANADIAN ELECTRICAL NEWS AND STEAM ENGINEERING JOURNAL.

The periodical hitherto published by Mr. Charles H. Mortimer, of Toronto, under the title of the *Electrical, Mechanical and Milling News*, will, with the beginning of next year, assume the name of the *Canadian Electrical News and Steam Engineering Journal*, the grain trade and milling department constituting, as already mentioned, a separate publication under the management of Mr. A. G. Mortimer. It is presumed that the growing importance in Canada of the electrical industry, with which steam engineering is dynamically associated, may be taken to justify the existence of a journal especially devoted to its interests. The paper, in its new form, will endeavour to disseminate a knowledge of the various methods by which electricity can be made to serve mankind, and will at the same time give due attention to the elucidation of the principles and practices of steam engineering. One of the objects which it will strive to attain at as early a date as possible is the organization of a Canadian Electrical Association. Meanwhile the publisher will do all in his power to make the publication a success. The office in Toronto is at 14 King street west; at Montreal, in the Temple Building, St. James street.



E. R. MURPHY, Esq.



MAJOR D. W. STEVENSON.

THE IRISH DELEGATION SENT OUT TO ASCERTAIN OUR AGRICULTURAL RESOURCES.

(Messrs. Wm. Notman & Son, p'oto.)



SCENE ON THE RICHELIEU.—This is another, and our readers will, we are sure, agree with us, a very beautiful glimpse of that storied river, which has played such an eventful part in the wars of the old régime. It is a picture that appeals both to the lover of nature and the student of history. The play of the sunlight on the water especially demands its tribute of admiration.

ICEBERGS AT KINCARDINE, ONT.—Though Canada is not wont to boast of it, as a feature in her manifold resources, she holds yearly as fair an exhibition of the manufactures of Boreas's workshop as any neighbour of the North Pole. This view of a winter scene on Lake Huron shows some of the forms with which those who have entered the treasures of the snow are familiar, but for which we would hardly look in this little nook of Lake Huron.

HOTEL AND STATION, LAKE EDWARD, LAKE ST. JOHN RAILWAY.—"One hundred miles from Quebec," writes Mr. W. H. H. Murray, "the tourist will find himself, as the train stops, at Lake of the Great Islands—than which I know of nothing lovelier nor likelier to please the angler or the health and pleasure seeker." On the railway maps and schedules this beautiful sheet of islanded water is set as Lake Edward. It is some twenty miles in length and some six to eight in breadth at the widest part. Some of its islands are miles long. Its shores are indented by wide and deep bays that penetrate far between the surrounding hills, some with broad entrances, others with openings so narrow that once inside the enclosure seems complete, and the cruiser has to search diligently for the passage out. These off-shoot lakes are also covered with islands, which abound in four-footed game, as the waters in fish. Lake Edward, or Lac des Grandes Isles, is a favourite resort of sportsmen (anglers especially), who are made comfortably at home at the well-equipped hotel, of which Mr. Baker is manager. The Lake has been leased by the hotel company.

OLD INDIAN WITH SNOWSHOES.—A characteristic specimen of his race in marching order, he is not ready for the war-path—at least, we hope not—but for a quiet tramp. We have been unable to obtain his history, but we believe him to be a well-conducted Indian.

ONIATCHOUAN RIVER, BELOW THE FALLS, LAKE ST. JOHN.—This important stream is known by name to most, by more than name to some, of our readers. It takes its rise in the County of Chicoutimi, some seven miles from Lake Quaquagumache, and enters Lake St. John at its southeast corner. It has a course of about 60 miles, and

is noted for the Great Falls, situated at about a mile from its mouth. These falls, just above the portion of the river depicted in our engraving, compare in height with those of Montmorency, which they greatly exceed in the volume of water distributed over the pendant rocks. It is noteworthy that it is from these falls the river derives its name—the word "Oniatchouan" meaning in Algonquin "Do you see the falls?"

SCENE OF THE ACCIDENT ON THE INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY AT ST. JOSEPH DE LÉVIS, P.Q., DECEMBER 18.—Most of our readers have read in the daily papers of the terribly fatal railway accident that took place near St. Joseph de Lévis, P.Q., on the morning of the 18th inst. The Miramichi train, which was due at Lévis at 11.40 a.m., reached St. Joseph shortly before noon. About three miles from the station the line crosses diagonally a public street, close to the church, by a bridge about twenty-five feet high, resting on stone piers, the intermediate structure being of wood. The locomotive had almost crossed when the express car left the track, and an instant after the whole train was bumping over the ties. The shock broke most of the couplings, but the locomotive got over in safety, dragging with it the tender and express car. The baggage car rolled down the embankment nearly a hundred yards from the rest of the train. The second-class car struck against the stone pier, to which it did considerable damage, while it was itself almost broken in two. The smoking-car fell into the street, almost crushing in a house and sustaining heavy injuries. The first-class car fell at the foot of the embankment, while the Pullman was thrown a few feet beyond it, both lying side by side. A number of working men, who happened to be near, with the train hands from the depot and the police and firemen of Lévis, promptly set to work to release the imprisoned passengers. It soon became evident that some of them were beyond the reach of help, but the number of the injured whose condition required immediate attention was also large. Six persons had been killed on the spot. Among these was Mr. Alexis Dessault, M.P. for Kamouraska, whose melancholy death, in the prime of life and in the midst of a career of usefulness is universally deplored. He was born in 1847, called to the Bar in 1869, married in 1872 to Mlle. Paradis, and was elected to the House of Commons, in the Liberal interest, in 1887. He was also Major in the 88th Battalion, and was for several years Mayor of the town of Kamouraska. Mr. J. P. Blais, merchant of that place, was also among the victims. Messrs. Xavier Leclerc, of Lévis, machinist, and Max Dresspool, of New Glasgow, N.S., met their deaths. A train news agent named Winner was found among the dead. Mrs. Beacheamin, of Manchester, N.H., succumbed to her injuries on the following day, and several others are in a critical condition. The inquest is now going on, and till the verdict is reached it is vain to hazard conjectures as to the cause of the disaster. This is the first serious accident that has taken place on the Intercolonial. The railway authorities have assumed the re-

sponsibility of the funeral expenses of the killed and the attendance of the injured.

SCENE ON NANAIMO RIVER, B.C.—There are no rivers, in the stricter sense of the word, in Vancouver Island. The numerous streams that flow through the country are simply short water courses that discharge the overflow of the lakes or the surface waters of the neighbouring ridges. Some of these become torrents in winter, while in summer they wane into mere rivulets. The Nanaimo, however, which drains a lake half way across the upper part of the southern peninsula, formed by Barclay Sound, is of considerable size, and noted for its attractive scenery. It enters the Strait of Georgia not far from the town of the same name.

"INSTRUCTION," FROM THE PAINTING BY E. MUNIER. This is a characteristic production of an artist whose work has already been illustrated in our pages. It is not unworthy of his brush.

NIAGARA IN WINTER.—Most of the many writers who have given the world their impressions of Niagara have described its summer glories, but one who lived for years within sight and hearing of the stupendous scene, and who rests within earshot (if he could only hear) of its mighty music, paid tribute to its grandeur in every season. "One might almost fancy," he writes, "that Niagara was designedly placed by the Creator in the temperate zone that it might not always wear the same livery of loveliness, but that the peculiar excellencies of the three great regions of the earth might in turn enrich, beautify and adorn this favoured and glorious work of His power; that in summer it might have the warmth and luxuriance of the tropics; in autumn the vivid hues and varying dyes of the middle region, and in winter the icy splendour and starry lustre of the frozen zone. All that is rich, all that is striking, all that is gorgeous in nature thus centres here in one holy spot, beautifying sublimity, adorning immensity, and making the awful attractive." The winter scenery of Niagara is wonderful in its wealth of form and hue. "The grass is turned to pearl, the forest to cerus, the foliage to crystal, by the falling and freezing spray. Rocks of glass, columns of alabaster, trees of cerule, and rainbows resting upon the crystal branches and nestling among the diamond twigs and tendrils. Groves of spar, bending beneath a weight of brilliants in all the blazonry of splendour, allure and dazzle the eye, and, stirred by the wind, rain down upon the alabaster earth showers of diamonds glittering in the sunlight and still shining where they fall. The river, a sea of silver, springs down a porcelain precipice, and falling on rocks of transparent chalcedony, carved into strange and curious shades and fringed with pointed pendants of crystal dashes glittering up, filling the air with starry rainbow wreaths of beauty. Crystalline stalactites of enormous size and immeasurable lengths, overlying and clustering round each other in many a fanciful and fantastic shape, forming colonnades, pilasters, capitals and

cornices, ornamented and enriched by a beautiful fretwork of glassy texture, and delicate tracery, hang down the banks and mock the sun with their lustre—making of the chasm and cataract a glorious and gorgeous temple."

MAJOR D. W. STEVENSON.—Major Stevenson, of Knock-bran Londonderry and Portlemon, Westmeath, Ireland, was born in 1855. He visits Canada as the Northern Irish Agricultural delegate to the Dominion. In the North of Ireland the Major is well known in connection with industrial matters, as well as with agriculture, and his efforts to promote Irish industries, both manufactures and fisheries, have endeared him to his fellow-countrymen. As a member of the colonial federation party and a fair trader, the Major is also well known in England, his voice and pen being always at the disposal of those he considers in the right.

E. R. MURPHY, ESQ.—Mr. E. R. Murphy, of "The Verries," Tralee, the Southern Irish Agricultural delegate, is an extensive dairy farmer and cattle-breeder, and he has shown close attention to that class of industry during his sojourn in this country. Mr. Murphy, though comparatively a young man, occupies no small share of public honour in the old country. He is, and has been for six years past, Chairman of the Tralee Board of Guardians, consisting of 84 members. He is Town Commissioner for Tralee, and is one of the twelve members forming "The Tralee and Fenit Pier and Harbour Commissioners," a body that has lately expended £160,000 in pier and railway construction. His popularity has extended to this country, where he has had a most enthusiastic reception from his fellow countrymen all through his long journeying.

OTTAWA COLLEGE AND TORONTO FOOTBALL CLUBS.—This week our readers are presented with the photographs of the Ottawa College and Toronto Football clubs. Both of these teams have done good work during the season just closed, and are among the best exponents of the game in the country. Ottawa College have not been defeated for several years, and up to last year held the championship of the Dominion. At that time it became inconvenient for the collegians to do the amount of travel necessary to defend the championship, and they resigned from the Ontario Rugby union. Since that time several challenge matches have been played; but the collegians have never been actually defeated, the nearest approach to it being the drawn match played with the Montreal club on Thanksgiving day.

The Very Rev. Aeneas McDonell Dawson, Honorary V.G., of Alexandria, LL.D., Docteur ès Lettres (Laval), F.R.S.C.

Many of our readers are doubtless aware that on St. Andrew's Day a numerous signed testimonial was presented to the Very Rev. Aeneas McDonell Dawson, Doctor of Letters, etc., of Ottawa, on the occasion of his attaining his 80th birthday. We are happy in being able to present them in this issue with an excellent portrait of that venerable clergyman and distinguished writer. The number and character of the contributors to the testimonial, not in Ottawa only, but in all parts of the Dominion, bore witness to the esteem and affection which Father Dawson's moral and intellectual qualities and genial nature had won for him wherever he is known. The Very Rev. Principal Grant, of Queen's University, Kingston, gave expression to the sentiments of all who had the pleasure of Dr. Dawson's acquaintance when, in a letter to Mr. McLeod Stewart, he said: "Every one who knows the good man will feel honoured in adding a leaf to his chaplet. I send mine because he is Scotch and Canadian; orator and scholar; a son of Queen's and a Father of the Church universal." Such testimony to his worth could be multiplied. Lord Lansdowne, in acknowledging a graceful poetical tribute to the rare ability and judgment with which His Lordship maintained the high traditions of his family, after a characteristically modest disclaimer of such great deserts ("Vix ea nostra voco"), said that Dr. Dawson's "admirable lines" would "form one of the most interesting records" of his term of office in Canada. Father Dawson was born at Redhaven, Scotland, in July, 1810. He learned the classics at the select Grammar School, of Portsoy, Banffshire, and went, at the age of sixteen, for ecclesiastical studies, to the Archbishop's Seminary of Paris, where he remained till the Revolution of 1830, and to which he returned at a later date. He continued his studies at the Benedictine College, Douai. In 1834 and 1835 he read theology at St. Mary's College, Blairs, Scotland, with the late venerable president, the Rev. John Sharpe. He was ordained on the 2nd April, 1835, and at once appointed assistant priest in the important Mission of Dumfries, which he served until 1840, when he was transferred to the Edinburgh missions. In those missions he officiated till 1852, when he obtained leave to come to Canada, to which country he was invited by the late Hon. and Right Rev. Alex. McDonell, Bishop of Kingston. He arrived in the land which was destined to be his future home, in the autumn of 1854, having previously, while preparing for the change, assisted the lamented Bishop Grant in the Southwark missions, preaching pretty often in St. George's Church. On reaching Ottawa Father Dawson was appointed to the charge of Upper Town, as the part of the city on the left bank of the Rideau was then called. When in office there he enlarged and improved the small church in use at the time; After some six years he was invited to officiate at the Cathedral, and was appointed chaplain to the forces, a position which he retained till they were with-

drawn. He was then nominated parish priest of Osgoode. For some time Father Dawson has retired from the discharge of the more severe duties of the missions, and officiates only at the Convent Chapel on Gloucester street. This is the merest outline of a career which has been associated with some of the greatest events of our time in the Old World, and with the most important stages in Canada's development for nearly fifty years. There are many points of interest in Dr. Dawson's life to which we would gladly refer if our space permitted. Let us hope that the venerable Vicar-General will, in justice to himself and his many friends, put on record, in his own scholarly and lucid style, the chances and changes of his eighty years, his recollections of distinguished personages whom he has known, and of noteworthy events in which he has directly or indirectly shared. The conception of a testimonial to the venerable priest and man of letters, to mark the esteem in which he was held, originated, we believe, in the generous heart of Mr. McLeod Stewart. It met with the enthusiastic concurrence of all who knew Dr. Dawson personally or by reputation. St. Andrew's Day was fitly selected as the date for the presentation. The gathering, which took place in the Council Chamber of the City Hall, was representative of every race and creed, clergy and laity, the professional and business classes of the Capital. Among those present were the Rev. Canon Campeau, administrator of the Archdiocese of Ottawa, the Rev. Fathers Nolin, Langevin, Chaborel and Forget, Rev. W. T. Herridge (St. Andrew's), Rev. J. J. Bogert (St. Alban's), Rev. W. Scott (Dominion Methodist), Rev. F. W. Farries (Knox Church), Mr. McLeod Stewart, President of the St. Andrew's Society, and Mrs. Stewart, Hon. Justice Taschereau, of the Supreme Court, and Miss Taschereau, Sandford Fleming, C.M.G., Chancellor of Queen's University, Sir James Grant, K.C.M.G., Colonel Lay, United States Consul-General, and Mrs. Lay, R. Sedgewick, Q.C., Deputy Minister of Justice, A. M. Burgess, Deputy Minister of the Interior, Lieut.-Col. White, Deputy Postmaster-General, Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Morgan, Dr. Sweetland, Sheriff of Carleton, Marcus Smith, C.E., Andrew Drummond, ex-Mayor McDougal, Dr. R. J. and Miss Wicksteed, and a large number of others.

Mr. McLeod Stewart occupied the chair, Mr. Sandford Fleming, C.M.G., standing at his left. After stating the object of the meeting and reminding Dr. Dawson that he had known him from his (the chairman's) boyhood, Mr. Stewart announced that he had a very welcome preliminary duty to discharge. He then read a letter from the Right Rev. Alexander Macdonell, Bishop of Alexandria, in which, in recognition of Father Dawson's eminent services to religion and literature, His Lordship appointed him an honorary Vicar-General of his diocese. The chairman then read the address, in which the new Vicar-General's long, blameless and most useful life, his fifty-six years' service as a priest, his patriotism and loyalty, his learning and voluminous writings in prose and verse, were worthily commemorated. Mr. A. F. McIntyre, on behalf of the ladies of the Convent of Notre Dame, then read an address of felicitation (including an acrostic in verse from one of the pupils), and presented Father Dawson with a portrait of himself. It then fell to the venerable octogenarian to reply, and he did so in his usual happy vein of courtesy, modesty and gentle humour. Referring to his efforts, at a time when few had thought of the subject, he recalled the offer of Mr. Wm. Dawson, M.P., for Three Rivers, to build a railway in the North-West, with Baron Rothschild's backing. The same spirit which had actuated Dr. Dawson in those now distant years to promote the union of Canada from ocean to ocean, now made him share in the aspirations for the still grander federation that would include the whole British Empire. Dr. Sandford Fleming extended to his venerable friend the cordial greeting of Queen's University, of which he is Chancellor, and Dr. Dawson caused some amusement by the earnestness with which he declined to apply any exclusive religious qualification to that most unsectarian of seats of learning. During the delivery of the addresses and the reply, the audience applauded again and again, and when Dr. Dawson concluded his remarks they all gathered around him to shake hands and wish him many happy years.

The purse presented to Vicar-General Dawson contained \$400, and the accompanying set of furs cost \$180. The list of Dr. Dawson's works is a long one, and the publication of the earliest of them antedates the appearance on this planet of most of our readers. His *début* as an author was made fifty years ago, when his "Maitre Pierre," from the French of M. Delessart, was printed at Paris. In 1838 it was brought out in Liverpool. Another essay in translation was "The Parish Priest and his Parishioners," from the original of M. B. d'Exanville (Glasgow, 1842). His subsequent works are: "The Pope Considered in His Relations with the Church, etc.," from the French of Count Joseph de Maistre, London, 1850; "Letters to a Russian Gentleman," from the French of the same distinguished writer; "The Temporal Sovereignty of the Pope in Relation to the State of Italy," London and Ottawa, 1860; "St. Vincent de Paul" (a lecture), London, 1865; "Pius the Ninth and His Time," London, 1880; "The Catholics of Scotland, from 1593, etc., till the death of Bishop Carruthers in 1852," London, Ont., 1890. These constitute Dr. Dawson's contributions to ecclesiastical history and polemical literature. Every one of these volumes was well received. "The Life of Pius the Ninth" was pronounced by a high Catholic authority to be the best biography of that pontiff yet written; the works on "The Temporal Sovereignty" were highly commended for their clearness, close-

ness of argument and moderation of tone; of the "Catholics of Scotland" we hope to speak more at length. It is, however, with Dr. Dawson's poetical and critical writings and his essays on Canadian subjects that the general reader is naturally most concerned. In 1870 appeared his "Miscellaneous Essays," which comprised (*inter alia*) a series of letters in reply to the views of Prof. Goldwin Smith and Lord Sherbrooke (Mr. Robert Lowe) on colonial questions; essays on the history and development of the North-West Territories and on Canadian poets and an oration on the death of the Hon. D'Arcy McGee. In 1882 he brought out a poem "The Last Defender of Jerusalem;" in 1883, "Zenobia, Queen of Palmyra," appeared, and in 1886 a volume containing "Dominion Day," "Caractacus," "Malcolm and Margaret," and other poems. Most of these were primarily read before the Royal Society, of which Dr. Dawson is one of the original members. They reveal imagination, taste and scholarship, and have been much admired by critics of undoubted standing. In concluding this inadequate review of the Very Rev. Dr. Dawson's long life and distinguished services as a priest, a citizen and an author, we would ask the privilege of adding our congratulations and good wishes to those of the host of friends, of every creed and nationality, who were proud to do him honour on his 80th birthday. We hope that he may long be spared to those who esteem and love him.

Mr. Douglas Sladen's Poem, "God Save Canada."

As printed in our Christmas Supplement, Mr. Sladen's song, "God Save Canada," had been altered from the original. At Mr. Sladen's request, we now publish it in its original form:

GOD SAVE CANADA.

Imperium in Imperio.

To the Air of "God Save the Queen."

Beneath our Northern skies
Behold a nation rise
Born of two foes;
Destined, as Earth grows old,
Glory and power to hold,
As do those rivals bold,
LILY and ROSE.

God reared the lonely child,
Bred in the frost and wild,
For some great end;
Forest and waste untracked,
Snow-deep and cataract,
Passes with glaciers packed,
Made her their friend.

Exiles for England's sake
Loved she, and bade them take
Half she possessed;
And, when the foeman came
Brandishing sword and flame,
Hurled him with wounds and shame
Back from her breast.

Direly he felt thine arm,
Belle France, at Chrystler's Farm
And Chateauguay.
And on the lofty shores,
Where vast Niagara roars,
Learned how the Lion roars,
Standing at bay.

God save our Canada,
Long live our Canada,
Loyal, tho' free!
Steering her own stout helm,
No storm shall overwhelm
"A REALM WITHIN A REALM"
THAT RULES THE SEA.

DOUGLAS SLADEN.

Niagara in Winter.

(See Engraving.)

Nor smiles nor metaphors avail!
All imagery vanishes, device
Dies in thy presence, wondrous dream of ice!
Ice-bound I stand, my face is pinched and pale,
Before such awful majesty I fail,
Sink low on this snow-litened slab of gneiss,
Shut out the gleaming mass that can entice,
Enchain, enchant, but in whose light I quail.
While I from under frozen lashes peer,
My thoughts fly back and take a homeward course,
How dear to dwell in sweet placidity,
Instead of these colossal crystals see
The slender icicles of some fairy "force"
And break the film upon an English mere!

S. FRANCES HARRISON (Seranus).

In "Pine, Rose and Fleur de Lis."

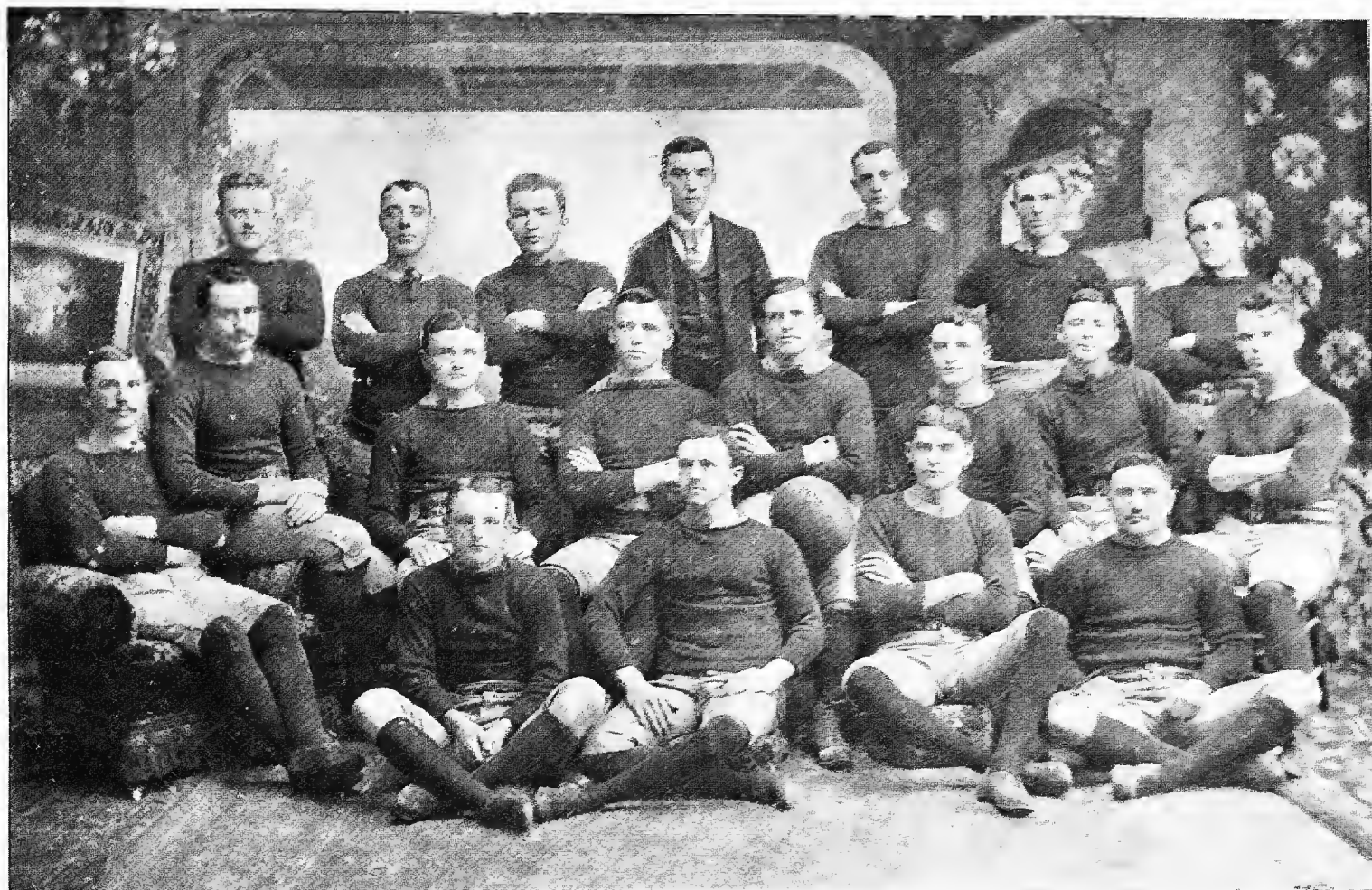
It is said that Elizabeth Stuart Phelps commands and gets higher prices for her work than any literary woman, and he did not except Mrs. Burnett, either. "Her income may not be as large as that of Mrs. Burnett, but her individual prices are as high, if not higher," said my informant.



OUATCHOWAN RIVER BELOW THE FALLS.



HOTEL AND STATION AT LAKE EDWARD.
SCENES IN THE LAKE ST JOHN DISTRICT.
(Mr H. Laurie, Amateur photo.)



FIRST FIFTEEN OF OTTAWA UNIVERSITY FOOTBALL CLUB.



FIRST FIFTEEN OF TORONTO FOOTBALL CLUB.
CANADIAN RUGBY FOOTBALL TEAMS



BY BLANCHE I. MACDONNELL

CHAPTER V.—Continued.

The women gathered, morning and evening, about the wells, enjoying the opportunity for a gossip, their tongues running as quickly as the water, and their whole bodies aiding with an endless variety of appropriate gestures. The men, with an excitable vivacity that never diminished, held choleric arguments or repeated marvellous stories. They tapped their foreheads, clasped their hands, clutched impetuously at perukes that presented a wonderful impunity from permitting themselves to become disarranged. They discussed how Jean Louis had strained his left arm and fallen under the power of the sorcerer. Mère Bouillette had been tormented by the *lutin* in the shape of the will o' the wisp; how it was feared Georgian and his fifty wolves, invisible when hunted by honest men, were driving about the colts at night, and the good Mère Berhier had presented Madelon with a blessed *scapulaire* as a charm against fever. With bated breath they whispered of that dreaded scourge, the Iroquois; then, with tears still glistening in their eyes, they, at some careless jest, broke out into merry laughter. The rigor of the climate prevented indulgence in that pleasant outdoor life in which the French peasants delighted, but as soon as the late, northern spring triumphed over winter and the air grew soft and balmy, the natural instinct reasserted itself.

To the east of the town, where Viger Square now lies, stretched a swampy marsh, where the bulrushes raised their tall heads and the stately purple iris bloomed in profusion and the long-drawn cry of the water fowl echoed through the stillness in melancholy cadence. Back of the settlement, parallel with Notre Dame street, with a mimic rush and roar, a stream babbled between its green banks. Between this and Notre Dame street, far removed from noise and bustle, lay the quiet cemetery, where many a brave heart slept quietly after "life's fitful fever." Some distance away to the left, nestling at the foot of Mount Royal, was situated the Mission village, established by St. Sulpice, for the Christianized Indians. It was dominated by two round stone towers, which afforded considerable protection to the colony, and a few French soldiers were always stationed there. Near at hand, in winter, half buried by peaked drifts and massive banks of snow, was the shrine of Notre Dame des Nèges. Open to attack on all sides, Ville Marie was not fortified; all the defence it had was a simple palisade with bastions in very indifferent condition. Often reaching the limits of human possibility in suffering for many hard and bitter years, enduring all the pangs of mortal trouble, the small community still contrived to exist. In the unsettled and variable condition, naturally resulting from the trials through which the colony was passing, the clerical influence always maintained a certain solidity of aim to the settlement which they had originated and in which they were certainly the ruling power.

Opposite the city, on the south shore, from La Prairie to Longueuil, extended the fief acquired by the gallant Charles Le Moyne, who, notwithstanding the conditions of painful change and fluctuation that attended the fortunes of the colony, had contrived to gain, both in rank and wealth. His son, the Baron de Longueuil, was now commandant at Longueuil. The stone fort, flanked by four strong towers, resembled a French château fortified. A church and various substantial buildings clustered around it, and the grandson of the innkeeper of Dieppe reigned like a feudal noble over his thirty servants and retainers. Between the city and Longueuil, St. Hélène's lovely isle rose with gently wooded slopes and sunlit glades. Opposite La Salle's Seigneurie, at Lachine, was Sault St. Louis, an Indian mission station. Around, on all sides, stretched the silent, impenetrable forest, always full of lurking and hidden perils.

CHAPTER VI.

"What simple things be these the soul to raise,
To bounding joy and make young pulses beat,
With careless pleasure, finding life so sweet."

—E. LAZARUS.

Ville Marie was all astir with beating of drums and ringing of bells. The whole colony was inspired by the wildest exhilaration.

Canada had lately been reduced to the last extremity. It seemed as though whatever might be the dire necessity, the struggling, suffering settlers, by sheer force of will, always found strength and fortitude to endure. The existence of New France depended upon the fur trade, and now, for nearly three years, the Iroquois had contrived to block up the main artery of Canada, the River Ottawa, stopping the country's life blood. The annual supply of beaver skins had been prevented from passing, and the colony, compelled to live on credit, had been reduced to extreme distress. The preceding winter the need had been so pressing

that the authorities had been forced to distribute the soldiers among the *habitants* to be fed. The return of the Count de Frontenac had recently inspired the Canadians with fresh hope and courage. The Governor-General happened to be at Ville Marie when a messenger arrived in hot haste with the startling information that Lake St. Louis was covered with canoes. An Iroquois invasion was the natural conclusion, and the consternation was universal. Cannon were fired to call in the troops from the detached posts, the churches were thronged by trembling and excited women, the steady march of trained soldiers resounded through the street. Then the alarm was swiftly changed to frantic joy by the arrival of a later scout to announce that the newcomers were not foes but friends. Louvigny and Perrot, the envoys sent to the Indians in the spring by the Governor-General, their persuasions emphasized by the news of the late victory on the Ottawa and the capture of Schnecktady, had successfully accomplished their mission. Despairing of an English market for their skins the savages had come, as of old, to seek one from the French. Two hundred canoes had arrived laden with the coveted articles of merchandise, which had been accumulating at Michillimackinac. While three years of arrested sustenance came down from the Lakes, a French fleet, freighted with soldiers and supplies, sailed up the St. Lawrence. A sudden stroke changed mourning and apprehension into delight. Almost bewildered with the sweetness of relief, men cheered and shouted, women laughed hysterically, and as they looked into each other's eyes they realized how terrible had been the strain through which they had recently passed.

The savages fired their guns as they drew near, and the deep, continuous roar of cannon from Ville Marie greeted them as they landed before the town. Woods, waves and hills resounded with the thunder of artillery. A great quantity of evergreen boughs had been gathered for the use of the Red Skins, and of this they constructed their wigwams outside the palisades.

Inspired by the universal hilarity, Diane and Lydia Longlois, attended by Le Ber du Chêne, the Chevalier de Crisasi and the Sieur d'Ardieux, started to attend the council, which always preceded the great fair. Nanon, thoroughly enjoying the occasion, walked behind her mistress. Her broad, shrewd face beamed, her expressive mouth was screwed to the dimensions of a button-hole, her long earrings twinkled as she moved. Nothing escaped the notice of her quick eye or the comment of her ready tongue.

"It's well said that noble blood never lies. Voila! our little partridge holds up her head with the best. Beautiful to a marvel and not without wit and expression either. This other, at her side is but a poor spindle of a creature. It's an *officier bleu*, no less, or some great noble at the court of His Majesty, should claim our demoiselle for his bride."

Diane's gown of heavy, coffee coloured brocade had a train, which gently swaying behind her, not dragging but caught up gracefully and drawn through both pocket holes, displaying the laced under-skirt and pretty shoes upon which the jewelled buckles twinkled. The corsage was long waisted and close fitting, frills of lace hung from the sleeves, a fine muslin handkerchief was crossed over the bosom and fastened by a breast knot under the dainty chin. On her right hand and on her left walked the Chevalier de Crisasi and Sieur d'Ardieux. The first was a remarkably elegant and distinguished looking man. The thin, dark face within the frame of curling hair was somewhat languid and supercilious, the melancholy eyes almost oriental in their depth and intensity of expression. The Marquis de Crisasi and his brother the Chevalier were Sicilian noblemen, who had compromised themselves by taking the part of France against Spain. Their immense possessions had been confiscated, and suddenly precipitated from the highest pinnacle of brilliant success to bitter adversity, these gentlemen had been sent out to Canada in command of troops. The favor of the Court was not a reliable dependence. The Marquis had been appointed Governor of Three Rivers, and the Chevalier, who was regarded by his contemporaries as a model of every knightly accomplishment, neglected and forsaken by his courtly friends, still awaited those marks of royal favor which he was destined never to receive.

The Sieur d'Ardieux was a small man, who used such high-heeled shoes that he seemed to be walking upon stilts. He wore a long, black wig, powdered and curled in front. He was always steeped in perfumes, decked like a woman, with ribbons wherever he could hang them, glittering with rings, bracelets and jewels. He was a common type of the men who strolled in the gardens of the Tuileries or the galleries of Versailles, pulling strings which set cardboard toys—the *pantins*—in motion, embroidering at woman's frames in woman's salons, gambling away body and soul at the receptions of Court beauties, fighting bloody duels at

Longchamps. Yet it must be remembered that when receiving their baptism of fire in the New Country, when confronted by novel necessities and real perils the high heads remained dauntless and dignified; the reckless triflers, the graceless spendthrifts, mostly always showed themselves brave men and gallant gentlemen. D'Ardieux chattered volubly. His conversation related exclusively to his own interests. The delights of Court life, the injuries and indignities which his own relatives had inflicted upon him, the grandeur of his own expectations. The Chevalier walked in stately silence. With the throb and spring of eagerness in one's veins, the leap of strength and life and hope in the heart, Discretion may appear but a pale phantom. The Chevalier's doleful glances inspired Diane with a teasing wish to torment him to the utmost, consequently her brightest smiles encouraged the loquacious youth whose outrageous vanity in truth required no stimulus.

"*Mesiricorde!* but these men are fools," soliloquized Nanon. "This little turkey believes that the world was created for him to strut in, and the poor, good, jealous Chevalier never guesses that it is for the sake of the son of the *épicière* that our Demoiselle plays the coquette. He is furiously displeased, that one, he makes such sighs and has grown as thin as a nail. Comment! But it is inconceivable that the Sieur Du Chêne should perceive nothing."

The sunshine irradiated Du Chêne's face. He was beaming with frankness, friendliness and cordiality. Youth, health and contentment, all were his, and his heart was warm to his fellow men. Slender, graceful and elegantly made, he wore a new coat of crimson, bordered with a gold band, in a fashion then called *à la bourgeoise*. His handsome young face was shaded by a large musqueteer hat of felt, in which a freshly curled white plume waved gaily. The long moustache curved jauntily above his smiling mouth. The black silk stockings displayed the symmetry of his limbs to perfection. It was a costume not unworthy a young man's vanity. De Crisasi and d'Ardieux both wore swords, that rattled at every step. The knowledge that his favourite son was debarré from this right always caused Le Ber a poignant pang.

Lydia walked demurely at the young Canadian's side; her fresh, sleepy-eyed face, her cheeks tinged with excited colour, standing out in bewitching contrast to the flaxen hair. The neat dress of dark camlet, with its snowy frills and "pinners," which had been her Puritan raiment, had been exchanged for an imitation of Diane's costume. Her very awkwardness was charming, and made her seem the very essence of sweet loveableness and pathetic ignorance. She was attractive with that undefinable charm, beguiling and upsetting, that belongs to certain women, a magnetic quality not depending upon faultlessness of physical beauty, grace or talent.

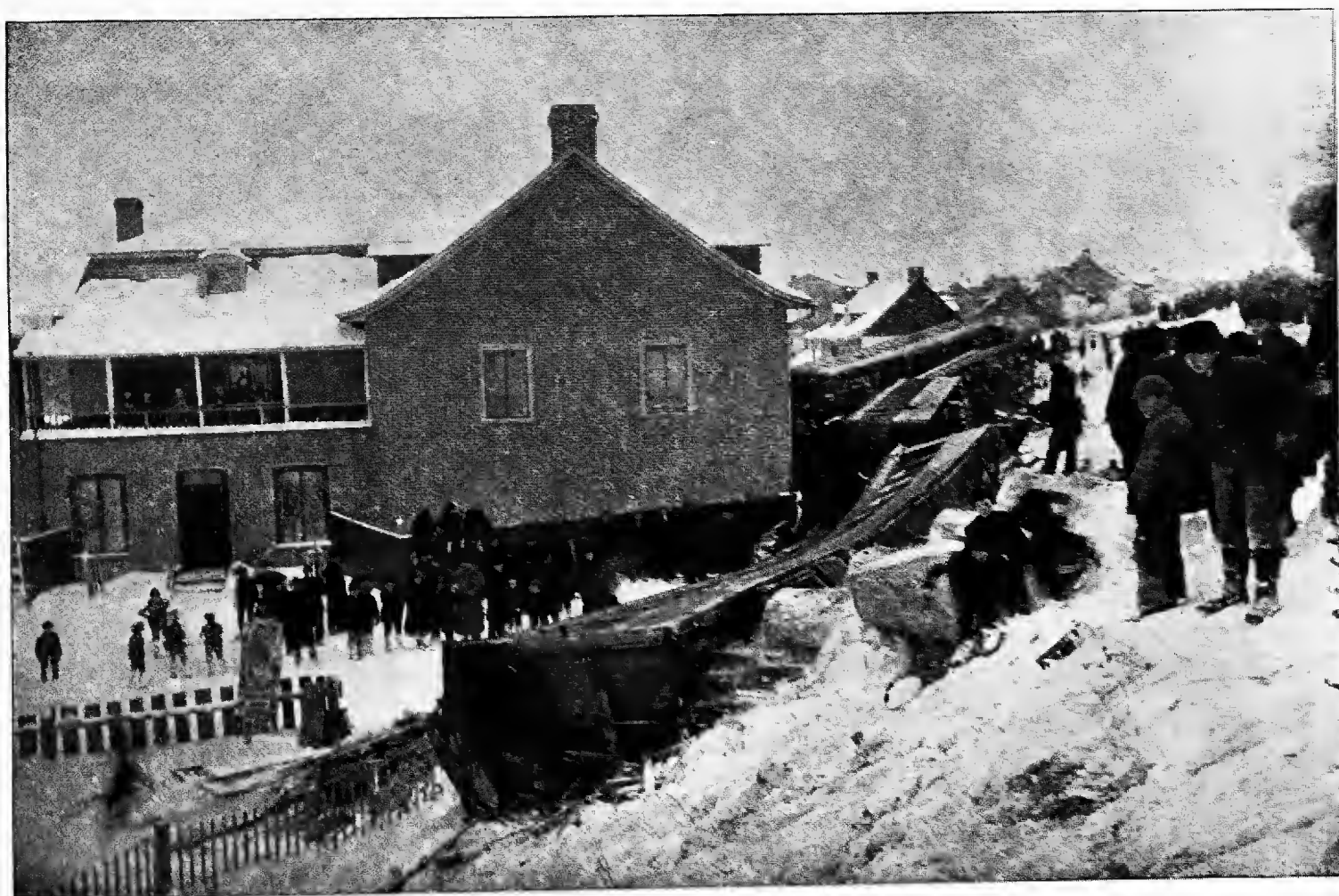
"I dread the savages. The regard of one of those painted monsters renders me faint and ill," the girl whispered. Every glance had a glamor of magic; there was a touch of pathos in her pensive youthfulness.

"But you have nothing to fear, my little one, with Du Chêne at your side. Leave her not, even for an instant, my friend," implored Diane earnestly.

Lydia reddened to her very throat, then turning around flashed upon the young man an odd, piteous glance that startled him. Her naïveté was as novel as her beauty; a very child, with her ready blushes and pettish, lovely face, she carried herself with an air of affected, transparent indifference. She was so petulant that Du Chêne was puzzled and interested, and found his charge extremely interesting. When later, Diane finding herself at his side, whispered some grateful word of acknowledgment for his consideration, he shook his head and laughed in a gratified sort of way, and then turned from the subject with the careless ease which was one of his characteristics.

On a common, between St. Paul street and the river, a large oblong space was marked out and enclosed by a fence of branches. Dappled with sun and shade, the forest encroaching on its borders, it was here that the council, upon which so much depended, was held. Some of the Indians had gathered from a distance of fully two hundred miles. Hurons and Ottawas from Michillimackinac, Ojibawas from Lake Superior, Crees from the remote north, Pottawatamies from Lake Michigan, Mascoutins, Foxes, Winnebagoes and Menomies from Wisconsin, Miamis from St. Joseph, Illinois from River Illinois, Abenakis from Acadia, and many allied tribes of less account. Their features were different, so were their manners, their weapons, their decorations, their dances. They sang and whooped and harangued. Each savage was painted with divers hues and patterns, and each appeared in his dress of ceremony, leather shirts, fringed with scalp locks, coloured blankets, robes of bison hides or beaver skin, bristling crests of hair or long, lank tresses, eagle feathers or skins of beasts. A young Algonquin warrior, dressed like a Canadian, was crowned with a drooping scarlet feather and a tall ridge of hair, like the crest of a cock. A chief of the Foxes, whose face was painted red, wore an old French wig, with its abundant curls in a state of complete entanglement. He persisted in bowing right and left with great affability, lifting his wig like a hat, to show that he was perfect in French politeness. The Indians, painted, greased and befeathered, were seated on the grass around the plain—chiefs, sachems and braves—gravely smoking their pipes in silence. Troops were drawn up in line along the sides. At one end of the enclosure was a canopy of boughs and leaves, under which were seats for spectators, occupied by ladies, officials and the principal citizens of Ville Marie. In front was placed a seat for the Governor-General.

(To be continued.)



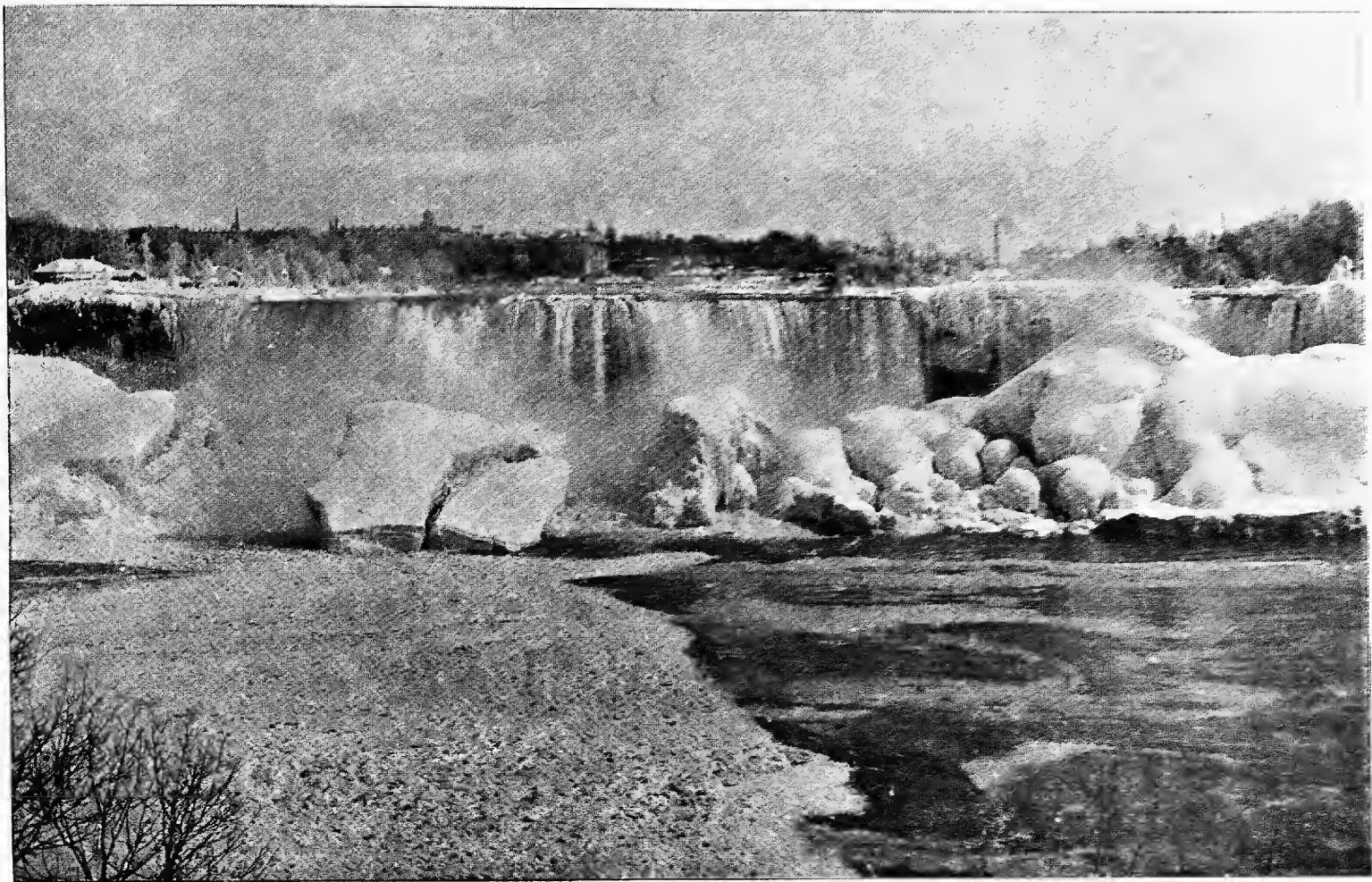
SCENES AFTER THE FATAL ACCIDENT ON THE I. C. R. NEAR LEVIS. 18th DECEMBER



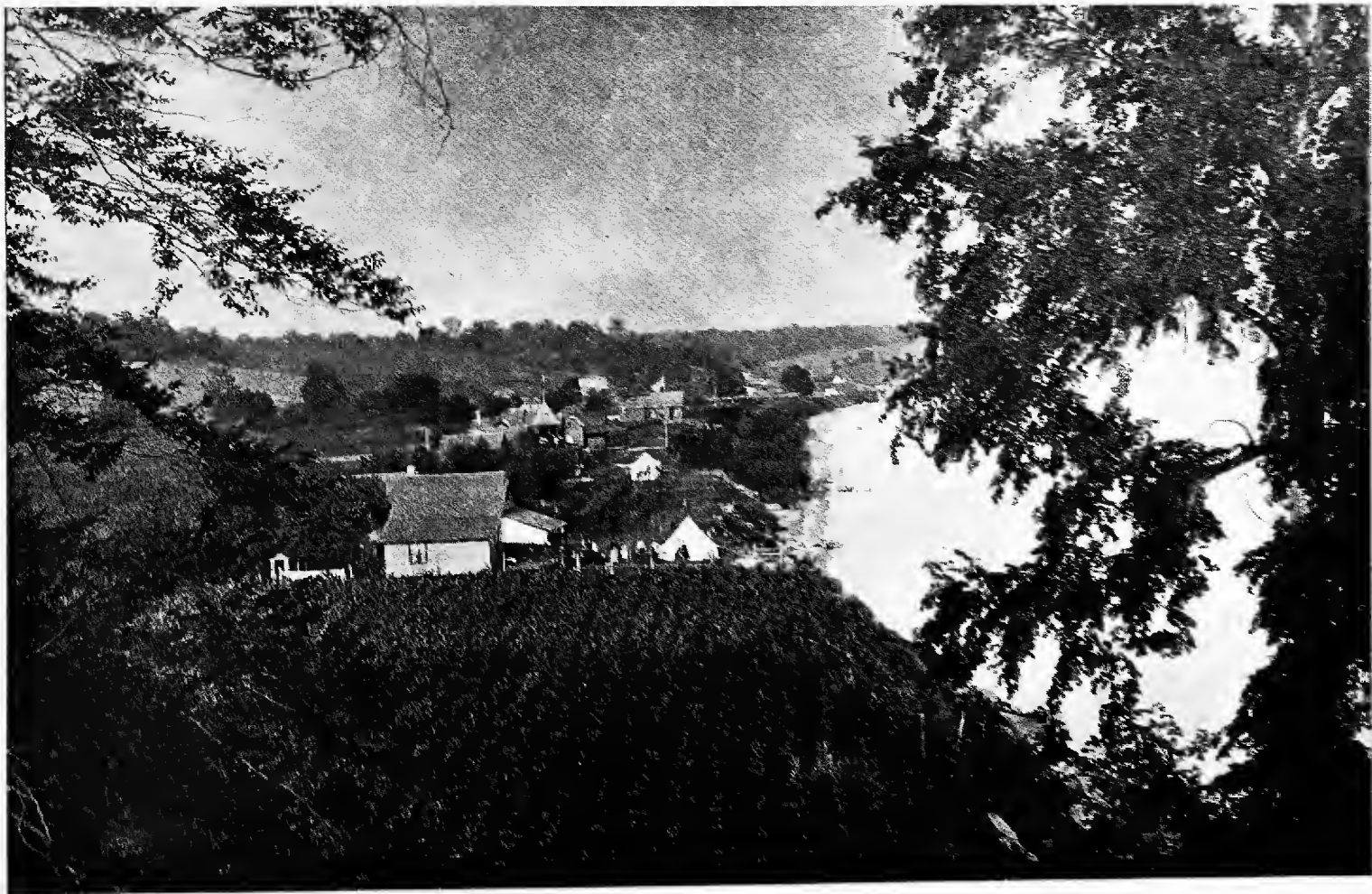
"INSTRUCTION."

(From the painting by E. Munier.)

(Photo. supplied by G. E. Macrae, Toronto, Director for Canada of the Soule Photograph Company.)



THE FALLS OF NIAGARA IN WINTER.
(Messrs J. Zybach & Co., photo.)



NEW ORCHARD BEACH, NEAR PORT STANLEY, ONT

A CHRISTMAS IN A CAIRO HOSPITAL.

BY A CANADIAN SOLDIER OF THE EGYPTIAN
EXPEDITIONARY FORCE OF 1882.

The consciousness of a debt of gratitude of long standing to a noble lady, who, with her husband, won golden opinions from all classes of society during their stay in Canada some years ago, prompts the writer to pen the following lines. None the less also does he incline to the opinion that an omission to make public in detail the facts he now describes, notwithstanding the present lateness of the day, would be a lack of duty towards his fellow-countrymen, who, whatever their peculiarities or failings, are, he is confident, always pleased to learn of kindnesses bestowed upon any of their number, when abroad among strangers, and at a distance from their native land. How much more does this become the case when the benefactor is no less a personage than the Marchioness (then the Countess) of Dufferin, a lady whose name, even yet, from one end of Canada to the other, is a household word for all that is lady-like, gentle and good; and the benefited young Canadian, then serving the Empire with the Army of Egypt, who, simply because he was a Canadian, was the recipient of marked kindnesses at the hands of Her Ladyship and her daughter, then the Lady Helen Blackwood.

After the cessation of hostilities in Egypt, in September, 1882, the British Army there was much reduced, only about half of the force being retained as an Army of Occupation, the remainder being drafted to England, India, Malta, and other stations. Still, at the time of which I write, we had something over 10,000 men in Egypt, by far the greater portion of which were quartered in Cairo, where the corps in which I served was also stationed.

During the short and sharp campaign of August and September, the troops had suffered comparatively little from serious illness, but early in October enteric fever set in, and the large hospitals of Abbasseh, Gezireh and the Citadel were soon taxed to their utmost capacity to provide accommodation and treatment for the ever increasing number of patients. The corps to which the writer belonged had suffered little since leaving England, but in the beginning of November we caught the fever, and several of our members were sent to hospital. In the last weeks of November the writer, who up to that time had enjoyed excellent health, was stricken with the prevailing malady, and, after vainly fighting against its early attacks for a few days, during which time he was generously exempted from duty, was finally obliged to report himself sick for hospital. Our corps was quartered at Kasr-el-Nil, a large and commodious barracks on the Cairo bank of the Nile, in company with the 42nd and 74th Highlanders, and as he was the nearest medical officer at the time, I reported myself to the surgeon of the former regiment, who, after examination, pronounced me a case for the hospital. An ambulance waggon belonging to the Egyptian army was in waiting, and, in company with two others, I was assisted into it by the non-commissioned officer in charge, a corporal of the Commissariat and transport corps. Our destination was Gezireh. The drive was not far, but quite long enough for persons in our condition. Faint and sick with the fever and momentarily becoming weaker through the jolting of the rough ambulance, I at length found myself among the hospital tents at Gezireh, and was glad to descend from the vehicle as well as I could and throw myself on the grass, which, though it was then December, flourished as it does in Canada in June, whilst we awaited the coming of the surgeon on duty to inspect and receive as over from the non-commissioned officer who had escorted the party from Kasr-el-Nil. I felt pleased at the change; it seemed good to get out again in the open air after our experience of the heated barrack room, and the tents, with their beds of bamboo, looked very inviting and comfortable. In a few moments we had been told off to our several quarters, and I found myself, in company with three others, all Highlanders, assigned to a large marquee tent, very commodious and comfortable. The hospital orderly assisted me to undress, for I was very faint and feverish, and after urging him, as a good fellow, to see my kit-bag brought safely to my quarters, I gave myself up to memories and thoughts such as a sick man is prone to. I felt rather despondent at leaving my corps and comrades, and being now dependent, as it were, upon a corps, which, if we combatant or "fighting" soldiers did not exactly look down upon, we by no means looked up to. This though without any imputations on the army hospital corps I felt quite mean at being, in a sense laid upon the shelf, and that I was now more of a drone in the army hive than a worker. However, here I was, down with the fever, having alternate chills and flushes, feeling very miserable and indifferent, and, for the time at least, not imbued with much interest in our army or its doings.

Gezireh was pleasant enough, though the tents were very cold at night time, so cold one would scarcely believe he was in Egypt, and owing to the great mortality which had occurred in the Highland Brigade during its stay on this same camping ground, on the first arrival of our army in Cairo, we were all much pleased when, a few days after our reception, we were told by one of the hospital sergeants that the worst cases were to be moved as soon as possible to the large hospital at the Citadel, and that those who would be selected by the surgeon that afternoon were to go at once. I was one of those selected, and underwent another trip of torture in the rickety old Egyptian ambulance. From Gezireh to our new abode was about four miles, over roads none too smooth, and it is with a very vivid recollection of my misery that I recall that drive. Still, I was

pleased to go the Citadel; it was the main hospital of our army, and we had heard that we would be comfortably housed and cared for; moreover, a corps of nursing Sisters had arrived out from Netley to look after the worst cases. The first pleasant impressions of Gezireh had been rudely dispelled by the experience of the cold night air, which the tents seemed quite inadequate to exclude, and it was with the most favourable ones that we passed through the historic gateway of the fortress of Sultan Saladin; through the court, the scene of the terrible massacre of the Mamelukes, and on through more gateways and a garden, with a fountain playing, until we found ourselves at the front entrance of a large commodious looking building, which, on alighting, and while awaiting the medical officer, we were informed by a soldier at the door, was the Palace of the Citadel, now used as the main hospital of our army, and in which upwards of 800 patients were undergoing treatment. The ride and the excitement of the moving had, in a measure, livened me up, but I was still so faint that, in endeavouring to mount the staircase leading to the fever wards above, I swooned, and would have fallen but for an hospital orderly near by. The surgeon noting this, at once directed that I be put to bed and attended to. I remember being taken in a large room which seemed full of beds, with pale, washed-out looking occupants, and being tucked away in a little iron bed-cot, similar to that used in the barracks in England, by a sturdy kind-hearted fellow of the hospital corps. Of the remainder of that afternoon I have but little recollection, except a hazy vision of a blue-coated orderly coming occasionally with cool iced cloths for my forehead, or cooling drinks of lime water. The next day passed as indistinctly, but I have a vivid recollection of the surgeon's visit on the following evening. He was a handsome young officer of about 25 or so, Dr. Turner by name, and was fated, poor fellow, to die of fever away up the Nile on the subsequent ill-fated expedition to relieve General Gordon. I can remember him so well taking my temperature and feeling my pulse, and then telling me in very serious tones that he thought it right to inform me that he feared I would not live till morning. I recollect so well, after hearing him caution the attendant orderly to call him upon any change taking place, and when he had gone, how I tried to realize that I was really dying. I thought his words over in a confused sort of way, but somehow they did not seem to alarm me so much—I did not seem to feel very much concerned, and yet I might be dead before morning—so he said; but though I cogitated long into the night in a confused sort of way, I felt that I was not going to die just then, and that somehow I would pull through. I thought of Canada and home, and many things, but all in a sort of dreamy, muddled fashion; nothing seemed to impress me, and I once felt frightened to think that I was so indifferent to all that previously had seemed of such a serious nature and worthy of consideration. The following morning, on coming to my cot, the surgeon remarked that "I was a tough little fellow," and that he now had hopes of pulling me through, as he considered the crisis was past. That day I felt better, cheered and revived, no doubt, by his words, and was able to take note of surroundings which, until then, had utterly failed to interest me. I found I was lying in the centre of a large stone-floored room, which had been cleared of everything in the way of furniture, and cots placed around the sides and ends, with another row of the same down the centre, about 50 in all. The room was lofty, had large windows, and was decorated with paintings of landscape, scenery, &c., on the walls; cut-glass chandeliers hung equidistant from each end, and the room evidently had been intended for something other than an hospital. I learnt afterwards it was one of the reception and ball-rooms of the Palace. Surgeons and orderlies passed through going to other wards beyond; bare-footed Arabs, employed in the more menial work of the hospital, came and went, and now and then a nursing Sister, in plain but neat dress, glided noiselessly past. All went on quietly, regularly and systematically, and I could not but contrast the difference between what appeared to prevail now and when I first visited the Citadel, immediately after the occupation of Cairo by our army after Tel-el-Kebir. Then the sick had no beds, but lay in their uniforms indiscriminately on the floor in hundreds. Fever, dysentery and ophthalmia were then the most prevalent diseases, and so numerous were the cases that even in the Citadel, where, at the time of which I write, there were over 800 patients, sufficient room could not be found for them, and as fast as those able to bear the journey could be conveyed away, they were shipped by train to Alexandria to be transferred to Cyprus or Malta, where invalid hospitals had been established.

To return, however, to myself. The day on which I had begun to mend was an exceedingly warm one, though it was the 9th of December. Early in the afternoon I had fallen into a doze, more or less sound, when I was awakened by hearing a very sweet voice, in accents quite new and unknown to me, ask me if I should like a paper. On opening my eyes I was much surprised to see a very beautiful young lady in white standing at my bedside and holding in her hand a newspaper, which, if I recollect aright, was a copy of the *Toronto Mail*. I was thunderstruck at the vision, and completely non-plussed when my visitor continued, "I am so sorry, but it is the only one I have left, and it is 'an American one too.'" I replied, as well as my feebleness and surprise would permit, "So much the better. I would like to see an American paper." "Oh, indeed, I am so glad then, for I did not think you would care for 'it,'" answered the young lady. "I am very pleased to 'get it, as I am from America,'" I replied. "Indeed, may I ask what part?" "Canada," I said, inwardly wonder-

ing who my fair questioner could be, and thinking how good it was of her to have a Canadian paper. For though I heard regularly from home, it was some time since I had got a paper from Canada, or heard how they thought there of our doings on the sands of Egypt. But, if my surprise had been great at first, it was very much heightened when the lady repeated, "Canada? Are you really a Canadian?" "From what part? Who would ever think of meeting a 'Canadian here?'" I replied that I was from Ontario; though a native of Montreal, and my astonishment was now much increased when the young lady, turning abruptly, left me, crossed the room to where another lady was sitting by the bed-side of one of the 42nd Highlanders, and whom I had not previously observed. Imagine my surprise to hear the younger lady repeat, "Oh, mamma, I have found a 'Canadian!'" "A Canadian?" repeated the elder lady, directing her attention from the Highlander to my visitor, "Where?" "Over here, come over and see him before 'you go.'"

To say that I was surprised is indeed a mild statement of my feelings. I had heard of no Canadian people being in Cairo, or in fact of any English ladies having as yet come out, and I had not met a Canadian, or anyone who took any interest in that far away land for so long, that I was at a loss to understand who these ladies could be who appeared so interested in me because I was a Canadian. In a few moments "Mamma," accompanied by the young lady, came over to me, and, seating herself on the side of my cot, said: "My daughter tells me you are from Canada?" "Yes," I replied, "I am a Canadian." "How strange to find a Canadian in the army here, and you are so young." "What part of Canada do you come from?" "Eastern Ontario; my father's home is in South Grenville, near Prescott," I answered. "Have you ever been in Ottawa?" the lady continued. "Oh, yes, several times, 'M'm.'" "Then you must have often seen us?" continued my visitor, who, however, noting my puzzled look, added, "You know, my husband is the British Ambassador here, 'Lord Dufferin, and we spent several years in Canada.'" Upon this announcement I was, I must admit, somewhat disconcerted, but assured her Ladyship that I had seen Lord and Lady Dufferin several times. As a matter of fact I had, upon two occasions, seen their Excellencies when Lord Dufferin was Governor-General of Canada, but it was some years previous, and being very young at the time, the recollection was not sufficient to enable me to recognize the lady until after she had revealed her identity. "This is 'my daughter, the Lady Helen,'" continued her Ladyship, "and we shall be very glad to have a long talk with you 'again, for I notice you are now in no condition for conversation.'"

This was the beginning of a very pleasant and, on my part, much prized intercourse, and which I firmly believed helped materially to restore me to health. Lady Dufferin, for the many months she resided in Cairo, devoted every afternoon to her sick soldier countrymen, and, in company with Lady Helen, visited, on alternate days, the hospital at Abbasseh and that at the Citadel. We all appreciated these visits very much, and eagerly looked for "Ladies' day," as the days of their visits soon came to be called among the patients. Flowers, books, newspapers and magazines were distributed in profusion, for her Ladyship never came empty-handed, and the only person who seemed to view her visit with apprehension was the hospital librarian, who often complained that it was little use having rules and regulations when ladies were always interceding on behalf of some patient for their disregard. A few days after my meeting with her Ladyship, I was privileged with a long chat with her and Lady Helen about Canada, and, when taking her departure that day, Lady Dufferin asked me if I had written home and if they were aware there of my illness. Upon my reply that I had not, as I had been so weak, she kindly offered to write for me if I would give her the address. This I gladly did, and in due course my father received a charming letter from the Countess informing him that I had been ill but was fast progressing towards recovery. This was but one of her Ladyship's many kind and thoughtful acts to the sick of the Army of Occupation during her stay in Egypt. To me, as a Canadian, she was specially kind, and evinced much interest in my welfare. We had many pleasant chats about Canada, the cold winters, the skating, tobogganing, &c., and both mother and daughter seemed to have retained the fondest recollections of our country, and grateful reminiscences of the kindness (as they termed it) shown them there throughout their entire stay. Lady Dufferin several times remarked how strange she thought it to find a Canadian serving in the army of Egypt, and that she had never expected to find one there. She was much interested one day when, in reply to an expression of this nature, I assured her that we Canadians were very proud to serve the Empire under the old flag of our fathers, and that, as in the Roman armies of old, you might always find a few representatives of even the most distant Provinces, in the Imperial force of any magnitude.

A few days before Christmas her Ladyship was so kind as to honor me with an invitation to take my Christmas dinner with her at the Villa Cattoni, a beautiful residence in the west end of the city, and which had, on his arrival, been placed at Lord Dufferin's disposal by one of the leading native Pashas. To say that I felt grateful for this marked distinction to a soldier of the rank and file, with, as yet, but two chevrons on his arm, is quite an inadequate expression of the feelings entertained by myself and comrades in return for her Ladyship's condescension. My readers will understand the disappointment experienced when, on application to the surgeon, I was re-

fused permission to go. I was still too weak, the doctor said, to venture out, and the excitement would militate against my recovery. So it was thought wisest for me to remain where I was.

On Christmas Day, however, our visitors came again to see us, in company with some other ladies who had just arrived out from England. Christmas cards were distributed by the ladies to all the patients, and with a kind thoughtfulness exceedingly appropriate, I think, her Ladyship had selected one with a snow-clad winter scene for her Canadian protégé. It will, perhaps, be needless to remark that he still retains and prizes that little card very much.

I am proud and delighted to have the opportunity here of proclaiming to my countrymen the kindness of Lady Dufferin and her daughter, not only to myself but to a great many others of Sir Archibald Alison's army. It was so good of her to devote her time and attention to us. Many ladies of culture and high rank would have disdained trooping through hospital wards among common soldiers, or, at most, would have contented themselves with an occasional visit and hurried glance over the rows of beds, escorted most likely by the principal medical officer or some of the chief surgeons or officers, who would, of course, make a point of sparing them the worst cases. Not so Lady Dufferin and her daughter. Every other afternoon her carriage came to the Citadel with its load of books, papers, fruit, cut flowers, roses, &c. They came around and chatted, and, in a quiet, inostentatious, motherly and sisterly way with a kind word here, and enquiry there; and many were the expressions of gratitude sent after them by the rough and ready soldiers of the rank and file, ebbing away their lives for Britain in the ancient land of the Pharaohs.

The Canadians who still recollect Lord and Lady Dufferin's stay among us, this statement of the latter's attention to the sick soldiers of the Expeditionary Force and Army of Occupation will, I feel positive, give much satisfaction. Her Ladyship is not one to do for the purpose of being seen or talked of, and all the more for this reason does the writer feel pleasure in being the poor means of bringing to the notice of his countrymen the attention and kindness of her Ladyship to one of their number when abroad among strangers serving the interests of the Empire.

CHARLES F. WINTER.



Snowshoeing seems to be fast regaining its old-time vigour and there are a great many people who last year did their tramping wrapped up in Buffalo robes who are now donning the shoes. In numbers the old Tuque Blue are at the head of the list and they always manage to have a good representation on the road, even when it is a long tramp to the Back River; thirty-two all up for a Saturday afternoon is a pretty good showing. The St. George men have been having splendid entertainments at their club house, which has always been crowded, but the red cross men have seemed adverse to walking out when sleighs were to be obtained. The veterans' tramp on Saturday afternoon was a decided improvement and the turn-out was as large as could be looked for, both the walking and riding contingent being there in force. It will be remembered that at the annual meeting of the St. George club the organization of a junior club was discussed, and after a good deal of talk was shelved for the time being. The arguments used in favour of the scheme were to the effect that nearly all the red cross men were getting pretty old now and that they wanted some new blood to take part in the active work of tramping and snowshoe racing. In other words, it would be a good thing to uphold the honour of the club in athletics, but a junior body was necessary to provide material from which to draw. It seems as if the idea properly thought out would be a good one; because there would be no reason whatever why the two organizations should clash. One or two evenings or afternoons a week the use of the club house could be had by the juniors, who in this way would not interfere with the fixtures of the elder knights. The matter may be worth consideration and perhaps more would be done if the movers in the matter would elaborate their scheme and have it discussed at some of the meetings.

The other snowshoe clubs are also showing signs of healthy progress, the Argyles being particularly ambitious, while the Hollies, Crescents, Lachine, Garrison, Canadian and Emeralds are well up on the road too. The Montreal men have laid out a big programme for the holidays. On Christmas eve the usual tramp will be made headed by the Indian band, and on the return a visit will be paid to the last resting place of "Old Evergreen." Then on Christmas morning there will be a hockey match, 12 aside, played on the open-air rink. When it is remembered that the ice is three times the area of the Victoria rink, it will immediately be seen what a chance there will be for brilliant runs. It will be hockey as is hockey and the best skater will make the best showing. It will be a good appetizer for a Christmas dinner, too.

At the Athletic Club House there are not only the sounds of revelry by night, but there are also the sharp bang of the

shotgun or the crack of the rifle during most of the day. The Club House is gradually becoming more appreciated and it is only necessary that the public should become acquainted with the amusements of the place to make it a genuinely popular resort. Turkey shoots have been the rage for the past week and many excellent scores were made with the rifle. All next week there will be a handicap trap shooting competition at twenty blue rocks and the younger shots are expected to turn out in force. The contest will close on New Year's Day. There is still another feature which the management have had under consideration for some time past and that is to give some sort of a stimulus to snowshoe racing, and, if possible, revive the days when record breakers were doing their work over the mountain and across the country. About the middle of next month a fine gold medal will be offered for a steeplechase, open to all clubs. As it is likewise probable that each club whose members compete will add a prize there ought to be such a turn out as would put one in mind of old times.

On Saturday the Park slide was opened for the season, and although the weather previously had not been the best in the world to get a slide in order, all the difficulties were overcome and the chute was in splendid condition. To judge from the success attending the opening, it would appear that all that is necessary to have the old-time interest taken in this sport is to have just such a hard-working committee as the club at present has.

The Ottawa Bowling team were a little unfortunate in their visit to Montreal, as both their matches were lost; but everybody cannot win, and then Ottawa had things pretty much her own way when the Vics were at the Capital. In the opening competition the M.A.A.A. team had much the best of the play, only one man on the visiting team equaling the lowest figure of the Montreal men, while for steady bowling Higginson carried off the honours with an average of 180½. In the second competition with the Victoria Rifles the defeat was not so marked, but still the home men had a majority of 114 points, the score being: Victoria Rifles 2,938; Ottawa A. C., 2,822. But if the men from the Capital did not carry away the laurel wreath with them they did take away a large lump of pleasant reminiscences, and their drive to the Back River, as the guests of the Montreal Snowshoe Club, will not be among the things to be forgotten.

There is some talk about an open skating meeting in Halifax under the auspices of the Maritime Provinces Athletic Association, and if such a meeting takes place the Haligonians need not expect to have everything their own way. I have just received a letter from a Halifax friend, in which he states that Carroll, of Pictou, N.S., will certainly compete. Gordon, of Montreal, is also expected to be on the ice, and nobody would be surprised to see Eddy Irwin again in the ring, and if proper arrangements could be made Lavasseur might also take part. That would be a pretty strong contingent to represent Montreal. Patterson, of Dartmouth, is also among the list of probable competitors, and these men would altogether make the contest a decidedly interesting one. It is to be hoped that the Maritime A. A. A. will stick to its first good resolution and give the meeting, because amateur skating can stand a great deal of improvement in Canada just now. Among the professionals the talk is confined to the coming races of Laidlaw and McCormick, three having been so far arranged. The first takes place in St. John, N.B., on December 26 and the second in Halifax on January 2. But the public are not taking much stock in professional races just now, last season's work in Minnesota having put a very effectual damper on any over-exuberant admiration there was lying about loose. In the meantime, the Canadian Amateur Skating Association can find plenty to do, especially if it is desired to take not merely a passive legislative interest but an active one in the sport.

Notwithstanding the amalgamation, or rather the absorption, of the Manhattan Club into the A. A. U., there is still no love lost between the two rival associations of New York, and recent events go to prove that when the athletics of either organization are to be hauled over the coals there will always be found some willing in the other club to stir up the fire and make things as pleasant as possible. One instance of this sort happened recently and culminated in charges of professionalism against Queckberner, Copeland and Mitchell. And these charges were made, too, on the strength of an anonymous letter which the accusing club has not been able to substantiate. There is very little doubt in the minds of those who pay attention to athletics that the true spirit of amateurism is very much stunted against by both clubs, and while Mr. McKinley's bill has not put a prohibition duty on imported amateur athletic talent, it is to be supposed that they will still travel in the old groove, and the mote will be plainly perceptible, while the beam is out of sight.

The curlers are just getting into shape for the hard work of the season, and soon all the rinks will be busy with the friendly and other matches. The Montreal Club has already been challenged for the Quebec cup by the Thistles, and the Ottawa Club will also be heard from shortly after, no matter whom victory in the first match attends. That was an exciting match, too, between the

Golfers and Thistles at the Thistle rink, when the latter were victorious by a majority of 9 points.

Professional championships of the world are always difficult things to get around, especially when a claimant for any of them is looking for some free advertising, which he generally manages to get with the aid of a sensational daily press, to whose news mill everything is grist that comes along. The sculling championship is a case in point, and, since the untimely death of Searle, has been a most convenient vehicle for ambitious scullers to air their views and their claims in. The Canadian champion went to the Antipodes in search of that title and some Australian shakels, and returned home without either of them, sadder maybe and wiser, but not satisfied. Peter Kemp still stood in his way, and as there was no probability of any more Canadians or Americans crossing the Pacific in the near future, the astute oarsmen from the Kangaroo country thought they would come to America and give O'Connor a race for the championship on this side of the Pacific. This was all very well as far as it went, and deposits were placed to bind the match; but an unlooked for emergency arose. Kemp had a race, presumably for the championship, with Mr. McLean, and the former was beaten. This left Kemp out in the cold, as far as his match with the Canadian was concerned, and without making any disagreeable remarks he forfeited his deposit to O'Connor; but this forfeiture does not carry with it any title to the championship. In the meantime, one John Teemer, of McKeesport, Penn., who always has an eye for the main chance, discovers a way of turning an honest penny by disappearing from his usual haunts and attempting to be on hand when the steamer carrying Kemp gets into San Francisco. But the best laid plans of oarsmen and others sometimes fall a little short. A man with Teemer's appetite for notoriety had to discover himself, and his attempt to be a little previous to O'Connor was its own undoing. It would have been very pretty, indeed, if by any chance Teemer beat Kemp in a first match; he would then have bobbed up serenely and claimed a championship. But as it is now, Mr. Teemer can do a little more hide-and-go-seek. He likes it, and it amuses the public, and, of course, there is no harm done.

There is such rivalry among the crack billiardists just now that before long many extra attractions may be looked for. One of the latest moves is an idea of Slosson's, and the "student" is at present in negotiation with one of the Parisian marvels, Lucien Piot, who will probably soon be astonishing the frequenters of Slosson's palatial billiard rooms. The proposed big handicap in France has fallen through, as far as the Americans were concerned. There was not enough money in it for them.

There promises to be an unusually lively time on the trotting tracks this winter, and Montreal will have her full share as well as Ottawa. About the middle of January the Montreal Driving Park at Point St. Charles will give a three-days' meeting, and purses to the amount of \$1,500 will be hung out. This meeting will be followed by one on the river track, which has just been laid out, and then Ottawa and Hull will come in for their share of attention. Four such meetings as these will keep trotting men busy and help pay the winter's feed. The Driving Park management intends to have a race meeting every week, and will begin on Christmas day.

R. O. X.

The First Christmas.

Et incarnatus est de spiritu sancto ex Maria Virgine, et Homo factus est.

The sun has sunk behind the hills,
The birds and beasts have gone to rest,
The murmur of the ocean trills
A lullaby to heaven addressed.

The solemn midnight hour creeps on,
The world is hushed in slumber sweet,
When lo! a heavenly radiance shone
Upon the shepherds with their sheep.

Ten thousand harps of music bright
Are touched as by the hand of one,
A quivering thrill of pure delight
Steals o'er the earth, as doth the sun.

What means this pure ecstatic theme
That from the lips of angels flow?
Why thus their glorious faces beam
With brilliance of celestial glow?

It is a message strange they sing,
These spotless souls in garments white,
The message that the Heavenly King
In Bethlehem is born to-night.

Hush! softly tread, and peep within
The cot where yonder sweetly lies
The Blessed Babe, the Saviour King,
The Ruler of the Earth and Skies.

O blessed calm to rest beneath
The roof where heaven and earth are one.
Come, let us with the angels wreath
A garland for the Virgin's Son.

Dec. 1890.

A. G. DOUGHTY.

Peace and Good Will.

DEAR SIR,—I think the following extract from a very excellent collection of poems by the Rev. F. G. Scott, Rector of Drummondville, P.Q., would not be unacceptable to the readers of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED, which has always earnestly advocated peace and good will between Canadians of every race and creed, nor altogether inapplicable as a poetical tract for the times. If you are of the same opinion you will, I hope, insert it, and oblige your constant reader,

W.

CATHOLICISM.

"And other sheep I have which are not of this fold; them also must I bring, and they shall hear my voice, and there shall be one fold under one Shepherd"—John x. 16.

Hast thou not seen the tints unfold,
From earth, sky, sea and setting sun,
When all the glare of day was done,
And melt in one long stream of gold.

So down the dim-lit glades of time,
Age after age, things divers blend,
Each working for the same great end,
And in its working each sublime.

Was it in vain that Buddha taught,
Or that Mohammed lived and died?
Have they not, working side by side,
In differing climes God's purpose wrought.

O, Christian sage, who lov'st thy creeds,
Think not the Popes that bind thee fast,
Like storm-tossed sailor, to the mast,
Can answer yet each brother's needs.

And rail not thou at those half-known,
Who, groping thro' a darker night,
Have found, perhaps, a dimmer light
Than that thou sternly call'st thine own.

Would'st thou have spent, like them, thy youth,
Thy manhood and thy weak old age,
In one long search through Nature's page,—
An unassisted search for truth

Oh, dream not that the Almighty's powers
Must ever work in one known way,
Nor think those planets have no day,
Whose suns are other suns than ours.

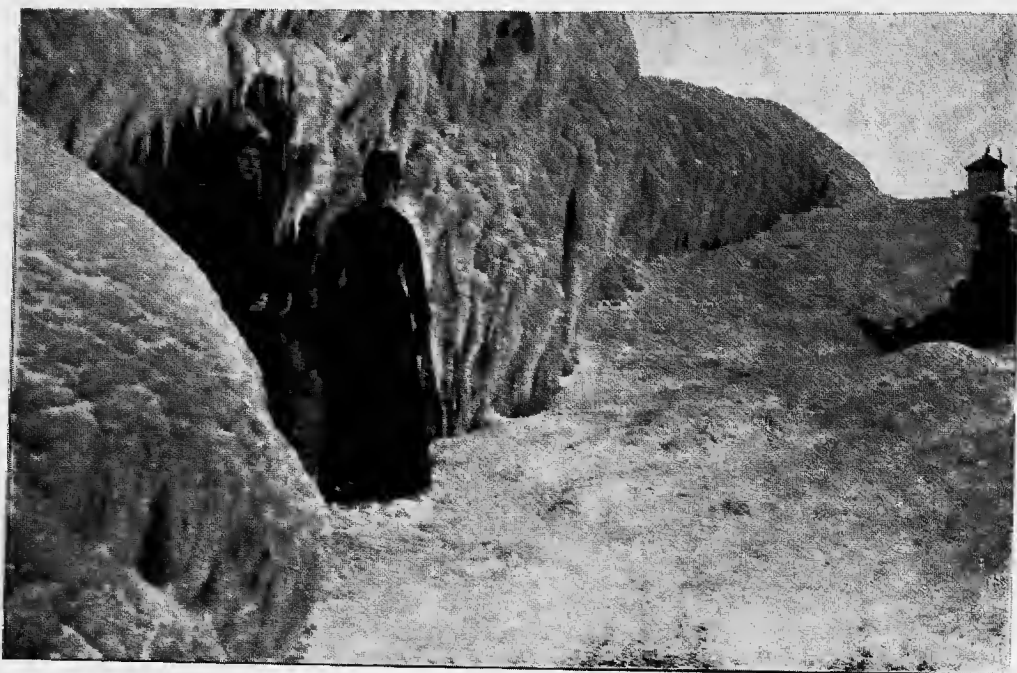
Lux Fiat.

Silence profound, and unawakened night!
Nor vigil-star, nor moon—but darkness all
Beshrouds the slumbrous deep, like some rude pall
Thrown on the quiet dead. Nought cheers the sight!
Impenetrable gloom steeped the vast height,
And length and breadth of chaos, held in thrall
By an eternal power pleased to forestall
His will—bid death be life and darkness light!

He spake!—and thro' the farthest field of space
The mighty fiat rang, and back returned
With thunderous echo—heard and understood!
So did the Lord of Light the gloom efface!
Then from His throne, for future acts concerned,
Survived his work, and saw that it was good!

Amherst, N. S.

H. H. PITTMAN.



AMONG THE ICEBERGS ON THE SHORE OF LAKE HURON.
(Mr. J. H. Scougall, Amateur photo.)

Our Toronto Letter.

[From our own correspondent.]

TORONTO, December, 1890.

Allow me to begin by saying that I am delighted to see so many high Canadian names in the Christmas Number, particularly my friend, as I hope he calls me, Archibald Lampman.

It used to be "Calico Ball," until the discarded ball dresses would not serve the turn of the children for pinafores, so lovely and ornate and cut up were they. Now it is "Charity Ball," and the ladies may dress as they like, the results, so far as the particular charity intended, being just as valuable as formerly. The ball given for the Infants' Home on the 11th inst. at the Pavilion—a lovely place for dancing—was the first of the kind this season. We always know there will be a grand affair of some kind for the Orphans' Home, and that it will be a success. This year we may anticipate something of the sort for the Hospital for Sick Children, the splendid new building for which, on the old site on College street, is nearing completion. I hear that one of Toronto's largest hearts and tenderest souls, to whom the Hospital for Sick Children owes its existence (Mrs. Samuel McMaster, now a widow) is to be the matron-manager of the new hospital—a fitting acknowledgment of invaluable services well and truly performed out of love and sympathy, and without any reward for many years.

A project which is much more to our taste in the neighbourhood than the "up-town hotel" that was to be built on the University land on College street, is an athletic club. The University authorities, with Mr. Chancellor Blake at their head, look kindly on the scheme, and there is every prospect of its being carried out. I hope the needs of women in respect to athletics will not be overlooked in the scheme. There is great necessity that the sex should be provided for, and no reason why such provision should not be included in the arrangements made. Capt. Harston, R.G., is secretary of the company, and is active in the matter.

It seems strange that Capt. Harston's rifle was not adopted as the new arm, since it was pronounced at the Horse Guards all that could be desired, for the rifle lately issued in England is being repudiated on every hand. "Kissing goes by favour," says the old saw, and it certainly looks like it.

A new military paper is being talked about; indeed, I have been told that stock is being issued. The Ottawa paper, *The Militia Gazette*, does not fill all the requirements of some of our military men, and they think Toronto ought to be able to found a paper to their mind and establish it. It takes a great deal to run a paper, particularly one with a limited circle of friends, and one can only hope the new venture will not burn somebody's fingers.

I saw a lot of Grenadiers in uniform at "The Meeting of the Nations," an entertainment got up by the W.C.T.U. of Toronto in aid of the building fund of their headquarters. Each union of the city took charge of a booth or stall furnished with goods appropriate to the country it represented, and was attended by young ladies in the national costume.

The platform of the Pavilion, where the "meeting" was held, was transformed into a stage, and a number of tableaux excellently presented thereon. Several of these were got up by the teachers of the public schools—notably, "Canada, the Old and the New." Miss Canada was beautifully impersonated by one of the ladies, but it must have been a wearisome rôle, since Miss Canada stood high above all else on a rock pedestal holding a wand or sceptre,

her head almost touching the maple leaf surrounding the beaver on our Canadian ensign, and appearing in every tableau while others changed their parts. "England, Ireland and Scotland," "The Relief of Lucknow," "Africa," embracing figures of Egypt, Algiers, Congo State, Zululand and Central Africa; "China and Japan," the "Three Little Maids" scene; "Spain," "France," "The United States," "Germany," "Russia," "The Nations" made up a list of telling and beautifully-presented scenes, that any city might be proud to produce. Your correspondent wondered if the ladies recognized how "theatrical" it was; and, a number of them belonging to religious bodies who denounce theatricals and dancing, whether they had concluded that "charity covers a multitude of sins" and felt themselves absolved. Your correspondent thinks that to the "pure all things are pure," and such will only recognize and support pure things, even on the stage of a theatre. I hoped to have heard Mrs. Dunbar-Morowety sing that evening, her name coming next to the tableau of "France and Germany," but was not able to remain. Mrs. Dunbar is the wife of our sculptor, F. A. Dunbar, and is a Viennese lady of high cultivation and fine musical training, received, of course, in Europe. Her voice is a rich, deep contralto, and will certainly win for her such fame as Canada can confer. She is on the staff of the Toronto Conservatory of Music.

The late Mr. Capreol's scheme of a ship canal between the lakes and the sea is to be carried out at last; but, as a ship-railway, changes in commercial methods, the march of improvements and other reasons leading to the substitution. It is said that twelve millions will build the railway, while thirty millions would be sunk in a canal—no pun intended.



ICEBERGS ON THE SHORE OF LAKE HURON.
(Mr. J. H. Scougall, Amateur photo.)

THE PAPER, ON WHICH "THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED" IS PRINTED, IS MANUFACTURED BY THE CANADA PAPER CO'Y.

